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AESCHYLUS  
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THE PLAYS OF  
AESCHYLUS



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

ÆSCHYLUS c. 525-456 B.C.

ÆSCHYLUS the poet was born at Eleusis around the year 525, B.C. His father Euphorion, belonged to the "Eupatridæ" or old nobility of Athens. Whether Æschylus was actually initiated into the Eleusian Mysteries is not known. The accusation that he divulged the secrets of Demeter has been interpreted both as supporting and as refuting the view that he was an initiate.

Æschylus fought against the Persian invader at Marathon in 490 and he may also have been with the Athenians seven years later at Salamis, and even at Artemesium and Plataea. Some scholars have found in the poet's knowledge of Thracian geography and customs an indication that he took part in one or more of the northern expeditions in the years following the Persian War.

The first of Æschylus' plays was exhibited in 499, only twenty years after the establishment by Pericles of the annual contest in tragedy, the festival of the City Dionysia. Thespis, who won the prize at that competition, was called by the ancients the earliest tragic poet. But Æschylus himself would seem to be the true founder of tragedy, since according to Aristotle, he first introduced a second actor, diminished the importance of the chorus, and assigned the leading part to the dialogue.

Æschylus' first recorded victory was in 484, when he had been competitor for fifteen years. Between that date and the performance of his last work, the *Orestes* in 458, he won the prize at least twelve times. He wrote more than thirty plays, of which seven survive. The oldest of these, the *Sepulchral Mourners*, cannot be much later than 490. The *Perseus*, which is the oldest extant Greek tragedy on an historical subject, was exhibited in 472, the *Semiramis* Thales in 467, the *Prometheus* probably not long before 458. The date of his tragedy made up of the *Agamemnon*, the *Choëphoræ* and the *Eumenides*. The plays were exhibited in groups of four—three tragedies and one play. Sometimes, in the case of the surviving group, but not always, the tragedies formed a dramatic cycle, interrelated in subject and in theme. The poet acted in his own plays.

According to Aristotle, Æschylus was charged with impiety for creating certain parts of the *Eleusian Mysteries*, and defended himself by saying that

he was not aware the matter was a secret. But the ancients knew neither the name of the offending play nor the precise nature of what was revealed. A later tradition adds to the fact of the accusation, the doubtful details that Æschylus escaped the fury of the audience by clinging to the altar of Dionysus in the theater and that he was later acquitted by the Court of the Areopagus because he had fought bravely at Marathon.

The first of Æschylus' several trips to Sicily appears to have been made some time between 476 and 473. Like Phidias and Simonides he was invited to visit the court of King Hiero of Syracuse. After the eruption of Etna, Hiero had re-established the town of the same name at the base of the mountain. To celebrate the new city and to honor his patron, Æschylus wrote and produced the *Hermes of Etna*. On a second visit to Sicily around 470 the poet is said to have repeated for Hiero the *Perseus*, which had just been crowned with the first prize at Athens. Sometime after 458 he was yet a third time in Sicily.

There is little reason to believe the various explanations offered in art-works for Æschylus' leaving Athens. Most of them are based upon his supposed enervation of the popularity of Sophocles and Simonides, and are made improbable, if not impossible by known facts and dates. The fable that he met his death from an eagle falling a tortoise upon his bald head, presumably mistaking it for a stone upon which to break the animal's shell, since he had to originate an attempt to interpret the allegorical representation of an apothecary.

Æschylus died and was buried at Gela in 456. The epitaph inscribed on his tomb is attributed by some to Æschylus himself. This memorial commemorates Æschylus as the Athenian Eurymachos, who died in a head-battering Gela. His friend Calisto, present at Marathon, so did tell and the long-haired Medea who knew it so well.

Shortly after the death of Æschylus the Athenians passed a decree that his plays should be exhibited at public expense and that whoever desired to produce one of his plays should receive a chorus. His tomb became a place of pilgrimage and in the middle of the fourth century at the proposal of the orator Lysias, his statue was set up in the Theatre of Dionysus at Athens.



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# THE SUPPLIANT MAIDENS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DANUS

PELAGUS King of Argos

AN EGYPTIAN HERALD

CHORUS OF THE DANAIDS

ATTE-DANTS

*Argos* A hill rises in the foreground, and on the summit of a starry air and starry air my gods Enter the fifty ANAIDE with their slave girls and

### Chorus

Zeus, the Suppliant's God be gracious to us,  
Pitiful! behold us, for furnish us a few  
When the blown sand-dunes salt the mouths of  
Nessus,

There we took the highway of the bl salt sea  
There looked out the land of Zeus, he borders  
Landed and lost in the S man m, ches wild  
Flee as it as outlaws banished for blood guilt  
Lest people perish, but self-exiled.  
Now but thus to escape at bordered embra es,  
Mama e nites nobly that true love shows  
Bitter fa lands and unfamiliar faces  
This added and bedded with hung Egyptus sons.  
As when hard pressed on the board a cautious player  
This piece or that from threatened squo with  
dra 1,

Or mo seemed best not Danus our father  
Counsel this and lead 1 of our cause  
One oe t suffice —and that th noblest sorrow  
Seeing we are compassed in on e cri hand—  
Tart in ot with the Pret o ocean hollow  
To flail our keel you had the Arg e strand  
When we boast ourselves as from the b rash  
f Zeus nostrils,

And the touch f his procreant fin er luid  
For d nasty founding on a king's da iter  
E rith g jar commented heref maid  
What had be eba would "as us a ka es  
When else th world o er should we w loom find  
His erg no rra but the suppliant's feeble weapons,  
Bow h from th woodland plucked with white wool  
twined?

Pra-m, broad realm brown land and spa kling  
wat r

God of th sk and hol ones f earth  
Dangers f da kn-a that not men with  
emprance

And in that Triad list named b e chief in worth,  
Zeus th Protector f tra d weary pilgrims,  
Keeper of th threshold never crossed by crime,

Send soft airs to greet our maiden meins,  
Winds of welcome blowing from a swee calm clime,  
But the ungodly sons of kin, Egyptus,  
Bulls of the b rd, ere they trample this fair ground—  
Loamy levels, with and fallow land and pa-ture—  
Far o er ocean with their swift ship bound!  
There l t them meet with thunder blast and li ht

Wrath of leaping seas and spite of storm swept ran  
There l t destruction find them when rou h winter  
Looses the lash of th loud hurricane  
Ere they climb loth beds to make of us their minions,  
Minions of their pleas e and playthings of their  
pride

So hundred blood shall not serve to cool brute pas  
sion  
Not by sweet exchan e of hearts sanctified.

You lin divine, I hail thee now  
From beyond the sea thine id l in oke  
Soa flower sed of the Mother Cow  
Qu k with Zeus b eat! nd h s handstroke.  
So of the dam with hoof and horn  
And enchanted body babe was born,  
Ma -child ma se fo mortal lot  
Epaphus, th to ch bee t

The naming f thee where lo g ago  
Our Mother roamed th pa toral earl  
And the callin to mind of a anished woe  
Shall bear witness in trials of later b rth  
And more so row yet may t me into ken  
Though we know not how and we guess not when,  
Like ours f to-day and hers of old  
And these at lon h t shall Time unfl d

T e that watcheth the wild birds whar o  
Here tease n his nati e howe  
The supplan t wo fan alien race  
Chance dea d shall seem as the sweet sad u nio,  
Of T reus Drahan pa mow  
The m humal hadd-n, the hawk in chase.

Spring and summer r for sorrow she grieve th  
Under th green lea esweeping her pain  
And the life that was passed in homelessness

Spring and summer the story she weaveth  
Of the child she bore by her own hand slain  
And the wrath of a mother pitiless

I as the nightingale passioning for sorrow  
To Ionian music tune my pipe  
And these soft cheeks feel the rain worn furrow  
That on Nilus' bank grew round and ripe  
For my heart hath learnt the meaning of tears  
And I fill my lap with blossoms pale  
Gathered with grief in the wood of wail  
The better to hush these brooding fears  
That are fain to know to what end I fare  
From the land that lies dim in dust veiled air  
If there be any who hearkens or hears

Nay but ye Gods of the bride bed and begetting  
Hear me! Ye should be jealous for the Right!  
Grudge lawless youth with the hot blood fretting  
Lore that perfects passion's neophyte!  
Set the brand of your scorn on lust that profanes  
And mingle love's rite with austerities sweet!  
What is fiercer than war? Yet for war weary feet  
There standeth an altar no sacrilege stains  
To what so wight would from battle carnage flee  
A refuge awe on us and a court of deity  
Where red-handed Hævo halts and refrains

Saith the wise saw of old  
The purpose Zeus doth hold  
Next in his heart no hunter brings to bay  
All Being in his sight  
Flows in the main of light  
The mirrored glory of his perfect day  
Where man the babbler with vain lips  
Sees but the secular dark of unrelieved eclipse

The thing that he hath wrought  
With brow nod of calm thought  
Fallen stands fast and grappled is not thrown  
His counsels tread the maze  
Of labyrinthine ways  
Through quicks through glooms with umbrage  
Overgrown  
And in that covert dark and shy  
Bold riders check the rein foiled in the keenest  
cry

From towered bastions  
Of Hope he plucks Time's sons  
And tosses them to ruin If one brace  
The mettle weariless  
Of Gods for his duress  
Pride pays with penal pangs though throned in the  
holy place

So let him mark afresh  
How froward is this flesh  
How the polled trunk for lust of me doth grow  
With many a stubborn shoot  
How pricks to mad pursuit  
The unremitting goad a curse a cheat a woe

So to music impassioned  
Sung high sung low  
With tears I have fashioned  
Untuneable woe.

Alack! tis like mourner's grieving  
So sadly my quick spirit graces  
With groanings of death griefs that live  
And I cry unto Apia's high places  
My broken speech to forgive  
And falling down on my linen veil  
I mar with rents its fabric frail  
Tissue of Sidon's weaving

With amplest oblation  
To high heaven we come  
For hope's consummation  
When death's wind is dumb  
But alack! for the woes dark heaving  
The billow whose path none traces  
Nor what strand on its crest I shall reach!  
I cry unto Apia's high places  
To forgive my broken speech  
And falling oft on my linen veil  
I rend and mar its fabric frail  
Tissue of Sidon's weaving

Thus far the oar right well hath sped  
And the bark flax sewn to fend salt seas  
With never a flaw in the following breeze  
Nor winter storm to dread  
Hath constant been my prayers and vows  
And I pray the Father that all doth us an  
Here on firm earth that he may send  
To well begun a happy end  
So I that seed am of his spouse  
August may flee the embrace of man  
And live unlorded and unweid  
Zeus daughter vowed to maidenhead  
Look with a loving eye on me  
That would keep chaste and pure as she  
Whose virgin arm the arrow sped  
And slew the Hunter in his lust  
Whom Opis tremblingly outran!  
O maid unwon a maiden grace  
With all they power in this sore chase  
That I the seed of Zeus spouse august  
May flee the violence of man  
And live unlorded and unweid

But if these will not then I will essay  
The sun loathed courts of Death  
Where never a sick soul is turned away  
That waries of this breath  
And since Olympian Gods no help afford  
My corpse shall access find to Zeus Earth's Lord  
When suppliant boughs shall be decked with the  
knotted cord

Ah! Mother lo thee wroth Gods' amerce  
And of the courts celestial I know  
That there dwell jealous wives who hate and curse  
For waves run high when breezes stuffily blow

Then Right and Wrong shall be unreconciled

And just ce shall upb and  
Zeus that b ho oured n t the heifer s child  
Whom o ce of old he made

If that at this late hour of turn his eve  
Be turned back when his own offspring cry  
I t, when we call, he hears—he hears though  
throned on high

Ab! Mother Io, thee wroth God amerce

And f the courts celestial I know  
That there dwell jealo s waves who hate a d curse!  
For wa es run bi h when b cezes suffi blo  
*During the peeding ch rus on. vus h s climbed  
t the top f the hill*

D s s Children ye must be wise and  
circumspect

Remember a wise judgment holp ye father  
W th eld for pilot safe nd fathe ly  
Across aruly seas And h re o la d  
I ll take th u bt f r y m nd keep you safe,  
If ye set down my wo d in y ur heart s tables.  
Far f I can d scern a cloud f dust  
E the ozeless cou r f hos  
Before the nose f wheel reach th the es  
When axles pipe unheard l ea dustuous h  
An armed mass, with sh elds a d tossin spears,  
Horses nd chariot of war m rved  
T bl ly that th P ces of this land  
Hl hea d f us from messeng rs and c me  
To be their own int ll encers. Wh ther  
Th y mean no ha m or sharp ese ime t speeds  
Th er arry all th g s nc be en  
That y, fair dau hters, make this hill your seat  
Dear s t o th god f fests  
P t me nd sport nd peac ful m lres.

Not it that ca let e n altar stands,  
A bu kle expugnably secu s  
Then w th all peed asc nd nd w th y u tak  
I solemn ce monial y ur wands  
Wound th but la ours that ppeal to Zeus  
Th God f Mercy To these f m n l ds  
A swer g in such wise a hall move their mercy  
W th lamentations and ll s ms f speech  
P pe t y ur necessity and fit  
For tra g rs n a tra g land pla nly t ll  
Th tory f your flight nd how from blood  
Tus whole ffee. Let nought of boldness wait  
O ou d scourge noth off ght r a  
B seem, b t downwa d looks, untroubled eyes  
Not forw d in th c ling f you tal  
Nor ba g g ba k t c v t offend  
Th r c thard elerth h ne er fa g t  
You cue is to submit y om a poor  
And eedy sutors, l n nd exiles.  
Bold pech onsorts t w th the weak nd  
Ch F ther thy ca uons find us well d posed  
T prudent counsels nd thy wise precepts  
I had w th all volucrid obey  
Zeus, ou pro-eccutor wat ho erus.

D Stay not lay bold upon th means at hand

Ch I will be w th you instantly O Zeus,  
Pity us or we perish *They ascend the hill*  
Da May he look  
Gr c ously on us if it pleases him  
All will be well. Call n w upon this child  
Of Z us.

Ch I call upon the rad ant Sun  
The sa ing source f health to heal our woes,  
And pure Apollo n ce exiled from hea en  
God th ough he is, he kn ws this earthly lot  
A d feels perhaps for fra l mortality  
Da May he in very deed comm serate  
A d tand a ready helper by our s de  
Ch Which of these Gods shall I next in oke?  
Da *I see*

The trident of the Isthman King  
Ch He gave  
Far pass et our vessel welcome far  
May he accord on land  
Da And here is Hermes  
After the way the Hellenes fash n him  
Ch Well met indeed I pray that he may p ove  
A b rald of glad tud a s

Da Bend in a w c  
And adoration at the c mmon altar  
Of all these so eres nt es On holy ound  
C ouch like a flock of do es that fear the hawk  
F r all his cou nship of wings. Even so  
Fearful are ve f foes of your own blood  
That would pollute your race And if one fowl  
Pr y on a ther how can it be pu e?  
And he w o weds a br de against her will,  
He fath r not c sentsu g where shall he  
Find purty? I trow that when h s dead  
The doer f this deed at Hades bar  
Shall stand a ra ned not idly en there,  
So n bel e anoth r Zeus hold court  
Among the souls whose earthly race is run  
And passes final seate ce on their crines.  
Look to yoursel es, and to this lord return  
S ch answer that ye fail not in your cause

*Enter = LACOS*  
P latus What little ba d is this that I salute?  
When come y not, s Hellenes are attured  
But with ba banic b very of robes,  
And fi cils finished with the weaver s spathe?  
These woman s weed are not f Argolis  
N r any part f H llas H r ld y e  
Ha e one normu ter to be y ur friend  
Nor gude in strange land A d how ye dared  
Ad nture here thus utterly f l m  
I marr f ramazement B y your side  
Befo e those Gods of Fests a elaud  
Branches that well a s d w th suppliant s law  
I llas that surm ve conf ms itself  
F dealing must conjectu s ll the rest  
W e there noh ing once to clear the doubt,  
Ch Touching our garb thy w rd a c w ds of  
truth

But how shall I address the ? Art th u o e  
Of th ommonalty? Com t with formal wand  
Equipped for pa le? O as of this fair calm

Foremost and chief?

*Pe* Let not that vex thy heart  
Thou mayst with full assurance answer me  
I am the son of Palaechthon earth-born  
Pelagus of this soil the supreme lord  
And they who reap its fruits from me their king  
Are called with reason good Pelasgians  
Over all ground towards the setting sun  
Wherethrough the Haliacmon flows I reign  
Within my borders I include the land  
Of the Perrhaebi and the parts beyond  
Pindus adjoining the Chaonians  
With the high mountains of Dodona west  
I touch the salt wet frontiers of the sea  
Thence all that stretches hitherward is mine  
The spot whereon we stand being Apia  
So called of old from one in medicine wise  
Apis Apollo's son prophet and healer  
Who from Naupactus crossed beyond the gulf  
And purged this land of man-devouring beasts  
Which Earth by bloody deeds done long ago  
Polluted and estranged in mood most like  
A step-dame gendered to dispute her soil  
With man his fanged and serpent brood fellow  
For these did Apis on this Argive ground  
To its no small relief with shredded herbs  
And wholesome charms effect a perfect cure  
His fee to be remembered in our prayers  
But now that I have answered you 'twere well  
If one of ye declared what birth ye boast  
With brevity and clearness this my realm  
Hath little liking for long drawn discourse  
*Ch* Briefly and clearly then Of Argive blood  
Ye boast to be the mother of our race  
A cow made happy in the son she bare  
And I will fix upon this frame of truth  
Its proper parts until the whole cohere  
*Pe* Women—strange women ye compose a tale  
Not credible How can ye be of Argive blood  
More like to Libyans than our womankind?  
Yea such a plant might grow on Nilus bank  
Methinks these forms were coined in Cyprian  
mint  
Struck to the life by your progenitors  
Stay I have heard that nomads of your sex  
Horsed upon camels ride in cushioned selles  
Along the coasts of Aethiopia  
They should resemble ye or on my life  
Had ye but bows I could have men an oath  
That ye were the unlorded Amazons  
That fare on flesh Ye must instruct me further  
I am to know more of this history  
And how ye are a seed of Argive strain  
*Ch* Runs not the story that on Argos earth  
To once kept the keys of Hera's house?  
*Pe* 'Tis very sure she did the fame thereof  
Lives yet throughout the land  
*Ch* And more by token  
The heart of Zeus was stung with love of her?  
*Pe* Troth 'twas no secret Hera wrought amain  
To foil his fancy  
*Ch* And this royal quarrel

How doth it end in the story?

*Pe* The Argive goddess  
Transformed the maid into a cow  
*Ch* And Zeus  
Is fain to have the comely beast fair horned?  
*Pe* Indeed the tale is told so to that end  
He wore the likeness of a lustful bull  
*Ch* What counter stroke to this dealt Zeus  
hau<sup>ht</sup> Queen?  
*Pe* Why then she found a keeper for the cow  
Him that hath eyes which look all ways at once  
*Ch* And what was he this all beholding one  
Sole neatherd of a solitary cow?  
*Pe* Argus earth's child the same that Hermes  
slew  
*Ch* And the device that followed? What thing  
else  
Prepared she for the heifer heaven accursed?  
*Pe* She did afflict her with the gnat that stings,  
A drover's goad prick to stampeding kine  
*Ch* They call him Gad fly on the banks of  
Nile  
*Pe* What? Did he drive her forth from her own  
land  
As far as Nile?  
*Ch* He did so and thy tale  
Tallies in each particular with mine  
*Pe* And is it true then that she reached Canopus  
And Memphis far inland?  
*Ch* Surely and Zeus  
By laying on of hands raised up a son  
*Pe* Who then is he that boasts himself the calf  
Zeus gendered on this cow?  
*Ch* Even Epaphus  
True title given from that divine caress  
*Pe* And Epaphus—had he issue?  
*Ch* He begat  
Libya the reaper of a third of earth  
Her amplest fields  
*Pe* What scion sprang from her?  
*Ch* My father's father Bel who had two sons  
*Pe* Tell me I pray thy sire's all sapient name  
*Ch* Danaus he hath a brother who begot  
Two score and ten sons  
*Pe* Prithoe indulge me further  
And let me hear by what name he is called  
*Ch* Aegyptus Now thou know at my ancient  
line  
Stretch forth the hand of succour to raise up  
Argives that here have taken sanctuary  
*Pe* Anciently I do verily believe  
A common tie unites ye in this land  
But how had ye the courage to forsake  
The house of your fathers? What so sore mischance  
Hath fallen on ye?  
*Ch* King of the Pelasgians!  
Calamity is as a ruffling breeze  
That glances through a thousand shifting forms  
Nor is there any here on earth a place  
Where thou couldst sit point and say Here  
sorrow's wing  
Keeps darkly constant to its native hue

331-350

For which of us is fancy ever dreamed  
Of us unlooked for, or that a step  
Whence we sailed should touch this Armèe strand  
Whence we had egress of old  
O that in distant Egypt woodcock scorned,  
Lured by the hymenatal choir  
Should be the cause of consequence so strong—  
P. What is the boon thou invent thou dost crave  
Her in the name of these God of festival,  
Your branches fresh plucked all with white  
enwound

Ch. That I may — or become bondsman and  
Laid

I to Egyptus race.

P. And is it here  
That proclaims the plea in reverence of law?

Ch. Who know we their own blood has  
wound but

Thou lord and masters?

P. Yet it is a match.

That makes for power

Ch. And if misfortune come

Who turns I woe so woe be put away?

P. What shall I do then that I may be found

To you ward a reverer of the Rites?

Ch. R. Use to yield us up to Egyptus sons

When they demand us of thee.

P. There thou broadcast

Ch. But not that enslave dangerous war

Ch. Yet justice champions those that fight for  
her

P. If I had had my share in these events

From the beginning —

Ch. O! Assume it now!

And as were, this is black and banished poop

Of most sturdy real honour duly

P. Indeed when I look round me and behold

This banquet of Gods all branched and shaded o'er

I shudder

Ch. Where is he who would not pause?

The wrath of Zeus the Suppliant's God is heavy

Or not least each O son of Palæstion,

Not hold thy heart aloof, thou royal man,

But breaken when I cry to thee whose throne

Is of this woe calm Palæstion.

Behold, in me suppliant set for place,

A blundered still forced to shift her ground,

Like to a keel with the woe as in chase

That the herd doth lowly to cow him

Upon some rocky precipice crag-bound,

Thou art his strength and his law him her pain.

P. Methinks I see this gathering of the Gods

Offer all with branches freshly plucked

All around or nodding in fire near.

Oh may our cause who claim to be our kin

Work us no more, I nor on any hand

Shall grow from what we neither could foresee

Nor have provided for That this realm

Were as unwar of a super-nature

Ch. Law that doth reduce the inconstant night,

Das hter of Zeus who deals the destiny  
Look to it that I burn not in fire, but  
Victual and wrong that wreck felicity  
And thou with old's too so'er wisdom were  
From you, yet hearts is not too late to learn,  
The noblest offering, purest sacrifice  
On altars of obligation or of law,  
Sweeter than sweetest essence such can burn,  
Is mercy to the weak that ask for aid.

P. It is not at my private hearth ye sit  
And if some public mischief be afoot  
Then must the commons of the realm work out  
Such expiation as shall cleanse them all.  
Myself may tend, no effectual pledge  
But with the privacy of all free men.

Ch. Thou art both liberty and law  
And commonalty thine  
An absolute preservative  
No capious in his confine  
Thou sit at the hearth place of thy land,  
The Godhead's central shrine,  
By an indisputable nod  
Sole sceptred on thy throne  
All business that concerns the state  
Thou dost despatch alone.  
Beware lest unrewarded wrong  
Let in confusion

P. Confusion fall upon mine enemies.  
Howbeit to help thee and take myself  
No hurt I scarce know how I yet may scant  
kindness

To set the prayers at naught. Perplexity  
And fears possess my heart whether to act,  
Or not to act and I fate be her way.

Ch. Look up unto the Watcher set on high,  
Thou Guardian of deccarious soul who sue  
Crouched on no labour's hearth, for sanctuary  
Crave in 'am the right which is their due.  
For grace deemed and suppliants  
sh'ed pleas

Endures the wrath of Zeus no pains of mult  
apprise.

P. If by the law of the land Egyptus sons  
Are your inful lords, to wit upon the plea  
Of next kin, who would choose res at their clasp?  
Your answer must be found on the law  
Domestic and remote maintain and prove  
That or ever the have no power at all.

Ch. Into th hands I vrant man  
God grant that I fall never  
I'll know no bounds but th starry run  
That bends o'er earth for ever  
Fled to that rum liberty

I'll be from torteful marriage free.

Be thou th ally of justice and not law  
Jud e thou a judge the Gods and stand of them in  
awe.

P. No easy judg'ment choose, not me for judge.  
He el not and without the people voice  
I will or and I cannot have thou, h I be  
Do as thou'lt have me do? I will n't hear—  
If it should chance that a gibe untoward fall—

Reproachful commons cast it in my teeth  
 To honour strangers thou didst wreck thy land!  
*Ch* Ancestral Zeus of both blood kin  
 Eyes suppliant and pursuer  
 The ponderable stuff of sin  
 Is charged to the wrong doer  
 Quick is the tell tale hand to mount  
 And reckon to the just's account  
 The fair record of righteousness  
 Since equal is the pouse why shrink from fair redress?  
*Pe* This asks deep thought an eye within the  
 mind

Keen as a diver salving sunken freight  
 To sink into the depths yet searching there  
 Not lose itself in roving phantasies  
 That all end well and mischief follow not  
 First for the State which is our chief concern  
 Then for ourselves and neither way lay hold  
 On loot to pay your loss nor by our act  
 If from this seat of Gods that ye have made  
 Your seat we yield you up the land be crushed  
 By haunting visitations of the God  
 Whose business is destruction Alastor  
 The unforgetting instrument of wrath  
 Who even in the house of Hades suffers not  
 The dead man to go free And asks not this  
 Heart searching's fathom deep of saving thought?

#### Chorus

Search deep and then rise up more strong  
 For justice be the minister  
 That reverentially protects from wrong  
 The stranger and the sojourner  
 Resolved never to yield while thou stand'st by  
 An exile driven so far in godless outlawry

O look not on till rapine come  
 And from these haunts of Powers divine  
 Hale me for spoil all masterdom  
 All judicature here are thine  
 Then in this cause let thy decree go forth  
 Man's lusts here sue for judgment and beware of  
 wrath

Submit not to the sight  
 Of divine Justice set at naught by might  
 And the rejected suppliant led away  
 From statues holy as by bands of gold  
 A horse is led while rough men lay  
 Rude hands upon my raiment's damask fold

Thy seed and thy household  
 As thou art cruel or in mercy bold  
 The exact measure of thy yea or nay  
 Eternal Law shall utterly requite  
 O ponder well these things and sway  
 The event as Zeus commands who judgeth right

*Pe* Nay I have pondered and my bark of thought  
 Strikes on this point of peril There's no choice  
 But of two sides I must take arms 'gainst one  
 And either were a war of magnitude.

Here then you have the naked shell stark hull  
 Triced on the stocks all rivets driven home  
 And all her timbers strained and drawn together  
 As twere with shipwright's winches Once at sea  
 She's bound for loss before she comes to land  
 When there is jettison of merchandise  
 By the good grace of Zeus the Garnisher  
 More may be gotten a full load to freight  
 A ship of deeper draught And if the tongue  
 Shoot wildly for the wound that words inflict  
 Words will apply the remedy a balm  
 For angry humours spell and counterspell  
 But that there be no letting of the blood  
 Of kin compels to earnest sacrifice  
 And many victims unto many gods  
 Where'er men ask of oracles must fall  
 Preservatives against calamity  
 My entrance to this quarrel comes unsought  
 And every way tis to my own undoing  
 I'd rather be a seer of little skill  
 Than deeply learned in prophesying ill  
 So though my judgment goes not with the prayer  
 Out of these troubles Heaven send issue fair

*Ch* Hear the conclusion then of my much  
 speech  
 That meant to move your pity  
*Pe* I have heard  
 But speak I mark thee closely  
*Ch* I have scarves  
 And girdles that hold up my raiment—  
*Pe* Why  
 All women have them  
*Ch* Out of these I'll fashion  
 An ornament and excellent device  
 To keep mine honour safe  
*Pe* Give thy words meaning  
 What is it thou would'st say?  
*Ch* Give us a pledge  
 Plant on some ground of faith these feeble feet  
 If not—  
*Pe* These gatherings girdlings up of robes  
 How shall they stead thee?  
*Ch* They shall serve to deck  
 These shapes with votive tablets never yet  
 Hanged up on hallowed images  
*Pe* A riddle!  
 The manner of this expound  
*Ch* Incontinent  
 We'll hang ourselves upon these holy Gods  
*Pe* Thy menace lays the lash across my heart  
*Ch* I see thou understand'st me now have I  
 Opened thine eyes to clearer vision  
*Pe* Yea  
 Turn where I may griefs ineluctable  
 Confront my sight a multitude of ills  
 Comes on like a river on this sea of ruin  
 I am embarked the bottomless abyss  
 Below around unnavigable waves  
 And nowhere any harbour from distress  
 If I shall fail towards you and not exact  
 This debt which is your right ye threaten me  
 With such pollution strain words how ye will

Hither cannot I shoot th' mark,  
And if I stand before the city wall  
And cry concessions, 'tis I excepts seem  
And overboard him, upon the dead of battle,  
For sin, of women men most stain this earth  
Womb and were not this his reverse  
I cannot myself that I either spoil  
But I must know the woe the woe of Zeus  
Who bore his sorrow, is the fear of him  
I for all shall his best fear now therefore  
Thou com'st from of these marks  
Take in th' hands branches like these and lay them  
On the breast of my country Gods  
That of your common all citizens  
As we trust tokens I not fall  
One word of me the commonalty loves  
To comfort him on their rulers. But,  
Lover, I mean, give me more eyes soul  
Which he red for the wickedness of men  
Behind a veil you and the p'ble heart  
Be our boys, his more tender. To a trait  
Common with men to entertain kind they  
Tow'ard the weaker sex.

Da. That we have found a friend  
Praised and God fear, we account  
North men, friends. What thou want on more  
And a home and some men to land  
For ever and as give us, that we may find  
The action of the city dwellers  
That stand before the temples, and the shrines  
Of those more woe, that defend your kind  
From the men, as you are not sure,  
Nor are we left of us here.  
Naked the other time than I am  
Beware lest as unbecoming conscience  
Hence, or breed shame. Men have ere now  
Seen those that were our friends, our knowers  
Go with this rule, or men to be sure well.  
Show him the way to the town altar and  
The seats of Gods. And know, I trust I not  
At cross-roads, but bring this sealer  
To the hearts of the Holy Ones.

Enter Da. with bodyguard

Da. For him the word is spoken let him go  
You command us to B: what of me  
Who will I do, and or do I am  
For the place of sure  
P. Let the branches  
We cannot now so tokens of distress  
Da. He then were the hand and to our direct  
P. Now thou art, let me be, let me smooth  
A bird here  
Da. This law where all men tread  
And how shall that protect me  
P. Be content  
To not our purpose to expose thee here  
A pray for birds  
Da. For birds And what of feet  
More dangerous than serpents  
P. Fear and so, I'll  
Thou see it I mean the fear  
Da. It is not strange

That fear betray women, etc.  
P. Methinks  
Th' awe of him, as red the more  
All fears head.

O. O cheer me with kind words!  
And hearten me no less with gracious deeds.  
P. Na but is not for long that thy good are  
Hath left thee. I too fear thee for a while,  
But us to call our folk to other make  
Th' common, th' good friend and teach thy faith  
How I should speak to them. Tarry meantime,  
Therefore, and with thy prayers prevail upon  
The gods of the land to grant thy heart's desire.  
I will depart hence and make good my words.  
Persuasion and fear for me follow us!

Exit Pyl. 500s. The Da. maidens descend on to the  
own lairs below the hill.

### Chorus

King of Kings, smooch the Bless  
In th' has the blessed,  
In thy power of all that are  
Nigher in, I trust by far  
Happy Zeus, that pray or receive,  
And th' event our wish achieve,  
Th' eagle of the Ixus of men  
Which loathsome visit them  
Flung south an empurpled sea  
That embodied seem  
Picked without and black within  
Which he and the purposed sin  
But the woman's cause arouse  
Think upon our storied house  
Tenderly th' al renew  
Of old law and ever young  
And our an extent to be  
Woman, yet once dear to thee,  
Ah, remember Leon, Aris,  
Thou Comfiter of 10's woe!  
For we boast that we can tra  
H. Zeus our ancient law  
Sorrowers were we, I birth  
This is home, this parent earth.

I the first flower sweet  
Of my mother's feet.  
B. hold, I his span and time  
Where she stooped to feed  
And ed up in the mind  
That fattens the Arm's knee  
And with her away  
Th' heart and betw  
Th' earth's earth's heart.  
Far hence, I shall not,  
B. th' good, good,  
As shall with th' our bad, married  
Th' most know the pain  
Of a maddened brain  
And wander thro' many races,  
Till meet either strand  
Of the wandered land  
A path through the billows, the traces.



To the Asian shore  
She must pass o'er

And ever her onward leap

Of her coming tells

To the Phrygian fells

And the fleecy moorland sheep

By street and tower

That Teuthras power

Founded for Mysian men

In olden time

She speeds she must climb

Through Lydian gorge and glen

And she must n'er leap

The Cilician steep

And the wild Pamphylian mountains

No barrier

Shall be to her

Till fed by eternal fountains

Broad rivers glide

And her footsteps guide

Through a pleasant land and a mighty

With all wealth crowned

The fair the renowned

Wheatland of Aphrodite

And still she flew a hunted thing

Of Heaven's grace unpitied

And in and out with darting sting

In dizzy reel and dazzling ring

The winged herdsman flitted

She has reached at last Zeus' own demesne

That is to all Nature boon

Green with the glow of the melting snow

And scorched by the Typhoon

She has come to the tide that is deep and wide

Untouched by the hand of disease

Yea to Nile's water King Inachus' daughter

Hera's crazed Thyiad flees

Paled then all dwellers in that lea

With quaking fear a cold

Such hybrid shape they ne'er did see

Half woman and half cow was she

A monster to behold

A freakish eerie elfin form

Whose kind 'twere hard to tell

If human out of human shape

Tortured by some dread spell

Ah then to charm away her grief

Who at long last relented

And rested the far-wandered feet

Of Io the goat-tormented?

Even Zeus Lord Paramount whose reign

Expects no earthly tyrant's bloody doom

He eased her of her pain

With sweet constraint from all enforcement free

And breathings of his love divinely mild

Tears as of one half reconciled

She shed—warm tears of bitter memory

But with that heavenly burthen in her womb

Became the mother of a perfect child

A happy long-lived man was he

Wherefore a voice went through that fertile earth

Behold in verity

*This is the son of Zeus this is the seed*

He sowed who else among the Gods had stayed

The crafty plots that Hera laid?

If thou shouldst say Here is Zeus' very deed

This is a child of heavenly birth

Clean to the centre shall thine arrow speed

What God to thee should I prefer

And by a title holier

Ask Justice? Thou O King

Our Father art and thy right hand

Hath planted us in a strange land

We are thine own offspring

Thou great unmatched artificer

In thy calm heart let memory stir

The pulse of vanished days

O Zeus that art in all things blest

And whatso'er thou purposest

None hinders nor gainsays!

Thou art no vassal on a throne

No power that doth transcend thine own

To thee dictates the law

Nor is there one in higher place

To whom thou turn'st a humble face

Holding his seat in awe

Art thou in labour with the pang

Of deeds whereon great issues hang

Behold the accomplished fact!

Or if in words goes forth thy breath

The mind that with them travails

Converteth speech to act

*Enter DANAUS*

*Da* Take courage children the people of the land

With sovran voice have cast their votes right well

*Ch* Dear envoy! Best beloved of tidings-bearers

All hail! But hide not one thing from us What

Have they determined? The full master hand

Of the assembled commons to what deed

Points it?

*Da* Unwaveringly and in such wise

As made my old heart young—for the free air

While all freemen made this decision law

Rustled with multitudes of lifted hands—

The Argives have decreed that we shall hold

This soil with them immune from all reprisals

Havoc and harrying of the lustful male

And of those native here or alien

No man may drive us hence without force

Be offered what so denizen withholds

## THE SUPPLIANT MAIDENS

61-645

His aid, shall suffer loss of civil life  
 And furthermore, be banished by the State.  
 This was the manner of the wrath, whereby  
 The King of the Peloponnesus our cause  
 Wherein our fathers with warning voice  
 He spake of this hereafter let the reader  
 Find full and whole of Zeus, the Suppliant's God  
 Who came as friend to us and foreigners,  
 As citizens we were received two claims  
 Co-ventured in our persons, which denied,  
 We'd work two-fold contention, and raise up  
 Before the eyes of a monster fed  
 Or sorrow yet a brow, grief cannot calm,  
 Then we starved not to hear the martial cry  
 But as a show of hands would be a sign  
 It was the voice of the Peloponnesus King  
 That moved them, giving the persuasive word  
 But Zeus determined what the end should be.

*He answers the kill.**Chorus*

Oh come! Let us render  
 Recognition full  
 A token and tender  
 Of thanks, and praise  
 That good things be showered upon Arion,  
 Benign and laud and honour  
 In hymns to his praises and  
 Such kind of dole and non her  
 For do, as an alien to me  
 T' Zeus who cares for the stranger  
 And governs the counsels of all  
 To an end free from harm and  
 May he lead our thanks to  
 With good gifts shed upon Arion.

Let our hearts and habitation,  
 While I pour in heart libation  
 With the voice of prayer or edison  
 Hear my voice and hear of  
 My sorrow of ruddiness  
 O King of the Peloponnesus  
 Nor let me be heard, when I have  
 Is not for the dance nor for  
 Let me dance for you as strain,  
 Who in fields not as a sower  
 Reaps the harvest of the sea,  
 For as much as I have had my  
 For let love then voice sayeth,  
 Honour, as much as Zeus befriending,  
 Let me flock that sorrow and  
 And whose portion none dearest.

Never did they give their robes  
 For proud men, and their persons  
 Their beauteous robes and  
 Whose weaker cause befriending  
 For let love, as vision saw  
 To the mortal eye,  
 As much as Zeus, whose wrath equate,  
 Whose love and end and  
 And with him is no contending.

Where's the dwelling that rejoices  
 With his heavy visitation—  
 Like a cannon bird that hit the  
 Drops down abomination,  
 Gored and blood on man's graves,  
 Hear the monster's wrath,  
 An undying, leavened bread  
 But these kin have also rejected  
 Claim of kin they have rejected  
 Such claims at Zeus' holy seat.  
 Therefore they shall have their garden,  
 Alters no pollution smothereth,  
 To the Gods of Hesperus sweet.

Forth, thou bird of flame more fair  
 From the mouth's dark covert break,  
 Emulous and eager prayer  
 All prayers else do thou overtake.

Nor pestilence nor dearth  
 Enervate Arion's men  
 Nor evil turn at stain this earth  
 With blood of fallen brethren.

You shall be better than unplucked flower  
 And Arion, who makes men to mourn,  
 Though lord of Aphrodite's bower  
 That comely blossom leaves unborn.

And, when ancient men consent  
 Let them not wait within these walls  
 Bearded benchers of gray men  
 Threaded in old Cyprian stalls.

So may wise laws and well-observed  
 Order all things in the land,  
 Long as reverence is paid  
 To Zeus, and chiefly Him whose hand

Is over strangers. If alone  
 Maintains the nobles' cause wrong and crime  
 And confirms to each his own  
 By law and precedent with time.

III. *Chorus* that fruitful is  
 Sprung from the ground earth,  
 And that arrow Artemis  
 Brings the stringing, both to birth.

He you, come not to me this stand  
 Nor bring no arms for Arion's hand,  
 Who loathes no her dance nor for  
 Children's birth, but dear  
 But they are tears nor the drawn knife  
 What for the danger hand of life  
 And as it roars, keep far hence,  
 I make flocks of pestilence  
 And all your men in this far ground  
 Be with the love, I mean, crowned.

Zeus make the earth to teem, and bless  
 With seasonable, roll and press

To the Asian shore  
 She must pass o'er  
 And ever her onward leap  
 Of her coming tells  
 To the Phrygian fells  
 And the fleecy moorland sheep  
 By street and tower  
 That Teuthras' power  
 Founded for Mysian men  
 In olden time  
 She speeds: she must climb  
 Through Lydian gorge and glen  
 And she must o'erleap  
 The Cilician steep  
 And the wild Pamphylian mountains  
 No barrier  
 Shall be to her  
 Till fed by eternal fountains  
 Broad rivers glide  
 And her footsteps guide  
 Through a pleasant land and a mighty  
 With all wealth crowned  
 The fair, the renowned  
 Wheatland of Aphrodite

And still she flew, a hunted thing  
 Of Heaven's grace unpitied  
 And in and out with darting sting  
 In dizzy reel and dazzling ring  
 The winged herdsman flitted

She has reached at last Zeus' own demesne  
 That is to all Nature boon  
 Green with the glow of the melting snow  
 And scorched by the Typhoon

She has come to the tide that is deep and wide  
 Untouched by the hand of disease  
 Yea, to Nile's water-king Inachus' daughter  
 Hera's crazed Thyiad flees

Paled then all dwellers in that lea  
 With quaking fear a cold  
 Such hybrid shape they ne'er did see  
 Half woman and half cow was she  
 A monster to behold

A freakish, eerie elfin form  
 Whose kind twere hard to tell  
 If human, out of human shape  
 Tortured by some dread spell

Ah, then to charm away her grief  
 Who at long last relented  
 And rested the far-wandered feet  
 Of Io the goat-tormented?

Even Zeus, Lord Paramount, whose reign  
 Expects no earthly tyrant's bloody doom  
 He eased her of her pain  
 With sweet constraint from all enforcement free  
 And breathings of his love divinely mild

Tears as of one half reconciled  
 She shed—warm tears of bitter memory  
 But with that heavenly burthen in her womb  
 Became the mother of a perfect child

A happy long-lived man was he  
 Wherefore a voice went through that fertile earth  
 Behold in verity  
 This is the son of Zeus: this is the seed  
 He sowed—who else among the Gods had stayed  
 The crafty plots that Hera laid?  
 If thou shouldst say: Here is Zeus' very deed  
 This is a child of heavenly birth  
 Clean to the centre shall thine arrow speed

What God to thee should I prefer  
 And by a title holier  
 Ask Justice? Thou, O King  
 Our Father art, and thy right hand  
 Hath planted us in a strange land  
 We are thine own offspring

Thou great unmatched artificer  
 In thy calm heart let memory stir  
 The pulse of vanished days  
 O Zeus that art in all things blest  
 And whatso'er thou purposest  
 None hinders nor gainsays!

Thou art no vassal on a throne  
 No power that doth transcend thine own  
 To thee dictates the law  
 Nor is there one in higher place  
 To whom thou turn'st at a humble face  
 Holding his seat in awe

Art thou in labour with the pang  
 Of deeds whereon great issues hang  
 Behold the accomplished fact!  
 Or if in words goes forth thy breath  
 The mind that with them travails  
 Converteth speech to act

*Enter DANAUS*

Da: Take courage, children, the people of the land

With sovran voice have cast their votes right well  
 Ch. Dear envoy! Best beloved of tidings-bearers,  
 All hail! But hide not one thing from us. What  
 Have they determined? The full master hand  
 Of the assembled commons: to what deed  
 Points it?

Da: Unwaveringly, and in such wise  
 As made my old heart young—for the free air  
 While all freemen made this decision law  
 Rustled with multitudes of lifted hands—  
 The Argives have decreed that we shall hold  
 This soil with them immune from all reprisals  
 Havoc and harrying of the lustful male  
 And of those native here or alien  
 No man may drive us hence withal, if force  
 Be offered, what so denizen withholds



Of gathered fruit and corn in shocks  
And may the forward feeding flocks  
In her rich pastures multiply  
And all things have prosperity  
By the Gods' favour flourishing  
Let minstrels round her altars sing  
Sweet lauds and while the lute leads on  
Pure lips send up their orison

A power obnoxious to no term  
Be here not novel and infirm  
Soon blown and soon decayed  
But on old honour stayed  
Prescient in counsel and withal  
Of such foreknowledge liberal  
Not jealous to exclude  
The sovran multitude  
But rather guide them And abroad  
Let them be slow to draw the sword  
Much readier to maintain  
By processes humane  
Their legal right than prompt to act  
If bounden faithful to their pact  
Their arbiter the Court  
And war their last resort  
Let them keep fasts and festivals  
Bring victuals of bay and slaughter bulls  
As did their sires of old  
To the Lord Gods who hold  
Their land For reverence and awe  
From son to sire is the third law  
Justice hath writ for men  
With monumental pen

*Da* Dear children I commend these temperate prayers

Tremble not if I break to you bad news  
From this our sanctuary and my watch tower  
I see the ship No I am not mistaken  
All too discernible in the sail—so bent—  
The awnings—and the prow with painted eyes  
That look before on the untravelled road—  
And the quick sense too quick for those she loves  
not

To hearken to the guiding of the helm  
The men on board their black limbs clothed in  
white

Are plain to see And now the other craft  
Store ships and all are in full view The admiral  
Is shortening sail and all oars out rows hard  
Under the lee of the land This must be faced  
With a fixed constancy let not dismay  
Divert your thoughts from these still watchful Gods  
I will return anon when I have gotten  
Defence and counsel Like enough a herald—  
Or delegates that mean to force you hence—  
Graspers at harsh reprisals—nay but that  
Can never be and ye've no cause to fear it  
Nevertheless if human aid be slow  
Remember here ye have a present help  
Be of good cheer then where is he who scorns  
The Gods and shall not in Time's great assize

Upon the day appointed answer it?

*He descends from the hill*

*Chorus*

Father I am afraid the ships have come  
So quickly with scant interval between

I am possessed with dread  
Doubts and fears importune me  
Lest that my flight far sped  
No way should fortune me

Oh when the goal is won  
The struggle nought availeth me  
Father I am fordone  
For fear my strength faileth me

*Da* Child pluck up courage The recorded vote  
Of Argos is a sovran people's voice  
Certain I am that they will fight for thee

*Chorus*

Ægyptus sons are wild abandoned men  
Their lust of battle hard to be appeased  
And if I say so thy heart knows 'tis true

They have gotten them stalwart ships  
The stout oak braces  
They have gotten them shining ships  
With cruel steely faces

They set a course over unknown waves  
They struck an unseen quarry  
And multitudes of tawny slaves  
Summoned to their foray

*Da* Ay but they'll meet their match a multitude  
Whose arms by oft exposure to the blaze  
Of burning noon are firm as marble filed

*Ch* I pray you leave me not alone my father  
Left to herself a woman is but noug<sup>ht</sup>  
She hath no stomach for brave deeds of war  
But they are men in mind and heart deranged  
Possessed yea mad with godless lust and pride  
The human soul in them so much estranged  
From holy thoughts mercy and truth and awe  
They reck them less than crows with beak and  
claw

That rob the altars of things sanctified  
*Da* My children this shall nothing profit them  
That which provokes in you resentful thoughts  
Shall work the wrath of the immortal Gods

*Ch* Father they fear no tridents neither can  
Arrow or thunderbolt restrain their hands  
They are too much swollen with their own conceit  
For awe to sway them and in violent pride  
Have run too far to stay their reckless feet  
For aught that preacheth from these holy bounds  
But like a pack of disobedient hounds  
They would not hear though all the Gods should  
chide

*Da* Ay but three dogs are not a match for one

And thre an end No longer eke th t can be  
 Many a tall fellow first must bite the dust  
 And he eke be gasped a ay with nithun of lumb  
 P Why should I tell thee who I am? In t me  
 Thou llearn my name thou and thy fello stoo  
 As for these omen went they willingly  
 Were they come th u m h t lead them away  
 Could st th u sh w cause that piety allows  
 I now th so ran people of th realm  
 He ew th one once est blished their decree  
 Never to y ld the r virtue up to f see  
 And throu h and through that act the nail is  
 dn en

So that it standeth fast Th u hast my answer  
 N t n t a folded tablets, or yet sealed  
 In any sec t scroll but o ert th plain speech  
 Of an unfitt ed tongue. Now—quit my si ht  
 H May vict ry and power that ict ry gives  
 Be ith the men.

Pr Oh ye w ll find men here  
 Trust me, no bousers of thin barley brew  
 Exit HERALD a d h s f flowers

And n w th your handmaidens all of you  
 Walk boldly t the city 'Tis well fenced  
 And locked w th deep de rce of wards and towers.  
 Many fair dwellings are maintained there  
 At the public cha ge With o liberal ha d  
 Myself am lodged. Here ye may share house  
 With theirs, or if it likes ye l al ne  
 The best us at your service take y ur choi e  
 And let it be the fairest ye can find  
 'Twill cost ye nothi g Look upon myself  
 And the hole body of the c tizens.  
 Whose mandat th effects, as y ur protectors.  
 More powerful pat ncy e no ed t ask.

Ch S e may your great o tery  
 Plenteously s arded be  
 Please you ow to send t us  
 Our bra father Dan us  
 His usef thou ht pos t our way  
 Where he counsels we be y  
 He ll house us ur abode  
 I some kindly neighbour hood  
 For so it is tra t speech stra g ways  
 Are a ma k fo m n s disp t use  
 H pper be our lot may e  
 Dn ll th honour in your la d  
 F e e from hat ed cen u free Exit KING.  
 Captu es sith bo a d pear  
 Yet or cherished n t less dear  
 Each n ord r t ke your tand  
 By your must esset f jon  
 A our ma d n s t nur  
 That Dana h d y of po er  
 Ga u s f a g ce nly dower

Enter v c ith armed guard  
 De Ch ld en, to the A g e s f r prayers,  
 Blood-off rings and libat s, as t Gods  
 Ol mpani f ou m ours the e  
 Part q est on. When I t ld then ma trates  
 How e er used their f endl hea s ece ed  
 My tal ge in such wise as to our kin

Shall pro e a draw ht of b tter wine Myself  
 Th s body gua d of spearmen they ass ned  
 Both that I might be honourably attended  
 And lest by sudden sm rll stroke I should fall  
 Ere th y could rescue me unto their land  
 A burden a d a curse for e er Wherefore  
 I t granted to them hold in your hearts  
 The h est pl ce a d set your course Moreo er  
 To much already g raven there add this  
 Paternal precept Time assays the worth  
 Of th ngs unknown and e ery t nne is busy  
 W th a n w come s reputation n t  
 Oftenest fo good a s ord and t s bespattered  
 Shame m not in yo n youth wh n all men s eyes  
 Will look your way 'Tis d ficult to guard  
 The tender fruit It is desired of men  
 With patient watchin s—for desire is human—  
 Of feathered fowls nd beasts th t walk the earth  
 So with the body when tism l tin ripe  
 Trust Cypris but the world will hear of it  
 If nce she find the orchard gate unlatched  
 Th n at th l elines of r g n bloom  
 A arro win ed with d n crous charm is shot  
 From e ery rovin eye anquished at sight  
 By irresistible dex e Let not  
 Our wills succumb to that the which to escape  
 We bo e much toil, ploughed many perilous seas  
 On shipboard neither t us no k oursel es  
 Sham and co fun a to mine enem es  
 Triumph and v ery bliss A double choice  
 Is ou s Pelasgus a d the State at large  
 Ea h of us home a d both are f ee.  
 You see Fate throw us s res. It emans  
 That y your fath r s p excepts str ctly keep  
 Cou t n your rtu dea er th n your lives

## Choru

I ll th g aise may the Olympian Gods  
 Prospe us For my y uth star n r my father  
 In th ripe season of my beauty If  
 The God ha e n t appointed some new thing  
 I mea to walk where heretofore I trod

Set f rward to the city th n  
 And t her God gi e th ka  
 Lo d of thea bliss with her walls  
 Or dwellers by th banks

Of Eras us old And y u  
 Dear ma d ur music sweet  
 Acc mpany w th clappi g hands  
 And da ce of rhythmic feet

Our son t of Pelasg a s town  
 And w w ll hym more  
 The f ll en of the fluctuant Nile  
 But placid stream that pour

Deep dra ghts f th rsty lips, a d cheer  
 Th land w th ch ld sh m rth  
 Y nung stuff tra t f t bbo grou d  
 To gift and Geaia m t

Drive ye before me with the slaver's good

Hack heads off till blood spouts like rain

Back to the ship again

And may the red plague harry ye!

*Ch* I would that somewhere on the weltering road

Of multitudinous ocean ye had sunk

That of its bitter waters ye had drunk

Enough to drown your bark and quench your pride

Then were we happy sitting side by side

Even now we were

Free from trouble free from care

Hid in this leafy bower

Once and for all hear my commands lay by

Violence and wrong and mad impiety

Hence from this holy spot

And anger not

The Argive power

Ah may I never see again the flood

That fatteneth the flesh of Egypt's kine

And breeds a procreant humour in man's blood

Even as sap clothes the bare bough with green

Argive I am of long descended line

Queen and the daughter of a Queen

*He* Rant—rant your fill

But whether ye will not or ye will

Ye must aboard!

*Ch* Alack! Why tarry they?

Make speed or we are lost!

*He* If ye delay

From where ye sit I'll drag ye with these hands

*Ch* O'er ocean laws sheeted with salt sea spume

May ye be dragged and driven to and fro

With helpless tossings of these cruel hands

Where from the Syrian coast the wild winds blow

With wailing heard along the mounded sands

Beneath Sarpedon's tomb

*He* Shriek wail and howl and call upon the Gods

Tis not so light a thing to overleap

A ship of Egypt Wherefore tune thy voice

To sadder music a more bitter curse

*Ch* The dark wave whelm thee rounding ness on  
ness

Where Cyprus forests clothe her capes of wrath

And Nile that mighty Nile which sent thee forth

Strike out thy name—one insolent the less

*He* Aboard! Aboard! The ship has put about

Ready to go to sea Get thee aboard

Or I will lug thee by the forelock

*He rushes at the DANAIDES followed by his men*

*Ch* Father a thing in human shape and yet

A lucker in the net

That Evil spins for mortal woe

Like an industrious spider to and fro

Weaves link by link and thread by thread

Its latticed snare

Earth Mother Earth the spectre dread

The black nightmare

Drive far away

O Mother Earth! O Father Zeus I pray!

*He* I am not fearful of your Argive Gods

They suckled not my youth nor fed my age

*Ch* What shall I call thee? A two-footed snake,

A viper creeping from the brake

With venom'd tang to bruise

My heel O Mother Earth

Drive hence the beast of monstrous birth!

Hear Mother Earth! Hearken O Father Zeus!

*He* Get thee aboard and with a better grace

Else shall thy gauzes muslins and thy veils

Cry out for ruth and rending reck them not

*Ch* They overpower me! Chiefs, lords, princes,  
save!

*He* Anon anon! Courage! Thou soon shalt have

Princes enow Egyptus fifty sons!

Be of good cheer thou shalt not lack for lords!

*Ch* Lost lost—O King—O sacrilegious slave!

*He* I have thee now heave her aboard by the  
hair

She's a slack one and slow of hearing

*Enter PELASGUS with armed ATTENDANTS*

*Pe* Hold!

Russian what's this? How darest thou insult

Pelagian soil ay and Pelasgia's sons?

Or dost thou think thou'rt come to a land where  
none

But women dwell? Barbarian to Greek

Is used to be more humble Thou wilt find

That thy wild shooting misses the just scope

And aim of action reckoning up thy wrong

*He* I take thee at thy word and ask thee where

I reach beyond what law and justice warrant?

*Pe* First thou'rt an alien yet most ignorant

Of what becomes thee in that quality

*He* Who? I? I found what had been lost no  
more

*Pe* Have not you aliens your officers?

And which of these didst thou bespeak?

*He* *Hermes*

The Lord of trover

*Pe* O! are Gods thy patrons

And dost thou serve them with dishonour?

*He* I

Pay worship to the Gods of mighty Nile

*Pe* And ours are nought if I hear thee aught

*He* Look you these women are mine and my  
power

Let me see him who dares me take them from me

*Pe* Lay hands upon them at thy peril

*He* This

To a stranger! Tis not hospitable

*Pe* Tush!

I waste no courtesy on aliens

Who violate the sanctuary of the Gods

*He* Egyptus sons shall hear of this

*Pe* I care not

Good but that I may make a clear report—

As heralds should—what shall I say? By whom

Am I dismissed seat empty handed back

The women—cousins close in blood withal—

Taken from me? Not that weight of evidence

Will here determine in what sense the doom

That Ares must pronounce shall be decreed

Nor are the damages assessed in coin





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Hack heads off till blood spouts like rain  
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# THE PERSIANS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Arcoss Queen of Persia widow of Darius  
a daughter of Xerxes

A MESSENGER

TIEGHSTODRILS

NEYES

CIRCEOPERSIAN Elders the Ministers  
of State

1 open place before the Tomb of DARIUS

### Chorus

We are the faithful ministers  
Of Persia's sabbat sons,  
That married a royal filial  
Their gliding mansions,  
Ruh shall wealth and splendour  
Are in our trust and care  
For the great king Xerxes,  
Darius son and heir  
Chorus wise men well nigh years  
The realm's charm hold  
But his homeward pass  
His host gleams with gold  
The bod heart harnessed  
With vigour of ill  
Asia's trampled manhood  
A young king hath his will  
But this metropolis  
Proud neg of Persia's  
N run to meet, and  
Good news bad news brings.  
To Susa and Ecbatana  
They had a farewell  
They saw beheld them sink from sight  
Old Susa's rader  
And whose end out on his neck,  
And some in long his sailed  
Stout plodders closing their ranks  
The footmen of all maled.  
Amist es hasten them,  
And great Artaphernes,  
Asia's, Megabates,  
Lord of rich satrapies,  
His horse thragater  
I majest appears,  
Marshals of an uncouth host  
Bo men and mules,  
They sweep for the crown  
Their dawning looks dismay  
And; bilant their h heart  
Fifteen gray  
Lo d of the bow fauets,

Sosthenes, charioteer  
Artembares, the rider bold  
Whom charging squadrons cheer  
Mares and Pharan's  
With many a doughty  
Whom the great nourish of men  
Sent forth Pegastor on  
Egyptus born Sun kane  
And Artamenes, whose none  
Is sacred Memphis the he rules  
And Anomardus led  
O Thebes, that ancient child of Time  
Marsh folk to pull aboard  
The galleys, fearsome combatants  
Part count and in their train  
The la gours long Lydians,  
Lords of the Asian man  
Twenty men command them,  
Arcteus of fair renown  
And the great lord Mithras  
And their long led in town,  
Sardus, hath sent forth men that ride  
O cars of aspect dead  
With dobl yoke of horses,  
And triple harnessed  
And Tharubus and Mardon,  
Of Timolus holy hill  
Near neighbours both have taken an oath  
(The which may heaven fulfil)  
To cast the yoke of Hellas  
That herald of freedom dead  
They are the stiff of iron rough  
Herdians to the spear  
The man the Myrian slingers  
And glider Babylon  
Hath sent a mingled mighty host  
Endlessly winding on  
And some sail forth fleet  
And others draw the bow  
All Asia pours her falchion men  
The great king had them go  
Ay they go! The bloom, the rose,  
The pride of Persian earth  
And with a mighty longing

Chaste Artemis watch over us  
And love come in tender guise  
Not forced by Cytherea's might  
We wish our foes that prize

*Semi Chorus* But we forget not Cypris Let none  
deem

Our harmless song = meant in her dispraise  
For she with Hera sways

The heart of Zeus and he is Lord Supreme  
The subtle Goddess hath her rites with young  
Desire playing at his mother's side  
Nor less Persuasion to whose charming tongue  
No boon that heart can give or worth approves

May be denied

Yea music hath her share  
In Aphrodite's Empire fair  
Music with all the train of whispering Loves

*Semi Ch* All is fulfilled as Destiny decrees

And Zeus is great it is not given to men

To thwart his purposes

Or reach beyond the bounds that he hath set  
Pray rather then

That once the rite be said

This marriage that we so much dread

May bring more bliss than ever wife knew yet

*Semi Ch* May the great Zeus grant that I ne'er

Wed with a son of King Ægyptus

*Semi Ch*

Yea

That boon were best of all and yet thy prayer  
Would move a will that none can sway

*Semi Ch* And thou canst not discern futurity

*Semi Ch* Can I behold the mind of Zeus? Can I  
Look into that unfathomable deep?

Due measure when thou prayest thou shouldst  
keep

*Semi Ch* Where lies the mark that may not be  
= ertrud?

*Semi Ch* Search not too far the purposes of God

#### *Chorus*

Zeus is King may he decree

I be bounden to no lord

Loathed for lust and cruelty!

Mighty and most gentle he

With remedial touch restored

Io in her misery

To calm of mind from sorrow free

And may he this woman's war

Crown with victory Life and Fate

Demand that we exact no more

Than that good preponderate

It contents me then whate'er

The judgement which the Gods approve

If there be embodied there

Justice which my prayers could move

*Exeunt*

15-79

Where in my arms the great Darius lay  
My heart too feels the canker fret of care  
Good friends, I have ears only for your ears  
That wake within a train of haunting fears.

What if great wealth should scatter in his stride  
The promiscuous glory that Darius reared  
God been with him? Doubts new felt divide  
My mind. Possessions must not be revered  
So as men use them: yet they that have none  
How poor! 'Tis them what lustre hath the sun?

For in the world great riches are not won  
That not my heart but when the master's eye  
Through absence fails, the thought to me is strong.  
A house is blind except its lord be by  
Hence great ears interpret and add me  
I your sin counsel all my wisdom lies.

Oh Be sure of this, Queen of this land of ours,  
There ever was more that can be used  
To ask in twice for help by word or deed  
So far as new experience empowers  
Lead hearts: I profess guidance in our breast  
There is no thought save how to serve thee best.

Oh I am much content with dreams that hit  
See which his arm my dear son is gone  
To brave and live war's joys  
Nothing yet so startlingly dusty  
As when you shall forthwith hear  
For there appeared to me in bright apparel  
Two women on Persian robes adorned,  
The first in the Doric garb and each  
Taller in stature than are women now  
Eminent fair both sisters of one house.  
The first in Hellenic dress  
Amored the other led in Barbary  
As to what was that in my dream thou hit  
The reward some kind of quarrel twain, twain,  
Which when my dear son was arrived of it  
He would receive and make them his as friends.  
And so he harnessed them to a chariot  
Lashed great necks to the yoke. And the tall form  
Clad in our radiant armor led to the rear  
With others, un-veiled to the light  
And without his or bridle he took his loss  
Slipped the reins, yoke answer'd his son fell  
And sudden the father stood beside him.  
Even Darius, sorry for his fall.  
Then vision I beheld like to the  
But a horse led in four bows, streams  
Had washed his hands, so learned for sacrifice  
In good before altar purposes  
To make me a fine libation  
The divine Fortenders, whose indeed  
Thou offest. And lo, an eagle fled  
The Phoenix burnt dinner? Good my friends  
When I saw that I was truly dumb with fear  
And presently a falcon flew at him  
Beat him about the body with its wings  
And with its claws has plucked out feathers  
plucked

And strange—and pass strange—the eagle  
quailed

Not dared at all retaliate. What I saw  
Filled me with dread and will affright your ears.  
Well do we know that if our son succeed  
He will become the wonder of the world  
And even if he fail there is no law  
Can call him to account but unimpaired  
Life granted him his throne is over that land  
Oh Mother we would not by any hit we might say  
Alarm unduly or raise hopes too high.  
Better approach the gods, better go pray  
If shapes so ly seeming haunt thine eye,  
Beseech them to deliver thee from ill  
And for thyself, thy children and the State  
And all thou lovest good things to fulfill.  
Thus done with drink-offers propitiate  
Earth and the dead and then entreat thy spouse,  
Darius, whom thou sayest that returneth  
Thou didst behold for thee and for thy house  
Up from the underworld into the light  
To send good luck and adversity thy blindfold  
Muffle in neither darkness. Nought suits him  
By my prophetic soul have I made good  
To speak, convinced so best may bold be sought.

Alas, Well, come what may my dream hath found  
in thee

A first expounder loyal to our son  
And all our house. May far as far can be  
Befall. I'll get me home. All shall be done  
In honour of the gods and the dear dead  
That dwell beneath the earth, as thou hast said.  
But good my friends, tell me where Athens lies?

Oh Far far away westwards—beyond these  
shores—

Where knight Helios pales his golden face.  
At that the land that our dear son desires,  
Gone on so long a chase to make his prey?

Oh Assuredly if Athens own his way  
Alas Helios must before his foot and head

At that great people? Can this Athens send  
Against him a numerous armament?

Oh W. Medes

He came to know their may by its deeds.  
At Are they great archers then?

Oh Princess, not so  
'Tis not the arrow's point that shows the bow  
That makes them to be feared stand they or  
charge.

They are close hitters with the spear and target.

Alas What more of mark? Have they much wealth  
had by?

Oh A fine fall is their treasury  
Alas Who's the ruler of the people? Who

Lord of their levies and their revenue?

Oh Subject they are not unto any man  
They say she's sorts with "Athenian."

Alas Hark ye no more. The less likely they  
To stand their ground against invaders.

Oh Darius armament thy kin-folk  
For all its splendour and its numbers broke

The land that gave them birth  
Asia their nursing mother mourns  
And day succeeds to day  
And wives and little ones lose heart  
Sighing the time away

I grant you that our royal host  
The walled city's scourge  
Hath long since reached the neighbour coast  
That frowns across the surge  
Hath roped with moored rafts the strait  
Their path the heaving deck  
At Athamantid Helle's Gate  
Upon the sea's proud neck  
Bolting a yoke from strand to strand  
And Asia's hordes I grant  
Outnumber the uncounted sand  
Our king is valiant  
He shepherdeth a mighty flock  
God's benison therewith  
Till iron arms all Hellas lock  
Port, isle and pass and frith  
And at his word leap captains bold  
Ready to do or die  
Being himself of the race of gold  
Equal with God most high  
The dragon light of his black eyes  
Darts awe as to express  
The lord of mighty argosies  
And minions numberless  
So seated in his Syrian car  
He leads gainst spear and pike  
His sagittaries' death from far  
Their wounding arrows strike  
Meseemeth none of mortal birth  
That tide of men dare brave  
A sea that deluge the earth  
A vast resistless wave  
Not Persia's matchless millions  
No human power can quell  
Such native valour arms her sons  
Such might incomparable  
For Fate from immemorial age  
Chose out her sons for power  
Made them victorious war to wage  
And breach the bastioned tower  
In chivalry to take delight  
Where clashing squadrons close  
Kingdoms and polities the might  
Of their strong arm o'erthrows  
They gaze on ocean lawns that leap  
With buckering billows gray  
Swept by fierce winds their myriads sweep  
Ocean's immense highway  
Where leashed with cables fibre fine  
Their buoyant galleys bridge  
The rough waves of the sundering brine  
From ridge to crested ridge  
And yet what man of woman born  
Outwits the guile of God?  
The pit He digs what foot may scorn  
Though with all lightness shod?

For ruin first with laughing face  
Lures man into the net  
Whence never weight of mortal race  
Leapt free and scatheless yet

These are the thoughts that fret and fray  
The sable garment of my soul  
Shall Persia's host sing Wellaway  
With universal shout of dole  
Shall Susa hear of manhood shorn?  
Shall this imperial city mourn?

Yea and shall Kassia's castle keep  
With answering note of grief reply?  
Shall huddled women wail and weep  
Bearing the burthen to that cry  
While torn in rents their raiment falls  
And tattered hang their costly shawls?

Not one is left all they that drive  
Or ride proud steeds all footmen stout  
Like swarming bees that quit the hive  
With him that leads the dance went out  
Shackling two shores across the sea  
They thrust a floating promontory

But beds are wet with many a tear  
Where late the longed for love lay warm  
New luxury and grief is dear  
To our fair Persians some mailed form  
She kissed Goodbye her love her own  
Each misses left in wedlock lone

Men of Persia here in council seated round this  
ancient roof  
Sounding deep for sore the need is let us put it to  
the proof  
How it fareth with King Xerxes great Darius  
golden heir  
Lord of lieges mighty dynast who made Persia  
rich and fair  
Whether conquest wingeth onward with the  
drawing of the bow  
Or the ashen hafted spear head crowns with victory  
the foe  
But behold a light that shineth with august and  
godlike rays  
Royal Mother of King Xerxes regnant Queen of  
my young days  
Rapidly her chariot rolleth in the dust I lay me  
prone  
Homage love and loyal duty proffer we in unison  
*Enter the ATOSSA*  
Queen Dowager of Persian dames deep veiled  
Mother of Xerxes and Darius wife  
Spouse of a god and not less justly hailed  
As to one godlike authoress of life  
Unless the power that prospered us of yore  
Now with our armies goeth out no more!

*Atossa* Therefore am I come forth into the day  
From golden courts and that one chamber fair

337-384

With numbers to decide, be well assured  
 Victory had crowned the fleet of Barbary!  
 The whole Hellenic navy was no more  
 Than a dead mass of their sail and piece  
 And but a tribute of their men in the fighting line!  
 Verres, it is a point within my knowledge  
 Went into action with a thousand sail  
 Two hundred ships and seven of high speed  
 Is the reputed reckoning. Accuse us not  
 That in this fight we failed to play the man  
 A God it was who broke our power and weighed down  
 Thy judgment scale with no impartial hand  
 There are divinities that keep the realm  
 On due Pallas safe

Is Athens safe?

Is not the city sacked?

Yes Ay but her men!  
 Though she is, and therefore her defence is sure.

A Tell me how first the fleets encountered who  
 Began the attack, the Hellenes or my son  
 Resulting in the number of his ships?

Yes Phaeon, the first beginner of all the woes  
 That afterwards ensued, though whence he came  
 None knoweth save some goddess of wrath  
 Some wicked spirit such as lures men on  
 To their destruction. There came a man  
 An Hellenic, from the Athenian host and he  
 On this wise spoke unto Verres, thy son—

If there shall come dark and dreadful night  
 The Hellenes will occur leaping down  
 Upon their rowers beneath they will pull  
 For safety rather than scatter  
 In secret sluice. And when thy son heard that  
 He instantly—perceiving a timely guide  
 Of the Hellenes nor the spite of jealous Gods—  
 Mad knowledge all the captains of his ships  
 That by the burning sun should cease to beam  
 Across the world, not glumly with bit took  
 Their outward utility of service  
 The main armada must disperse and form  
 Three squadrons abreast blocking the exits  
 And narrow channels where the salt waters churn  
 The evolute compass a life

Then if the Hellenes turned to fleet from doom  
 By private withdrawing in the dark  
 No more could get away but their whole fleet  
 Must fall into our hands. So spoke the king  
 In a grim mood with the least surmise  
 Of their use purpose presently fulfilled  
 And not at all a yea  
 But with disc-plained oars  
 They made their dinnead as a sea  
 Lashed his oars—she knew the well-trodden  
 And when the sun was down and light came on,  
 Each master-captain went aboard his ship  
 And every captain fought his own crew,  
 And down the long lines of those ships I saw  
 Squadrons on squadrons speak night and end  
 Hail ye rather than a ship of the sea  
 Lost her allotted station and all in hit  
 The captains kept them running and firm  
 And hit passed, and the Hellenic armament

Made no attempt to steal away unseen  
 But when with her white rises day shone fair  
 And on every end the broad and ample earth,  
 There rose and rang from the Hellenic host  
 A roar of voices musical with psalms  
 And loudly from the island precipices  
 Echoed back an answering cheer. Threat  
 Seem their judgment grievously at fault  
 Fear fell on the barbarians. Not for sight  
 Did the Hellenes then chant that inspiring hymn  
 But resolutely going into battle  
 Where the trumpet set all hearts on fire  
 The word was given and instantaneously  
 Oars smote the roaring waves in unison  
 And churned the foam up. Soon their whole fleet  
 appeared

The port division thrown out like a horn  
 In precise order then the main of them  
 Put out against us. We could plainly hear  
 The thunder of their oars out as they came

I Oth, sons of Hellas! free your land and free  
 Your children and your wives, the native seats  
 Of God, your fathers worshipped and their graves.  
 This is a bout that hazards all we have  
 And verily from us in the Persian ton-ue  
 There rose an answering roar the long suspense  
 Was ended. In an instant ship smote ship  
 With thrust of armoured prow. The first to ram  
 Was a Greek that impact carried clean away  
 A tall Phoenician's poop. Then all came on  
 Each steering forth for a ship of ours.  
 At first the countless tide of Persians held  
 But caught in the narrow, crowded without sea  
 room

No one could baffle or may they sell board  
 Their own ships crashed again with beak of bronze  
 Till all their cars were smashed. The Hellenes  
 Rowed round and round and with swiftness  
 Struck where they chose. Many of ours capazed  
 Until the very sea was hid from sight  
 Choked up with drift-wood wreckage and drowning  
 men

The beaches and low rocks were stacked with  
 corpses

The few barbarian vessels still afloat  
 Fought each other fired in headlong rout  
 But they with broken oars and splintered parts  
 Beat us like running water a draught of fish  
 Yeas smote in our backs and under the bill  
 Surged and washed hushed the ocean surge  
 Till no light looked down and they were swept away  
 But truly if I should describe the length  
 Of ten to days I could not turn our woes.  
 There never yet rose sunset and sunset  
 Faded so vast a multitude of men  
 At woe! woe! An ocean of calamity  
 He broke on Icarus and all Barbary  
 At Bithynia the half. A grietured  
 So heavy its forerunner kicks the beam.  
 At Ophiuchus misfortune came in hateful shape?  
 What spite of malice adverse to our host  
 Sweeps through some more immeasurable arc

And utterly destroyed

*At* There's matter here  
For anxious questionings not without fear  
For all whose sons went up gainst Athens  
*Ch* Thou  
O Queen if that I err not shalt even now  
Hear the authentic story Here is a man  
Able to tell us how the Persians ran  
In this momentous race and whether good  
Or ill his tidings he brings certitude

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Messenger* Ye habitations of broad Asia  
And thou O land of Persia receipt  
Of affluent wealth how much and how great glory  
Hath perished at a blow! Of Persian men  
The flower is fall'n and vaded! Woe is me!  
Ill is it to be the bearer of bad tidings  
And yet for hard necessity constrains  
I am to cloak up nothing Persians—tell  
The woeful tale to the end! All's lost the power  
Of Parbary is utterly destroyed

*Ch* O unimagined ruin dark and drear  
And fathomlessly deep!  
Weep men of Persia while ye hear  
And harken while ye weep!

*Me* Yea we have fought it to a finish—I  
Thought not to see the day of my return

*Ch* O life! too tedious pilgrimage  
To the last span outdrawn!  
On fading eyes waxed dim with weary age  
Was this dark day to dawn?

*Me* Persians the story that I have to tell  
Is not a thing caught up from others lips  
All ills prepared for our discomfiture  
Myself was witness of yea had my share

*Ch* Vain vain the arrow blast  
The tumult of loud war!  
Vain all the missiles Asia idly cast  
On Hellas fatal shore!

*Me* The bodies of men miserably slain  
Lie heaped upon the shore of Salamis  
And glut full many a creek and cove thereby

*Ch* The bodies of the men that died  
The breakers buffet the billows beat  
Tinct with the azure of the sea salt tide  
Rolled with the wreckage of a shattered  
fleet!

*Me* There was no help in arrow or in bow!  
Our whole fleet foundered when their warships  
rammed

*Ch* How! Cry aloud! Call down upon the foe  
Ages of anguish and inexorable woe!  
All evil that their hearts devised they wrought!  
Mourn for the mighty host that they have brought  
to nought!

*Me* O Salamis! thou execrable name!  
Athens! My spirit mourns remembering thee!

*Ch* Athens! for ever hateful to thy foes!  
Written in memory's book for thee the record glows  
The long long roll past count of them that mourn  
In every Persian home husbandless and forlorn!

*At* I have kept silence long calamity

Hath struck me dumb for this surpassing grief  
May not be told and stops the mouth of question  
But men must bear the troubles Heaven sends.  
Compose thyself then and this dire disaster  
Much as thou mournest it fully unfold  
Who hath not fallen? And whom must we lament  
Among the leaders of the people? Who  
Of titled and of sceptred rank hath left  
A gap among our noblest by his death?  
*Me* Xerxes himself is among the living he  
Beholds the light of day

*At* A light indeed  
To me and all my house! A glad day break  
After black muck of night

*Me* But Artembares  
Chief of ten thousand horse is brayed and beat  
All up and down the sharp Silenian shore  
And Dadakas the Chiliarch struck by a spear  
Dropped like an airy diver in the sea  
And Tenagon most noble Tenagon  
True Bactrian to the core is a wanderer now  
Round Ajax wave washed ocean echoing isle  
Lilaus Arsames and Argétes  
Fell fighting and are ground against the rocks  
That gird the steep holm where the ring-doves  
breed

And Arcteus neighbour once of inland streams,  
Founts of Egyptian Nilus and Adeus  
Yea and Pharnuchus weighted with the load  
Of ponderous armour—three from out one ship—  
Plunged overboard The Chrysian Matallus  
Lord of ten thousand fighting men went down  
And he who marshalled thirty thousand horse  
All black his dark flame coloured bushy beard  
Dyed gules in his own gore The Arabian  
Magus and Artames the Bactrian  
Far from the rough stern land he chose for home  
Perished in those disastrous seas There sank  
Amistris and Amphistreuus cast away  
His spear And Ariomardus good as brave  
To the great grief of Sardis met his death  
And Seisames the Mysian is slain  
And Tharubis of five times fifty ships  
Grand Admiral—he was Lernaean born  
And beautiful withal—is lost Alack!  
He gave his life in an unlucky cause  
The bravest of the brave Syennesis  
Generalissimo of the Cilicians  
A man whose splendid valour cost more blood  
To the enemy than any single foe  
Died gloriously Thus much have I told  
Touching the captains of the host And now  
Some few disasters where they came in crowds,  
I will relate

*At* This is the very crown  
And summit of all sorrow For proud Persia  
Direst humiliation shriek on shriek  
Shall follow on thy news But retrace thy steps  
Tell me how many sail the Hellenes had  
That they dared close upon the Persian power  
And ram us ship for ship

*Me* Ah had it lain

33-34

With numbers to decide, be well assured  
 I story had crowed to fleet of Barbaryl  
 The whole Hellene so was no more  
 Than ten d'visions thirty sail apiece,  
 And but a to be of them in the fightin' line!  
 Yet, it is a point within my knowledge,  
 Went into action with a thousand sail  
 T' a hundred ships and seven of his speed  
 I the reputed reckoning accuse us not  
 That in that he we failed to play the man  
 A God it was who broke our power weighed down  
 The judgment scale with an impartial hand.  
 There's diuities that keep the realm  
 Of divine Pallas safe.

Is Athens safe?

Is not the city sacked?

Alas! but her men  
 Th' alive, and therefore her defence is sure  
 Tell me how first the fleets encountered who  
 Bore the attack, the Hellenes or my son  
 Entwining in the number of his ships?

A Princess, the first beginner of all the woes  
 That afterwards caused the gh' whence he came  
 Aon known to some few of wrath.  
 Some wicked spirit such as lures men on  
 To their destruction. There came a man,  
 A Hellene, from th' Ath'ian host and he  
 On this wise spake unto Xerxes, thy son—

If thou shalt come a day and darksome night  
 Th' Hellenes will not carry leaping down  
 Upon their towers bent has then will pull  
 For safety further shudder scatter  
 In secret he. And when thou hast heard that  
 He was thy—perceiving not the guile  
 Of the Hellenes nor the spite of jealous Gods—  
 Mad he was to with capt'ns of his ships  
 That when the burning sun should cease to beam  
 Across the world and glimmering trails he took  
 The court and council of serene air  
 Th' most armada must disperse and form  
 Th' on squadrons in at east, blocking the coasts  
 And narrow hand is where the safe waters churn  
 Th' ends to compass A's Isle

Then if the Hellenes turned to flee from doom  
 B'p'd in withdrawing in the dark  
 A too could get away but then whole fleet  
 Must fall into our hands. So spake the king  
 I s'rgu' mood with th' or th' sea's su'ise  
 Of th' d'ine purpose, press thy fulfilled  
 And I call on an disaster  
 But th' disaster led to  
 This made their done cad'ry season  
 Lash his car sha'k't the well-timed th'!  
 And then the an'ward dim and gh' came on  
 Ea' h' master on unto went board his ship  
 And every captain of the f'lg' crew  
 And down th' lon' lines f' those dup't of war  
 Squadron squadron spake right fiercely  
 Flaming each th' not a ship of them  
 Lost his allotted ration and all n' he  
 The captains kept them cru'el and for  
 And night passed, and the Hellenes' armament

Made no attempt to steal away unseen  
 But when with her a hate horses day shone fair  
 And o'erspread the broad and ample earth  
 There rose and rang from the Hellenic host  
 A roar of oars musical with poises  
 And loudly from the island precipices  
 Echo'd back an answering cheer  
 Seem, their judgments grievously at fault,  
 Fear fell on the barbarians. Not for flight  
 Did the Hellenes then chant that inspiring hymn,  
 But resolutely going in to battle  
 Whereto the trumpet set all hearts on fire.  
 The word was given and instantaneously  
 Oars smote the roaring waters in unison  
 And churned the foam up soon their whole fleets  
 repeated

The port of Xerxes thrown out like a horn  
 In precise order then the mass of them  
 Put out against us. We could plainly hear  
 The thunder of their shouting as they came  
 Forth sons of H'las (for) our land and free  
 Your child on and your w'ers, the nation seats  
 Of Gods your fathers worshipped and their graves.  
 This is about that hazards all ye have  
 And only from us in the Persian tower  
 There rose an answering roar the long suspense  
 Was ended in an instant ship on ship  
 With thrust of armoured prow. The first to ram  
 Was a Greek that impact carried clean away  
 A tall Phoenician a poop. Then all came on  
 Each steering forth his f'ra'hip of ours.  
 At first the encounter in tide of Persians held  
 But caught in the narrow, crowded without sea  
 room,

None could help other nay their fell board  
 Their own ships, rushing in with beak of bronze  
 Till all their oars were smashed. But the Hellenes  
 Rowed round and round a day with sure seaman's p  
 Struck where they chose. Many of ours capsize  
 L'ed the very sea was hid from sight  
 Choked up with driftwood, wreckage and drowning  
 men

The beaches and low rocks were stacked with ship  
 on goss

The few barbarians creak still afloat  
 Floating each their fled in headlong rout.  
 But they with broken oars and plundered spurs  
 Beat up like tumblers or a draw net of fish  
 Yea more times than his answer and all the pile  
 Shrink and wailing hushed the ocean surge  
 Till night looked down and they were capt away  
 But truly I should discourse the length of  
 Of ten to thirty days I could not run our woes.  
 The winter yet twist sunrise and sunset  
 Perished so vast multitude of men.  
 At Xerxes' word an ocean calamity  
 H' th' broke on Persia and all Barbary  
 M' But the night half a g'nt leas'd  
 So heavy a forewarning kicks the beam.  
 At Oh can misfortune come a hat fuller shaped  
 What spite of justice ad'ers to our host  
 Sweeps through some more immeasurable arc



The moving finger that metes out our woes?

*Me* The prime of Persian manhood men who had  
True greatness in their souls illustrious born  
And ever among the first in the king's trust  
Died miserably a most inglorious death

*At* Good friends was ever woman so accursed  
With evil fortune? Tell me how they died

*Me* There is an island opposite the shores  
Of Salamis a little wretched isle  
With never a safe cove where ships may ride  
But Pan who loves the choric dance haunts there  
Footing it lightly on the wave washed strand  
Thither the king despatched them with intent  
That when the enemy forced to abandon ship  
Sought safety on that isle they might with ease  
Put all the host of Hellas to the sword  
And rescue their own comrades from the salt  
Sea friths But he judged ill the event For when  
The Gods the glory of the sea fight gave  
Unto the Hellenes armed to the teeth they sprang  
Ashore and compassed the whole island round  
So that they knew not where to turn And many  
They battered to death with stones some they shot  
dead

With arrows finally to make an end  
Rushed in and finished off their butcher's work  
Hacking their helpless victims lumb from lumb  
Until not one of them was left alive  
And Xerxes when he saw that depth beyond  
All depths of sorrow wailed aloud For he sat  
Upon a throne conspicuous to the host  
On a high hill beside the open sea  
There with rent robes and a heart piercing cry  
Straightway he gave the signal to his troops  
Drawn up upon the shore and let them go  
In wild disordered flight This further stroke  
Of fortune's malice fell for thee to mourn

*At* O wicked spirit! How didst thou beguile  
Our Persians' hearts! How bitter a revenge  
Upon illustrious Athens was vouchsafed  
To our dear son! Not all that Barbary lost  
Beforetime on the field of Marathon  
Sufficed! But thinking to repay in kind  
All that we suffered there he hath drawn on  
A deluge of unmeasurable woe!  
But tell me of the ships that escaped destruction  
Where didst thou leave these? Hast sure news of  
them?

*Me* The captains of the remnant hoisted sail  
And ran before the wind a rabble rout  
But the remainder of our army perished  
In the Boeotian country some of thirst  
For lack of solace of refreshing springs  
We that were left taking no time to breathe  
Crossed into Phocis and the Locrian land  
And the Maliac gulf where the Spercheus flows  
Watering a broad plain with his gracious stream  
Achaia and the Thessalian cities then  
Opened to us their gates but we were sore  
Straitened for lack of meat And there the most  
Perished of thirst and hunger for God wot  
We must contend with both Anon we came

To the Magnesian country and the coasts  
Of Macedonia by the Atyan frith  
And Bolbe's reedy marshes and the range  
Pangaean—country of Edonia  
And on that very night God caused a frost  
Out of due season Strymon's holy stream  
Was frozen over And many that heretofore  
Denied the Gods thanked heaven upon their  
knees

Yea bowed themselves to earth and sky And when  
They had made an end of calling on the Gods  
The host began to cross on the firm ice  
And whoso crossed before the beams of God  
Were scattered wide reached safety But anon  
The round bright sun with blazing rays of fire  
Made right across the stream a waterway  
Thawing the midst thereof with glowing heat  
And then they fell in heaps he happiest  
Who soonest gasped away the breath of life  
All that were left all that had won to safety  
Crossed Thrace and in the teeth of fearful hardships  
That desperate retreat accomplished came—  
But they were few indeed—to their own home  
Behold these things are merest truth but much  
I leave unsaid many and grievous woes  
The wrath of God hurled down upon our host

Exit MESSENGER

*Ch* Spirit whose dispensation is too hard  
Thou hast set a heavy foot upon our necks  
Ground Persia in the dust!

*At* My heart is sick  
I mourn a vanished host! Visions of the night  
How plainly ye portended woe! And you  
How fondly ye interpreted my dream!  
Nathless since here at least your oracle  
Fails not I will go pray first to the Gods  
Then I will take the sacred elements—  
Offerings to earth oblations to the dead—  
And come to you again Things past I know  
But I would fain inquire if what's to come  
Promises better fortune Lend your aid  
With men of trust true counsel take I charge ye  
And if our son return in the meantime  
Console him and escort him to our house  
Lest that on woe there follow further woe

Exit ATOSIA.

*Chorus*

O Zeus thou art king! There is none thee beside!  
Thou hast shattered our host and humbled our pride!  
Thou hast darkened with grief the light of thy day  
O'er Susa and Ecbatana!  
They have rent their thin veils their kerchiefs  
thread drawn  
Our delicate mourners their wimples of lawn  
They have drenched with salt tears the young wife  
newly wed  
Looks out for her lord but he comes not her bed  
Laid soft with fair linen where love had his bliss  
Standeth vacant cold sorrow their banqueter is  
But they rise up and hungered though they sit long  
And I too o'er the fallen would utter my song

This earth, this Asia wide as east from west  
Mourning—empress of her manhood dispossessed  
Verber the king, led forth his war array  
Verber the king hath cast his host away!  
Verber the king (Oh king unwise!)  
Steered in the wake of doom his onerous argosies!  
How fell it that Darius, lord of the bow

I Suse long ago,  
Far fortune had That then  
He who ruled Persia won the hearts of men?

The shrike, the warth shrike, with brow of gloom  
And wide wings when on the weary loom,  
Landmen and mariners hailed to that far shore!  
The shrike, the black shrike whelmed them no more!  
They struck, they split, they filled  
They sank and, oh, death throes loomed  
In dance till—  
And now by plain and pass, red wild and bare  
In the frown Thracian air  
Alas! lone wanderers  
Scarce escaped with life comes home our lord  
The king

But they on that wild water  
Firmly—death and its ghastly  
Room, where the loon was a flash in the sands  
Room, but no wave shall lift them,  
Nor ebb or flood tide drift them  
The dear earth below above all lands  
Wide as the sky and deep  
As those dark waters in sleep  
Wail! I grief gnaw your heart, and wring your  
hand!

Combed with a tender combing  
Where ever was the break foaming  
Children of Ocean—unpolluted  
Flesh their dumb mouths, and ears  
The dead men once so fair  
Odorous wet whose tears Time long since dried  
The sire weeps his lost son,  
The home is goodman gone  
And all the useful is bruited far and wide.

They pay no more tribute to the bow them o more!  
The word of power is spoken  
But the princes of Persia their dauntless  
And the laws of the Medes are broken  
Through Asia's myriad peopled land  
For the vast is mapped in the king's right hand.

And a watch is set on the fire frank tongue  
The liberty of the peaks loud  
And the yoke is loosed from the neck that was wrung  
And the back of dominion bowed  
For the earth is a lawless  
With the blood of Persia nobly dead!

Enter two

A. Good friends, the heart that hath found  
trouble knows

That when calamity is at the flood  
We shake at shadows but if once the tide  
Flows fair and fortune send a prospering wind,  
We can trust that it will change To me  
All prayers I offer now are full of dread  
And voices loud but not with the cry  
Sound in mine ears so fell a stroke of fortune  
Disarms my soul. Therefore am I returned  
Not as of late with chariots and with pomp  
I thus libatious from son to son  
Meet for propitiation gifts that please  
Dead bodies to their graves. Milk, white and pure,  
And crystal honey cropped from bee-searched

8 urns,  
And cool cups drawn from virgin fountains and here  
Pressed from wild nature's bosom strong wine  
The youngling of an ancient stem  
And libatious of oil amber-clear  
Sweet essence of a never fading tree  
And wreathed blossoms—child of all of earth  
That's the earth's fruit Then dear my friends,  
Accompany with son acceptable  
These luscious draughts that soothe the silent dead  
And forth from his sepulchral monument  
Call up Darius' spirit The cup earth drinks  
I will pour out to the Gods of the underworld.

Chorus

Queen of Persia, chief in worth,  
Verber the chambers of the earth  
Send thy rich libatious stream  
We with prayers of holiness  
Will beseech the dead that there  
They may find acceptance for  
Gods of soul and gods of  
Earth and Hermes, messenger  
Lord of death and gloom and night,  
Send his soul up to the light  
He will heal—point undimmed  
Where grief's far horizons fade.

Peer of the Gods, whose kingly state  
Is the creator of life!  
Shifting as the shocks of fate  
Sinks and soars on endless cry  
Entered in an ancient to the  
Hearest thou the shades among?

All ye gods! I soul's earth bound  
Heartbeat Earth break up thy sod!  
Grant us to be from thy dark ground  
Of Suse's son and Persia's god!  
To such a name is spent  
Persian earth's sepulchre.

Dear was the man dear to the burial mound!  
A power sleeps here whose influence shall not fade!  
Oh where he sits sole king upon his uncrowned  
And now, dim and a us, speed Darius' shade!

I wantonness of heart be not made war  
Nor lost a world wasting the lives of men

They hailed him their God given counsellor  
God given he was and great was Persia's glory then

Old majesty! Great Padishah!  
Come forth and from thy barrow high  
Show the white plume of thy tiar  
Thy buskin dipped in crocus dye!  
Unclouded spirit morning clear  
King—Sire—Darius! reappear!

Griefs thy glory never knew  
Lord of our Lord thy coming stay  
A mist hath fallen of Stygian hue  
Persia's youth is cast away!  
Unclouded spirit morning clear  
King—Sire—Darius! reappear!

Thou whose passing nations wept  
Wherefore hath ambition swept  
Worlds that thou didst hold in fee  
*Empire awe and admiralty*  
In one headlong ruin borne?  
Ships perfidious ships foresworn  
Crewless oarless scallop-scaled  
Ye your pride to Hellas veiled  
Hidden from the sight of suns  
That gild her golden galleons!

*The Ghost of DARIUS ascends from his tomb*  
Darius Trusty and well beloved! Comrades of mine

When we were young together now most grave  
Signors of Persia what afflicts the realm?  
Earth groans and jars and frets with fevered pulse  
I see my consort standing by my tomb  
And verily I am afraid Withal  
The cup of kind remembrance poured in prayer  
I have received And ye make lamentation  
Beside my sepulchre in such shrill key  
As calls up spirits yea with piteous cries  
Summon me from my grave and wayleave thence  
Is hard to come by for the infernal Gods  
Love better to hold fast than to let go  
Nevertheless with them have I prevailed  
And ye behold me! Hastel! my time is short  
And I would not offend What aileth Persia?  
What strange what heavy stroke hath smitten her?

Ch I dare not meet thy gaze I fear  
To speak what must offend thine ear  
With veiled eyes I bow me prone  
As at the footstool of thy throne!

Da Know that by strong persuasion of thy grief  
I am ascended from the shades Be brief  
Put awe and forms of courtly speech away  
And utter boldly all thou hast to say

Ch Thou askest speech of me and I  
Fear to do that courtesy  
At thy bidding to impart  
Tidings which must grieve thy heart

Da Since thine old awe is not to be enforced  
Good Queen dear partner death alone divorced  
From spousal joys though thee the touch of age

Hath changed to outward view this grief assuage  
These sobs and tears give o'er take courage then  
To speak but one clear word to me for men  
Cast in the mould of frail humanity  
Are heirs to all its ills by land and sea  
Evils a many are reserved for man  
If that Time lengthen out his little span  
At O of mankind the happiest by far  
While thou didst yet behold the day's bright star  
How enviable in thy life wast thou!  
How like a god thy days were passed! And now  
I envy thee in death yea count it bliss  
Not to have lived to search the black abyss  
The bottomless pit of sorrow Dear my lord  
Darius to sum all in one brief word  
Persia lies waste—a kingdom desolate!

Da Speak st thou of plague and famine! Or is the state

By rancour of domestic faction rent?

At Nothing of this her mighty armament  
Hath suffered ruin round the Athenian coast

Da Tell me what son of mine led forth our host?

At Impetuous Xerxes and to fill his train  
Emptied of manhood Asia's vasty plain

Da And on this rash attempt of folly born  
Went he by land or sea?

At With either horn

Broadening the thrust of his battle front he planned  
A double enterprise by sea and land

Da How found he means o'er all the realms that lie  
Twixt us and Hellas plains and mountains high  
To launch on foot an armament so vast?

At A yoke on Helle's stormy frith he cast  
And made a causeway through the unruly sea

Da A giant's toil to shut with lock and key  
The wrathful Bosphorus!

At The thing was done!  
Methinks an unseen power helped our son

Da A power of might indeed to send him mad!  
At Ay since the achievement evil issue had!

Da What fate hath foiled our arms that ye make  
mean

For fallen men?

At The fleet is overthrown  
And in its ruin whelmed the host on shore

Da Then hath my people perished? Hath grim war  
Ta'en toll of all?

At Yea Susa lieth bare  
And mourns her perished youth her manhood fair  
Da Oh the lost lives! Oh the bright array  
Of proud confederate peoples!

At Bactria  
Through all her clans and Egypt's commonalty  
For children lost lift up a bitter cry

Da Calamitous adventurer! thine emprise  
Hath drained the very sap of thine allies!

At Xerxes a lonely man that few attend  
They say—

Da What say they? Draws he to an end  
Of his long march? And hath he haply found  
Some place of safety?

At Yea the stormy sound

## THE PERSIANS

136-69

And the long bird that spans the sanders sea  
Which when he haled a happy man was he?  
D<sup>s</sup> So he hath crossed the strait and touched the  
strand

And journey delicate throu h the land  
Of Asia—er thou hast heard things false and smooth?  
A Non challer sth these tidings they re  
c—ar truth

And beyond ca ril  
D<sup>s</sup> Ah, with how swift stride  
Hath com fulment of th<sup>s</sup> prophesied!  
How on my son hath Zeus in a er sent  
The end for told whi h my fears d d pre ent!  
For lo! a o I knew th Gods would speed  
Th<sup>s</sup> fatal consummation of that red  
And when man shod with hast and gait with pride  
Beckons his own doom, God moon his side  
And now in thins, to all men of good will  
The fount has bare whence flowed the broadman  
y

B<sup>r</sup> the event in son too rash! wrou ht  
Is h b ad romance (childish thou ht  
H dreamed that h could chain s men chain  
in ca

To holy haste of Helleas' son was ca,  
God flowing Bosphorus n ther measure  
Presumed to teach its b lows, r his pleasure  
Bound them in linked f<sup>s</sup> very hammered fast  
Yet, mad, hugh wa where he now passed.  
A mortal man on flth God that be  
He endured war s e lordship of the sea,  
Poseidon's realm (h jud red so much arms)  
Challenged and thou, h<sup>r</sup> quell, And was a s thus  
The ery madness of mind diseased?  
Promer ty and power and wealth, h<sup>s</sup> eased  
Th<sup>s</sup> et of men, m lo g reon rich reward  
I plunder now for some feebooter sword!

A All this impetuous Xerxes, over ruled  
By evil men, in their rash counsel schooled  
Learned for they taught him that th labour won  
Great powers and wide dominion  
For th succ edia heirs ad wait as t  
Of them that h home was alien,  
B<sup>r</sup> with new wealth no wise increased thy tore  
And so d traction I repeated bore  
El first i doom th ad est wa h went  
And gunt H<sup>s</sup> launched his armament  
D And in al truth th thus he had due  
I great in onseq roce, in memory  
Never t be forgotten such ful  
From power and glory such grievous loss  
Ne er vet mad Sussurter auct th day  
When first him Zeus assumed his pride of place,  
Centrer in on was dominion  
Over all Asia rich in fl ere ad flock,  
Th<sup>s</sup> l<sup>s</sup> of Empire stand in his hand  
It was Med<sup>s</sup> his mirrored first her hor  
His son com-fried that which he began  
For uson had her hand non th belis  
And ca non removed danger, Thud from him  
P<sup>r</sup>eed Cyrus, blast in all h undertook  
H<sup>s</sup> in al friend, powers established peer

On firm foundat ons. H<sup>s</sup> s<sup>s</sup> was stretched  
O er t land of Lydia and h  
M de Phry ia assal all lonia  
He dra e before him w th the rein of po r  
Ne ther pro oked h God to jealous wrath  
So amab e and gracious w ere h<sup>s</sup> w<sup>s</sup> x  
And C ru fourth w<sup>s</sup> t the host in order  
But the fifth Mardus, re r<sup>s</sup> in h<sup>s</sup> read  
Brou ht upon fatherland and mona ch  
Shame and reproach And him by m<sup>s</sup> bile craft  
Artaphr nes, an honourable man  
Slew in th palace powerf lly helped  
H friends resol ed upon th deed, And cha ce  
Placed on my head th e crown I co eted,  
And w th g eat armies f w<sup>s</sup> ed many wars,  
But ne er in such calam t t o d  
The realm ad now Xerxes, my son because  
His thou hys re s<sup>s</sup> youn mar s thoughts,  
rem-ober n e

My precepts for I call ve al to witness,  
Friends and coe als, not a man of us  
Had e r b cause of so much power  
Made it the instrument of so great a woe  
Ch O h<sup>s</sup> Darius whither tends the scope  
Of thv d scourge? What may we thence conclude?  
How mar th l<sup>s</sup> of Perus best emerge  
From these sore trials and yet see good days?  
D<sup>s</sup> W ge no more wars gunt Hella, wa e no  
more!

Not thou h the Medie power were mi hter vet  
For en h her ad is her s<sup>r</sup>  
Ch How s<sup>r</sup> thou her ad? How can her soul  
Tak arms for her and f<sup>s</sup> hit upon her ad?  
D<sup>s</sup> The power of aumben, be they ne er so vast  
She wears away by famine.

A Few and choice  
Shall be the winter with all manner store  
Plen<sup>s</sup> pro ued

D<sup>s</sup> The that are left  
In Hella e en now shall not escape  
Nor e<sup>r</sup> their homes a gain

A What hast thou said!  
De th not th armament f B bary  
M<sup>s</sup> hour of Europe er H<sup>s</sup> le sound?  
D Few out of man if th oracles  
Of Hella en by warrant of these lat events,  
Gai erce lce they are ndi adble  
They d n t fail in part nor y in part  
Ar they f<sup>s</sup>lled And even wet they flured  
W th false predictions, Xerxes, in false hopes  
Confid<sup>s</sup> hath abandoned t th<sup>s</sup> fate  
A vast array th chosen of h host  
Wher th Asopus watereth th plan  
And maketh lit th deep Boeotian earth  
They a e cut fl and the e<sup>s</sup> covered for them  
Th culmination of their suffer<sup>s</sup> r<sup>s</sup>  
A just reward of prid and odless thou hys,  
Because n Hella s they thou ht t no sham  
To trip th a est statues of the God  
And burn their temples as cast down the altars,  
And from their firm foundations o erthrow  
So that L<sup>s</sup> h<sup>s</sup> in heaps, th b<sup>s</sup>lled f<sup>s</sup>nes

Of unseen powers The evil that they did  
Is in like measure meted unto them  
Yea and more shall be meted deeper still  
Lies the hid vein of suffering yet a little  
And it shall gush forth So great shall be the  
carnage

A veritable offering of blood  
Congealed with slaughter on Plataea's plain  
The dark oblation of the Dorian spear  
High as are heaped the sands their carcasses  
Shall be hereafter even to sons sons  
A silent witness for whoso hath eyes  
That proud thoughts are not for the worm called  
man

For pride in blossom like an ear of corn  
Swells and grows ripe with ruin reaped in tears  
Ye when ye see these things and think thereon  
Remember Athens and remember Hellas!  
Let none of you that fortune which is yours  
And which God gave disdaining set your hearts  
On what ye have not neither in getting more  
Pour out like water vast prosperity  
Zeus is a chastener of froward wills  
And he correcteth with a heavy hand  
Wherefore be ye instructors of your lord  
And with well reasoned admonitions teach him  
To have a humbler heart and cast away  
The sin of pride for it offendeth God  
And Xerxes dear and venerable Mother  
Return in the palace bring forth fitting raiment  
And go therewith to meet thy son for all  
About him torn by grief in tatters hangs  
The ravelment of his rich embroidered robe  
Moreover comfort him with gentle words  
Thou only wilt hearken I go hence  
Descending through the darkness of the earth  
Farewell grave elders in adversity  
Find out the soul's true solace day by day  
Where dead men lie wealth nothing profiteth

*The shade of Darius descends into the tomb*

Ch Griefs many woes that Barbary now endures  
And shall endure hereafter wring my heart  
At O Fate how endless is the train of sorrow  
That entereth my soul! But there's no pang  
That gnaws with keener tooth than picturing  
My son his royal person clothed with shame  
And trappings of dishonour I will hence  
And take me handsome robes and make essay  
To meet him In the hour of evil fortune  
We'll not be false to all we hold most dear

*EXIT ATOSSA*

#### Chorus

All of earth's fullness was ours all the spacious  
Amplitude life yields or law can uphold  
When the unvanquished the griefless all gracious  
Godlike Darius ruled Persia of old

Glory of conquest and gift of good order  
His statutes bestowed and our armies achiev'd  
Joyous and fresh they came back to our border  
In strength unexhausted with triumph received

What commonwealths he captive took  
And never once his home forsook  
Nor Halys river passed  
Daughters of Acheloian race  
Where thunder on the shores of Thrace  
Strymonian billows vast

Beyond the marshes stretched his power  
The shadow of a fenced tower  
Flung wide o'er Helle's path  
It fell on cities fair that line  
Propontis' inlet lacustrine  
And stormy Pontus' strath

His were the surf-beaten islands hard by us  
Where the thrust of the land lifts the wave flung  
spray  
Lesbos and Paros and Naxos and Chios  
And Samos with oil of her olive groves gray  
Mycenae's earth paid toll to Darius  
Tenos by Andros acknowledged his sway

Far from both shores where the waters divide us,  
Clasped in the mid sea's ambient kiss  
Lemnos and Icarus' isle and Cnidus  
Paphos Rhodes Soloe were minions of his  
And thy namesake—thy parent—O thou whose  
waves hide us  
Mother of mourning Salamis!

The portion of Javan a wise moderation  
Bound to his throne by her people's decrees  
Weariless then was the might of our nation  
Countless the swarm of her mercenaries  
But now in the day of God's sore visitation  
We are tamed and chastised with the stripes of  
strong seas

*Enter XERXES*

Xerxes My fate is upon me  
My star hath declined  
A grief hath undone me  
A doom none divined  
Hath broken the sceptre of Persia as a reed that is  
snapped in the wind

Age thine eyes chide me  
They bow down my head  
My strength I denied me  
My limbs are as lead  
Would God I lay fallen in battle covered up out of  
sight with the dead!

Ch Lord of our splendour  
Our goodly array  
Despoiler and spender  
And caster away  
Of thy host God hath cut off thy leges and  
darkened the light of thy day

And Persia their mother  
Mourns them that fell

She, she and none other  
A clameth thre well  
King Xerxes, that gorged with her children the  
maw'd the belly of Hell!

The pride and the power of her  
Thou hast brought low  
Count the fallen flower of her  
Lords of the bow  
Reckon a myad mustered were ten times ten  
thousand I crow

Sad lord of lost legions,  
Sorrow on the  
Throu' her Asia's wide regions  
Thy welcome shall be  
Lamentation and mourning and weeping she  
stoopeth she boweth the knee.

Xe Wail loud! Be not dumb!  
On me be your moan!  
For I am become  
To kingdom and throne  
A plague and curse yea a burden a weariness  
unto my own

Ch. Crowned desolation  
Whose stripes thy land bears  
A no salutation  
She sounds in thy ears  
Manandyn's death lament hauls thee the cup of  
thy feasting is tears.

Xe Pour forth thy sorrow!  
Lonely in hall it flow!  
Nor to-day or to-morrow  
Suffice thy woe  
Thine felt the fierce chances of fortune the blast of  
God's enchantment I know

Ch. Fought with awe for thy fate  
My weapon shall be  
Whelmed beneath the weight  
Of thy weighty sea  
I am fain to wail for thy lament for thy realm and  
thy house and for thee?

Xe Lo in embattled might  
Lions in the war  
In a fatal moment  
Spurred by the foam of war  
Spirited leaps, hither and away  
And the wave fits the world waves play  
Heads in the low of the endless  
O that disastrous day

Ch. Woe! Woe! thrice woe!  
X. I quote from and a knowledge to know  
Ch. Where where is that great multitude,  
Leal assaults in thy throne  
Pharandates, Agabatas,  
Sas and Pelagon?  
Oh tell me where is Pyramus?

Where is Sussikanes,  
Who from Ecbatana rode forth,  
And Dotamas?

Xe All these  
Aboard a ship of Tyre  
Perished Where cold waves close  
Above the wreck of lost empire  
Left them with their foes  
The beaded bubbles hush and hush,  
The strong tide ebbs and flows,  
Bruised on the beach at Salamis,  
The waves that break on Salamis  
Scourge them with bitter blows.  
Ch. Woe! Woe! thrice woe! But tell me

Pharandates, where is he?  
Anomardus and Sewlkes  
Whose father was a king's son?  
And hast thou lost Lileus,  
Sprung from a noble strain?  
And Tharub and Memphis,  
Are they among the slain?  
Artembares, Hytaechmas,  
For them my heart is fain

Xe Woe! Woe! thrice woe!  
These many found one overthrow!  
Their eyes all dim with coming death  
They fixed on Athens, old diluvial birth  
Of Hyle inland on her detested earth  
They gasped away their breath.

Ch. A Persian of the Persians,  
The very eye of thee  
Who mustered men by thousands ten  
Alpast, where the?  
The son of Batanoehus,  
The son of Sesmas  
The son of Megabates  
Parthas and Ombas,  
Art thou turned without them?  
And will they come no more?  
And be they there forsaken  
On that disastrous shore?  
Alas! what need of language?  
Thy trouble of thy far  
Proclaims this woe beyond all woes  
To Persia's sceptred race!  
Xe Wring not my heart! Rouse not again  
That unsportable refrain  
For friends cut off and comrades slain.  
Though sharp your pang and shrill your cry  
of old

Thine is a louder voice that wails within my  
soul

Ch. But many many more I must  
Vanishes of Median clan  
Chufran and Anbaras, who led  
The valiant Arans  
And Arzames and Darius,  
Lord of the lordly steed  
And Dadacas and Lythimnas,  
And Timus good to need  
Aged fighter fell to fill  
With the old meat of war

I marvel that they follow not  
Thy crimson curtained car  
Xc All all have gone the darkling way  
With that great host they led!  
Ch All all are gone the darkling way  
Down to the unremembered dead!  
Xc Forbear! This stabs me to the heart!  
Ch O unseen power whose thou art  
Thou hast hurled down a gleaming woe  
Bright ruin's ghastly meteor glow!  
Xc A stroke hath fallen resonant  
To the last beat of time  
Ch A stroke hath fallen resonant  
To earth's remotest clime  
Xc O strange new pang! Sharp agony!  
Ch Ionia mistress of the sea  
We struck under an evil star  
Yea Persia hath ill hap in war!  
Xc So great a host and all are gone!  
And I am left a thing men look upon  
And weep and wail  
Ch O royal Persian!  
What has thou now lost?  
Xc Nay behold and see  
Of sumptuous superfluity  
The poor remains the remnant left to me!  
Ch Yea yea thou hast lost ships men gear—  
Xc But worse remains all Persia's power is  
here  
Clapped in the compass of an arrow case!  
Ch Ye gods into how little space  
Is crept thy treasure still unspent!  
Xc Yet in this quiver there is room enough  
To hold the relics of my armament  
Ch Of bow and baggage store and stuff  
Artillery and equipage O King  
Hast thou brought back safe home this despicable  
thing?  
Xc All weapons else wherewith we went arrayed  
All power and every necessary aid  
That armies fight with have been stripped away!  
Ch Alack! the sons of Javan fly not from a fray!  
Xc They take too much delight in war!  
These eyes beheld a grief they looked not for  
Ch Thy great armada thy long battle line  
Broken—  
Xc When I saw that such grief was mine  
From hem to hem my robe I rent  
Ch O God!  
Xc Cry loud with all lament!  
Yea the whole almonry of sorrow drain!  
No ampler O can this large ill contain  
Ch I feel a twofold yoke a threefold chain  
And every link a fiery pain  
Constrict my heart  
Xc Yea we must weep  
And we must put on sackcloth but the foe  
On this dark anniversary shall keep  
Pastime and sport his day and holiday  
Ch And all thy strength and all thy bright array—  
Xc Lo! I fled naked none escorts me home—

Ch And all thy friends and comrades cast away!  
The waters of calamity flow deep  
They break in death and ruin and they sweep  
Wrecks of the wrath of God in their tumultuous  
foam  
Xc Weep blood! Yea with sharp nail  
The lank and hollow cheek of dotage tear  
Then each man to his house  
Ch Weep! Wail!  
Xc Anon with me the burthen bear!  
Ch Shriek for shriek and groan for groan  
In miserable antiphony!  
Xc Shriell forth your loud lament in unison  
Xc and Ch Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe!  
Ch O grief the heaven of all  
To hear my lord the King's voice wailing his  
downfall!  
Xc Weep on weep on for the King's sake  
Thy woeful service neither stint nor spare!  
Ch Eyes must be wet or hearts will break  
Xc Anon with me the burthen bear  
Ch Lord I am ready to obey  
Xc Wail and weep with wellaway!  
Ch Wellaway! And wellaway!  
Xc and Ch Woe! Woe! Woe!  
Ch This mingled cup is mine and thine  
Foamed with the ferment of a black and bitter  
wine  
Xc Beat thy breast and wail  
The Mysian wail!  
Ch Oh wail!  
Xc Spare not thy silvery hairs  
Pluck out the reverend braid upon thy chin!  
Ch I spare them not whom no grief spares  
Xc Renew renew thy cry! Begin  
With mine your voices blending  
Let sorrow have no ending!  
Ch Sorrow sorrow hath no ending  
Xc Rend thine ample train!  
Ch Behold! tis rent in twain!  
Xc Touch the hair strung lute  
And teach it sorrow for my power laid low!  
Ch All mournful music else be dumb and mute  
That shrill lament shall ever flow!  
Xc To day and every morrow  
Let fall the rain of sorrow  
Ch To day shall have a rainy morrow  
Xc Now with me the burthen bear!  
Ch Woe! Woe! Woe!  
Xc And whence ye came with footstep slow  
And cry of wail and weeping go  
Ch Woe! Woe! Woe!  
Xc Through all the city let your voice be sent!  
Ch Throu' h all the city one lament  
Xc Groan ye who did so delicately tread!  
Ch O Persian earth I stumble on your dead!  
Xc Yea yea yea!  
In the oared galley's they were cast away!  
Ch My groanings shall thine escort be!  
I'll play thee home with such sad minstrelsy!

Exeunt

# THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ETEOCLES King of Thebes son of Oedipus

CHORUS OF THEBES & WOMEN

A MESENGER

ANTIOPE } Sisters of Eteocles

ISMENE }

A HERALD

*Before the Cat del which rises in the background  
crowded with its own names*

Eteocles Bu gh t i f Cadmu l Seasonable peech  
And p e n th a t th e world expects fr o m h i m  
Whose business is a l i n d r o g e r n a c e—  
I f h o n t h h u d r b u l e r l o f t h e S t a t e  
A t l o n l w a t h—h a n d u p o n t h l i m  
A n d n e a l l f r o m c a r e l a t h h l e d s.  
F o r w p a p e r G o d s h a l l h a e t h e t h a n k s  
B u t—i f t h e s o r e t h e n I w h a s  
C a l a m i t b e f a l l—o n e m a n a n d h  
M y s o l w i f E t e o c l e s, s h a l l b e a h s n a r  
S u n t o l o u d p r e l u d e s—u n a r a l n r e  
O t w a l l—w h e l l f r a Z e u s, w h o m w e c l a i m  
A e r t e c l e e p f a r f r o m C a d m u s T o  
A n d t h e h o u s e i s t i p e l e n W o f y o u—  
W h t h e r p u n s t o c o m o r h a t h g o n e b—  
M y s u p o r e n g t h l i k e b u d t h c k b u r g e o n g  
E a h s u c h m e s s a r h s c a l l o w s  
B t h i f t h e m a t i f t h e a l m b e G o d—  
L e s t t h e c u n t e d g l o r e b e w p e d o u t  
A n d f y o u r b l i d n d t h s e a t h—the M t h e r  
A n d m o r d e a r n r e f o u o n n i n o c e n c e  
W h a t w a s, w h w h e n i w e s o u g h t  
W e a k i a e l l t h b o y t a b l e d o o r  
T h l n d l y s o u l e u l a r g w l o m g a e  
T h e f i r s t o f o u n n a g e b a s  
A n d b e d u s t o b e d e m i z e s a t a s m s  
A n d t r u t a g e t e r s i n t h s h e e d  
A n d e t h u s d a y n G o d s j u e g u p o s e  
T u s w a d h u l t t h m n g b a l a n c e h a d  
F l o u n t h u t t h a n t h e s e b a s t n e d w a l l s,  
F r u (u d H e a e ) i n t h e m a i  
O u c l a r h a t h A n d o n t h u s s a t h t h S e e r  
W h h p h e r d w i n g e d f l o c k s n e t b y t h i n g s b u n t  
D t h e b u t f c o g i t a c e s  
W i t h d p u a r e i n a r t h a s a u u r e s  
M p r o p h e y h h s c h e v o n o f G o d  
D i u e l t o b e A f e r a t t a k m e s t r o n g  
T h a n a l l t h a t e t b e f o e t h e A c h e z a h o s t  
G t h e r g b i n u h e u n t o d c a n s t i t e t o w n  
T h r i o r m a k e p e e d u n t o t h e b a t t l e m n t  
A n d t o w r e d g a t e w a t e r e r m a f u  
G o d e d w i t h a l l t h e p a n o p y o f a l  
M a n t h b e a s t w o r k s! O n t u r r e t s c a f f o l d i n g s

Take post! And where forth from the Cat gates  
The roadways run h l d o n w i t h a g o o d h e a r t  
N o r a t t h s r o u t o f e n a a t e s b e v e  
T o o s o r e d i s t a v e d f o G o d s h a l e n d a l l n e l l  
M o e o e r t h a e d e s p a t c h e d s c o u t s a n d p e s  
T o w a t c h t h e m o v e m e n t s o f t h i r h o s t t h e w h c h  
I a m p e r s u a d e d e n t n o t o u t m a n  
A n d h a n g t h e r e p o r t t h e r e i s n o f e a r  
I s h a l l b e t r u b e i n a n y t u c k l s h i n a

Ex or MESSENGER.

Messenger Eteocles! A b e s i a n t s o e r e n n  
O f t h e C a d m e a n s! I b r n g t i d n m s u r e  
O f h a p p e n u n s w o n d e r w i t h t h i m m e n t  
Y e s a n d t h e s e e y e s h a v e s e e n w h a t I r e p o r t  
K n o w t h e n S e e n M e n—m e t t l e s o m e C a p t a i n s  
a l l—

Spl n o b u l l s b l o o d i n s h i e l d w i t h b l a c k h d e  
b o u n d—

T h e r u n t w o s h a d d p e e d n t h a t g o r y c h r i s t m—  
H a e t a k e n a g e a r o a t h—u n a t t r a b l e—  
B y E n y o a n d P h o b o s t h a t d r i n k e t h b l o o d  
T o r z t h e y w a l l f o m b a t l m e n t t o b a s e  
A n d s a c k t h e t o w n o f C a l m u s, o r h e d i e  
A n d l e a v e t o u s o u r f a i r l a s s o a k e d w i t h c a r n a g e  
F a m e m r u d t o t h e y f o l k a t h o m  
T h e y h a n g e d u p g a l a n d s o n A d r a t u s e s t  
W e e p i n g t h e w h l b u t o n t h e y s a v e e s p s  
R t h w a t h e r n o n e r a t h e r t h e n o s o u l  
O f t e n c o l e a n d e r e d t h e h a r d h o o d  
P r e d a t e m a n d t h u r l e y e s  
G l a e d a e s. T h e s e a n o b e l a z e d r o w s  
F o w h e n I l e f t t h e m t h e y r e s e t a b o u t  
C a l m o f f a f o p l a e s a t h G r e s,  
A n d t w h h e a r c h s h o u l d m a r l l c o m p a n y  
T h e r f o r t h n a t i o n s c h o s e n a n d h e b e s t  
A r e e r y p o r t a s e r m w i t h a l s p e e d  
B y o n a n A r g e p o w e r o f a l l a m s  
A p p o a c h e s i h t a n d t h e d u t u s t r e d  
W h t r a m p f e a n d t h e r d e e p c h e s t e d s t e e d s  
M a k e t h e p l a n w h e r e w i t h d r o p s o f c r a n i n g f o a m.  
N o w s h o w t h e s c a m p a n s h a n d m a k e a l l s o u r  
A n d w a t c h e t h e t h n o e r t h b l a s t  
O f A r e t r a k e f o r n t h e d r y l a n d r o a r s  
A w a e f m e n m o n g a r m a m n t  
T h e s e a t h e r d s p o r t o n t u s f o t h e e  
T o g r a p p l w i t h t e m q u i c k l y f o r t h e r e s t



My eye shall watch with sure reconnaissance  
 The progress of the day and thou well served  
 With sure intelligence of all without  
 Shalt take no hurt nor harm

*Exit MESSENGER*  
*Harken O Zeus!*

Earth and all tutelary Godheads hear!  
 And shall I name thee thou paternal Curse  
 With dark Etyns strong resentment armed?  
 O pluck not out this city by the roots  
 Nor utterly destroy it rendered up  
 The prize of war! with all its settled homes  
 Sweet with suave fluctuance of Hellenic speech!  
 Grant that this free earth and King Cadmus Town  
 May never pass beneath the yoke of slaves!  
 Help us! Our common cause methinks I plead  
 For when a happy City sees good days  
 Laud and great honour have the gods she worships!

*Exit**The CHORUS enter and rush up to the citadel**Chorus*

I cry with great pangs of dread! For the foe quit  
 their camp! Yea their forces  
 Are loosed as a flood is loosed! and a multitude  
 riding on horses  
 Runneth before and mine ear no audible tidings  
 seeks  
 An airy signal flies! The dust dumb messenger  
 speaks!  
 Loudly the low lying plain to their thunderous  
 hoofbeat rings!  
 The sound draw eth night! And its speed is the speed  
 of a bird that hath wings!  
 It roars as waters roar down mountainous channels  
 leaping!  
 Oh raise for us your battle cry! This evil onward  
 sweeping  
 Turn back dear Gods! kind Goddesses a rescue  
 for our wall!  
 How the white shields of Argos gleam! How fierce  
 this swift onfall  
 Of footmen doubling at the charge in glamorous  
 armour gilt!  
 Oh of all worshipped deities who will this woe  
 avert?  
 I will make haste to cast me down before your holy  
 feet  
 Ye shining shapes of old! Hail Happy Ones  
 whose seat  
 Bideth the shock of times! This the ripe hour to  
 cling  
 Cleaving close to your forms why waste we  
 waymenting?  
 Hear ye or hear ye not the bucklers clang full loud?  
 Proffer we now our prayers for the garlands  
 erstwhile vowed  
 For the robes we wrought on th' loom with  
 worship and delight!  
 I see—I hear—the brandished spear—and many  
 there be that smite!  
 Wilt thou aid us Ares long in the land or wilt  
 thou thine own betray?

Dear to thee once God golden helmed look down  
 on thy city this day!

Hail Godheads all that guard this realm and keep  
 her fortress free!  
 Draw nigh! Behold! Gainst bondage pleads a  
 virgin company!  
 For loud with hissing surges by blasts of Ares sped  
 A wave of men with combing crest our home hath  
 compassed!  
 Nevertheless O Father Zeus who o'er rulest all  
 Into the toils of foemen let not their quarry fall!  
 Round the strong place of Cadmus the Argive  
 beaters close!  
 Men harry men! The hunt is up for blood of human  
 foes!  
 These bridles bind no flute boys cheeks filled  
 with soft music's breath!  
 They buckle bits in war steeds mouths! These  
 pipes shrill woundy death!

As fell the lots helm shaken the pride of their  
 great host  
 Seven Champions clad in spearman's mail at the  
 Seven Ports take post!  
 Hail Power Zeus born that lovest battle! The  
 city save  
 Dread Pallas! Hail Poseidon Lord of the horse  
 the wave!  
 Smite them as men smite fishes even with thy  
 forked spear!  
 Be for our trembling trembling souls a strong  
 deliverer!  
 O Ares! of all pity to thine own kin be kind!  
 Be warder of the town that calls King Cadmus  
 fame to mind!  
 Cyprus ancestress of our race! Blood of thy blood  
 are we!  
 Yet none the less as men sue Gods we turn in  
 prayer to thee!  
 Be Wolf to them Wolf Slayer! With gnashing of  
 the teeth  
 Requite them! Leto's Daughter thy silver bow  
 unsheath!  
 Cry cry aloud with wailing! Hera Mistress  
 Supreme!  
 The chariots rattle round our walls! The grinding  
 axles scream!  
 Oh gracious Artemis! Shril! shril the note—the  
 song of keening care!  
 Shook with the rush of volleying spears raves the  
 affrighted air!  
 How fares it with the city? And what shall be our fate?  
 And w Luther doth God lead us? What end doth  
 consummate?  
 Cry cry aloud with wailing! Thick thick in  
 soaring flight  
 Bursts on our walls a hail of stones! The parapet  
 they smite!  
 B ring Apollo! In our gates the bronze bound  
 bucklers chide!

## THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

161 207

Queen—Power by Zeus appointed war's issue to  
d—code—

Who stand ~~at~~ above our city—Onke Invincible  
Deliver the seven-gated seat where thou art  
pleased to dwell!

Hearken, O Gods and Goddesses, perfect in might  
and power!

Wardens of march and mountain watchmen on  
all and t'werf

Yield not by treachery the town that toledeth with  
the spear

But faithfully receive our prayer, who with  
street-bed hands draw near!

Lo, ed Sparta, who strength to save move  
ending to and fro

But so your love and city, your love for her  
f'etish wif

Think of the ch' blavus upon your altars is d  
And mindful of our sacrifice and zealous s—wise—  
and!

## Enter ETCOLES

Ercles: Oh, you intol'able pack! You ha!  
Will th' (p the city think) ?—Will t' p  
A bold assurance in the belevered troops.  
To ca' you do n' bel' e these antique shapes  
—Ou' f'ly Guardians—the to'ra e and howl—

Subjects, disordered dec'ney bhors!  
Good times, or bad times, ma! I never house

With omankind! Th' courage of a woman  
Is unbummish e rash, n' t' counsellah!

And hen she's tumid she an added plavue  
To home and fatherland! So' t' now!

Thasas to thus h' th' r' th' r' t' and f' o  
Courning of scared feet t' h' is n' hearted fear

Like t' hill tide sound n' t' goes  
Runs through ll orders of the Commonwealth!

And—wh' le the foe w' about se' my h'ily  
Ad a tagged—ne o' sel e' w' th' th' gates

Work f' our own destruct on! Whoso sh' es  
W' th' m' ma' k' d' has so t'unes, let him look

F' the like usu'! Whatsoe' h' be  
M' n' om' — soon desce bl' t' uag

Half ay betwixt th' m' both—that f' om' henceforth  
Falls most st'nc' beds e' to m' all

Th' d' m'ung pebble hall h' lot der de  
And he shall publ' ly be sto' ed t' death!

It longeth to a man—let om' kind  
Keep their own counsel ad a' t' m' ll' w' th' ours—

T' m' n' e' m' e' t' s' the w' k' d' o' usd  
Keep within doors a' d' th' w' not our design!

Now—ha' t' thou heard? Or hast tho' failed to hear?  
Or speak I to th' deaf—a g' l' t' that?

Ch' Dear Son of Oed' p' l' Fear smote  
My h' e' t' by reason of th' d' n'

Of ha' o' 'F' t' th' d' l' p' n'  
The wh' n' g' wh' e' l' s' g' t' o' l'

Because of th' b' t' by fire beg' t'  
That f' p' eth' h' a' h' n' b' callings h' o' e'

Of a' st' e' d' by th' l' o' n' m' n' w' ayed  
I was fraid!

Er Think ye that when she labours by the head  
With panic rush from high pooped stern to prow  
The seaman goes about to save his sh' p?

Ch' I hasted to th' s' ancient seat  
Because in the Gods I put my trust

When at the gates with roaring gust  
Rattled a hail of deadly sleet

Then was I moved by fear to pray  
U' to the Blessed Gods, that they

Might stretch to sh' eld the town from harm  
A m' h' y arm

Er Pray rather that the battlemented walls  
Stand proof a' n' st the thrust of soeman's spear

For were not that behov'ful to the Gods?  
T' is a tru' saying When a cit' falls

The God forsake their ancient habitations.  
Ch' Not in my time thou honourable Court

Of Gods forsake the city ere that day  
When battl' n'ots where her sons resort

And flames devour her take my life away!  
Er Let me not hear thee call on the good Gods

When thy base heart de' se' th' cowardice!  
Th' m' ther of Good Hap is Loyalty

The p' o' t' b' s' th' Helpmeet of him that Saves!  
Ch' Sa' e' it he may yet him God's power

transcends  
And often out of trou' had' erraty

Cloud wrack bo' e' us wh' re the v'nal ends,  
Man's h' l' p' l' e' n' e' s' God r' u' b' l' i' s' h' e' t' h' on high

Er These be mea's matters—blood of sacrifice,  
Offerings to oracles, when deed' y war

Puts a t' th' n' s' to the test, your business  
I submit silence and to b' d' e' w' th' in

Ch' It is the Gods' ho' keep yet unsubdued  
The land wherein we d' ll our walled town

Unr' g' ed of this armed m' l' t' u' d' e  
Shall what w' do then call their vengeance down?

Er I grudge not that to the h' b' h' e' n' ly race  
Ye pay all h' n' o' u' t' but lest ye corrupt

As cr' a' n' e' n' the manhood of th' realm  
Cal'm your wild transports, thus is fear's excess.

Ch' The sudden g' r' d' ing on of w' a' like gear  
Co' fused upon my startled senses came

Confound'ing them the mor' surpr' sed by fear  
I sou' h' t' this castled e' ag' of ancient fame

Er I cha' g' e' ye if they tell f' wounds and death  
Fasten not on the tale w' th' frant' c' r' i' e' s

F' r' human carnage is God's Ar' e' s' meat  
Ch' I hear the n' h' a' st' e' d' s'!

Er H' e' a' f' th' o' u' m' u' t' l'  
Y' t' e' e' m' n' t' s' o' d' i' c' t' a' b' l' y to hear!

Ch' The bulged cit' grows as if a' o' n' e  
Spoke from the ground! Oh we' a' r' c' o' m' p' u' s' e' d' m' m'

O' v' e' r' y' s' a' d' e'!  
Er Is t' not enough that I

With all resources wisdom can command  
Confront these perils?

Ch' Loud and louder yet!  
The knocking at th' gate!

Er Stifle thy cries!  
Must the whole city hear thee?

Ch' O ye Gods

Keep troth! Betray not to the enemy  
The City ye have promised to defend!  
*Et* Curse thee! Wilt hold thy peace—possess  
thy soul

In patience?

*Ch* O divine co-denizens  
Free while ourselves are free save me from bondage!  
*Et* Ye do enslave yourselves country and king  
Ye make both thrall!

*Ch* O Zeus Omnipotent!  
Strike the foe dead—dead—with thy bolt!

*Et* O Zeus!  
What stuff is woman made of whom thou gavest  
To man for helpmeet!

*Ch* Blithesome are we not  
And are men merrier when kingdoms fall?

*Et* Thy hand upon the holy images  
Speakst thou untowardly with thy tongue?

*Ch* My fears  
Are masters and my tongue a run away

*Et* If I cannot command let me entreat  
Come! With a good grace grant me my request  
And let this quarrel have a gentle close

*Ch* Speak with all speed then haply thou shalt  
have

As speedy answer

*Et* Hush poor weeping wretch  
Or thou wilt scare thy friends

*Ch* Nay I am dumb  
The fate that they must suffer I can endure

*Et* I more approve that utterance of thine  
Than all that went before but stop not there!  
Away from these sequestered images

And pray to nobler purposes! Say Ye Gods  
Make war upon our side! When ye have heard  
The prayer I have to offer second it

With songs triumphant lusty of good cheer—  
The sacrificial shout that Hellas knows—  
A salutation to embolden friends

And from their souls the battle fright cast loose!  
Hear then my prayer First I vow to the Gods  
Custodians of polity and soil

Wardens of field and meeting place and mart  
Next unto Dirce's river springs—nor less

Ismenus do I mean to honour thee—  
If fair befall us and the State be saved

There shall be slaughtering of bulls the blood  
Of sheep shall redden the hearth place of the Gods

Thus I confirm by pledge of solemn speech  
Mine oath to them trophies and raiment vowing

I will bedeck your shrines inviolate  
Yea hang the forecourts of your sanctuaries  
With spoils spear rent the garments of our foes

On this wise pray ye! Thus acceptably  
Approach the Gods with vows not to vain groans

Addict beast noises not articulate  
Untutored transports ineffectual

For by such flights ye shall no whit the more  
Flee the appointed portion I meanwhile

Will get me forth and post at the Seven Gates  
To match the foe six men of might and mettle

Myself the seventh furnished in the style

Greatness approves ere rumour improvised  
Inform them or with speedier argument  
Extremity may need inflame their souls

*The chorus comes down from the Citadel on to  
the stage*

*Chorus*  
Fain would I hearken fain obey  
But my heart's calm slumber beat dismay  
And dread have troubled sore  
And care (ill neighbour I wish away)  
Looks in at the open door  
And the trembling flame of fear is fed  
Because of the walls encompassed  
As trembles the dove for her nestling's sake  
For her cradled brood when the cruel snake  
Creeps to their twilight bed

Hither in complete armour dight  
Moveth against these towers  
A multiple host and yonder light  
The jagged sling stone showers  
And our people are smitten from far and near  
And I know not my fate but I tremble and fear  
And I pray the Gods of race divine  
To save the men of Cadmus line  
And the city to Cadmus dear

Where to redeem your loss shall be found  
In earth's wide fields more fertile ground  
If ye yield this land to the foe  
Where through the deep rich soil enwound  
The waters of Dirce flow?  
Nourisher she of man and mead  
Quencher of thirst and quickener of seed  
No ill more excellent in worth  
Of all Poseidon Lord of Earth  
Pourer of Tethys' children's speed  
Therefore ye Gods that are our stay  
Yonder without the wall  
Send havoc with slaughter and casting away  
Of shields when slain men fall  
But dismiss not our prayers unheard disowned  
Our lamentable cry entoned  
Save us and win for our land renown  
Then reign within the walled town  
Unshakably enthroned!

Sorrow it were thus to send down to hell a city  
coeval with grandeurs of old  
Captivè and spoil of an enemy spear mid the  
crumbling of ashes her store and her gold  
Sacked by the Achaean as things of no worth  
unregarded of Heaven sore sorrow it were  
Should mother and matron and maiden and bride  
as a horse by the forelock be haled by the  
hair  
With rending of raiment Loud loud is the voice  
of a city made empty her children's  
farewells—  
As they go to their ruin—confused with exultings  
and heavy the doom that my fear foretells.

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Woe for the lawless reaping of unripe corn for the  
 rare of the bride unwed  
 For the far straining home and the long long way to  
 the trailell with hate, she must tread!  
 A of truth, where dead men dwell there is  
 more of bliss for with multiple ills  
 When a city is taken man wretch man he leads  
 way captive he spills  
 Blood, he thrusts in fire he anoints with defilement  
 smoke man home  
 The soul of all event a mad breath pollutes  
 when Ares bath masterdom!

Timid and roarin in all streets and woods  
 The fenced bulwark fails and man to man each  
 finds  
 His foe and having found  
 Lets drive his spear and bears him to the ground  
 And blood bedabbled mothers of babes are born  
 For their dead sucklings like the ewe bleat  
 B baryan band  
 Kindred from kin re torn  
 And two shall meet  
 Ea h with his load as one with empty hands  
 Shall call upon his fellow in like case,  
 Neither with less or equal satisfied  
 See ye "Since if men fight themselves as pro ad  
 How shall we fare if backwards: the rare?"

All manner store the houses se eyes distress,  
 Chance lures where fell all earth's largesse  
 Foamed reckless to waste  
 And, ewe sorrow with worse bonds d's rared  
 The own girl shall look for conqueror's bed  
 A rich lord, eternal most distress  
 Whose owl mark  
 Ofg caters is the le er's attribute  
 When fierce embrace is with lust's idia k  
 Exact the hel re hment his pay  
 And her betrayed in find the edress  
 That tears let fall in da long loneliness,  
 A hit all abhorred adarms as w per a 23!

Semo Ch

Look where our spy comes Dea ower he brings  
 tidings

Be certain soon happenin with the bow!  
 With smooth escape thou this speed  
 He runneth with the hubbed wheel puns!  
 And see with thy eye apt meet his ewe,  
 The k himself the Son of Ord pus!  
 He too, will have in res out measured stand!

E of me

a d'etocles

W 1b ewe strain—of the enem  
 How the lots fall and at which point he stands—  
 F "Tideus—t remost—front the I over G re,  
 Roaring but may not pass Ismenus I and  
 Th seek forbid the om nax or good  
 The good T d u Gushu gl r h he  
 Sends forth his or like a enormous snake  
 H m 11 moon and lasher with the words

The prophet Oedles son damning his lot  
 For crying coward ce that shrinks from death  
 And jeopardy of battle while he enters  
 Such blasphemy he tosses his dwarf head  
 All over his head with a triple crest  
 His horn helmet's bristling mane. Beneath his  
 shield

From its dashed rindure dangle bells of bronze  
 Aelling menace peal the broad con ex,  
 Bulging displays the arrogant device  
 The sky in metal wrought ablaze with stars  
 And in the middle of his shield the moon—  
 Lustrous, full-orbed leader and paramount  
 Of all their constellation—looketh forth  
 The cry eye of night And like one wood  
 Thus in prodigious pride caparisoned  
 He hollows up and down the merba k,  
 Rampant with lust of battle as a horse  
 All fire and fierceness pants upon the bit  
 What time hard held he paweth in his place  
 Mad for the sound of trumpet Whom wilt thou  
 To him oppose? What champion sale and sure  
 Shall stand at Proetid Port the barriers down?

Er I am not one to tremble at a plume  
 'Tis not the brae device that deals the war  
 And crests and bells without the spear bite pot.  
 A for this night that's blazoned on his shield  
 The sheen of shining stars—the folk of it  
 Will likely prove a night of prophecy  
 For Death's blood darkness I have ex,  
 Then for the beare of that acutcheon proud  
 By herald's law these arms are his by right  
 And his presumptuous acutcheon damns himself!  
 Against Tidesus will post the valiant son  
 Of Astacus for champion in the Gar  
 R his bly born is he and one who pays  
 De honour to the throne of Modest  
 Abbot of the bombastic rhetoric  
 Heckward in bateness he hold his hour dear  
 Sprung from that seed of man which Ares spared  
 Agonist place most nati in the soil,  
 Is it unhippu Ares may decide  
 Whichever helm can show the ent shall speed  
 But justice sure waits of blood  
 Commit to him in trust the life of her  
 With ga e humbly to shield from thrust of foes.

Ch Just is the cause who fight for his land! Hum  
 may the just Gods prosper and speed!  
 I see the pale form pour to red and  
 bleeding and tremble for us, their be' ved  
 the bleed!

W M is the God grant your prayer—and prosper  
 him!

Electra Portals fell to Capan ux.  
 Another Earth torn h—her hot surpassing  
 Th last—and his proud box too proud for man.  
 He monstrosity in eight again these walls  
 With threat which may the ent f bear to  
 or wof

On the w sebast th h "With or without  
 God's will, be in the City shall be led!  
 The gh Zeu dispute my pass casting down

His lightning for a stumbling block of fire  
It lets me not! He scorns your thunderbolt!  
Your forked lightning he dubs 'noonday heat!  
And for device carries a firebearer—  
*An unarmed man—for weapon in his hands*  
A blazing torch and issuing from his mouth  
This golden challenge: I will fire the town  
Do thou despatch, gainst such a champion—  
But who will stand against him? Who will bide  
The man with all his vaunts and never blench?

*Et* Gain upon gain and interest to boot!  
The hearts of frenzied men are in their mouths  
The tongue's the true accuser of false thoughts  
When Capaneus threatens he's prepared to act  
His blasphemies and when he dares all  
That tongue may dare with insane zest the man  
Challenges heaven and storms the ear of Zeus  
With swelling words. But he shall have 'y wis  
Fit answer when that firebearer comes  
*Which is the burning bolt fashioned no wise*  
In likeness to the warmth of noonday sun  
Gainst him a man exceeding slow of speech  
In spirit very fire we have set  
The might of Polyphontes a strong tower  
By favour of protecting Artemis  
And other Gods withal. Pray you proceed  
Another and the gate that he hath drawn

*Ch* Death to the braggart! Fall thunder and  
stay him! ere with leaping he come and with  
lifting of spear

To despoil my fair home my virginal bower—  
robber and wrecker and ravisher!

*Me* Now for the next gate and the man that  
drew it

The third cast fell upon Eteoclus  
Third from the upturned helm goodly with bronze  
For him leapt forth the lot to hurl his troop  
Against Neistae Portals Round and round  
He reins his mares and they toss high their heads  
With gleam of glancing harness—all on fire  
To fall upon the Gate. Their nozzles pipe  
After the mode of barbarous music filled  
With the breath of their proud snortings. On his  
target

Is no mean blazon. One armed cap a pie  
Climbs up a ladder planted 'gainst a tower  
Held by the foe and means to lay all waste  
In syllables forth gushing from his lips  
He roars. Not Ares Self shall hurl me down  
Gainst him too send a trusty one to save  
This land of freemen from the servile yoke

*Et* Here is the man to send and with him go  
Such happy fortune as the Gods vouchsafed  
Not in his mouth his boast but in his arm  
Megareus Creon's seed of the race earth sown  
The savage greedy noise of neighing steeds  
Shall not affright nor drive him from the Gates  
But either he will fall and with his life  
This land for her dear nurture recompense  
Or deck his father's house with two fold glory  
Two captives taken and that shield borne tower  
So proudly counterfeited earned home

Another boaster stint me not your tale!  
*Ch* Good luck good luck have thou who go  
forth

Champion of home to me! Foul them befall!  
Mouthing in madness beneath our wrath  
Zeus the Requirer behold them with wrath  
*Me* Next—fourth in order—to the Gate hard by  
Athena Onca comes Hippomedon  
Shouting his war shout a resplendent shape  
Cast in a mould of ample magnitude  
His shield might almost serve for a threshing floor  
And while its round he threateningly revolved  
I own a shudder ran through all my frame  
No despicable artist was the man  
Who wrought its blazon. On the disk embossed  
A Typhon shooting forth his burning breath  
A luminous darkness half smoke and half fire  
The casing of its hollow belied orb  
Securely hammered on with knots of snakes.  
*I heard his great voice thunder saw his eyes*  
Glare horribly a frenzied votarist  
He leaped. God Ares reeling reveller  
By him possessed mad drunk for deeds of blood!  
Gainst his assault there needeth wary watch  
Even now before the Gates his vault is loud  
And swelling with the note that strikes dismay

*Et* Suburban Pallas—Onka Without the Walls—  
Hard by the Gate wroth with his insolence  
Shall keep him off—a serpent mailed and fanged  
Death in its coils barred from a brood of birds  
But Oenops trusty son Hyperbius  
For mortal succour—matching man with man—  
Shall face him. All he asked was choice for service  
Time and the hour should teach him where to  
serve

Faultless in form of fearless courage perfect  
In martial trim never did Hermes cast  
A luckier throw than when with happy choice  
He brought the pair to ether for betwixt  
Him and the man he meets in enmity  
And in the smiting of their shields shall clash  
Opposing deities. For the one presents  
Typhon that breathes forth fire but Father Zeus  
Sits on the other moveless on his throne  
And centred in his hand the bolt that burns!  
And who hath yet seen Zeus discomfited?  
These are the powers whose favour they invoke  
We with the winners with the losers they  
If Zeus be more than Typhon's match in battle!  
Yea by his blazon each shall stand or fall  
And Zeus displayed upon his shield shall prove  
Zeus the strong Saviour to Hyperbius!

*Ch* He whose arm Zeus enemy sustains—  
Monster unfriended Earth whilome bore  
Whom demons and Gods and mortals abhor—  
Right at the Gate he shall dash out his brains!

*Me* Amen to that. Next in the list and fifth  
In order at the Gates of Boreas  
Hard by Amphion's Tomb the son of Zeus  
This champion takes ground. A spear he hath  
Whereby he sweareth—honouring it more  
Than any God—yea holding it more dear



Crashes his spear if aught that's vulnerable  
Be left uncovered at the buckler's edge  
Howbeit howsoever we thrust or fend  
Victory is a gift men owe to Heaven

*Ch* May the Gods hear our prayers for they  
are just

And grant them for the safety of our land  
And be the invader's weapon backward thrust  
Yea in his own breast with a mighty hand!  
On them may Zeus his bolt let fall

Yonder without the wall!

*Me* Last name of all—seventh at the seventh  
Gate—

Thy brother! Hear what woes his prayers invoke  
On thee and on this realm! He'll plant his foot  
Upon our walls our land shall hear his name  
Heralded the loud paean he will uplift  
Yea he will seek thee out and slay thee first  
Then die beside thee! Or if he fall not  
But live exile for exile wrong for wrong  
Measure for measure! As he drove me out  
So shall he wander forth a fugitive  
And for the fair fulfilment of these hopes  
He invokes the Gods that knit in love  
Each to his kin and all men to their home  
Well named is he the Mighty One in Quarrel!  
A new wrought shield he bears—the Argive buckler  
Round with two fold device artificered  
Hammered in gold a man completely armed  
Led by a woman form of sober mien  
Justice he calls her suting to that name  
Her legend I will bring home the banished man  
He shall possess his land and come and go  
Free of his father's house Here ends the tale  
Of all their proud inventions make thy choice  
Whom thou wilt send against him And as I  
Will be the faithful herald of thy word  
Prove thou true Captain of the Ship of State!

*EXIT MESSENGER*

*Et* O house of *Œdipus*! Our house! O race  
God maddened—God abominate—all tears!  
Oh me! here ends—here ends my father's curse!  
And yet this is no time to weep and wail  
Lest sorrow's debt with usury of sorrow  
Gender increase of groans! Mighty in Quarrel!  
Well named! Well named! Ay we shall know anon  
Where it will end that blazon—we shall know  
Whether the gilded rant writ on his shield  
And fraught with frenzy will fetch the bearer  
home!

If the maid Justice Zeus own child had been  
The inspiration of his thoughts had lent  
Her countenance to his deeds this might have been!  
But neither when from antenatal gloom  
He fled—at nurse in adolescence nor  
When he beard grew thick did Justice ever own him  
Or speak him fair! Nor is it credible  
That in this hour when perils thicken fast  
To whom his fatherland she stands beside him!  
No! Justice is Justice! She were falsely named  
Succouring such a miscreant! In this faith  
I go to meet him! Who hath better right?

Ay king to king and brother unto brother  
Foe matched with foe! My graves! Fetch me my  
graves!

Good gear against javelin thrust or cast of stone!  
*Ch* Be not beloved—child of *Œdipus*—  
Like unto him out of whose mouth proceeds  
All wickedness! Alas! It is enough  
If our Cadmeans with these Argives fight  
There's water for that blood but brother murder  
Is like the tethered slough that will not off  
Is spotted with the guilt that ne'er grows old!  
If evil come so it be free from shame  
Why let it come All titles else save honour  
Die when we die and sleep with us in the grave  
But if to evil thou add infamy  
How shall men speak it fair and call it honest?

Child what crav'st thou? Let not the battle lust  
Bloody with dripping spears thy ruin be!  
Forth from thy soul the evil passion thrust  
Or ere I mount apace and master thee!  
*Et* Since in this power that speeds the event  
I feel

The insupportable blast of God's own breath  
Blow wind! Fill sails! And where Cocytus tide  
Heaves dark with gleams of Phœbus fiery hate  
Down wind let drift the last of Læus line!

*Ch* This is some fierce unnatural appetite  
That hungers after flesh unseethed and raw!  
Famished for human victims! The loathed rite  
Whose fruit is sour whose blood sins against the law!  
*Et* It is my father's curse! I feel the glare  
Of those hard eyes not moist with human tears!  
To do things horrible they importune me!  
There is a voice which cries Swift death were  
sweet!

*Ch* Hear it not child! No man shall call thee base  
If on thy life there dawn a better day!  
Hereafter if the Gods thy offerings grace  
Will not black-stoled Erinyes steal away?

*Et* What are the Gods to me! Methinks the hour  
When we regarded them as long gone by!  
No offering in their eyes is of such worth  
As our perdition! Why then pay them court?  
Why cringe for respite from the final doom?

*Ch* Yield now while yet thou hast the chance!  
The wind

May change with time that blows so contrary  
And thy bad Genius at last be kind!  
But now thou battlest with a boiling sea!

*Et* Ayl with the yeasty waves of *Œdipus*  
His curse! There was too much of solid sooth  
In the slight fleeting visions of my dreams  
They make division of my father's substance!

*Ch* Thou art no friend woman yet wilt hear  
me?

*Et* If thou hast ought to say a man may do  
Speak on and in few words withal!

*Ch* Go not  
Where thou art going—to the Seventh Gate!

*Et* Content thee! Therefore have I filed my  
mind

And words are not the stuff to dell us dre,  
 O! To win a good place who can  
 The better way we. God's acknowledged merit.  
 E. H. who's given his answer owes no love  
 To that way we  
 O! And yet the same as faint—  
 To live and breathe upon my brother's life  
 And with those crimson joints stain the soul—  
 Vilest of men!  
 F. So may he thrust upon us  
 Evil when Hea and we, who shall show. Ene

## Chorus

E this mad shadow. E of the  
 M. And down a prisoner here,  
 God as our Ghost yet  
 Number of hours, and days and  
 Of punishment whose reward of all  
 The hour and all hours shall I not fail.  
 Thou Come the from the loom  
 Of either Hell  
 A cruel, cold and dead  
 Ene, whom in first excess of wrath  
 Grief had made Oedrus did summon forth,  
 That it is this time to work his children's doom.

Al. For ever from the far-off land—  
 Synth—Ch. b. in the iron hand  
 The lot are taken those away  
 I don't wish the downy sword  
 Whose blade ed-d the make passion cold  
 O all the good gear men get and hold.  
 What less so than I be,  
 Those best of kin  
 I blood and meat and  
 O all the labor famous field, under-lead  
 There shall I last be dishonored,  
 Lord of so much earth as dead men have in fee.

When children, by one are bereft,  
 I shall on woe's womb get a birth,  
 In mortal combat meet and die  
 And that bring a pool whereon they lie  
 Drink the dust of earth  
 I curled to darker dot,  
 What power of prayer will purify  
 What can wash away the stain  
 But what drops incarnadine  
 The dew the owl the man led want,  
 That Lais house must die

From ruins of old transgression flow  
 To gain the sorrow will to follow  
 Nor yet not et is enquirer rest,  
 Son too had the chastisement  
 Of him so bequeathed not a power—  
 Lais first parent of this woe.  
 Three sacred embasies he sent  
 And thine when Delphic oracles are piled,  
 Of earth and wheel the mawny  
 The priestess cried if thou wouldst save  
 Thy king and his son child.

But Love was master he bore  
 Death for himself and them  
 The son that slew him, with not—  
 K. Oed put his name,  
 Who had the womb where he lay had  
 Seed of curse born,  
 Sown the sacred field for had  
 To reap in blood the corn.  
 Their bridal couch Ene was fed,  
 And madness strewed their nuptial bed.

And now as sweet a sea of woe  
 That can no come to rest,  
 We're follow after we and lo,  
 A third way trip over  
 That breaks a house and thunder stored  
 About the shore of Stat  
 Scarce wall was in the weather board  
 Stretched between us and Fate  
 And I his fears lest Cadmus Town  
 Whimmed a thirteenth house go down!

Like an old d. by word is an ancient curse  
 And in the soul commerce  
 It comes to and a path its settled day  
 A few reckon for man to gain  
 When not one damsel entry is passed by  
 From deck to deck there is rumormore them  
 And a vision of woe. h of sorrow, more  
 Waxed fat with a enough p. orment

This was well seen in Oedrus all started.  
 II his the Gods reward  
 II stood by the fire-side of him was laid  
 In streets and squares where men walk abroad  
 Or great assemblies gather in debate  
 He never was he so prayed what turn he wrote  
 The friend, gobbling down her goes through  
 Concerns and goes at the City Gate.

But on his second day broke a hard day he  
 And sound all the sorrow of his woe,  
 One final grief he wrote to his undoing  
 With that sun hand that had his father low  
 And put away the eyes that gave him his  
 Of his father's offspring gotten to his woe.

And then he carried them  
 (for they grudged him to lead)  
 With better words of relief and a power than  
 "A day shall come a day of sharp the skin  
 And he that carries shall carry with eel," he cried.  
 Now the curse falls upon his children's head  
 And my husband's heart away Ene's side.

## Enter Messenger.

Take comfort, weak ones! Mother children  
 all

This free land hath escaped the yoke of slaves.  
 The boasts of the mighty are brought low  
 The ship is in still waters we on wave  
 Scote her but her stout seams have come no leak



Sound are her bulwarks her ports weather tight  
 Her champions have well-discharged their trust  
 Count gate by gate and sit have prospered well  
 And for the seventh—Apollo Lord of Seven  
 Took that by right of his prerogative  
 And there he fitly stayed the Laian rage

*Ch* Is not the measure of her mourning full?  
 And must this stricken realm find room for more?

*Me* The realm is safe but for her princely seed—

*Ch* I dread so much the thing thou hast to say  
 I scarce attend thee what dost thou mean? Speak on!

*Me* If thou hast power to listen mark my words  
 The Sons of Ædipus—

*Ch* Oh Misery!

They say prophets of evil utter truth

And I am of them!

*Me* Indistinguishably

They have gone down into the dust

*Ch* So far

Fallen! Thy tale is heaviness nevertheless

Tell it to the end!

*Me* I tell thee they are dead

They slew each other!

*Ch* Ah fraternal hands!

Too near were ye in birth too near in blood

*Me* Yea! And their undivided destiny

Twinned them in death their evil Genius slew  
 them

And blotted from the world an ill starred race

Such cause we have for thankfulness and tears

The land is well at ease that twin born pair

Lords and disposers of the Commonwealth

Have made partition with the hammered steel

Tough Scyth of all their substance scot and lot

And they shall hold it indefeasibly

Quieted in possession by the grave!

There in that final resting place borne down

By the dark current of a father's curse

The realm is safe dark earth hath drunk their blood

The royal blood that like twin fountains rose

One hour of birth—one hour of combat—one

Of death—dealt mutually by fraternal hands

*Exit MESSENGER*

#### *Chorus*

O Sovran Zeus Protecting Powers

Who have indeed kept safe these well beloved  
 towers

Whether shall I rejoice

For that the city stand inviolate

Or shall I rather with a lamentable voice

Weep and bewail her leader's fate?

Ah cruel doom! Ah children dead!

Mighty in Quarrel ye have ended

Even as the name portended

Yea in your wickedness ye are perished!

O curse of Ædipus! O malison

Dark—unrelenting—damning all his line!

Over this heart of mine

Comes creeping on

Cold Misery your chilly breath

Because when like a Thyiad in her madness

I seemed to hear

The blood that drips

Where men lie slain

Then with the voice of mourning and with  
 rueful lips

I sang the song of death!

O ill refrain

Glee chanted without mirth or gladness

That keeps a sorry burden to the spear

Rather the word the never wearying

Once uttered malediction of their sire

Wrought to this issue dire

Nay, Laus King

Hath here his wish the course he chose

Begun in blindness and in disobeying

Toucheth its bourne

Ambitions his

And cares of State

Blunt not the edge of heavenly prophecy

O wailed for many woes

Past belief in hate

And past belief in fratricidal slaying

Is this a tale or is it sooth we mourn?

*The bodies of ETEOCLES and POLYNEICES are  
 borne on to the Stage*

Behold! self manifest they come

They need no harbinger

A double woe a mutual doom

Care that hath slaughtered care

New sorrows from old sorrows spring

And both have here their home bringing

Ah! pilgrim ship your lofty poop

No festal garlands wreath

The drowsy sails half idly droop

And they are dark as death

Bound where no sunny Cyclops shine

And bright Apollo hath no shrine

Waft waft her down the wind of sighs

With speed of plangent hand

Row her beyond these happy shores

Unto the sunless land

Where across Acheron voices call

And region darkness welcomes all

*Enter ANTIGONE and ISMENE*

But dearer lips must chant their threnody

And that unhappy cause

Here to their brethren draws

A sister pair the maid Antigone

Ismene by her side Tears may be sold

And raiment rent for mercenary gold

And money purchaseth the hireling's cries

These warm white breasts shall heave with  
 heartfelt sigh

But ere the dirge begin let us prolong

With all accordant breath

Eriny's loud harsh unmelodious song

The dismal psalm of the Lord of Death

Unhappy sisters, most unblest  
Of all that ever held brother dear  
Or bound beneath a tender breast  
The conjuncture of ble women wear  
From feigned grief no forced lament I borrow  
Th heart's voice speaks when I shall forth my  
sorrow

O ye perverse to counsel blind  
Ye weariless woe!  
Must course e turn its hand 'st last kind  
Power is its own house lay! w?  
And sought ye death or sought ye doom  
And run for your house and home?

Hier pinceps walls ye tumbled flat  
In n alty f rber  
A but r monarchy ye gat—  
The sword your peacemaker  
Scripted Enrags keeps your house,  
Wraking the wrath f (Edipus.

Oh, ill encounter! Fellowship  
Of hands that hated joined!  
Th d ops that from these gashes drip  
Flow from the self same loins!  
Woe f r the curse n th Hec enalked  
Red n th the blood f fratricide!

Oh gaping wound still bleeding fresh  
O rent that ruined all  
And thrusting through fraternal flesh  
Struck home at h use and hall.  
One bitter curse f r both yea one  
Hath less or more of malison!

Realm wid th sound of mourning runs  
Th bastioned walls mak moan  
Ths earth that l ech her stron sons  
Sends up a holl w groan  
And all they perished r possess  
Watn ew heirs less own less.

Too keen their cause to p obscure,  
Too jealous for just shar  
And h who sol ed their bite rust  
Ths kve that h judged fu?  
Ares that judgeth by th swo d  
Small thanks hath h f r his reward!

T battle th had mad ppeal,  
And battl heard their cause  
That ron judge th tre hassted,  
H th b ought them s this pause  
In und turbed tenure old  
Ths fath sgra to h e nd h ldl

Loud is my wail! My heart n rent  
W th grief" utheatic cry!  
No glad enl ks in this lam ne  
Feigned gr f false tho ght bel l  
Th fountain of my being flow

For royal men in death laid low!

How shall we praise them? Shall we say  
Their own should lo e them well  
Seem they wrought much in their day  
Were wondrous hospitable?  
When host met host the pledge was graced  
They lashed all—in lying waste!

O crown of women woe begone!  
Of mothers, most unblest!  
Who took to hu band her own son  
And suckled at her breast  
Babes that in mutual slay iter bled  
Here cuds that sowing—and the seed!

Yes in their seed time they were twinned  
And clo c in twin by fate  
They are clean gone—a stormy n nd  
Hath swept them to their fate  
Such peace making these brawlers have  
And their conclusion is the grave.

There they forget to hate, their strife  
Springs to no fiercer rebirth  
The sundered rivers of their life  
At gle in peaceful earth  
And in that dark distempered clay  
Too near too near in blood are they

Alack! The alien of the sea  
Keen iron fire sown a child  
W th b iter blows, unlo ingly  
Their quarrel reco c led  
Ares hath sharp daviison made  
H heard the prayer their father prayed.

They ha e their po t onl poor poor souls!  
A ltle fath m span  
Of ground dilberal f reuse doles  
No more the gods gr e man  
And eath them lying tark and cold  
Es th s wealth m plumbed her gems and gold.

Wail for the wreath of v etory  
That crowns their race w th woe!  
W lf the Curse unumph-try  
Stricken for their o erthrow!  
Wail for th h e that broke and fled—  
And found a efuge w th th dead!

The stands a trophy at the gate  
Wh e b ea r to b cast they fell  
The t offering of Hate  
And H oc hot from hell  
Th re their all star its strength essayed  
No ill both sink its fury stayed!

Am go Smarter smitten!  
Immene Slayr slant!  
A Blood on thy spear!  
Lr On thy breast that stain!

*An* Weep the wrong!  
*Is* Wail the woe!  
*An* Make grief thy song!  
*Is* Let thy tears flow!  
*An and Is* Misery! Ah misery!  
*An* Oh maddened breast!  
*Is* Oh moaning heart!  
*An* Wept with all tears thou art!  
*Is* And thou of all unhappy things unhappiest!  
*An* Slain by thine own thou liest dead!  
*Is* Yea and this hand its own blood shed!  
*An* So is a tale of grief twice told!  
*Is* A double horror to behold!  
*An* Two woes in dreadful neighbourhood!  
*Is* They lie together mingled in their blood!  
*Ch* O Fate! How heavy is thy hand!  
 How grievous are the gifts that thou dost bring!  
 Great shade of *Œdipus* who banned  
 His own offspring—  
 Offended ghost—*Eriny's* black as hell  
 Surely thou art of might unconquerable!

*An and Is* Misery! Ah misery!  
*An* Sorrow's gifts are ill to see!  
*Is* These back from exile thou didst bring to me!  
*An* He fought and slew yet home is far away!  
*Is* He won the cause but perished in the fray!  
*An* Ill he sped—for he is fled!  
*Is* And this poor soul is numbered with the dead!  
*An* Bad brotherhood was this!  
*Is* Yea and they had but little bliss!  
*An* One sorrow! One death song!  
*Is* Bewept with tears that weep a threefold wrong!  
*Ch* O Fate! How heavy is thy hand!  
 How grievous are the gifts that thou dost bring!  
 Great shade of *Œdipus* who banned  
 His own offspring—  
 Offended ghost—*Eriny's* black as hell  
 Surely thou art of might unconquerable!

*An* Now thou know'st thou didst transgress!  
*Is* Now thou own'st thy wickedness!  
*An* Back returned with murderous stride!  
*Is* Fugitive and fratricide!  
*An* Oh the woeful victory!  
*Is* Oh the sorry sight to see!  
*An* Wail the grief!  
*Is* Weep the wrong!  
*An* To home and country both belong!  
*Is* Mine the woe!  
*An* This long anguish ends even so!  
*Is* Wretchedest of mortal kind!  
*An and Is* Sinning with a frenzied mind!  
*An* Where to lay them—in what grave?  
*Is* Where most honour they may have!  
*An and Is* Yea these children of his woe  
 Shall be their father's bedfellow!

*Enter a Herald*

*Herald* Hold! Let me first discharge a duty I

Am come with mandate from the Governors  
 Appointed by the people of this realm  
 Cadmean Their high will and pleasure is  
 That forasmuch as good *Eteocles*  
 Was loyally affected to this land  
 Ye do inter him in its tender soil  
 Thereby acknowledging he gave his life  
 For love of her and hatred of her foes  
 And being perfect and without reproach  
 God ward and to the temples of his fathers  
 Died as became his youth in guiltlessness  
 Touching the said deceased *Eteocles*  
 So much I am command'd to convey  
 But for his brother—*Polynices*—ye  
 Are to cast forth unburied his remains  
 For dogs to gnaw as a conspirator  
 Against the integrity of *Cadmus* realm  
 Who would have turned this kingdom upside down  
 Had not a God from heaven braced yonder arm  
 Outlawed in death as he with the same ban  
 Wherewith the Gods attached him when he led  
 An army hither to possess the land  
 Therefore it seemeth good that birds of the air  
 Shall give him burial and in dishonour  
 He shall have all the honour he hath earned—  
 No following of slaves to build his tomb  
 No keening note of ceremonial woe  
 His own kin shall deny him obsequies  
 This touching him is formally resolved  
 By the good lords that govern *Cadmus* Town  
*An* Tell your good lords that I will bury him  
 If none will help me If it be dangerous  
 To bury mine own brother I am ready!  
 Shame have I none for this rebellion!  
 A mighty yearning draws me that great bond  
 Which binds us sprung from the same parent's  
 loins

And makes us joint heirs of their misery  
 Therefore my soul make thou his griefs thine own  
 Though he can neither hear nor answer thee  
 And be a sister to the slumbering dead!  
 This body never hollow bellied wolf  
 Shall tear and rend! So let no man resolve it I  
 For I will scoop for him a shallow grave  
 Ay with these woman's hands! I'll fold my robe  
 And carry him in my lap and cover him!  
 Let no good lords resolve it otherwise!  
 Courage! For what I will I'll find a way!  
*He* Tis my most strict command that thou  
 forbear!

Flout not authority!

*An* And it is mine  
 That thou refine not on thy herald's office  
*He* Let me say this a people long oppressed  
 When they win free turn savage

*An* Let them be  
 As savage as you please—he shall have his grave  
*He* And wilt thou pay the honours of the grave  
 To one whom the supreme authority  
 Holdeth accursed?

*An* Alas! The Gods methinks  
 Have meted out to him his meed of honour

He For grievous outrag on the commonweall  
 He did most wickedly imperill her!  
 A Ga e back what he rece ed! E alfore all  
 H To be reven ed pon on may his foe  
 H struck at all!

4 So me hit we wr n le on!  
 And so should wran lin still ha e sh lust w rd!  
 H Then I ha e don eck thine own rede and  
 me t!

Exit HERALD.

Chorus

What sorrow like thine is!  
 And ye angry ghosts,  
 Blood bolte ed Eri s,  
 Loud, loud are our boasts!  
 Race wreck n, y ur feet ha e not tarm'd!  
 Th tree root and branch les shattered!  
 Th ruins of Thebus line  
 W h th dust of t dead shall be scattered!  
 And how shall m heart incline?  
 On thy poor corse hall I shed no tear?  
 Shall I n t walk befo th b e  
 When thou to the grs e art carned?

Ah! ma re all pty  
 I am afraid!  
 From th wrath of the c ty  
 My soul shrinks dismay ed!  
 New sorrow is ber for my gre ing!  
 Yea! for there shall not fail thee  
 The need f a mul: rude s tears  
 Thou shalt ha many to wail thee

Lost in the w eck of th years!  
 And must this poor soul go w hout his moan  
 Sa e the death son h s t e sing th alone?  
 O bitter past bel eving!

Serv Ch What the c ty declareth  
 Be done o f shorrel  
 Little my heart careth—  
 Too deeply I m rn—  
 Yea m sorrow their a er deep weth!  
 Lead on! Thou h his people d sown h m  
 And o proud funeral pomp he shall ha e  
 To-eth r our hearts hall bemean him  
 Together our hand build h s gra e!  
 For to-day goeth by as a tal that s told  
 And Time metes new ce su e rev king the old  
 A d ju t ce her dooms m useth!

Serv Ch Go thy ways! Where my trust is  
 My mour e shall be!  
 When th st rn soul of Just ce  
 And man s censure agree  
 Shall I question or shall I upbraid her?  
 Nay rather my dirge shall be chanted  
 For him who wrought most for his land  
 And the city that Cadmus pla ed  
 Und r Hes en and Zeus mighty hand,  
 When she was like to be cast away  
 Foundered far from the li ht of day  
 Neath the wave of the stron nader  
 Eurus one half fol w n ANTIQONE with the  
 body of POLY IC a d th othr half  
 ISMIL with the body of ATROC ES

# PROMETHEUS BOUND

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|            |                         |
|------------|-------------------------|
| KRATOS     | CHORUS OF THE OCEANIDES |
| BIA        | OCEANUS                 |
| HEPHAESTUS | IO                      |
| PROMETHEUS | HERMES                  |

*Mountainous country and in the middle of a deep gorge a Rock towards which KRATOS and BIA carry the gigantic form of PROMETHEUS. HEPHAESTUS follows dejectedly, with hammer nails chains etc*

*Kratos* Now have we journeyed to a spot of earth Remote—the Scythian wild a waste untrod And now, Hephaestus thou must execute The task our father laid on thee and fetter This malefactor to the jagged rocks

In adamantine bonds infrangible For thine own blossom of all forging fire He stole and gave to mortals trespass grave For which the Gods have called him to account That he may learn to bear Zeus' tyranny And cease to play the lover of mankind

*Hephaestus* Kratos and Bia for y<sup>e</sup> twain the best Of Zeus is done with nothing lets you further But forcibly to bind a brother God

In chains in this deep chasm raked by all storms I have not courage yet needs must I pluck Courage from manifest necessity

*For woe worth him that slights the Father's word*

O high souled son of Themis sage in counsel With heavy heart I must make thy heart heavy In bonds of brass not easy to be loosed

Nailing thee to this crag where no night dwells

Nor sound of human voice nor shape of man

Shall visit thee but the sun blaze shall roast

Thy flesh thy hue flower fair shall suffer change

Welcome will Night be when with spangled robe

She hides the light of day welcome the sun

Returning to disperse the frosts of dawn

And every hour shall bring its weight of woe

To eat thy heart away for yet unborn

Is he who shall release thee from thy pain

This is thy wage for loving humankind

For being a God thou dared st the Gods all will

Preferring to exceeding honour Man

Wherefore thy long watch shall be comfortless

Stretched on this rock never to close an eye

Or bend a knee and vainly shalt thou lift

With groanings deep and lamentable cries

Thy voice for Zeus is hard to be entreated

As new born power is ever pitiless

*Kr* Enough! Why palter? Why wast idle pity?

Is not the God Gods' loathe hateful to thee?

Traitor to man of thy prerogative?

*Hep* Kindred and fellowship are dreaded names.  
*Kr* Questionless but to slight the Father's word—

How sayest thou? Is not this fraught with more dread?

*Hep* Thy heart was ever hard and overbold

*Kr* But wailing will not ease him! Waste no pains

Where thy endeavour nothing profiteth

*Hep* Oh execrable work! loathed handicraft!

*Kr* Why curse thy trade? For what thou hast to do

Troth smithcraft is in no wise answerable

*Hep* Would that it were another's craft not mine!

*Kr* Why all things are a burden save to rule

Over the Gods for none is free but Zeus

*Hep* To that I answer not knowing it true

*Kr* Why then make haste to cast the chains about him

Lest glancing down on thee the Father's eye

Behold a laggard and a forterer

*Hep* Here are the iron bracelets for his arms

*Kr* Fasten them round his arms with all thy strength!

Strike with thy hammer! Nail him to the rocks!

*Hep* 'Tis done! and would that it were done less well!

*Kr* Harder—I say—strike harder—screw all tight

And be not in the least particular

Remiss for unto one of his resource

Bars are but instruments of liberty

*Hep* This forearm's fast a shackle hard to shift

*Kr* Now buckle this! and handsomely! Let him learn

Sharp though he be he's a dull blade to Zeus

*Hep* None can find fault with this—save him it tortures

*Kr* Now take thine iron spike and drive it in

Until it gnaw clean through the rebel's breast

*Hep* Woe's me Prometheus for thy weight of woe!

*Kr* Still shirking? still a groaning for the foes Of Zeus? Anon thou it wail thine own mishap

*Hep* Thou seest what eyes scarce bear to look upon!

*Kr* I see this fellow getting his deserts!

But strap him with a belt about his ribs

*Hep* I do what I must do for thee—less words!

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Ar Words q otha? Aye and shout em if need  
be

Come down nd cast a ring bolt round his legs

Hep The thing is fearly d n and was quick  
no l

Kr N w with a sou d rap knock the b lt p n  
home!

F r heavy handed s thy task master

Hep So blamous a form de to gue b fits

Kr Be thou the heart of war but sh de not me

That I am gruffish stubborn and st ff w fled

Hep Oh t me away! The tackle holds h m fast

Kr Now where thou hang t smelt! Murder the  
Gods

For creatures f a dyl To thee what gift

W l m stals t nde t requ te thy pain?

The destinies were out miscalling thee

Designer a designer thou wilt need

From tr p so well contrived to twi t thee free

Exeunt

P omethes: O divine si l Breezes on swift bird  
wings,

Yet er fourta ns and of ocea wa es

Tb m lt tudin laughte l Mother Earth!

A dth uill te ungur le of the su

Beh ld what l a God fr m Gods endure!

Look do upon my hurie

Th ruel ong that cks my frame

The grind anguish that hall wa te my  
stre gth

Till t m t n thous d year have measured out  
thei length!

Il b th de ed these cha ns

The wthr ed put tate who gns

Ch ef of the ch tra ns f th Blest Ah mel

The woe which sand th twi ch y s h l be

I il and quest on m ke of there wide shes

When halth st r of my d l a c rie

A d y t— a d y t— ex tly l f enc

Alhat hall me m pass no ha p w prue

Of pa h llo rlah me what d te rured

Bear as l can I must kn ng the might

Of st o g Noces ty su conquer ble

But touch ng my f tes l nce an l p e h like

A unsuppo table Fo boons best wed

On mo t m n lam tra tened in th e binds

I sought the sou t of fire n hollow re d

H d p dy meas l s reso re

F t ma nd m ghry teach t f lart

Ths th un that l m t spate

Sso gh in ha s naded earth pen ky

lllll

Wh tcho wh tod u float by with no so d?

God altd o mo t l r mingl d t un?

Comes the e m s th s o ld nd th sm u tain

grt g d

T ha sght of y to m nt? Or of what is he

fa ?

t God b h ld n bond cand pa n

Th loc of Z a done t f d w thall

Th d t sth t f d

S b m s te try with tyra t shall

H s fault too great a love of hu nankind

Ah mel Ah mel what wafure m gh at hand

As of great b rds of prey is this l hear?

Th bright air fanned

Wh sles and shrills with rapid beat of wings

There cometh nought but to my spi it brings

Horror and fear

The DAUGHTERS OF AEOLUS d sw near in  
mid as s their winged choriot

Chorus Put thou all fear a ay!

In kindness cometh this array

On w ngs of speed to mountain lone

Our re s consent not lightly won

But a fresh breeze our con oy brought

For l ud the dia of iron taught

Even to our ma cav s cold recess,

And scared away the meek-eyed bashfulness

I tarried not to tie my sandal shoe

But ha te post haste through air my winged  
choriot flew

Pr Ah mel Ah mel

F r p ogeny

That many ch lded Tethys brought to birth,

Fathered of O cea old

Whose sleepless stream is rolled

Round the vast shores f earth!

Look on me! Look upon these chasms

Where I fang fast hel!

On rocks high pinnacled

My dungeon an l my t ver of dole

Wh e o er the abyss my soul

Sad wa der her unwearied watch sustains!

Ch Prometheus I am gazing on thee now!

W t the cold breath of fear upon my brow

Not without must of dawning tears,

While to my sight thy gla t sture rears

Its bulk fo pined upon these sa age rocks

In shameful bond the l naked ad mant locks.

For now new stee smen take the helm

Olympian now with little thought

Of right on strange nex laws Zeus stail sheth  
his realm

Bna g the m ghly ones of old to naught

Pr Oh that he had convey d me

Nearth earth nearh hell that t alloweth up the  
dead

In T tar ill mnt bly vast

Wh hadamant w t tie bound me fast—

There hu fice anger on m v sired

Wh re never mor e l glaughter could upturn me  
Of God or a ght bes d!

But now a wretch ensled

A far s en

All they that h te me trs mph in my pain

W lly of the Gods s there so put less

That he can tr omph in thy s r i stress?

W o doth n zaily groan

W the cry pa g of th n save Zeus alone?

But he sev r wroth next b e b e t

F m l l evolved intent

Th sons of hea n to subjug t

Nor shall b cas until h s heart be satiate,

# PROMETHEUS BOUND

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*Hephæstus* Kratos and Bia for ye twain the best Of Zeus is done with nothing lets you further But forcibly to bind a brother God In chains in this deep chasm raked by all storms I have not courage yet needs must I pluck Courage from manifest necessity For no worth him that slight the Father's word O high souled son of Themis sage in counsel With heavy heart I must make thy heart heavy In bonds of brass not easy to be loosed Nailing thee to this crag where no night dwells Nor sound of human voice nor shape of man Shall visit thee but the sun blaze shall roast Thy flesh thy hue slower fair shall suffer change Welcome will Night be when with spangled robe She hides the light of day welcome the sun Returning to disperse the frosts of dawn And every hour shall bring its weight of woe To wear thy heart away for yet unborn Is he who shall release thee from thy pain This is thy wage for loving humankind For being a God thou dared st the Gods all will Preferring to exceeding honour Man Wherefore thy long watch shall be comfortless Stretched on this rock never to close an eye Or bend a knee and vainly shalt thou lift With groanings deep and lamentable cries Thy voice for Zeus is hard to be entreated As new born power is ever pitiless  
*Kr* Enough! Why palter? Why vain idle pity? Is not the God Gods loathe hateful to thee? Traitor to man of thy prerogative?

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*Kr* I see this fellow getting his deserts! But strap him with a belt about his ribs

*Hep* I do what I must do for thee—less words!

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And now lament no more the ill I suffer  
From the earth and an attentive ear  
Lead to the things that shall befall hereafter  
Hear me, oh listen, suffer as I suffer!  
Who knows, who knows, but on some scathless

head  
Another saviour for the like woes revealed  
The warden, doom was present! a. hys  
Oh Prometheus, we have heard the call  
Not on deaf ears these woful words fall.  
Lo I have leapt at thy words

And hold the pathway of great birds,  
Like to tread the land of peak and scar  
And certify myself by unknown sure  
Of all thou hast endured and must endure.  
Hear the wretched champion, *five* OF EXAMINES  
comes to greet thy father OCEANUS'S STEPS  
rising on a monster

Oh man, now has it tried the unending pain  
And unto thee Prometheus, am I come.  
Gladly this wretched monster with a rein  
Nor as but, but mind a firm man's idom.  
And know what for thy griefs heart sore  
The bond of hand to the sea constrains me  
Nor later now I would honour more,  
Ariston kinship than I ever ere thee  
And thou shalt learn that I speak verily  
No smooth, false tongue for I do show  
How I can serve thee, joined and out-ward thus.  
Thou shalt see that thou hast, come weak, come

weak.  
A friend more faithful than Oceanus.  
Oh How now Who greets me Who art thou  
too soon  
T' go from me? How could it thou less  
The stream that bears thy name those notes  
a. ced

It is my rock, it is earth that breeds  
The man who in her womb Cometh the  
To be creator of man, it is  
And I have sympathized with the woes  
Behold, a thing indeed to be woful!  
Thy friend of Zeus, co-laborer I stand  
So by the sentence that what pain I am bowed!  
Oh Prometheus, all too plainly I beheld  
And for the best would counsel thee, albeit  
Thy brain is subtle. Learn to know thy heart,  
And, as the unsex, so let thy manly ears hear  
For the law of the sea is God's rule.  
But these butterflies, the sea's pret words  
Thou dost, thou be thou hast at throned  
Far and high do these Zeus's I bear.  
And then the present multitude of it  
Which seem the mild correction of tube  
Rever O thou much chastened one I am  
Thou art and from suffering seek leave  
So perched on a seem these words of mine  
Nevertheless, I am too far, too far  
Such punishment from thee, it is  
It is, not a brought low suffering.  
T' what thou hast of it would it add far worse

Therewith thou hast me for schoolmaster  
Thou shalt not kick against the pricks the more  
That an arch-despot who no such t' dreeds  
Rules by his own rule, will And now I see thee.  
To strive with what success I may command  
For the day's chance, keep a quiet mind  
And use not over-estimate of speech  
Knowest thou not, being exceed by a sea.  
A warden, all tongue be next chastisement!  
Oh I marvel that thou art not in my case.  
Seeing that thou didst adventure all,  
And now I do entreat thee, put it off  
Thou wilt not move him, he is not easy moved.  
The heed lest thou find trouble by the way  
Oh Thou are a better counsellor than others  
Than to thyself I judge by deed not words.  
Pluck me not back when I would sail set forth.  
Vow upon it Zeus's I grant me grace  
And free thee from these pains.

Oh I stand there  
For this my thanks and ever-during praise  
Certes, no backward friend art thou and yet  
Trouble not thyself for at the best thy labour  
Will so things set ere, with us men it to serve.  
Bea thyself untrammelled stand thou fast.  
For not to mistreat my own purchase  
Would I set others hap on evil days.  
Thou shalt be far from me I feel the weight  
Of this woe, my brother in the west  
Shoulder the pillar that props heaven and earth.  
No wonder fardel for his arms to fold.  
The painted clerical Calcas deris  
I saw and yet ed—a terrific shape,  
A hundred-headed monster—when he fell  
Rears his Typhon who withstood the Gods,  
Which fearome he is of beak-mouth horrible  
While he hewn from his eyes the Gorgon-glare  
Flashed for the sake of the calm of Zeus.  
But o' him came the bolt that never sleeps,  
Down-crash thunder which erupted fire  
Which shattered him and all his tower's hopes  
Dashed into ruin smitten through the breast  
His strength smothered in lightning-charred.  
And now a heap a helless, spiran bulk,  
He lies stretched out beside the narrow scar,  
Pounded and crushed deep under Etna's roots.  
But on the mountain's top Hepaestus sits  
Forgive the molten iron when shall burst  
Rivers of fire, with red and ruddy  
To wash fair fruited smooth Sicilian fields  
So his woe up-boding of his ire  
Shall I prophesy with lightning howers red hot,  
And unspool on hubbub surge of fiery spray  
Altho' he is embosomed by the bolt of Zeus.  
He is thou art not unless thou not edest me  
To be thy teacher, thou thyself the  
Thou knowest and I will fortify my heart  
Until thy wrathless eyes of Zeus abate  
Oh Nay then Prometheus, art thou ignorant  
Of this physician's woful sick soul?  
Oh Yes, if a thalidone soften the ripe core,  
A rib of him measures malice obdurate.



Or one a way devise  
To hurl him from the throne where he doth  
monarchize

*Pr*  $\gamma$  ■ of a surety—though he do me wrong  
Lording my limbs with fetters strong—  
The president

Of heaven's high parliament  
Shall need me yet to show  
What new conspiracy with privy blow  
Attempts his sceptre and his kingly seat  
Neither shall words with all persuasion sweet  
Not though his tongue drop honey cheat  
Nor charm my knowledge from me nor duress  
Of menace dire fear of more grievous pains  
Unseal my lips till he have loosed these chains  
And granted for these injuries redress

*Ch* High is the heart of thee  
Thy will no whit by bitter woes unstrung  
And all too free  
The licence of thy bold unshackled tongue  
But fear hath roused my soul with piercing cry  
And for thy fate my heart misgives me I  
Tremble to know when through the breakers roar  
Thy keel shall touch again the friendly shore  
For not by prayer to Zeus is access won  
An unpersuadable heart hath Cronos son

*Pr* I know the heart of Zeus is hard that he hath  
tied

Justice to his side  
But he shall be full gentle thus assuaged  
And the implacable wrath wherewith he raged  
Smoothed quite away nor be nor I  
Be loth to seal a bond of peace and amity

*Ch* All that thou hast to tell I pray unfold  
That we may hear at large upon what count  
Zeus took thee and with bitter wrong affronts  
Instruct us if the telling hurt thee not

*Pr* These things are sorrowful for me to speak  
Yet silence too is sorrow all ways woe  
When first the Blessed Ones were filled with wrath  
And there arose division in their midst  
These instant to hurl Cronos from his throne  
That Zeus might be their king and these adverse  
Contending that he ne'er should rule the Gods  
Then I wise counsel urging to persuade  
The Titans sons of Ouranos and Chthon  
Prevailed not but all indirect essays  
Despising they by the strong hand effortless  
Yet by main force—supposed that they might  
seize

Supremacy But me my mother Themis  
And Gaia one form called by many names  
Not once alone with voice oracular  
Had prophesied how power should be disposed—  
That not by strength neither by violence  
The mighty should be mastered but by guile  
Which things by me set forth at large they scorned  
Nor graced my motion with the least regard  
Then of all ways that offered I judged best  
Taking my mother with me to support  
No backward friend the not less cordial Zeus  
And by my politic counsel Tartarus

The bottomless and black old Cronos hides  
With his confederates So helped by me  
The tyrant of the Gods such service rendered  
With a nomious chastisement requites  
But tis a common malady of power  
Tyrannical never to trust a friend  
And now what ye inquired for what arraigned  
He shamefully entreats me ye shall know  
When first upon his high paternal throne  
He took his seat forthwith to divers Gods  
Divers good gifts he gave and parcelled out  
His empire but of miserable men  
Recked not at all rather it was his wish  
To wipe out man and rear another race  
And these designs none contravened but me  
I risked the bold attempt and saved mankind  
From stark destruction and the road to hell  
Therefore with this sore penance am I bowed  
Grievous to suffer pitiful to see  
But for compassion shown to man such fate  
I no wise earned rather in wrath's despite  
Am I to be reformed and made a show  
Of infamy to Zeus

*Ch* He hath a heart  
Of iron hewn out of unfeeling rock  
Is he Prometheus whom thy sufferings  
Rouse not to wrath Would I had ne'er beheld  
them

For verily the sight hath wrung my heart

*Pr* Yea to my friends a woeful sight am I

*Ch* Hast not more boldly in aught else  
transgressed?

*Pr* I took from man expectancy of death

*Ch* What medicine soundst thou for this malady?

*Pr* I planted blind hope in the heart of him

*Ch* A mighty boon thou gavest there to man

*Pr* Moreover I conferred the gift of fire

*Ch* And have frail mortals now the flame bright  
fire?

*Pr* Yea and shall master many arts thereby

*Ch* And Zeus with such misfeasance charging  
thee—

*Pr* Torments me with extremity of woe

*Ch* And is no end in prospect of thy pains?

*Pr* None save when he shall choose to make  
an end

*Ch* How should he choose? What hope is thine?  
Dost thou

Not see that thou hast erred? But how thou errest  
Small pleasure were to me to tell to thee

Exceeding sorrow Let it go then rather  
Seek thou for some deliverance from thy woes

*Pr* He who stands free with an untrammelled  
foot

Is quick to counsel and exhort a friend

In trouble But all these things I know well

Of my free will my own free will I erred

And freely do I here acknowledge it

Freeing mankind myself have endurance found

Nathless I looked not for sentence so dread

High on this precipice to droop and pine

Having no neighbour but the desolate crags

2,3-322

And now lament on me the ills I suffer  
 Brought to earth and an attentive ear  
 Lend to the things that shall befall me easier  
 Harken harken to the words I say  
 Who know what knows but some scathless  
 head

To the self the like woes reserved  
 The wondering do not will prevently at sight?  
 Oh Prometheus, we have heard thy call  
 Not on deaf ears these awful accents fall  
 Lo! hither in thy words  
 My ear

And hither the pathway of great deeds,  
 To tread the land of peak and scar  
 And to find myself by the sun's side  
 Of which thou hast endured a must endure.

*He the winged chariot of the Ocean waves  
 comes to ground and their father Ocean enters  
 his gong and monster*

Ocean! Now have I traced the unending plain  
 And unto thee Prometheus, am I come  
 Gird this naked monster with the sun  
 Nor an bit, but mind's firm mate do  
 And know that thy grief my heart's sore  
 The bond of kind me thanks, and I tremble me  
 Nor the any I would have more  
 Apart from him thy life is enmeshed  
 And thou shalt see that I speak not  
 Mine is smooth false tongue for do but how  
 How I see thee grieved and unrelieved thus,  
 Thou shalt say thou hast me wretched me  
 woe.

A friend more faithful than Ocean is  
 Prometheus! Who greets me? What art thou  
 too come

Tell me, poor man, woe? How could I thouless be  
 The stream that bears thy name the source  
 of bed

Thou art rock, thou art water that breeds  
 The massy iron in her womb. Come sit thou  
 To be spectator of my life  
 And I will impart to thee my woes?  
 Bold, thou and red to go on?  
 The friend of Zeus co-establisher of his rule  
 See by these things what thou art I am bowed!

O Prometheus, all too plain I believe  
 And so the best would now see thee abject  
 Thy brain subtle learns to know with heart  
 And with times, so let thy manners ban  
 For thy law is his own God's law.  
 But, I these be the happy ones  
 Thou enterest may be though be as the  
 Far (and he is boy there, Zeus will hear  
 And thine present could of all  
 It seems to me could not return of hope  
 Right O thou much has turned on fire  
 Thou get and from others seek leave  
 Still, peral enter seem these words of man  
 Nevertheless, of a too has gone  
 Such punishment Prometheus, as thou  
 Be thou, not yet suffering low  
 To have thou hast said would stand life worse.

Therefore while thou hast me for schoolmaster  
 Thou shalt not lack against the power the more  
 That an arch-despot who no and treads  
 Rules his own rule. And now I leave thee  
 To strive with what success I may command  
 For thy deliverance keep a quiet mind  
 And use not the eloquence of speech—  
 Knowest thou not being exceeding to  
 A wanton idle tongue brings chastisement?

Prometheus! that thou art in my case  
 See what me thou dost add to all  
 And now I do entreat thee spare thyself  
 Thou wilt not more than he is not easy to  
 Take heed lest thou find trouble by the way  
 O Thou art a better counsellor to others  
 Than thyself I judge by deeds not words.  
 Pluck me not back when I would have set forth  
 My oath upon it Zeus will grant my prayer  
 And free thee from these pangs

Prometheus! I tender thee  
 For this my thanks and ever-during praise  
 Certes, backward I entreat thou a day  
 Trouble not thyself for at the best thy labour  
 Will nothing serve me but mean to serve.  
 Be thyself untrammelled and thou fast  
 So not to meet me my own chance  
 Would I see other than I see  
 The thou art far from me I feel the weight  
 Of this weight, but other in the west  
 Should not the pillar that props heaven and earth,  
 Now eld's fard I for his arms to fold  
 The giant dwells in the Caledonians  
 I saw and put on—a terrific shape  
 A hundred-headed monster—when he fell  
 Resolved Typhon who has tood the Gods,  
 With frame whose is of beak mouth horrible  
 While I hither from his own throne Go on glare  
 Flaunt to the realm of Zeus.  
 But to him came the bolt that never sleeps,  
 Down crashing thou down with him tattered fire  
 Which hath red him a dull his town in hopes  
 Dashed to ruin a million thro' his breast  
 If thou art as I see thee lighted g-charred  
 And now heap a hill of smoking bulk  
 Helms that shed out beside the narrow seas,  
 Pounded and crushed the ground of Etna's ooze.  
 But on the mountain of Phephaestus is  
 Forged the metal in whence shall burst  
 The fire which eddies in the jaws  
 To waft far from smooth Solun hills.  
 So Abolous p-bod go with  
 Shall thy path with thee to how red hot,  
 And unappreciable surffice spray  
 Although unbusted by the bolt of Zeus.  
 I can not but learn to heed me  
 To be thy teacher so thyself the way  
 Thou knowest and I will trust my heart  
 Lest thy wrathless of Zeus abate  
 O Prometheus! then from thee, thou grant  
 What physics man to wrathless soul?  
 Prometheus! Yes, if thou kill the life in the peccore  
 Thy to gh measures make I obdurate

Or one a way devise  
To hurl him from the throne where he doth  
monarchize

Pr Yea of a surety—though he do me wrong  
Loading my limbs with fetters strong—  
The president

Of heav'n's high parliament  
Shall need me yet to show

What new conspiracy with privy blow  
Attempts his sceptre and his kingly seat  
Neither shall words with all persuasion sweet  
Nor though his tongue drop honey cheat  
Nor charm my knowledge from me nor duress  
Of menace dire fear of more grievous pains  
Unseal my lips till he have loosed these chains  
And granted for these injuries redress

Ch High is the heart of thee  
Thy will no whit by bitter woes unstrung  
And all too free

The licence of thy bold unshackled tongue  
But fear hath roused my soul with piercing cry  
And for thy fate my heart misgives me I  
Tremble to know when through the breakers roar  
Thy keel shall touch again the friendly shore  
For not by prayer to Zeus is access won  
An unpersuadable heart hath Cronos son

Pr I know the heart of Zeus is hard that he hath  
tied

Justice to his side  
But he shall be full gentle thus assuaged  
And the implacable wrath wherewith he raged  
Smoothed quite away nor he nor I  
Be loth to seal a bond of peace and amity

Ch All that thou hast to tell I pray unfold  
That we may hear at large upon what count  
Zeus took thee and with bitter wrong affronts  
Instruct us if the telling hurt thee not

Pr These things are sorrowful for me to speak  
Yet silence too is sorrow all ways woe!  
When first the Blessed Ones were filled with wrath  
And there arose division in their midst  
These instant to hurl Cronos from his throne  
That Zeus might be their king and these adverse  
Contending that he ne'er should rule the Gods  
Then I wise counsel urging to persuade  
The Titans sons of Ouranos and Chthon  
Prevailed not but all indirect essays  
Despising they by the strong hand effortless  
Yet by main force—supposed that they might  
seize

Supremacy But me my mother Themis  
And Gaia one form called by many names,  
Not once alone with voice oracular  
Had prophesied how power should be disposed—  
That not by strength neither by violence  
The mighty should be mastered but by guile  
Which things by me set forth at large they scorned  
Nor graced my motion with the least regard  
Then of all ways that offered I judged best  
Taking my mother with me in support  
No backward friend the not less cordial Zeus  
And by my politic counsel Tartarus

The bottomless and black old Cronos hides  
With his confederates So helped by me  
The tyrant of the Gods such service rendered  
With innuminous chastisement requites  
But tis a common malady of power  
Tyrannical never to trust a friend  
And now what you inquired for what arraigned  
He shamefully entreats me ye shall know  
When first upon his high paternal throne  
He took his seat forthwith to divers Gods  
Divers good gifts he gave and parcelled out  
His empire but of miserable men  
Recked not at all rather it was his wish  
To wipe out man and rear another race  
And these designs none contraven'd but me,  
I risked the bold attempt and saved mankind  
From stark destruction and the road to hell  
Therefore with this sore penance am I bowed  
Grievous to suffer pitiful to see  
But for compassion shown to man such fate  
I no wise earned rather in wrath's despite  
Am I to be reformed and made a show  
Of infamy to Zeus

Ch He hath a heart  
Of iron hewn out of unfeeling rock  
Is he Prometheus whom thy sufferings  
Rouse not to wrath Would I had ne'er beheld  
them

For verily the sight hath wrung my heart  
Pr Yea to my friends a woeful sight am I  
Ch Hast not more boldly in aught else  
transgressed?

Pr I took from man expectancy of death  
Ch What medicine foundst thou for this malady?  
Pr I planted blind hope in the heart of him  
Ch A mighty boon thou gavest there to man  
Pr Moreover I conferred the gift of fire  
Ch And have frail mortals now the flame bright  
fire?

Pr Yea and shall master many arts thereby  
Ch And Zeus with such misfeasance charging  
thee—

Pr Torments me with extremity of woe  
Ch And is no end in prospect of thy pains?  
Pr None save when he shall choose to make  
an end

Ch How should he choose? What hope is thine?  
Dost thou

Not see that thou hast erred? But how thou errest  
Small pleasure were to me to tell to thee  
Exceeding sorrow Let it go then rather  
Seek thou for some deliverance from thy woes  
Pr He who stands free with an untrammelled  
foot

Is quick to counsel and to chide a friend  
In trouble But all these things I know well  
Of my free will my own free will I erred  
And freely do I here acknowledge it  
Freeing mankind myself have durance found  
Nathless I looked not for sentence to dread  
High on this precipice to droop and pine  
Having no neighbour but the desolate crags.



Oe Seest thou in warm affection detriment  
Or aught untoward in adventuring?  
Pr A load of toil and a light mind withal  
Oe Then give me leave to call that sickness mine  
Wise men accounted fools attain their ends  
Pr But how if I am called by thine offence?  
Oe There very palpably thou thrustest home  
Pr Beware lest thou through pity come to broils  
O With one established in Omnipotence?  
Pr Of him take heed lest thou find heaviness  
Oe I am school'd by thy calamity Prometheus!  
Pr Pity! And pithier, do not change thy  
rurdl!

Oe Thow'nest On to one in haste to go  
For look my dragon with impatient wings  
Flaps at the broad smooth road of level air  
Fain would he kneel him down in his own stall

## EXIT OCEANUS

Ch (*ἰσχυρὸν ἔχοντα*) I mourn for thee Prometheus  
minished and brought low  
Watering my virgin cheeks with these sad drops  
that flow  
From sorrow's rainy fount to fill soft lidded eyes  
With pure libations for thy fortune's obsequies  
An evil portion that none coveteth hath Zeus  
Prepared for thee by self-made laws established  
for his use  
Disposing all the elder Gods he purposeth to show  
How strong is that right arm wherewith he smites  
a foe  
There hath gone up a cry from earth a groaning  
for the fall  
Of things of old renown and shapes majestic  
And for thy passing an exceeding bitter groan  
For thee and for thy brother Gods whose honour  
was thine own  
These things all they who dwell in Asia's holy  
seat  
Time's minions mourn and with their groans thy  
groans repeat  
Yea and they mourn who dwell beside the Colchian  
shore  
The hero maids unwedded that delight in war  
And Scythia's swarming myriads who their dwelling  
make  
Around the borders of the world the salt Maeotian  
lake  
Mourns Ares' stock that flowers in desert Araby  
And the strong city mourns the hill fort planted  
high  
Near neighbour to huge Caucasus' dread  
mountaineers  
That love the clash of arms the counter of sharp  
spears  
Beforetime of all Gods one have I seen in pain  
One only Titan bound with adamant chain  
Atlas in strength supreme who groaning stoops  
down  
Under the burden of heaven's broad  
firmament  
Bellows thy breast with

Clashing tumultuous for thee the deep seas chant  
their dirge  
And Hell's dark under world a hollow moaning fills  
Thee mourn the sacred streams with all their  
fountain rills  
Pr Think not that I for pride and stubbornness  
Am silent rather is my heart the prey  
Of gnawing thoughts both for the past and now  
Seeing myself by vengeance buffeted  
For to these younger Gods their precedence  
Who severally determined if not I?  
No more of that I should but weary you  
With things ye know but listen to the tale  
Of human sufferings and how at first  
Senseless as beasts I gave men sense possessed them  
Of mind I speak not in contempt of man  
I do but tell of good gifts I conferred  
In the beginning seeing they saw amiss  
And hearing heard not but like phantoms huddled  
In dreams the perplexed story of their days  
Confounded knowing neither timber work  
Nor brick built dwellings basking in the light  
But dug for themselves holes wherein like ants  
That hardly may contend against a breath  
They dwelt in burrows of their unsunned caves  
Neither of winter's cold had they fixed sign  
Nor of the spring when she comes decked with  
flowers  
Nor yet of summer's heat with melting fruits  
Sure token but utterly without knowledge  
Moiled until I the rising of the stars  
Showed them and when they met though much  
obscure  
Moreover number the most excellent  
Of all inventions I for them devised  
And gave them writing that retaineth all  
The serviceable mother of the Muse  
I was the first that yoked unmanaged beasts  
To serve as slaves with collar and with pack  
And take upon themselves to man's relief  
The heaviest labour of his hands and I  
Tamed to the rein and drove in wheel'd cars  
The horse of sumptuous pride the ornament  
And those sea wanderers with the wings of cloth  
The shipman's waggons none but I contrived  
These manifold inventions for mankind  
I perfected who out upon it have none—  
No not one shift—to rid me of this shame  
Ch Thy sufferings have been shameful and thy  
mind  
Strays at a loss like to a bad physician  
Fallen sick thou art out of heart nor can I  
prescribe  
For thine own case the draught to make thee sound  
Pr But hear the sequel and the more admire  
What arts what aids I cleverly evolved  
The chiefest that if any man fell sick  
There was no help for him comestible  
Lotion or potion but for lack of drugs  
They dwindled quite away until I taught them  
To compound draughts and mixtures sanative  
Wherewith they now are armed against disease

184-531

I staked the winding path of divination  
And was the first distinguisher of dreams,  
The true from false and voices ominous  
Of meaning dark interpreted and tokens  
Seen when men take the road and augury  
By flight of all the great crook-clawed birds  
With nice discrimination of signs  
These by their nature false and false-ourable  
Those, flattered with false name And of each sort  
The habit I described their mutual feuds  
And friendships and the assemblages they hold  
And of the plumpness of the inward parts  
What colour is acceptable to the Gods,  
The ill-treaked liver I be a dog's bladder  
Also by roasting lumps well wrapped in fat  
And the long-hime I led men on the road  
Of dark and hidden knowledge and I purged  
The glancing eye of fire from man's breast  
And made its meaning plain These are my works.  
Then the gods be earth the earth and hid from man  
Bran, to silver gold and riches to say  
He has befitted me in darkness?  
No I tell, unless help is to babble.  
And in a single word to sum the whole—  
All manner of arts me from Prometheus I learned

Ch. Shoot not beyond the mark in such court-games  
While thou thyself art merciless for I  
Am of good hope that from these bonds escaped  
Thou shalt one day bring forth more than Zea.  
Pr. Fie that brings all things to an end nor thus  
Apponeth my lot ten thousand pang  
Must bow ten thousand series afflict me  
Ere from these bonds I freed myself for Art  
I by much weaker than necessity

Ch. What sth plot (Necessity)?  
Pr. The Fates inform and the offspring of  
Furies.  
Ch. So then Zeus is of lesser might than these?  
Pr. Surely he hall not huan the support of  
Ch. What lot so Zeus as a world without end  
is?  
Pr. Tax me no further with impotent  
quest.  
Ch. O deep th mystery thou shroudest there!  
Pr. Of ought but this free thou mayst discourse  
But touching this I charge thee speak no word  
Nay, but utterly for thyself kept  
Thou shalt in these bonds shall time for e

Chorus

Alas Zeus with all thy own  
Necessity with might none mayest  
O wayward will of me  
Mistaken was I  
With off-rigged winds our  
And fates of a bitter kind  
The holy thy holy  
With frequent and I wily  
At last lane and shun  
O'er the Ocean's  
The deep that drought parches,

Draw near to the divine  
My tongue the Gods estrange not  
My firm set purpose change not  
As wax melts in fire shine  
Sweet still life that lengthens  
While joyous hope still strengthens,  
And glad bright thoughts sustain  
But shuddering I behold thee  
The sorrows that enfold thee  
And all thine endless pain  
For Zeus thou hast despised  
Thy fearless heart misprized  
All that his vengeance can  
Thy wayward will obeying  
Excess of honour paying  
Prometheus unto man.

And oh beloved for this graceless grace  
What thanks? What proves for thy bold essay  
Shall clamp on thee from men of mortal race  
Thy petty insects of a passing day?  
Saw it not how puny is the strength thy spend?  
With few faint steps walking as dreams and blind  
Nor can the utmost of the lore transcend  
The harmony of the Eternal Mind  
These things I learned seeing thy glory dimmed  
Prometheus. Ah not thus on me was shed  
Thy rapture of sweet music when I hymned  
Thy marriage song round bath and bridal bed  
At thy nuptials, a drop of thy blood kin  
A bride thou chosest wooer of her thee  
With all good gifts that may a Goddess win  
Thy father's child and mine lies ne

Enter Prometheus and a horned

I. What land is this? What people here abide?  
And who are he  
The prisoner of this wondrous mountain side?  
Speak speak to me  
Tell me poor castoff how didst thou transgress,  
Thus buffeted?  
Whither am I half-dead with weakness  
For wandered?

H! Ha!

Again the prick the stab of gadfly-sting!  
O earth earth hide  
The hollow shape—Argus—that evil thing—  
The burdened-eyed  
Earth-born herdsman! I see him yet he stalks  
With wealthy pace  
And crafty watch tall my poor wret baulks!  
From the deep place  
Of earth that hath his bones he break the bound  
A dim on the pale  
Of Death the Underworld a hell-cent bound  
O the blood trail  
Fasting and faint he drives me on before  
With spectral hand  
Along the wadings of the wasteful shore  
Th salt sea sand!  
Last! Last! the pipe! he w drowns it shrill!  
A wicket-cry!

O Seest thou in warm affection detriment  
Or aught untoward in adventuring?  
Pr A load of toil and a light mind withal  
Oe Then give me leave to call that sickness mine  
Wisemen accounted fools attain their ends  
Pr But how if I am galled by thine offence?  
Oe There very palpably thou thrustest home  
Pr Beware lest thou through pity come to broils  
Oe With one established in Omnipotence?  
Pr Of him take heed lest thou find heaviness  
Oe I am schooled by thy calamity Prometheus!  
Pr Pack then! And prithee do not change thy mind!  
Oe Thou criest On to one in haste to go  
For look my dragon with impatient wings  
Flaps at the broad smooth road of level air  
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Watering my virgin cheeks with these sad drops  
that flow  
From sorrow's rainy fount to fill soft lidded eyes  
With pure libations for thy fortune's obsequies  
An evil portion that none coveteth hath Zeus  
Prepared for thee by self-made laws established  
for his use  
Disposing all the elder Gods he purposeth to show  
How strong is that right arm wherewith he smites  
a foe  
There hath gone up a cry from earth a groaning  
for the fall  
Of things of old renown and shapes majestic  
And for thy passing an exceeding bitter groan  
For thee and for thy brother Gods whose honour  
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These things all they who dwell in Asia's holy  
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Time's minions mourn and with their groans thy  
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And say this swarming myriads who their dwelling  
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Near neighbour to huge Caucasus dread  
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That love the clash of arms the counter of sharp  
spears  
Beforetime of all Gods one have I seen in pain  
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down bent  
Under the burthen of the earth and heaven's broad  
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Bellows the main of waters surge with  
foam seethed surge

Clashing tumultuous for thee the deep seas chant  
their dirge  
And Hell's dark under world a hollow moan fills  
Thee mourn the sacred streams with all their  
fountain nills  
Pr Think not that I for pride and stubbornness  
Am silent rather is my heart the prey  
Of gnawing thoughts both for the past and now  
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In dreams the perplexed story of their days  
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But dug for themselves holes wherein like ants  
That hardly may contend against a breath  
They dwelt in burrows of their unshined caves.  
Neither of winter's cold had they fixed sign  
Nor of the spring when she comes decked with  
flowers  
Nor yet of summer's heat with melting fruits  
Sure taken but utterly without knowledge  
Moiled until I the rising of the stars  
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mind  
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prescribe  
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Pr But hear the sequel and the more admire  
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To compound draughts and mixtures sanative  
Wherewith they now are armed against disease.

48-531

I staked the wooden path of divination  
 And was the first distinguisher of dreams,  
 The true from false and omens ominous  
 Of meaning dark interpreted and tokens  
 Seen when men take the road and augury  
 Bright of all the gayer crook-clawed birds  
 With nice discrimination I defined  
 Those by their nature fair and faultless,  
 Those, flattered with false name, And of each sort  
 The habits I described their mutual feuds  
 And friendships and the assemblages they hold,  
 And of the plumpness of the inward parts  
 What colour is acceptable to the Gods,  
 The well-streaked liver-lobes and gall bladder  
 Also by roasting livers well wrapped in fat  
 And the long bone, I led upon the road  
 Of death and maddening woe, and I purged  
 The glowing eye-fire from before  
 And made it meagre plain. These are my works,  
 Things beneath the earth and hid from man  
 But, no silencer good who dares to say  
 How before me is divination?  
 None, I tell you, unless he is to babble,  
 And in a single word to sum the whole—  
 All manner of arts men from Prometheus learned  
 O, shoot not beyond the mark in succouring  
 man

While thou thyself art comfortless for I  
 Am I good hope that from these bonds escaped  
 Thou shalt on day be mightier than Zeus.  
 Fate that knows all things to an end not thus  
 A portioneth my lot ten thousand pang  
 Must bow ten thousand miseries afflict me  
 Ere from these bonds I freedom find  
 Is by my hand weaker than Necessity

Ch. Who is the pilot of Necessity?

P. The Fates, and the also getting  
 Furies.

Ch. So then Zeus is less mighty than these?

P. Surely he shall not be the lot proposed

Ch. What lot for Zeus as a world without end  
 have?

P. Tax me no further with impotent  
 questions.

Ch. O deep the mystery thou broadest thereof!

P. O light but this truth thou mayst discover

B. I touch this I charge thee speak a word

Any at all of its innerly kept

The secret from these bonds shall set me free.

### Chorus

May Zeus who all things sways with

Never ask the man who never stays

On warward will I raise

What I tell not thee

Of offerings I sweeten our

And for us his bitter knee

The holy the holy

With frequent feet and lowly

At altar base and shrine

Over the Ocean marches

The deep that no drowns his parches,

Draw near to the divine.  
 My tongue the Gods extract not  
 My firm set purpose change not  
 As wax melts in fire shine.  
 Sweet is the life that lengthens,  
 While joyous hope still strengthens.  
 And glad bright thoughts sustain  
 But shuddering I behold thee,  
 The sorrows that enfold thee  
 And all the endless pain  
 For Zeus thou hast despised  
 Thy fearless heart misprized  
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 The petty insects of a passing day?  
 Sawst not how puny is the strength they spend?  
 With few faint steps walking as dreams and blind  
 Not can the utmost of their love transcend  
 The harmony of the Eternal Mind  
 These things I learned seeing thy glory dimmed  
 From thee. Ah not thus I was shed  
 The rapture of sweet music when I hymned  
 The marriage song round bath and bridal bed  
 At thine espousals, and of thy blood ran  
 A bride thou choicest woe for her thee  
 With all good gifts that may a Goddess win  
 Thy father child did see Hecate

Enter IO, crowned and horned.

Io. What land is this? What people here abide?

And who is he

The prisoner of this windswept mountain-side?

Speak, speak to me

Till I poor cattle how I should transgress,

Thus buffeted?

Whither am I half-dead with weariness,

So wandered?

Ha! Ha!

Agas the prick, the stab of gadfly stung!

O earth earth hide,

Thy hollow shape—A gas—that eil thin—

The hundred-eyed

Earth-born herdman? I see him yet he stalks

With stealthy pace

And crafty watch not all my poor wit baulks!

From the deep place

Of earth that hath his bones he breaketh bound

And from the pale

Of Death the Underworld he went bound

On the blood trail

Fasting and faint he dwells on before,

With the pectoral hand

Alas the woe of the wasteful shore,

Thy salt sea-sand!

Lost! Lost! the pipe of woe drowns it shall!

A cry a-cry!



Oc Seest thou in warm affection detriment  
Or aught untoward in adventuring?

Pr A load of toil and a light mind withal

Oc Then give me leave to call that sickness mine  
Wise men accounted fools attain their ends

Pr But how if I am galled by thine offence?

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Pr Beware lest thou through pity come to broils

Oc With one established in Omnipotence?

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These manifold inventions for mankind

I perfected who out upon thee have none—

No not one shift—to rid me of this shame

Ch Thy sufferings have been shameful and thy  
mind

Strays at a loss like to a bad physician

Fallen sick thou art out of heart nor canst thou

prescribe

For thine own case the draught to make thee sound

Pr But hear the sequel and the more admire

What arts what aids I cleverly evolved

The chiefest that if any man fell sick

There was no help for him comestible

Lotion or potion but for lack of drugs

They dwindled quite away until I taught them

To compound draughts and mixtures sanative

Wherewith they now are armed against disease.

45-531

I stalked the winding path of divination  
 And was the first distinguisher of dreams,  
 The true from false and voices ominous  
 Of meaning dark interpreted and tokens  
 Seen when men take the road and augury  
 By flight of all the greater crook-clawed birds  
 With nice discrimination I defined  
 Those by their nature fair and favourable,  
 Those that stirred with fair name. And of each sort  
 Th' habits I described their mutual feuds  
 And friendships and th' assemblages they hold.  
 And if the plumpness of the inward parts  
 What colour is acceptable to the Gods,  
 Th' well-streaked limbs and gaudy bladder  
 And by rousing limbs well wrapped in fat  
 And the loquacious, I led men on the road  
 Of dark and hidden knowledge and I purged  
 The gleam of fire dim before,  
 And made to men plain. These are my works.  
 Then, lying beneath the earth, aids had from man  
 Brass, iron, silver, gold, who dares to say  
 It was before me in discovery?  
 None, I wot well, unless he loves no babble,  
 And in such word to sum the whole—  
 As manner of arts men from Prometheus learned  
 O! Shoot not beyond th' mark in succouring  
 man

While thou thyself art comfortless for I  
 Am of good hope that I from these bonds escaped  
 Thou shalt on day be mightier than Zeus.  
 For Fate that binds a man to an end not thus  
 Amortone's my lot ten thousand peags  
 Must bow ten thousand miseries afflict me  
 Ere from these bonds I freedom find, for Art  
 Is by much weaker than necessity.

O! Who is pilot of necessity?

For The Fates inform, and the unforgotten  
 Furies.

O! So then Zeus is less mighty than these?

For such he shall not be, with I apporportioned

O! What lot for Zeus is the world without end  
 and?

No! Tax me no further with importunate  
 questions.

O! O'erpeck the mystery thou shroudest there!

For O! I shalt thou free! thou shalt discourse

But thou shalt I charge thee speak no word

But thou shalt I charge thee speak no word

The secret from these bonds shall set me free.

## Chorus

O! Zeus who all things swayest  
 Never break the my choice say—th  
 On my way I will of mine  
 My I do not not wait  
 Which offers of sweet to me  
 And I shall I shall I shall  
 The body of the  
 With frequent feet and lowly  
 At a far lane and narrow  
 Over the Ocean marches,  
 The deep that no drough't parches,

Draw near to the end me.  
 My tongue the Gods estrange not  
 My firm set purpose change not  
 As wax melts in fire shall  
 Sweet is the life that lengthens,  
 While joyous hope still strengthens,  
 And glad be his thoughts sustain  
 But shuddering I behold thee,  
 The sorrows that enfold thee  
 And all thine endless pain.  
 For Zeus thou hast despised  
 Thy fearless heart misprized  
 All that his vengeance can,  
 Thy reward will obeying  
 Excess of honour pay  
 Prometheus, unto man.

And oh, beloved for this graceful grace  
 What thanks? What prowess for thy bold essay  
 Shall champion thee from men of mortal race,  
 The petty insects of a passing day?  
 Saw I not how puny is the strength they spend?  
 With few faint steps walking a dream and blind,  
 Nor can the utmost of their lore transcend  
 The harmony of the Eternal Mind.  
 These things I learned seen thy glory dimmed,  
 Prometheus. Ah not thus on me was shed  
 The rapture of sweet music when I hymned  
 The marriage song round bath and bridal bed  
 At thine enrouals, and of this blood kin,  
 A bride thou borest wooed her to thee  
 With all good gifts that make a Goddess win,  
 Thy father's child, divine Hesperone.

Enter Io, crazed and horned.

Io What land is this? What people here abide?

And who is he

The prisoners of this windswept mountain side?

Speak, speak to me

Thou poor curst how did it thou transgress,

Thus buffeted?

Whither am I half-dead with weariness,

For wandered?

Ha! Ha!

Again the prick, the stab of gadfly stung!

O earth earth, hark!

The hollow shape—Argus—that evil thing—

The hundred-eyed

Earth born herdman! I see him yet he stalks

With stealthy pace

And crafty watch not all my poor wret baulks!

From the deep place

Of earth that hath his bones he basketh bound

And from the pale

Of Death, the Underworld hell sent bound

On the blood trail,

Fasten and fust hither on before,

With spectral hand

Along the winding of the wayful shore

Thou salt water sand!

List! List! the pipe! how drowsily shrills!

A creak, t-cry!

See! See! the war-matted reeds! Oh to these ills  
 Ye Gods on high  
 Ye blessed Gods what bourne? O wandering feet  
 When will ye rest?  
 O Cronian child wherein by aught unmeet  
 Have I transgressed  
 To be yoke fellow with Calamity?  
 My mind unstrung  
 A crack-brained lackwit frantic mad am I  
 By gad fly stung  
 Thy scourge that tarres me on with buzzing wing!  
 Plunge me in fire  
 Hide me in earth to deep sea monsters fling  
 But my desire—  
 Kneeling I pray—grudge not to grant O King!  
 Too long a race  
 Stripped for the course have I run to and fro  
 And still I chase  
 The vanishing goal the end of all my woe  
 Enough have I mourned!  
 Hearst thou the lowing of the maid cow-horned?  
 Pr. How should I hear thee not? Thou art the  
 child  
 Of Inachus dazed with the dizzying fly  
 The heart of Zeus thou hast made hot with love  
 And Hera's curse even as a runner stripped  
 Pursues thee ever on thine endless round  
 Io How dost thou know my father's name?  
 Impart  
 To one like thee  
 A poor distressful creature who thou art  
 Sorrow with me  
 Sorrowful one! Tell me whose voice proclaims  
 Things true and sad  
 Naming by all their old unhappy names  
 What drove me mad—  
 Sick! Sick! ye Gods with suffering ye have sent  
 That clings and clings  
 Wasting my lamp of life till it be spent!  
 Crazed with your stings!  
 Famished I come with tramping and with leaping  
 Torment and shame  
 To Hera's cruel wrath her craft unsleeping  
 Captive and tamed  
 Of all wights woe begone and fortune crossed  
 Oh in the storm  
 Of the world's sorrow is there one so lost?  
 Speak godlike form  
 And be in this dark world my oracle!  
 Canst thou not sift  
 The things to come? Hast thou no art to tell  
 What subtle shift  
 Or sound of charming song shall make me well?  
 Hide naught of ill!  
 But—if indeed thou knowest—prophecy—  
 In words that thrill  
 Clear-toned through air—what such a wretch as I  
 Must yet abide—  
 The lost lost maid that roams earth's kingdoms  
 wide?  
 Pr. What thou wouldst learn I will make clear  
 to thee

Not weaving subtleties but simple sooth  
 Unfolding as the mouth should speak to friends.  
 I am Prometheus giver of fire to mortals  
 Io Oh universal succour of mankind  
 Sorrowful Prometheus why art thou punished  
 thus?  
 Pr. I have but now ceased mourning for my  
 griefs  
 Io Wilt thou not grant me then so small a boon?  
 Pr. What is it thou dost ask? Thou shalt know all  
 Io Declare to me who charmed thee in this gorge  
 Pr. The hest of Zeus but twas Hephaestus hand  
 Io But what transgression dost thou expiate?  
 Pr. Let this suffice thee thou shalt know no more  
 Io Nay but the end of my long wandering  
 When shall it be? This too thou must declare  
 Pr. That it is better for thee not to know  
 Io Oh hide not from me what I have to suffer!  
 Pr. Poor child! Poor child! I do not grudge the  
 gift  
 Io Why then art thou so slow to tell me all?  
 Pr. It is not from unkindness but I fear  
 Twill break thy heart  
 Io Take thou no thought for  
 me  
 Where thinking thwarteth heart's desire!  
 Pr. So keen  
 To know thy sorrows! List! and thou shalt learn  
 Ch. Not till thou hast indulged a wish of mine  
 First let us hear the story of her grief  
 And she herself shall tell the woeful tale  
 After thy wisdom shall impart to her  
 The conflict yet to come  
 Pr. So be it then  
 And Io thus much courtesy thou owest  
 These maidens being thine own father's kin  
 For with a moving story of our woes  
 To win a tear from weeping auditors  
 In nought demeans the teller  
 Io I know not  
 How fitly to refuse and at our wish  
 All ye desire to know I will in plain  
 Round terms set forth And yet the telling of it  
 Harrows my soul this winter's tale of wrong  
 Of angry Gods and brute deformity  
 And how and why on me these horrors swooped  
 Always there were dream-visiting by night  
 The woman's chambers where I slept and they  
 With flattering words admonished and capoled me  
 Saying O lucky one so long a maid!  
 And what a match for thee if thou wouldst wed!  
 Why pretty here is Zeus as hot as hot—  
 Love-sick—to have thee! Such a bolt as thou  
 Hast shot clean through his heart! And he won't  
 rest  
 Till Cyprus help him win thee! Lest not then  
 My daughter a proud foot to spurn the bed  
 Of Zeus but get thee gone to meadow deep  
 By Lernæ's marsh where are thy father's flocks  
 And cattle folds that on the eye of Zeus  
 May fall the bloom that shall assuage desire  
 Such dreams oppressed me troubling all my nights

Woe smelt till I plucked courage up to tell  
 My father of these fears that walked in darkness.  
 And many times to Pytho and Dodona  
 He sent his sacred ministers, to inquire  
 How or by deed or word he might comfort  
 The high will and pleasure of the Gods.  
 And they returned with slippery oracles,  
 None fit plan but all to baffle and perplex—  
 And then at last to Iachus there raught  
 A wing that flashed clear the drift that I  
 Must be put out from home and country forced  
 To be a wanderer in the ends of the earth  
 A thing god-ordained and if  
 I could not there should fall thunderbolt  
 From Zeus, with his dog-flashed utterly  
 Destroy my race. So pake the oracle  
 Of Loxias. In sorrow he obeyed  
 And from beneath his roof drove forth his child  
 Grieving as he grieved and from house and home  
 Bolstered and bedded me out. But the high hand  
 Of Zeus bear his divinity on the ruin of fate  
 And instantly—even in a moment—mood  
 And body will red strain edust from him  
 E'en as ye see me now and with sharp bite  
 Of my pined with high flung stark mad  
 I bounded gall-pungent upon untold  
 I came to the wet water of the stream  
 Kibisis by Lerna spring and dithyrambic  
 Argus, the giant he duma-fied and fell  
 As a strong ununmused with his feast  
 Of all his cunning yes upon the trail  
 Gashed and tracked me down And there he  
 perished  
 By a sudden doom-warp used  
 But I with dregs—these reproachful  
 Of a very Gods—am laid to bed to rot and land  
 Thou hast my story and if thou canst tell  
 What has ill-suffered peak burst not  
 Moved by compass with living life  
 Within my cold heart sickens of the soul  
 I half so shameful as composed falshoods.

Ch. Off! lost one! Oh Horror! I cry!  
 Horror and misery!  
 Was this the traveller's tale I craved to hear?  
 Oh that mine eyes should see  
 Aught so ill to look upon! Ah me!  
 Sorrow defile not my haunt fear  
 Fan my blood  
 Stabbed with sorrow's edge of tongue!  
 Of the Fates to be a blankly beheld  
 The plight of thee, thine approach!

P. Thou dost lament too soon and art soon  
 All fear. Refrain thyself till thou hast heard  
 What is yet to be.  
 Ch. Speak and be our instructor  
 Thou is kind to him the sick to me.  
 In certain knowledge of thy grief to me.  
 P. Your former wish I lightly granted ye  
 And ye have heard even as ye desired  
 From this mad slips the story of her sorrow

Now hear the sequel the ensuing woes  
 The damsel must endure from Hera's hate  
 And thou O seed of Iachus loins  
 Weigh well my words that thou mayst understand  
 Thy journey's end. First towards the rising sun  
 Turn hence and traverse fields that never felt  
 plough!

Until thou reach the country of the Scythians  
 A race of wanderers handling the long bow  
 That shoots afar and having the habitations  
 Under the open sky in walled cities  
 That move on wheels. Go not too nigh to them  
 But enter within sound of the breaking waves  
 Past through their land. And on the left of thee  
 The Chalybes workers in iron dwell  
 Beware of them for they are savages  
 Who suffer not a stranger to come near  
 And thou shalt reach the Scythians  
 Well named. Cross not for it is ill to cross,  
 Until thou come even unto Caucasus,  
 The left of mountains where the foaming river  
 Blows all its fume from the summit ridge  
 That erupts all. And that star-neighbouring edge  
 Thy feet must climb and flows in road  
 That unethers with thou presently shall reach  
 The Amazonian hosts that loathe the male  
 And shall on day remove from thence and found  
 Themiscyra hard by Thermopylae stream  
 Where in the craggy Salmadessian coast  
 The mermen's teeth the maw of mariners  
 And deep-mouthed of ships. And they shall lead thee  
 Upon thy way and with a gift good will  
 Thou shalt thou come to the Cimmerian Isthmus,  
 Even at the pass and portals of the sea  
 And leaning behind thee sit of heart  
 Cross over the channel of Maeotis Lake  
 For ever flames smoke men hall be  
 The story of thy crossing and the strait  
 B called by a new name the Bosphorus,  
 In memory of thee. Then hanging left  
 Enter so I behind thee thou shalt come  
 To the main land of Asia. What think ye?  
 Is it the olive ruler of the Gods  
 A complete tyrant to violate to all  
 Respecting not? First be himself a God  
 He burneth to enjoy a mortal maid  
 And then torments her with the wanderings.  
 As so your father's thylo's poor girl  
 A bitter warning. Yet hanging heard so much  
 Thou art not even in the overture  
 And prelude of the so.

Alas! Oh! Oh!  
 Pr. Thou dost cry out fetching again deep  
 groans

What wilt thou do when thou hast heard in full  
 The end yet to come?

Ch. And wilt thou tell  
 The maiden something further some of her sorrow?  
 P. At my own I will give you  
 So. What does thy spirit meet with? Oh why  
 Do I in this way of from the other way  
 And a leap and me of all my pain?

Better to die at once than live and all  
My days be evil

*Pr* Thou wouldst find it hard  
To bear what I must bear for unto me  
It is not given to die—a dear release  
From pain but now of suffering there is  
No end in sight till Zeus shall fall

*Io* And shall  
Zeus fall? His power be taken from him?  
No matter when if true—

*Pr* 'Twould make thee  
happy  
Methinks if thou couldst see calamity  
Whelm him

*Io* How should it not when all my woes  
Are of his sending?

*Pr* Well then thou mayst  
learn how  
These things shall be

*Io* Oh who will snatch away  
The tyrant's rod?

*Pr* Himself by his own vain  
And fond imaginings

*Io* But how? Oh speak  
If the declaring draw no evil down!

*Pr* A marriage he shall make shall vex him sore  
*Io* A marriage? Whether of gods or mortals?  
Speak!

If this be utterable!

*Pr* Why dost thou ask  
What I may not declare?

*Io* And shall he quit  
The throne of all the worlds by a new spouse  
Supplanted?

*Pr* She will bear to him a child  
And he shall be in might more excellent  
Than his progenitor

*Io* And he will find  
No way to parry this strong stroke of fate?

*Pr* None save my own self—when these bonds  
are loosed

*Io* And who shall loose them if Zeus wills not?  
*Pr* One

Of thine own seed

*Io* How sayst thou? Shall a child  
Of mine release thee?

*Pr* Son of thine but son  
The thirteenth generation shall beget

*Io* A prophecy oracularly dark

*Pr* Then seek not thou to know thine own fate  
*Io* Nay

Tender me not a boon to snatch it from me

*Pr* Of two gifts thou hast asked one shall be  
thine

*Io* What gifts? Pronounce and leave to me the  
choice

*Pr* Nay thou art free to choose Say therefore  
whether

I shall declare to thee thy future woes

Or him who shall be my deliverer

*Ch* Nay but let both be granted! Unto her  
That which she chooseth unto me my choice

That I too may have honour from thy lips.  
First unto her declare her wanderings  
And unto me him who shall set thee free  
Tis that I long to know

*Pr* I will resist  
No further but to your importunity  
All things which ye desire to learn reveal  
And I first to thee I will declare  
Thy far-driven wanderings write thou my words  
In the retentive tablets of thy heart  
When thou hast crossed the flood that flows  
between

And is the boundary of two continents  
Turn to the sun's uprising where he treads  
Printing with fiery steps the eastern sky  
And from the roaring of the Pontic surge  
Do thou pass on until before thee lies  
The Gorgonean plain Isthene called  
Where dwell the gray haired three the Phorides,  
Old mumbling maids swan shaped having one eye  
Betwixt the three and but a single tooth  
On them the sun with his bright beams never  
glanceth

Nor moon that lamps the night Not far from them  
The sisters three the Gorgons have their haunt  
Winged forms with snakey locks hateful to man  
Whom nothing mortal looking on can live  
Thus much that thou mayst have a care of these  
Now of another portent thou shalt hear  
Beware the dogs of Zeus that never give tongue  
The sharp beaked gryphons and the one eyed  
horde

Of Arimaspians riding upon horses  
Who dwell around the river rolling gold  
The ferry and the frith of Pluto's port  
Go not thou nigh them After thou shalt come  
To a far land a dark skinned race that dwell  
Beside the fountains of the sun whence flows  
The river Ethiops follow its banks  
Until thou comest to the steep down slope  
Where from the Bibline mountains Nilus old  
Pours the sweet waters of his holy stream  
And thou the river guiding thee shalt come  
To the three sided wedge shaped land of Nile  
Where for thyself I and for thy children  
Long sojourn is appointed If in aught  
My story seems to stammer and to err  
From indirectness ask and ask again  
Till all be manifest I do not lack

For leisure having more than well contents me!  
*Ch* If there be aught that she must suffer yet  
Or aught omitted in the narrative  
Of her long wanderings I pray thee speak  
But if thou hast told all then grant the boon  
We asked and doubtless thou wilt call to mind

*Pr* Nay she has heard the last of her long  
journey  
But as some warrant for her patient bearing  
I will relate her former sufferings  
Ere she came hither Much I will omit  
That had detained us else with long discourse  
And touch at once her journey's thus far goal

8-9-8,8

When thou wast come to the Molossian plain  
That lies about the high top of Dodona  
Where is an oracle and shrine of Zeus  
Theriotian, and—portent past belief—  
The talking oaks, the same from whom the word  
Flashed clear and nothing questionably hailed thee  
The destined spouse—ah! do I touch old wounds?—  
Of Zeus, honoured above the sea-strung thence  
In torment, where the road runs by the sea  
Thou camest to the broad gulf of Rheia whence  
Best be kept by a strong wind though old retract  
Most painfully thy course and it shall be  
That times to come in memory of thy passage  
Shall call that inlet the Ionian Sea.

Thou much faster in witness that my mind  
Beholdeth more than that which leaps to light.  
Now for the things to come what I shall say  
Concerns ye both alike. Return we then  
And follow our old track. There is a city  
Yclept Canobus, built at the land's end  
Even at the mouth and wounded ult of Nile  
And there shall Zeus restore to thee thy mind  
Which touch heaven and laying on of hands.  
And from that touch thou shalt conceive and bear  
Swarth Epaphus, thou hast borne and he shall reap  
As much of earth as Nilus watereth  
Which he is sowing in: I descend  
The fifth from him there shall come back, to Argos,  
Thine ancient home but driven by hard hap  
Two score and ten maids, daughters of one house,  
Fleeing pollution of unlawful marriage  
Which their next kin, who winged with wild desire  
As hawks that follow hard on cushat-doves,  
Shall harry prey which they should not pursue  
And hunt forbidden brides. But God shall be  
Exceeding jealous of their baseness  
And old Pelasgia, for the mortal thrust  
Of woman's hand and midnight murder done  
Upon their new wed lords, shall shelter them  
For every wife shall strike her husband down  
Dipping a two-edged broadsword in his blood.  
Oh that mine enemies might wed such wretches!  
But of the fifty on alone drive  
Shall tame as with the stroke of charming wand  
So that the shall not lift her hands to slay  
The partner of her bed yet melting love  
Shall blunt her sharp-set will, and she shall choose  
Rather to be called weak and womanly  
Than that dark twin of blood and she shall be  
Which keeps Argos. This tale  
Were told in full, would occupy us long  
For her sowing there shall spring to flame  
The lion which the child bold whose bow  
Shall set me free. This is the oracle  
Themis, my native Mother Titan born,  
Devoted to me but bow and in what wise  
Were long to tell, nor would it profit thee.

10  
Again they come again  
The fury and the pain!  
The greened wound! The che of pulses dinned  
Which raging throes!

It beats upon my brain—the burning wind  
That madness blows!  
It pricks—the barb the hook, not forged with heat,  
The gadfly dart!  
Against my ribs with thud of trampling feet  
Hammer my heart!  
And like a bowling wheel mine eyeballs spin  
And I am flung  
By fierce winds from my course, nor can rein in  
My frantic tongue  
That I know not what!—a random tide  
Of words—a froth  
Of mudd of waters buffeting the wide  
High crested hateful wave of ruin and God's  
wrath!

Exit singing

Oh I hold him wise who first in his own mind  
Thus can a fixed and taught it to mankind  
True marriage is the union that mates  
Equal with equal not where wealth emasculates,  
Or multiply lineage is magnified  
Should he who earns his bread look for a bride.  
Therefore grave mistresses of fate I pray  
That I may never live to see the day  
When Zeus takes me for his bedfellow or I  
Draw near in love to husband from on high.  
For I am full I fear when I behold  
Lo, the maid no human love may fold  
And her virgin reed console,  
Homeless and husbandless by Hera's hate  
For me when love is level, fear is far  
May none of all the Gods that greater are  
Eye me with his unshunnable regard  
For in that warfare story hard  
And of that plenty cometh emptiness,  
What should befall me then I dare not guess  
Nor whether I should flee that I might shun  
The raft and subtlety of Cronos' Son  
For I tell thee that the self-willed pride of Zeus  
Shall surely be abased that even now  
He plots a marmalade that shall bury him forth  
Far out of sight of his imperial throne  
And kingly dignity. Then, in that hour  
Shall be fulfilled nor to one title fail  
The curse wherewith his father Cronos cursed him,  
What time he fell from his majestic place  
Established from of old And to his stroke  
None of the Gods save me could turn aside.  
I know these things shall be and o what wise.  
Therefore I thank secure him in his seat  
And put his trust in any noise and wing  
His bright two-handed blazing thunderbolt,  
For these shall nothing stand him nor avert  
Fall in supposable and gloriously humbled  
A wrestle of such might he maketh ready  
For his own ruin yea, a wonder too great  
I can think unmatchable and he shall find  
Fire that shall set at naught the burning bolt  
And blasts more dreadful than ever with thunder  
The pestilence that scourgeth the deep seas  
And shake the solid earth the ether pronged mace,  
Poseidon spear a thought or shall scatter

And when he stumbleth striking there his foot  
Fallen on evil days the tyrant's pride  
Shall measure all the miserable length  
That parts rule absolute from servitude

*Ch* Methinks the wish is father to the thought  
And whets thy railing tongue

*Pr* Not so the wish  
And the accomplishment go hand in hand

*Ch* Then must we look for one who shall supplant  
And reign instead of Zeus?

*Pr* Calamity  
Far far more grievous shall bow down his neck

*Ch* Hast thou no fear venting such blasphemy?

*Pr* What should I fear who have no part nor lot  
In doom of dying?

*Ch* But he might afflict thee  
With agony more dreadful pain beyond

These pains

*Pr* Why let him if he will  
All evils I foreknow

*Ch* Ah they are wise

Who do obeisance prostrate in the dust

To the implacable eternal Will

*Pr* Go thou and worship fold thy hands in  
prayer

And be the dog that licks the foot of power!  
Nothing care I for Zeus yea less than naught!

Let him do what he will and sway the world

His little hour he has not long to lord it

Among the Gods

*Oh! here his runner comes!*

The upstart tyrant's lacquey! He'll bring news

A message never doubt it from his master

*Enter HERMES*  
*Hermes* You the sophistical rogue the heart of  
gall

The renegade of heaven to short lived men

Purveyor of prerogatives and titles

Fire thief! Dost hear me? I've a word for thee

Thou art to declare— this is the Father's pleasure

These marriage feasts of thine whereof thy tongue

Rattles a pace and by the which his greatness

Shall take a fall And look you rede no riddles

But tell the truth in each particular

Exact I am not to sweat for thee Prometheus

Upon a double journey And thou seest

Zeus by thy dark defiance is not moved

*Pr* A very solemn piece of insolence

Spoken like an underling of the Gods! Ye are  
young!

Ye are young! New come to power! And ye suppose

Your towered citadel Calamity

Can never enter! Ah and have not I

Seen from those pinnacles a two fold fall

Of tyrants? And the third who his brief now

Of lordship arrogates I shall see yet

By lapse most swift most ignominious

Sink to perdition And dost thou suppose

I crouch and cower in reverence and awe

To God of yesterday? I fail of that

So much the total all of space and time

Bulks in between Take thyself hence and count

Thy toiling steps back by the way thou camest  
In nothing wiser for thy questionin'.

*Her* This is that former stubbornness of thine

That brought thee hither to foul anchorage

*Pr* Mistake me not I would not if I might

Change my misfortunes for thy vassalage

*Her* Oh! better be the vassal of this rock

Than born the trusty messenger of Zeus!

*Pr* I answer insolence as it deserves,

With insolence How else should it be answered?

*Her* Surely and being in trouble it is plain

You revel in your plight

*Pr* Revel forsooth!

I would my enemies might hold such revels

And thou amongst the first

*Her* Dost thou blame me

For thy misfortunes?

*Pr* I hate all the Gods

Because having received good at my hands

They have rewarded me with evil

*Her* This

Proves thee stark mad!

*Pr* Mad as you please if having

Your enemies is madness

*Her* Were all well

With thee thou dost be insufferable!

*Pr* Alas!

*Her* Alas that Zeus knows not that word Alas!

*Pr* But ageing Time teacheth all knowledge

*Her* Time

Hath not yet taught thy rash imperious will

Over wild impulse to win mastery

*Pr* Nay had Time taught me that I had not  
stooped

To bandy words with such a slave as thou

*Her* This then is all thine answer thou it not  
speak

One syllable of what our Father asks.

*Pr* Oh that I were a debtor to his kindness!

I would requite him to the uttermost!

*Her* A cutting speech! You take me for a boy

Whom you may taunt and tease

*Pr* Why art thou not

A boy—a very booby—to suppose

Thou wilt get aught from me? There is no wrong

However shameful nor no shift of malice

Whereby Zeus shall persuade me to unlock

My lips until these shackles be cast loose

Therefore let lightning leap with smoke and flame

And all that is be beat and tossed together

With whirl of feathery snowflakes and loud crack

Of subterranean thunder none of these

Shall bend my will or force me to disclose

By whom is fated he shall fall from power

*Her* What good can come of this? Think yet again!

*Pr* I long ago have thought and long ago

Determined

*Her* Patience! patience! thou rash fool!

Have so much patience as to school thy mind

To a right judgment in thy present troubles

*Pr* Lo, I am rockfast and thy words are waves

That weary me in vain Let not the thought





# AGAMEMNON

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WATCHMAN

CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS

CLYTEMNESTRA *wife of Agamemnon*

A HERALD

AGAMEMNON *King of Argos*CASSANDRA *daughter of Priam and  
slave of Agamemnon*ÆGISTHUS *son of Thyestes cousin  
of Agamemnon*

ATTENDANTS

### Argos The Atreidæ's Palace

#### Watchman

I have made suit to Heaven for release  
A twelvemonth long from this hard service here  
At watch on the Atreidæ's roof to lie  
As if these arms were paws and I a dog  
I know the nightly concourse of the stars  
And which of the sky's bright reagents bring us  
storm

Which summer when they set and their  
uprisings

Once more on guard I look for the signal brand  
The flash of fire that shall bring news from Troy  
And bruit her fall so absolute for hope  
Is woman's heart strong with a man's resolve  
And now the dewy vast and vagrant night  
Is all my lodging never visited

My dreams for Fear not Slumber stands fast by  
So that sound sleep may never latch my lids  
And would I sing or whistle physicking  
The drowsy sense with music's counter charm  
Tears in my voice my song soon sinks to sighs  
For the changed fortunes of this house no more  
As whilome ruled and wrought with excellence  
Oh that the hour were come for my release!  
Oh for the gloom's glad glow of herald fire!  
(*The Beacon shines out on Mt. Arachne*)

Brave lantern! Out of darkness bringing bright  
Day! Jolly dance and jocund revelry  
To all broad Argos for this fair windfall!  
Oho! Below there! Ho!

Mount Agamemnon's wife starlike from sleep  
Ascend and wake the palace with thy rouse!  
For by this fiery courier I hum  
Is taken! Heigh! but I will trip it first!  
This is king's luck but it shall vantage me!  
This bully brand hath thrown me sixes three!  
Oh good to cherish my king's hand in mine  
When he comes home and the household hath a  
head!

But not a whisper more the thresher ox  
Hath trampled on my tongue And yet these walls  
Could tell a plain tale Give me a man that knows  
And I'll discourse with him else am I mute  
And all my memory oblivion

*Exit Enter CHORUS*

#### Chorus

Nine years have fled on Time's eternal wings  
And now the tenth is well nigh flown  
Since the Atreidæ of this twofold throne  
By grace of God the double sceptred kings—  
Prince Menelaus Priam's adversary  
And Agamemnon—from our coast  
Weighed anchor with a thousand ships  
Mustering the valour of the Argive host  
Their hearts were hot within them from their lips  
Thundered the battle cry  
Like eagles scream when round and round they rove  
High o'er their nest in solitary woe  
Because their eyasses are ta'en  
And all their watch was vain  
And all their labour lost  
But One above Apollo Pan or Zeus  
Shall at the voice of their despair  
Pitying his comrades of the cloudless air  
Send the Destroying Angel that pursues  
With penal pangs the feet that have transgressed  
And so One mightier Zeus of Host and Guest  
The sons of Atreus against false Paris sent  
And for a wife of many husbands wooed  
Ordains War's tourney in long drawn prelude  
Knapping of spears knees in the dust down bent  
For Greek and Trojan ere His wrath be spent  
Now as it may the quarrel goes  
Fate shapes the close  
None shall appease with cups or fire to fagot laid  
For sacrifice unburnt the stubborn wrath unstayed

We with old limbs outworn  
Were left behind unworthy of the fray  
A staff our stay  
Our strength a babe's newborn  
For pith of young bones potent over all  
Is old's compeer a puny chief  
There is no room for Ares stark and tall  
And with the yellowing leaf  
Life's last must tread the three foot way  
A babe a dream stolen forth into the day  
But thou Tyndareus daughter Queen  
Clytemnestra what's this stir?  
What news? What harbinger  
Hath thine intelligencer been  
That thou hast passed the word for sacrifice?

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No altar none, in all the City & liberties,  
Whether to God of Sky or Earth or Street  
Or Entry vowed,  
But is ablaze with gifts,  
And, from all quarters, even to the abysses  
Of earth, the dazzling crescent lifts  
An odorous cloud,  
Exceeding pure and comforting and sweet,  
Which hol' chrism  
Of hard and frankincense accounted o'er  
The richest unguents of the royal store.  
If there is aught  
Thou canst or may'st declare,  
Speak on, and be physician to my thought,  
Which oft is sick, and fit  
When Hore from these brae affairs leaps aloft,  
Bidd' th' wood be to Cark and Care.

Now am I minstrel and roaster  
Of music to chaunt the Lay  
Of th' Token, the Mighty Woder  
That met them on their way

These two kings ripe in manhood.  
I am old but in me bloweth strong  
The wind of God the rapture  
That girds me with valiance for song

Tell them, my tongue, of the omen  
That sped against the Teucrian land  
The Achæans' twin brood of strife,  
Which spear and careful hand.

Lords of the Youth of H. Ias,  
Right well did they agree,  
And the king of the birds these sea kings  
Bad launch and put to sea.

Lo, a black as le theen and lo,  
Which hum an as le pied,  
B the king tents, in royal show  
Lat on the spear hand side.

A hare their meet, all quick with young  
T en, but la's doubling o'er  
Be Sorrow Sorrow & burden song  
But crown joy conqueror!

Threaten the wist was prophet  
Right well prophesied his art  
Knowing the sons of Atræus  
Were men of dire heart

In the pair that devoured the trembler  
Which read by his deep lore  
A symbol of the royal swam  
That led the host's war

And thus he spake Loop-leaguer  
B the Frum's city shall fall  
At last, her cattle and commons  
B tethered without her wall

Come there from Heaven no wrath-cloud lower  
To dull with dark alloy  
The mighty but that's forged with power  
The host that battles Troy

For wren with ruth is Artemis,  
White flower of maidenhood  
With her Father's winged bounds,  
That shed the trembler's blood

Poor doe that lumped with wounded young  
That meat she doth abhor  
Be Sorrow Sorrow & burden song  
But crown joy conqueror!

Fair One as thy love can bless  
Little whelps as weak as dew  
Of the reason losses  
And at breast all beatings small  
Shield throw's forests original  
Winged ward that fair doth show  
And yet darkly worketh we  
To some happy end ensue!  
And, O Healer, hear my prayer  
Lest in wrath the Goddess rouse  
Baffling winds that will not change,  
All the Danaan fleet laid by  
Speed in that unlawful strange,  
Unfated fear that rite cursed,  
Of quarrel only sward,  
To a true man perilous,  
The borrowed artificer  
For behold within the house  
Coiled and fanged Conspiracy  
Turns to snake with forked tongue,  
Mindful of her murdered young "

So thundered the voice of Calchas,  
From birds with doom in their wings,  
Encountered by the marching host  
Telling the Fate of Ias.

Tuned to the prophet's bodiful tongue,  
Let your son sink and soar  
Be Sorrow Sorrow & burden song  
But crown joy conqueror!

Zeus—whose'er H be Whose state excels  
All language is labile,  
Known not so much  
As whether He love that name or loe it not  
Zeus—while I put all knowledge to the touch,  
And all experience patiently assv  
I find no other name to hear away  
The burden of unmanageable thought.

The sometime greatest wrangler of them all  
Hith wrestled his fall  
His day is done,  
H hath no name, his glory is lustreless.  
H that doth all outwrestle, all outrun  
Hath whelmed the near that rose up huge and strong.

But if Zeus triumph be thy victory song  
Thou shalt be founded in all Soothfastness

He maketh men to walk in Wisdom's ways  
In Suffering He lays  
Foundations deep  
Of Knowledge At the heart remembered Pain  
As of a wound that bleeds waketh in sleep  
Though we reject her Wisdom finds a road  
Then 'tis a gift untenderly bestowed  
By Throned Spirits that austere reign.

So with the Elder Captain of the power  
Achaean in that hour  
No blame he cast  
On prophet or seer but bowed him to the blow  
What time they had no meat to stay their fast  
And all their ships lay idle straitened sore  
Where betwixt Chalcis and the hither shore  
The tides of Aulis battle to and fro

Strong winds from Strymon ill inaction brought  
Lean fast and layings up of little ease  
With waste of ships and tackle yea there wrought  
In men's minds wilderment of weltering seas  
Day like to day and hour on changeless hour  
Fretted of Argive chivalry the flower

But when was mooted to the Chiefs a way  
To work a calm more dread than tempest is  
And clarion voiced the Prophet in that day  
Thundered un pityingly — Artemis —  
The Atreidae with their sceptres smote the earth  
Nor could keep back their tears and thus in birth

The Elder spake and gave their sorrow vent  
It were a heavy doom to disobey  
And heavy if my Child the ornament  
And glory of my house I needs must slay  
A Father's slaughterous hands foully imbrued  
Hard by the altar with her maiden blood

What choice is here where all is ill? he cried  
Am I to leave the vessels to their fate?  
Am I to lose the friends with me allied?  
Lo now a sacrifice which shall abate  
Storm winds with blood of victims virginal  
Law sanctions they press hard then God mend  
all!

But once he let Necessity make fast  
Her yoke no longer chafing to be galled  
His altered spirit leaning to the blast  
Swept on unblest unholy unappalled  
For a false wisdom first  
Being indeed a madness of the mind  
Tempted with a thought accursed  
And then ensures to wrong the wretch of human  
kind  
Not backward now but desperately bold  
The slayer of his Child behold  
That armed Vengeance woman's rape chastise

And storm stayed ships sail free for that rich  
sacrifice

To those stern judges absolute for war  
Her prayers were nothing nor her piteous cry  
Father father pleading evermore,  
Nor womanhood nor young virginity  
But after uttered prayer  
He bade who served the sacrifice be bold  
In her long robe that flowed so fair  
Seize her again and high above the altar hold  
All lax and drooping as men hold a kid  
And that she might not curse his house he bid  
Lock up her lovely lips and mew the sound  
Of her sweet voice with curb of dumbing bridle  
bound

Her saffron robe let fall  
She smote her slayers all  
With eye glance pitious arrowily keen  
And still and fair as form in picture seen  
Would speak Oh in her father's hall  
His guests among  
When the rich board  
Was laden with good cheer  
How often had she sung  
And when the third thank offering was poured  
With girl's voice virginal and clear  
Her father's psalm hymned with holy glee,  
Had graced how often and how lovingly!

Thereafter what befell  
I saw not neither tell  
Only the craft of Calchas cannot fail  
For Justice casting Suffering in the scale  
Her balance poised imponderable  
With Knowledge trims  
What's far away  
Thou know when it is nigh  
But greet not Sorrow till she swims  
Full into ken nor make fool's haste to sigh  
She comes clear seen with morning ray  
And yet I look to see a happier hour  
As doth the wishful Queen our Agia's lone watch  
tower

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

My duty Clytemnestra brings me here  
And that just awe which is his consort's right  
When the king's throne stands empty of its lord  
Would ease my old heart much might I but know  
The meaning of these sacrificial fires  
Are they for good news had or hope of good?  
I ask but if thou art not free to speak  
I am no malcontent I cavil not

Clytemnestra You know the saw Good Night  
bring forth Good Morrow  
Well here is happiness surpassing hope  
The Argive power hath taken Præm's city  
Oh Ha's taken — troth thy words have taken  
wing  
I think my unfaith scared them

Troy taken  
 Troy—do you mark it?—in the Achæans hands  
 O joy! too sweet too sudden! It draws tears  
 From these old eyes  
 In deed they speak for thee  
 They own thy loyal heart  
 But is it true?  
 And hast thou any proof?  
 Oh proof enough—  
 O we are galled by God  
 Whether a t thou  
 Entered? smothered under the power of dreams?  
 'Tis my way to none abroad a nothing  
 That nods to me in sleep  
 Then has a tale  
 Which it made fast your heart?  
 You ate me low  
 I reckon me a goodly gain  
 How long  
 Is it the town was taken?  
 This same night  
 That now in travail with the birth of day  
 Which was then noble borne thence would bring  
 The ewes to quail?  
 Hephaestus brought  
 So to tell of ward the it dreamed  
 Betwixt to beacon like fire small  
 Post guard eyes. Idas Heracles Rad e  
 In Lemnos then steep Achaos, Zeus with hall  
 Caught from the sleight might bend Uplift  
 First clod the boulder pitha be flight  
 Journey none streight journey in joy it  
 All gold and silver like the sun in Heaven  
 Which was a dowry Whereat the watch,  
 Which gun had oth gazed the ship  
 O Epeus the cunning told  
 The Messenger set the Ad they  
 Set from the kitchen old and dry  
 As the glare the head the twine on  
 In speed up pent in power dinned it so led  
 Across the sea plane like the moon beam  
 Then in Cithæron the perfume fresh  
 Response from the Thracian  
 Healed that the tall did ed him not  
 And the gift him the flame (all the leaped  
 For Lak the golden shade  
 Nodding with the spirit in the fur  
 The hawk tag eat curled beard flame  
 Lay with the glow of gold  
 The pe that look the Saracif  
 The wound speed none Ache crag  
 Healed the red the on the palace roof  
 On the lunary fgl  
 O the peace beac on the ed  
 This man the d the d i gof it  
 The n all plan head the wife  
 Adh the wh an fi t and last  
 He proof our the your warranty  
 The wh him the ba dcent m ut Troy  
 O Lady I'll to my pray as b satisfy  
 My made fir the all the kth Gods

Tell me sth unknown st how the tale again  
 Again and more at large  
 The Achæans hold  
 Troy To in to day and there is heard within  
 Her walls in thunks sounds that are ill to muse  
 Pour o land e s in the selfsame crook  
 And they will part unkindly Even so  
 Two voices are there each distinguishable  
 Both vocal of disaster it es of fate  
 Here there are falling down about the dead  
 Dead husbands a dead brothers here are sires  
 Unhilded now led and free no more  
 Lest in the voice of grief their best beloved  
 And there night the glun Rapine sits him down  
 In alter b title weariness and breaks  
 His fast o what the it wa affords not now  
 Quartered by the but as to the of war  
 Deals each in the homes of Troy the captive homes,  
 They lie at ease not under frosty tars  
 In the d enched buter how blest shall be  
 The sleep no god d m unt all the night long  
 Now if they ord s them with reference  
 To the Gods of the false city and her shrines,  
 The shall not spoil to be again despoiled  
 Let them not wait after the hidden prey  
 For it unportent much they come safe home  
 No that the reason be dish ther if they come  
 Fire from the heaven the wound yet green  
 For those that weh e lost shall dress itself  
 In small the elom them except for Fate  
 Except the fall some sudden stroke of fate  
 Well no the a possessed you of my thoughts  
 A woman's thought but on a woman's heart  
 Mourn to the triumph without let or stay  
 Mankind mured hit well and were to re  
 Ad cate, to the the fruit  
 O Lady th surely in a woman's heart  
 But man's sense that led to no more  
 No I grow will fe my thanks to Heaven  
 For all the to the lon strain of war  
 There the been dealt right noble r compe se.  
 ERIC TYAL VESTRA

As Zeus a d the the fr endly Night  
 Our Lady of the Sea that dropped  
 With lo the hanging of light  
 As that Troy still the waters eropped

Tell the ngled in the f i f i  
 The were as the weak and small  
 When the dom her d ep d ag net trolled  
 And Ru at one draw hit took all

Beca se the might w k He w ou hit  
 Gai st Part who so sore transgressed  
 In nd I bow in solemn th ight  
 To Zeu the God of Host and Guest

Lo ght me be bent his bow r ped  
 A d m not that deals no wars  
 Of feeble length ro erhead  
 Raving amo g the u r ouble d stars.

Now may men say  
*Zeus smote them* from the deed  
 On to the doom so plain God's footprints lead  
 Thou canst not miss thy way  
 Now shines the event  
 His rescript graven in its accomplishment

There is a place  
 Inviolably fair  
 There is a Shrine thou shalt not enter there  
 Thrones the Immaculate Grace  
 Tush! Enter tread it down quoth one unwise  
 What list the Gods your lovely Sanctities?

Blasphemer! Shall not Death  
 Death by the Sword of God  
 Still the bold heart and stop the violent breath?  
 Have not the bloody feet of Havoc trod  
 Those marble mansions in the dust  
 Where Glory swelled and overflowed  
 Beyond the comely Mean and just?  
 Oh give me Wisdom with such Wealth in store  
 As I may safely hold I will not ask for more

He hath no ramp where he may turn  
 That drunkenly in mere despite  
 And wanton pride the seat of Justice stern  
 Even to the grunsel edge eterne  
 Dings down and tramples out of sight

To force the plot  
 That her dam Death hath hatched  
 Temptation cometh that foul witch unmatched  
 Whoso resisteth not  
 Her dangerous lure  
 There is no herb of grace can work his cure  
 Nor any shift  
 To hide the gleaming woe  
 When that pale spot that did so faintly show  
 With ever widening rift  
 Of ruinous light  
 Glares to the gazing world malignly bright

Then as your pinchbeck brass  
 The ring of gold assays  
 The rub of doom with many a fateful pass  
 The black that specks his soul bewrays  
 Then is he judged and God is none  
 Will hear his prayer yea heaven lays  
 On all his friends the evil done  
 When in his hey-day chase a madcap boy  
 He hunts the gaudy bird that shall his realm  
 destroy

Such was Childe Paris when he came  
 Upon a day with Sorrow rife  
 To the Atreidae's house and smutched their fame  
 Yea for fair welcome left foul shame  
 And stole away the wedded wife

She left her land in evil hour  
 On shore and ship grim war's deep hum

And desolation was the dower  
 She took with her to Ilium  
 When she went lightly through the gate  
 And broke the bond inviolate  
 And voices in the palace cried  
 Woe's thee high house! My princes woe!  
 Thou deep sunk bed whose down doth show  
 Where love locked limbs lay side by side!  
 And there were twain that nothing spake  
 But sat aloof in mute heart break  
 Of all their honour disarrayed  
 Mourning too deeply to upbraid  
 A phantom court a phantom king  
 The loveless ghost of Love longing  
 She beckons him yet she bids him come  
 Over the sea to Ilium  
 The fair the large limbed marbles to her lord  
 Are loveliness abhorred  
 This penury sans eyes love's soul made bright  
 The end of all delight

And then the dream bliss comes the lure  
 That bids us to her with a lie  
 Ah when we think our heaven secure  
 We are the fools of phantasy  
 The fleeting vision will not stay  
 Even in his arms it steals away  
 Featly on brisk obedient wings  
 That wait upon the paths of Sleep  
 These sorrows in the courts of kings  
 And worse like shadows cower and leap  
 Where the household altar burns  
 But there's a general sorrow yea  
 In every home all Hellas mourns  
 The mustering of the war array  
 Her time of heaviness is come  
 For them that ruled to Ilium  
 And there is much in the tragic years  
 To melt her heart and move her tears  
 Him whom they loved and bade go forth men  
 know—

A living soul but oh  
 There cometh back to home and Hellas shore  
 His dust the arm he bore

Ares on foughten field sets up his scales  
 Bodies of slain men stark and cold  
 These are this merchant moneyer's bales  
 The which in figgot fires at Ilium turned  
 To finer dust than is the sifted gold  
 And worth more tears he sends  
 Back to the dead men's friends  
 For them that fell too light a freight  
 For them that mourn a grievous weight  
 All in a clay cold jar so cruelly urned

And they mourn them and praise them and sadly  
 one saith  
 Ah what a soldier was this!  
 And he died nobly dealing death  
 And ever a mutter of surly breath—  
 For a woman that was not his

44-49)

And so, with public sorrow blest,  
Is heard the voice of discontent  
That loathed ones perish and sad hearts pine  
To right the wrongs of Atreus' line.

And some there be, of shapely limbs and tall  
That come no more but lie beneath the wall,  
There they possess the land for which they fought  
Confined in living earth that loathed them not!

A people's voice on the deep note of wrong  
Grates harshly at her, 'tis a curse  
Nor shall Destruction tarry long  
It falls, as with loud thunder leaps the leviathan,  
Somewhat remains behind of dark, and ever  
And night is of old and old  
Lust and blood-guilt  
And the black ungodly mood  
I call to mind in deep blood  
Shall not escape their days, had from the sight of  
Heaven.

Yea for a season man's thoughts wax bold  
And he draws the lawless breath  
But in the dark Furies from Hell's hold  
Chafe and chafe, his unweildy  
To the lessons of death.

And there is help where dead men lie  
Gathered, hath even his jeopardy  
Zeus' gifts cease, his hating years  
The soaring peaks that touch the stars.

Give me the man, I am told to tell  
That bailed Coquero, dight me not  
But let me, as of old, in my own way  
As life's subject and my master thrall.

1 Mour runs fast through every street,  
As for the tidings blithely  
If true—no doubt in that  
Which is the man that knoweth?

2 Oh, how fond we are to learn  
That kindly through his mists  
And that, though we can see to flame  
And the first steps?

3 All that takes woman's eye  
A bath—a park—shades  
The fruit of passing years, the  
The glory woman prizes.

Chorus: Le der! Soon shall we know this torch  
Of these relays

Of blackening bands and rallies of red fire,  
If they be the like stuff of dreams  
Delight comes dazling, then drowsy sleep  
And the ten hours from then to  
All breaded about with boughs. The dry  
And our hither and there  
If bath once his message will or not

In flame with smoke of fire from hill-top pines  
But either cry aloud our joy increase  
Or else—but I am out of love with words  
That to tradit our hopes. May this far show  
Find far addition and who will not so,  
But for his country's ruin maketh suit  
Of his misprision reap the bitter fruit

Enter a HERALD

Herald: O parent earth! Sweet Argos! Past are  
the years,

Ten weary years—dawn breaks—and I am home  
Some hopes have parted since but hope holds  
I never thought to have in this Argive earth  
A fathom of ground to be my wished-for grave.  
A blessing on thee earth on thee bright sun  
And Zeus, our Father Lord and the Pythian King  
No more to loose on us his arrow blasts.  
Wast wroth even when along Scamander's bank  
We were our Saviour our Father's cup be  
Kingly Apollon's greetings to the Twelve  
Gathered—Gods! To Hermes my Defence  
Herald of Heaven whom earthly heralds worship  
Heroes, whose blessing help our setting forth  
Recall these remnant ranks, the spears hith spared!  
And you high house of kings, halls ever dear  
Majestic thrones, Godheads the sun salutes,  
If in old time returning majesty  
Your bright looks grace'd beam now on a royal man  
After long years restored Day after night  
To you to us and all in presence here  
Comes Agamemnon, Oh greet him well—  
For it becomes you well—that heaven-dead Troy  
With the peremptory cross axe of Justice-dealing Zeus  
Broke up her soil and wasted all her seed  
Shed glorious bondage fastened on Troy's neck  
Cometh the King, old Atreus' son first born  
A happy man! Of all men now alive  
Most worthy to be had, no other not  
Lord Paris nor the guilty city dare  
Boast they dealt us men, we men re-bountiful  
They requested unto them with tears  
Judged guilty both of rape and larceny  
His spoil is forfeit, he hath harvested  
The total ruin of his father's house  
So pay now so pay now for his crimes.  
Oh joy to thee herald, I the Achaean host!  
Hail my joy is at the full, now let me die  
I'll not complain to the Gods, death comes too soon  
Oh I see how tis with thee, loe of thy land  
Pained sore exerciser of thy heart  
Hail so so, that now mine eyes are wet with tears  
In joy's reunion  
Oh Then twa a sweet distemper  
Hail twa so sweet? You must expound me that  
O I shall ne'er master it  
Oh 'Twas loe  
Fellow loe (loving)  
He You would say  
That if your heart went with the (my) I  
Our chous, his we can nod towards him  
Oh Ay oftentimes  
I gowned aloud for him disquitted.

*He* But why so ill at ease? Why such black thoughts  
About the war?  
*Ch* Pardon me I have found  
Long since silence lays balm to a bruised heart  
*He* Why the princes gone were there ill doers  
here  
*Ye* stood in dread of?

*Ch* In so much that now—  
*Said ye not so?*—twere joy to die

*He* In truth  
We have done well but take it all in all  
A man may say that as the years went by  
We had our good times and our bad times Who  
Except the Gods lives griefless all his days?  
Our sorry lodging and our seldom rest—  
And we lay hard—with all our miseries  
Would furnish forth a tale—why is there aught  
Costs men a groan we knew not every day?  
These were sea hardships but twas worse ashore  
There we must lie down under enemy walls  
The sky dropped rain the earth did ceaselessly  
Dust from the low lying fields her damps  
And rotting mildews drenching our coats of hair  
Which soon grew verminous Or what of winter  
That froze the birds so pensively cold  
It came from Ida blanketed in snow?  
Or the hot months when on his noon day bed  
Windless and waveless sank the swooning sea?  
Why moan all this? 'Tis past and for the dead  
Is past the need ever to rise again  
Or why tell o'er the count of those cut off  
Or call to mind that to survive is still  
To live obnoxious to calamity?  
Farewell a long farewell to all misfortune!  
For us the remnant of the Argive power  
Gain conquests and no grief that good outweighs  
Therefore in this bright sun over broad seas  
And the wide earth flying on wings of Fame  
Well may we make our boast Takers of Troy  
Hard won but won at last the Argive power  
To the Gods of Hellas nailed these trophies up  
To be the glory of their temples old  
Then shall men hear and sing our country's laud  
And her great captains and extol the grace  
Of Zeus that wrought these things Sir I have done  
*Ch* This wins me I deny no more for age  
Still leaves us youth enough to learn

*Enter CLYTEMNESTRA*

But this

Touches the house and Clytemnestra most  
Though its largesse withal enriches me  
*Ch* Oh ages since I raised my jubilant shout  
When the first fiery messenger of night  
Told Ilium was taken and her stones  
Rased ruined and removed And one of you  
Did gird me then saying Dost think Troy sacked  
Because men set a match to wood?—By God  
A woman's heart is lightly lifted up  
So they supposed me crazed and still I made  
Oblation and a general cry of joy—  
Most womanly!—sent the air and in the shrines

They fed sweet spices to the hungry flame  
And now I will not hear thee more at large  
I shall know all from the king's lips There's much  
Asks swift despatch that my most sacred lord  
May have a noblest of welcomes Sweet the day  
Sweetest of all days in a woman's life  
When for her husband she flings wide the gates  
And he comes back from service saved by God!  
Take back this message that he come with speed  
For his land loves him tell him he will find  
A true wife waiting when he comes true  
As her he left the watch dog of his house  
Loyal to him but savage to his foes  
In nothing changed one that has broke no seal  
Nor known delight in other arms nor felt  
The breath of censure more than she has dipped  
Cold steel in blood *Exit*

*He* Strange how she boasts! Is't not  
Though charged with truth and something over  
charged

Scarce decent in a high born lady's mouth?

*Ch* Well she has done you heard her and I think  
You understood her noble rhetoric  
For wise interpreters But tell me herald  
Comes Menelaus with you? Is he safe  
Our realm's dear majesty?

*He* What's fair and false  
Is soon enjoyed 'tis fruit that will not keep

*Ch* I would give much couldst thou speak fair  
and true

For true and fair dissevered and at strife  
The secret is soon out

*He* Why not to glaze  
And lie to thee we have no trace at all  
Of the man or the ship whereon he sailed

*Ch* Alack  
And did he put to sea from Ilium

In sight of all? Or caught in the track of storm  
That jeopardised the fleet part company?

*He* Deviously thou art indeed you sum  
great grief

In little space

*Ch* And other manners—  
Do they report him dead or living?

*He* None  
Knows nor can certainly resolve our doubts  
Save Helios the nurturer of all life  
Through the vast world

*Ch* Tell me how rose the storm  
And how it ended with the wrath of Heaven?

*He* So far a day we must not with foul news  
Distain we owe the Gods far other service  
No when with looks abhorred a herald brings  
Calamitous news of armies overthrow  
When the general heart aches with one wound and  
each

Bleeds for his own by thousands made accursed  
Scourged from their homes by Ares double lash  
Two handed havoc couplings of bloody death  
Well may he sing Eurys Song poor man  
Bowed down to earth beneath that sore load But  
when

All's well, and he comes bringing joyful news  
 To land that maketh merry well at ease  
 How mix the good and ill, speak of this storm  
 That, not without Heaven's wrath smote the  
 Achæans?

Water and Fire fought their ancient quarrel  
 And swore a league together and to prove  
 How well they kept it brake the Argive power  
 Upon which there rose a navy's sea  
 And presently the morian Thracian gale  
 Drove ship on ship Tossed by the hurriedphoon,  
 With spray of salt sea sleet and drumming rain  
 In that wild pain they were lost to view  
 And, when the bright sun rose the Argives were  
 Washed ever with drowned men and wreck of  
 ships.

But you that hull a Power proudly  
 Concealed away or interceded for us.  
 A God it was, no man, that took the helm  
 Fortune, our Saviour statued her about  
 Of grace so that at anchor in the swell  
 We shipped no seas nor swung upon the rocks.  
 And from the watery abyss of Death  
 Preserved incredible us of our good hap  
 In this white dawn sad food for which we found  
 So sudden was the blow our men so pent  
 Our feet so shattered And of any of them  
 Is alive to-day? certes, they were all up  
 For lost as this kingdom

Hope for the best  
 And of Men laud your first thought  
 Must be that he is so distressed He best  
 May ravish the sun bringer to of him  
 He leaf unwithered and his ever unloosed  
 The us hope that by some artifice  
 Of Zeus, or man deduced to death his house  
 He may come home again we have heard  
 My story drama warrant it true. Exit

### Chorus

Tell me what would frame  
 Sounded in his name?  
 Was it ton was not so  
 Prophet of Fortune?  
 Did not Fortune to his guile spare  
 Calling in her name good  
 He would not of world's desire,  
 And I believe he knew?  
 Hele? Hell was his kiss  
 For ships and men and porticoes,  
 When from behind his moans and  
 Shattered forth the full sail  
 And Lo! dawning wind blew fair  
 That I to earth born Zephyrus  
 He followed fit in fullery  
 As hounds and hounds in take the field  
 Of gala and fair company  
 That pressed their suit with lance and shield  
 Over the blood, undimply we  
 That old not for our blood track,  
 He'd upon Scirona strand they dry  
 All over with leafy wood

And she whose hands are red with blood  
 Eris, was master of the pack.

Wrath that can nor will remit  
 A thing of its purpose knit  
 Bonds that Ilium shall find  
 More than kin and less than kind  
 And for an example lest  
 Men may cry unborn  
 Break the bread and foully scorn  
 Sanctifies twist host and guest  
 Zeus, who guard the hearth and bed  
 Hath in a gesture  
 The man that led the merry din  
 Over bold to welcome in  
 With revel high and Hymen's strain  
 Sun of all the marriage kin  
 Bride and groom and bridal train.  
 But the tide of Fate had turned  
 Against Phrygia ere she learned  
 A new song of sad measure  
 Marrying her complaint to death  
 To the dog of dismal death  
 Where is neither love nor pleasure  
 Then was Paris evil wed  
 When long years he mourned her dead  
 And their blood was on his head

Once on a time there lived a man a herd  
 A dog took home finding, it motherless,  
 To be his foster child all fanned and furred  
 All a cub little hoarse.

Still wishful of the warm and milkly dug  
 It was gentle beast while it lived  
 Mad fire with children that would kiss and hug  
 The baby lambs, and was the old folks pet

Many a time and fit the wean bringer-eyed  
 Like a child in arms they carried  
 And when for meat the lion belly cried  
 The old crone and fawn and oar them to be fed

The dog grew up and from what race was sprung,  
 Pined when it reaped so for care and keep  
 (Rage let loose the folded flocks among)  
 It made a supper of the silly sheep

Then was the homestead soaked in blood and they  
 That dwelt there mastered by this unmat bed ill  
 knew they had bed a mischief born to lay  
 A priest of Hecate tithing by God's will

When first she came to Ilium Town  
 The windless water sweltered  
 Was a jewel in the Crown  
 Of Wealth that sparkles soft was she  
 An eye to wound with melting fire  
 The rose of rashness detest

But when she was an altered grace  
 Low sowed solemities she sowed



In Priam's house a hated face  
A curse with settled sorrow dowered  
On Zeus the Guest God's word swift borne  
Erinyes that makes brides to mourn

I know how well the saying wears  
Stricken in years but still held wise  
That boundless Wealth is blest with heirs  
And Grandeur not unhidden dies  
Boon Fortune's bud and branch is she  
The hungry hearted Misery

False doctrine though I stand alone  
I hold that from one wicked deed  
A countless family is sown  
And as the parent so the seed  
But Justice hands fair Fortune on  
And godly sire hath goodly son

Yea that old beldame Pride  
Who to her lustful side  
Draws evil men anon or else anon  
When Fate with hand of power  
Beckons the destined hour  
Brings forth young Pride her Mother's minion  
Daughter of Darkness sabled hued  
As the Tartarean pit for vengeance armed and  
thened

A Power no stroke can fell  
Nor stubborn warfare quell  
A hag a goblin an unholy form  
The Soul of hardihood  
Swift to shed guiltless blood  
Dark Angel of Destruction's whirling storm  
She dances on the roofs of kings  
And by her shape men know from what foul  
loins she springs

Oh in the smoky air  
Of poor men's homes how fair  
How like a star the lamp of Justice shines!  
Justice that most approves  
The faithful life that moves  
In the fixed path her Providence assigns  
And constant to that strict control  
Forceful as Fate pursues the orbit of his soul

But where in Splendour's halls  
Gold glitters on the walls  
And on men's hands is filth and foul offence  
With looks averse and cold  
She quits the gates of gold  
And hauls the hut of humble Innocence  
Wealth's coin of spurious die  
Usurping Sovereignty  
No image bears whereto she bends  
She guides and governs all and all begun she  
ends

*Enter AGAMEMNON with CASSANDRA and his  
train seated in chariots*

Hail to thee monarch! Conqueror of Troy!  
Offspring of Atreus! How shall I content  
Thy spirit in thy triumph and thy joy?  
Rise to the height of honour's argument

And yet a chastened gratulation give?  
There are of rogues enough av'nt to spare,  
Who in the shows of things are pleased to live,  
And thrive on falsehood as their native air

There's little faith in man scarce one that breathes  
But with misfortune will heave up a sigh  
And yet the cruel sting sorrow unsheathes  
Fore God his tender parts it comes not nigh

And other some be sure of this O king  
Can simulate a joy they do not feel  
Come with forced smiles and fulsome welcoming  
And crafty faces cruel thoughts conceal

But him whose business is with droves and herds  
The gipsy's arts can captivate no whit  
Not easy duped with warrantable words  
And protestations fair in water writ

Sir in all honesty when thou didst arm  
In Helen's cause to save her launch thy ships  
My portrait of thee lacked the Muses' charm  
And Wisdom's helm I said a madman grips

She doth consent thrice o'er the wanton! Why  
For her make sacrifice of heroes' blood?  
Now from the bottom of my heart I cry  
Grief thou wast welcome since the end is  
good

Howbeit Time hath something yet to say  
(Though now he claps a finger to his lip)  
Touching this land when you were far away  
Who well who ill discharged his stewardship

*Agamemnon* To Argos and her Gods let me speak  
first

Joint authors with me of our safe return  
And of that justice I did execute  
On Priam's city Not by the tongues of men  
But by their deaths have the Gods judged our  
cause  
Nor haltingly twixt two opinions cast  
For Ilium's overthrow their suffrages  
Into the urn of blood the other Hope  
Drew nigh but not a pebble dropped And now  
Her smoke discovereth her death's whirlblasts live  
Her ashes dying with her gasp her wealth  
In unctuous evanishings away  
Long should our memory be and large our thanks  
To Heaven for humbled pride and rape revenged  
A kingdom for a wench ground up and small  
Whenas the broody horse hatched out her young  
Our basilisk our Argive bucklermen  
Vaulting to earth what time the Pleiads sank  
And Argos' Lion ravening for meat

## AGAMEMNON

825-880

Leapt tower and wall, and lapped a bellyful  
Of tyrant blood

So ha e I opened me  
Unto the God And yet I call your words  
To mind your counsel squares w th my own  
thoughts.

How rare it is a nature when a man  
Can spare his friend she stands well with Fortune  
Ungrudging honour! Nay himself grows a clerk  
In his estate Jealous lays to his heart  
A poison that can make his burden double  
He hath his own griefs, yet must bear e m eights  
I see a new labour happy! Ah I know  
That which I speak I am too well acquainted  
With the endship's glass, the reflex of a shadow  
I mean my professed friends. There was not one  
Except Odyseus, the most loath sail  
That like a horse's mettle pulled his weight  
And beth he be dead or alive God know.  
Enough of this. We purpose presently  
To call a Council touching the state of the realm  
And the service of the Gods. What sound we shall  
Take measures; perpetual but while  
The speed of physics shall like kindness  
Use a try or the knife till we have  
The land of mischief

Now I am gone with this  
And in my high house nun with hearth stretch  
out

My fatherland to the Gods, that sent me forth  
And brought me safely home. So story  
That followed in my train ended me still.

CLARETIN. He comes to meet him

Cl Good citizen, I have seen you  
I think shame to speak with dear to e  
I bear my lord On blushing cheeks as well  
The pale with time and I feed the school  
To tell you life to me as a new nest  
Those years when he beleaguered Ithaca.  
Me I to not come with us to Ithaca  
I see a woman to know fearful so soon  
Scarce hath she a look on eddies; yet she has news  
That comes with flow from her in glass words  
A fifth mould from hood which she stands.  
Hedge it is a new as a man. R. mon d g ed  
Ch. el t be th cond t sh blood  
And h p thome he w as f sh les  
As, thy virtues a er H d be but d ed  
As from me tongues reported him  
Another ple bad ed Gery  
Three looks sea the clay— it p too deep  
And talk found tremors—three far looks  
Of clay f e lud—thrice dead  
And b red handson ly as ma y s mts—  
Con c h u bo a t—thrice ptes, gm ap eed  
Will, b t these rabbed s mourn mad m mad  
And many times the noose was round my neck  
Had m people m ch against my will.  
C t ed th k t A d th will tell you why  
When looked f most Orestes nor he  
Lord four pl hted to es to h m m p w ed  
You must not think it strange. Your sworn ally

Strophilus the Phocian hath charged him with  
The nurture of the child foreshadowing  
A double jeopardy yours before Ilium  
And here lest many throated Anarchy  
Should patch a plot since (as a see in nature  
To trample down the fallen underfoot.  
This was his argument and I believe  
Honestly urged. For me the fount of weeping  
Hath long run dry and there's no drop left. Oh!  
These eyes, late watchers by the lamp that burned  
For thee but thou keptst not thy tears are sore  
With all the tears they shed thinking of thee  
How often from my sleep did the thin hum  
And the hiss of buzzing gnat rouse me! I dreamed  
More sorrow for thy sake than Time that played  
The wanton with me reckoned minutes while  
I slept. All this have I gone through and now  
Can I free I had our mastiff of the fold  
Our ship's great mainstay pillar pedestalled  
To bear a swain roof up Olympus  
Landfall to sailors out of hope of land!  
These are the great additions of his worth!  
And I pray God us no offense to Heaven  
To make him heard. We have had many sorrows,  
And would proffer none more.

Dear Heaven to me down  
Step from thy car but not in the bare ground  
Thy foot that desolated Ilium  
Thou loyal man must never stoop so low!  
Spread your rich stuffs before him give make  
haste!

That he may walk the purple paved way  
Where Justice leads him to his undearned home.  
My sleepless care shall manage all the rest  
As Justice and the Heavenly Will approve.

Ag Offspring of Leda keeper of my house  
I unmatch your much speech to my abuse both  
Are some the gloom rather than fine words  
Come heat from other lips. Woman me not  
No like an east wind a ego el before me  
With your wide mouth the traitor's claim.  
Away with all these streamers! Pave for me  
No highway of fence! What can we men  
When we would defy the deathless Gods?  
But Ma t walk these sacramental splendours  
It likes me not and I do fear it. Nay  
H no m a the too tall the glam  
It is Gods! A foot-cloth that will pass  
But the kh will will sound to the to guests of  
men

These palaces of the precincts! God's best gift  
I take from a wicked thoughts call no man  
Happy till his contented clay is cold  
Now I have told thee how I mean to act  
And keep my conscience easy

Cl Tell me this,  
And peak thy mind to me

Ag My mind's made p  
I'll not raise out mine own decree.

Cl Would it thou,  
Faced with some fearful jeopardy have made

A vow to Heaven to do what now I ask thee?

*Ag* If some wise doctor had prescribed the rite  
I would have vowed to do it

*Cl* What dost thou think  
Priam had done if Priam had achieved  
The victory that's thine?

*Ag* Oh he had trod  
Your sacrilegious purples

*Cl* Then fear not thou  
Man's censure

*Ag* In the general voice resides  
A power not to be contemned

*Cl* Good luck!  
Unenvied never yet was fortunate!

*Ag* This is a war of words a woman's war  
And yet a woman should not take delight  
In battle

*Cl* 'Tis a virtue that becomes  
Glory in his triumphant hour to yield

*Ag* While we stand here at odds wilt thou  
pretend

Thou carest for a victory so won?

*Cl* Nay but thou shalt indulge me thy consent  
Leaves thee my master still

*Ag* Have thine own way  
Since nothing else contents thee One of you

Undo these latches Hark ye loose me quick

These leathern underlings and when I set

My foot on yon sea purples let no eye

Throw me a dart of jealousy from far!

I am heartily ashamed to waste my stuff

Walking on wealth and woof good money buys

But I'll waste no more words Lead in the lady

Be tender with her for the Gods above

Look gently down when earthly power is kind

None loves the bondman's yoke and she's the

flower

Of all our spoils the army's gift a part

Of my great train Now I'll contend no longer

Let me pass on under my palace roof

Treading your purples

*He descends from his chariot*

*Cl* There's the wide sea

and who

Shall drain it dry? Purple! There's more of it

In Mediterranean waves for ever fresh

Worth silver ounces the right judge to wring

Your royal robes withal And God be thanked

We've plenty of them within we do not know

What 'tis to lack I would have vowed to tread

Raiment in heaps if oracles had bid me

When I was at my wits' end to contrive

How to win back the half of mine own heart!

Now springs the root to life the climbing leaf

Tile high against Dog Sirius spreads a shade!

And in thy home common our weather wise

Winter reads signs of warm days fully come

Yet in God's wine press when the unripe grape

Is trampled out into the blood-red wine

Then for the perfect man about the house

There comes a wintry coolness to his cheek

Zeus Zeus Perfecter perfect now my prayer

And of Thine own high will be Perfecter!

AGAMEMNON and CLYTEMNESTRA enter the Palace

*Chorus*

Spirit of Fear and all Unrest

Will thy wings never tire?

Song that waitest no man's host

Nor askest any hire

Why this prophetic burden keep?

What Ghost no power can lay

Not like the cloudy shapes of Sleep

Heaved with a breath away

Haunts me with evermore despair —

Sad phantom still unflown

And Courage high no more speaks fair

Lord of my bosom's throne?

The laggard years have told their sum

The cables are outworn

Since to beleaguer Ilium

Went up the host sea-borne

And now I see that host's return

By witness of these eyes

Yet in my hand is no cithern

My soul accompanies

The song that Angry Spirits sing

The dirge of Vengeance dread

My confidence hath taken wing

And my dear hope is dead

But still against hope my prayer I press

The event may yet belie

My fears and bring to nothingness

My soul's dark prophecy

Goodman Health for his great train

Findeth his bounds too small

For the lazar house of Neighbour Pain

Leaneeth against his wall

Though calm the winds and smooth the wake

And Fortune's ship sail free

There are Rocks she shall strike where no seas break

There are shoals of Misery

Sailor be yare! Be wise!

Out of her deep hold heave

Of her rich merchandise

With rope and block and sheave

So you shall save your craft

Your ship shall founder not

Though she be of great draught

And perilously fraught

For the bounty of Zeus shall repair

The ravage of yesterday

And a season's tilt with the furrowing share  
Chase Famine and Want away

But th' blood of life once shed  
Shall come to no man's call.  
He that could raise the dead  
And the flocking Shadows all

Did not Zeus stop his breath  
And bring him to his pause  
Lest who would heal the wound of death  
Struck at Eternal Laws?

Oh we're restrained sore  
If strict rule displeased  
Jealous of less or more,  
Hence a slibert can be feared

What wish dare mortal frame?  
Else had my hot heart flung  
All out and put to shame  
This inexpressible anguish.

Now I have hope to unwind  
The clew of Heart's dear  
To think is pain when thought is blind  
The helm of a soul's fate.

Enter CYTUS and TRAI

How now Cassandra? I must have thee too  
Goddess since Zeus—oh suffer not my wrath!  
Hath mad the onefus a perged with all  
Owl-trail prankings, at our household altar  
Stood thy place with the blood-moon.  
Step to this way then and be not proud  
Alas so thouk wewas sold for a price  
A dead end to cast for a bailey bread  
If that must call Wealth lord may bless his start  
When us (ho) unstable anguish  
Wh look for nothing a deep silence  
As ruel must be, stand upon no law  
But thou shalt be used a use presc bea.  
Oh Sit wait than answer be ng ca h and  
ca od

Y lid (thou meanst to say) but it may be,  
The it is

Speaks she some barbarous babble

Smothered griefs grow small in talk that shrouds  
The meaning?

Oh Lady were best submit  
Shall it all that thou art  
Gathered to the perfect lady thy wagg'n throne,  
And follow her poor princess.

Oh While he tucks  
Fate at my door I wait my precious time  
The dumb beast stand about the neutral hearth  
With the knif and the to be eat da giter  
Meet's boon vouchsafed by do h pe  
At the moment the whither a voice  
Come, my friend, sit a moment of Gek  
Make you hand talk and do your part going

Oh One should interpret for her she looks wild  
A hunted deer new taken in the toils.  
Oh Mad wretch mad and listening to her own  
Conscious heart a captive newly caught  
Champing the bit until her puny strength  
She foam away in blood Enough of this  
I'll waste no more words to be so damned

Exit

Oh My heart's too full of pity to be wroth.  
Sad lady leave thy car there is no way  
But this, come down and take thy yoke upon thee.  
Cassandra

Woe! Woe! Woe!

Apollo! Apollo!

Oh Why dost thou mourn for Louas? Is he  
Natured like us to ask a thing nobody?

Ca Woe! Woe! Woe!

Apollo! Apollo!

Oh Again! She doth affirm that God not so  
Must we draw nigh him wailing wailing woe  
Ca Apollo! Apollo! God of the great  
Ways of the world! my path is made straight!  
Not to cease shall I shun thee my Foe and my Fate!

Oh Hail Her own goddess her theme the God

eternal Mind

Bondage can break not nor letters bind!

Ca Apollo! Apollo! God of the Waves,

What road is this, thou dauntless (my days)?

What use that bend on me so to a gaze?

Oh Oh this the Atreides' royal home

As truly to thee I go thou art come

Ca Horrid dream! House of Sins!

These storied halls secrets, drenched in blood of  
kings!

Out human shambles, sit still galls,

The red rain trickling down your walls!

Oh A huntress hound! Yea and by all that's ill

I fear this deed will follow to a kill!

Ca I'll weep by this wailing cry

These shrill of slaughtered infancy

Taken from their dam and roared in fire,

Set in a dish served up for their ariel

Oh We know thou art a soothsayer nonetheless,

It shall not now we seek no prophecies.

Ca God what a conspiring here? What new

And nameless horrors in this to new

Too r top and pale with bolder hue

Ghosts of olden times that walk this bloody stage

Mingling Loewen and wringing a gashed hands?

The nophyre can't satche assuage

A dirthe with yoe far off successful tands

Oh Oh, thy yoe published sort was, g is that

haubn

But I know not what these dark savans mean

Ca Must want what make you the? Why dost

thou bemoan

You could offer thy lord? On be cast and limb

The cool stream glitters thine ne yet grow dim

The dreadful consignment thou shalt lose,

Makes my lips dumb a stops my breath

With uha ceaseless hail from blaws

A white flash, doubling death on death

*Ch* This thick occulted darkness grows more dense  
Riddles and runes confounding sound and sense!  
*Ca* Oh horrible!

What's this? A net as bottomless as hell?  
A net—a snare—ha! And what else is she  
That wound him in her arms in love's embrace  
And now conspires to murder him! Dogs of the chase

Devils still hungry for the blood of Atreus' race  
Over the hideous rite shout shout with jubilee!

*Ch* What's this Avenger thou bidd'st shriek  
Within the house? Night sinks  
Upon my soul to hear thee faint and weak  
Drop by drop the slow blood shrinks  
Back to my heart to sickly pallor blenched  
So pales some fallen warrior his life's ray  
Low down the sky in sallow sunset quenched  
Then with swift stride comes Death with the dying day

*Ca* (*With a piercing shriek*) Ah h h h! look! look! keep

The Bull from the Cow! Hell-dark and deep  
As death her horn she strikes and he is caught  
Caught in his long robe—falling—falling—dead  
In the warm bath with murder brimming red!  
Oh what a tale is here! A damned plot  
With bloody treason bubbling in the pot!

*Ch* I have small skill in oracles  
But something evil I divine  
And troth who ever heard that he who mells  
With them learnt aught of good at grot or shrine?  
No all the answers prophet ever framed  
All his high sounding syllables when the seer  
Speaks with the voice of God are evil aimed  
To exercise us in a holy fear

*Ca* O death! O doom! Mine own  
In the cursed cauldron thrown!  
Wherefore hast brought me here! Ah well I know  
I am to follow whither he must go

*Ch* Thou art crazed on gusts of God sent madness borne!

Thyself the theme of thy sad ecstasy!  
There is no law nor measure in thy strain  
Like the brown nightingale that still doth mourn  
As if song sought but could not find relief  
Itys—Itys—a never ending cry  
Her life of sorrow telling o'er again  
In her undying bower of fadeful grief

*Ca* Ah happy nightingale!  
Sweet singer little frail  
Form God gave wings to—sweet to live—saint's tears!  
For me the edge of doom! How fast it nears!

*Ch* Whence come these Heaven sent transports  
whence come they?

The meaning of thine anguish none of us knows  
Wherefore dost body forth in melody  
These terrors that thou canst not put away?  
These notes they pierce they are exceeding shrill  
And bodingly thy passionate utterance flows  
Who made so strait thy path of prophecy  
And taught thy tongue to utter only ill?

*Ca* Wooing of Paris thou hast won us woe!  
Wedding of Paris thou hast made us weep!  
Native Scamander where thy waters flow

I waded to womanhood  
Now by Acherontian gorges deep  
Or where Cocytus pours his wailing flood

My boding heart foretells  
I presently shall chant my oracles

*Ch* Oh what is this dark meaning leaps to light?  
A child could understand thee thy keen pangs  
Stab through and through me like the venomous bite

Of serpent's tooth when he fleshes his fangs  
And I am broken by the wailing cry  
So passing piteous is thine agony

*Ca* Oh lost lost labour! Low the city lies  
A wreck a ruin raised are tower and wall  
Vainly my father lavished sacrifice

With holocausts of kine  
Poor pastoral beasts that nothing stayed her fall!  
Oh heart of flame Oh fiery heart of mine  
Go burn among the dead!

I come—I come—for me the net is spread  
*Ch* Still harping on that chord of coming fate!  
An Evil Spirit bidding thee despair  
Sweeps through thy soul with insupportable weight  
And calls from thee this wild and wailful air  
Sorrow and Death making one melody  
And oh I know not what the end shall be!

*Ca* Now shall mine oracle no more look forth  
Out of a dim veil like new wedded bride  
But put on brightness as a wind that blows  
Towards the sun's uprising against the light  
Hurl like a hissing wave a horror far  
Huger than this I'll riddle you no more  
Ye shall take up the chase and bear me out  
Whilst I hark back upon the scent of crime  
Oh there are music makers in this house  
That quit it never a symphonious Quire  
Yet ill to hear for evil is their theme  
Being in drink the more to make them bold  
They will not budge these Revelers of the race  
Of Furies they sit late their drunken rouse  
The original sin as that incestuous beast  
Mounted on lust that trampled his brother's bed  
Went that shaft wide or have I struck the deer?  
Or am I but a lying prophetess  
That raps at street doors gabbling as she goes?  
Now give me the assurance of your oaths  
I know the iniquity of this ancient house

*Ch* What's in an oath though in all honour sworn

To help or heal? But I do marvel much  
That bred beyond the seas thou canst discourse  
Of foreign horrors alien to thy blood  
As if thou hadst stood by

*Ca* Prophet Apollo  
Ordained me to this office

*Ch* Is it not true  
He loved thee though a God?

*Ca* There was a time  
When I had blushed to own it

## AGAMEMNON

1250, 1249

O We are none  
When Fortune skind, to nothing singular  
Ca. H was a storm wooer and wrou ht hand  
To win me.

Ca. Was t en so And came ye then  
As the wa of love to gettin, children?

Ca. I did consent with Loxias and broke  
M promise.

Ca. Had st thou then the di ue gift  
Of prophery?

Ca. E en then I told my people  
Al that they had to suffer

Ca. How could st scape  
The wrath of Loxias?

Ca. This was my doom  
That none to whom I spake belie ed on me.

Ca. I t we hav heard thee speak and we believe  
The words ar truth.

Ca. Ah h—God! A—un  
The pang—the rockin blast—the reeling brain  
And th clear vision throu h the pain!

Loon ther! They w—they ha come home to  
roost

These babes, th sorry semblance of sick dream!  
Dead children, dead—but hered b their own kind!

Their hands ar full of meat their mess their own  
Bowls ed ward parts out on the s bl!

The lamentabl dash—their father wpre!  
For this, I tell you, on hath plan ed revenge

Th craven lion tumbin g in his bed  
T keep it arm, woe s me, till h should come

Who s my master—oh a slave am I!

Th Sea kun Rav shes f lham,

Knows not her false and sh e crin ton—me, thrust  
out.

Lowd bitch, to lick and fawn nd smile and be  
Th secret soul of unfor v. h B!

Dare it, S e devil Lasez thyself, ad be  
His m—eress! @ cooستر bloody monster

Thou hast no man! Thou aspic Amphiboea,  
Serva of the Rocks, that is th seamans gra el

H t's t ther Bacchant, own truceless war  
Again t thin own! Deep n all guilt how loud

She shouted (as when th tide of fury turns)  
Scorning to, v for her lord s home-comin!

Belie me or bel not, to all oot.  
What is to be will come a bitl while

And you shad see t. Then you li pry me  
And so that I was a tru prouch less.

Ca. Th babes both served for th Thyestean feast  
I know and shudder at th dreadful tale

I undrived and naked bo for t ld  
B t as for all the rest my thou hts ru wild

Clean from th course.

Ca. I tell thee thou shalt see  
Th death of Agamemnon.

Ca. Peace! Oh, peace!  
Fas words, unhappy lady!

Ca. There no art  
Ca. mend my speech.

Ca. Not, if th thing must be  
B t God forbid.

Ca. Thou makest prayer to God  
But they make ready to kill.

Ca. Name me the man!  
Ca. Thou dost not understand me

Ca. Troth I know  
A way at all to compass the kin s death.

Ca. And yet I speak good Creck, your tongu I  
know

Too well.

Ca. So doth the Pythian oracle,  
Yet are his divinations wondrous dark.

Ca. Oh, misery!

I burn! I burn! I am on fire with thee,  
Apollo! Wolf Sla er! Woe is m!

Th bones that wantored with the wolf,  
Th kingly bos been from her side

Shall take way my hf for she hath sworn  
To add my w, es to the hell broth she

Brews while she whets a da, er for her lord  
Means in my blood to pay my coen s, here.

Why do I wear this molley? Why these wands?  
These wreaths about my neck for prophery?

Your death for mine le gauds! To Hell with you,  
And I will follow after! Go, make n h

Another with damna pool! Look us Apollo  
Strips off my godly robes! I am to him

A spectacle grasped on b friends ad foes.  
They called me stroller beggar mountebank,

Poor d'ab, poor half-dead star elin evil names  
And ill to bea! But that was not now h

The prophet who made m a propheters  
Has brow ht me here to d e a viol nt death!

And for m father's altar waits for me  
The black warm reekin with th blood of him

That s butchered first! But we li rot d e for nought  
W too shall have our champion, the child

For mother s murder born and sire s revenge.  
A fugit e a wandern, outlaw be

To crown th fatal pyramid of woe  
Shall surely come! The Gods ha e sworn an oath

His father s curse shall bring him back, a ruin!  
Wh d I shank? Why do I wail? Since I

Ha e seen what hath befallen Ilium,  
And Ilium s captors come to this bad nd

B zh jud-ement of the Gods, I will go in  
And meet my death. Ye Gates of Hell I greet ye!

Pro God that I may get a mortal stroke  
W thou a struggl dying casly

A spurt s blood and then these eyes fast-closed.  
Ca. Lady of many sorrows, and in much

Most wise thou hast discoursed at length b t  
Thou hast indred f reknowned e of th death

How canst thou walk as boldly to the r e  
As goes to th altar the God-driven ox?

Ca. Sure, I must die delay can stead me not.  
Ca. Yet death deferred is best.

Ca. My hour is come  
To fly would nothin profit me.

Ca. Thou hast  
A patient and a valiant spirit.

Ca. You praise  
Not a men phrase th happy

*Ch* Yet to die  
 Nobly is to have honour among men  
*Ca* Oh father father I am woe for thee  
 And all thy noble children  
*She moves to the door of the palace but recoils*  
*Ch* Ha!  
 Why dost thou start? What terror waves thee back?  
*Ca* Foh! Foh!  
*Ch* What's this offends thy nostrils? Or is t the  
 mind  
 That's sick with fear?  
*Ca* Pah! The house smells of blood  
*Ch* Nay nay it is the smell of sacrifice  
*Ca* It reeks like an open grave  
*Ch* No Syrian nard  
 God wot!  
*Ca* Hush! I'll go in and there too I'll  
 Wail for my death and Agamemnon's what  
 I had of life must be sufficient for me  
 O Sirs! Alack!  
 I am no bird that shrills a wild alarm  
 Scared at a bush Bear witness what I am  
 Hereafter when for this my death shall die  
 Another of my sex another man  
 For one most woefully ill mated fall  
 And thus I ask you on the edge of death  
*Ch* Oh! for thy doom foretold I am struck to  
 the heart!  
*Ca* But one word more or rather my last word  
 The dirge of mine own death I pray the sun  
 Now in this last of light that my avengers  
 Pay home upon mine enemies the death  
 I die—a slave despatched with one swift blow!  
*She enters the palace*  
*Ch* Oh state of man! Thy happiness is but  
 The pencilling of a shadow—Misery  
 With a wet sponge wipes out the picture! Ay  
 And this is the more pitiable by far  
 Oh maw and ravin of Prosperity!  
 Hunger that lives of men can never appease!  
 There's none stands guard o'er gorgeous palaces  
 Bidding thee enter not neither draw nigh!  
 Here is a man the Gods in bliss away  
 Gave Priam's Town for spoil and he hath come  
 With divine honours back to his own home  
 But if for blood he shed not he must pay  
 If for old crimes he presently must die  
 That of death's glory not a beam be shorn  
 Who that hath ears to hear can boast him born  
 Under a star of scatheless destiny?  
*Ag* (*Within the palace*) Oh I am wounded with  
 a mortal wound!  
*Ch* Hush! Who is he that crieth out? Who shrieks  
 Wounded unto the death?  
*Ag* Again! O God!  
*Ch* Now by the crying of the king I know  
 The deed is done but what shall we do?  
 Oh

Summon the citizens!

2 Break in! Break in!  
 And put to proof this corrigible sin  
 At the sword's point!  
 3 There thou and I are one  
 What is to do let it be quickly done  
 4 It leaps to light now is their signal flown  
 This flourish sets oppression on its throne  
 5 Yes for while we are trifling with the time  
 Procrastination the armed heel of Crime  
 Treads under neither doth their sword hand sleep!  
 6 My wit is out who dares the dangerous leap  
 Let him advise  
 7 Ay truly that's well said  
 I have no art with words to raise the dead  
 8 Are we for the sake of a few sorry years  
 To crook the knee before these murderers?  
 Are they that shame the house to lead us?  
 9 No!  
 Better lie down in death than stoop so low!  
 Death is not half so curst as tyranny  
 10 Here's too much haste because we heard a cry  
 Are we to argue that the king is slain?  
 11 You're in the right on't! Give not wrath the rein  
 Until thou hast assurance of the deed  
 Hazard surmise and certitude are twain  
 12 Why then as most would have it let's proceed  
 And first ere fears to acted folly run  
 We'll know what hath befallen Atreus' son  
*The scene opens and discloses CLYTEMNESTRA  
 standing over the bodies of AGAMEMNON and  
 CASSANDRA*  
*Cl* If I spoke much in terms of policy  
 Why should I scruple to recant them now?  
 If Love be a close traitor shall not Hate  
 Dissemble too envioning her prey  
 In toils too high for Desperation's leap?  
 This is the finish of an ancient quarrel  
 Long brooded and late come but come at last.  
 I stand upon mine act—yea where I struck.  
 And I confess it I did use such craft  
 He could not fly nor fend him against death  
 I caught him in a net as men catch fish  
 No room no rat hole in his loopless robe  
 I struck him twice and once and twice he groaned  
 He doubled up his limbs and where he dropped  
 I struck him the third time and with that stroke  
 Committed him to Zeus that keeps the dead!  
 Then he lay still and gasped away his life  
 And belching forth a stinging blast of blood  
 Spattered me with a shower of gory dew  
 And I was blithe as with the balm of Heaven  
 The young corn in the birth time of the ear  
 Wherefore my very worshipful good masters  
 Be merry an't like you—I exult!  
 Would you a decent draught to drench his corpse  
 'Tis ready for him and we'll stint no drop  
 The bowl he filled with sorrow in his house  
 Now he's come home he shall suck out to the dregs.  
*Ch* Inhuman monster! Oh thou wicked tongue  
 Wilt thou insult o'er thy murdered lord!  
*Cl* I am no fool you cannot touch me there  
 This shakes me not I do but tell you that

1475-1487

You know already Whether you praise or blame  
Mourns no you. Look! This is Agamemnon  
My sometime husband. Here is the hand that  
knew him

Was it not well done? Is it not a masterpiece  
Of justice? Admire it how you will,  
This is the fashion of it.

O Women, have you not seen a jilt root,  
O-browed, three drunk of the blood of the sea,  
That thou hast mened thee for this rite?  
A thousand voices shall hiss and hiss,  
A thousand voices the soul shall hiss,  
For thou hast done this deed!  
Thou hast cut off cast down, and thou shalt be  
The castaway

A curse, excommunicated  
A curse, loaded with the people's hate  
O! Now is the name of justice thou wilt set down  
Demerit and abhorrence on the dead  
But thou hast done this deed, cast no stone at him,  
Who with his no more concern than for a beast  
Taken and slain, stored from a thousand flocks,  
Now his own child, the darling of my womb,  
For a curse must the Thracian blow  
O'er it at not thou rather for his wicked deed  
To have done him forth. You hear what I have  
done.

And now, O transcendent justice! I'll tell you  
This is the road for your children's odds  
But I'll give you as if you better see,  
Do or bear rule but if that not God's way  
Let justice though thou art, I'll reach the wisdom.

O! Thou boy, art much and art great to do this  
But I'll see that in the first way,  
When the heart is plumed, fount of blood,  
I'll see what fault the blinding eyes  
Will be lost, crimson flesh a food  
Sewn in sockets in their own gore,  
I'll see a God in that great deed  
When the scarlet was run over  
How could then these eyes and show  
When the lovers forsake thee, and bow quite blow!  
O! Now hear the warning, the remorse of mine  
ear

II Prince, that did fly from the child  
B. Atreus and Envy, whose blood is  
Then by the sword in onward treason, hope  
Shall ever stumble through the ocean of Fear  
So for as thou art fire on my hearth  
A god as light as thou be my friend,  
A noble buckler to my heart, true shield.  
III dead that had his heart of her the dear  
Of every Charmid under Leda  
And to this the grave of his, the fortune teller  
Heb and bed with him, smooth of embraces,  
And the first trumpet, that he has robbed  
The tower's bench smooth. They have their way  
thou seest

IV I'll see him, and that like the swan  
He dived her last, lies with him, where he lies  
A poor, poor, poor, as Ned in my bed,  
Set on a board rich diet's banquet.

O! Come some quick death, but rack me not  
with pain  
Nor know in long, ached  
Let me the eternal sleep

That brings the eternal sleep! My lord is dead,  
And I care not for other company  
My keeper graced with his best courtesy  
Who for woman waited on a far strand  
And now lies slain by a woman's hand  
O! He! He! He! He! He! He! He! He! He!  
How many souls of men and of Troy's wall  
Dost thou cut off from life and life!

Now thou hast done the worst,  
And in this blood, no water can wash white,  
With the most perfect memorableness of all  
Thy last rose in the garden's crown  
Thou corner stone of sin, thou woe of human  
kind!

O! Call not on Death, cast down by what we see,  
Neither on He! He! He! He! He! He! He! He! He!  
As I once he were deep in blood but she  
Nor think, because for her our Daughters died  
There is no other hurt, but I am sure

O! Surt that on these battlements, plumb-  
down,

Dost drop on iron walls,  
To pluck away the two-fold crown  
And doubt the capture of the Tantalid king,  
Thou didst raise up two Queens, and give the sword  
To a Sock, to deal my heart a deadly wound  
Now like a carnal bird perched on the slain,  
Thou art the son to an ill descendant crooked.  
O! Now is thy judgment just, when thou dost  
cry

T that cursed Surt, that thine fatted Doon,  
A last incarnate Death that cannot die  
That makes all Tantalid murderers in the womb,  
Arise for fresh blood and ere the old be dry

O! The Destroyer, Angel, answered sore  
Against this house a Surt, great and strong  
And evil and insatiable woe is my!  
That said a Zeus right hand to Whom belong  
Power and Dominion, now and evermore.  
What do we or what suffer of good or ill,  
But doing suffer, we enact His Will?  
A without God none of these things could be.  
K. to K. how shall I weep for thee?

What shall my fond heart say  
Thou lost in water's web-work gave  
In hadros death the fleet life, ebb away  
Woe woe that thou wouldst it bow thy head  
On this unkind bed,

B. O! hand despatched and treason's felon!  
O! sink the proud boat  
Call not this my deed  
Never suppose me Agamemnon's spouse  
A better man, likeness drew the knife  
The old the unforgiving Ghost,  
Not I that was this piece of carnal's wife.  
And his assumption feed  
Black Avens of the Blood's Rouse,  
Th. Revel Gm.



She hath the altar dressed  
 With brawn of manhood for the tender limb  
 Of weanling infants taken from the breast  
*Ch* Go to that thou art innocent of this blood  
 What witness will avouch? Though it may be  
 That Old Destroyer wove with thee the mesh  
 This bloody deluge like an on coming sea  
 That may not halt until it makes the flood  
 Rolls its rough waves with kindred murder red  
 Till Justice lave the rank corruption bred  
 Of that foul cannibal roast of childish flesh

*King* my king how shall I weep for thee?  
 What shall my fond heart sav?  
 Thou liest in spider's web work gaspingly  
 In hideous death the fleet life ebbs away!  
 Woe woe that thou shouldst bow thy head  
 On this unkingly bed!  
*By* dagger hand despatched and treason's felony!

*Cl* Is he guile free?  
 Hath he not slain  
 His own even my branch raised up from him  
 Iphigeneia wept with all my tears?  
 Ah to the traitor treachery!  
 He hath discharged in blood his long arrears  
 The measure he dealt is meted him again  
 Then let his big voice in the dim  
 Darkness of Hell  
 Sink low and sadly breathed  
 He hath his just quietus this great quell  
*Ripostes* his stroke who first the sword  
 unsheathed

*Ch* Now like a weary wrestler  
 My fainting heart contends  
 Now that the house is falling  
 Where shall I find me friends?

But oh I fear to overwhelm it  
 Red Ruin roars again  
 For the first shower is over  
 The early morning rain

Yea Fate that forgets Sorrow  
 Now a new grindstone sets  
 There for fresh hurt her dagger  
 The Armourer Justice whets

*Oh* Earth Earth Earth! Would God I had him  
 dead  
 Deep in thy mould  
 Ere on his silver sided pallet bed  
 I saw my lord lie cold!  
*Oh* who will bury him dirge him to his rest?  
 Wilt thou sing his death song  
 Murderess of thine own man wail and beat breast  
 For thy most grievous wrong?  
 Mock his great spirit with such comfort cold?  
 Oh for a voice to sound  
 The hero's praise with passionate weeping knolled  
 Over his low grave mound!

*Cl* Let that alone it matters not to thee  
 For by our hand he fell he dropped down dead  
 And we will dig him deep in earth Let be  
 We'll have no wailers here but in their stead  
 His child Iphigeneia with soft beck  
 Where the rapid waves of the Ford of Sorrows hiss,  
 Shall come and fling her arms about his neck  
 And greet her loving father with a kiss

*Ch* So taunt meets taunt but Judgment  
 Is bitter hard to gain  
 Now spoiled is the despoiler  
 Now is the slayer slain

For Zeus abides upon His Throne  
 And through all time all tides  
 The Law that quits the Doer  
 The changeless Law abides

Who will cast out the accursed stuff  
 Bone of thee breath of thy breath?  
 Thy very stones thou bloody house  
 Are bonded in with Death!

*Cl* Now is thine oracle come to the fountainhead  
 Of bitter Truth As God lives I would swear  
 Great oaths to that cursed Spirit Whose ghostly  
 tread  
 Haunteth the House of Pleisthenes to bear  
 What's past endurance and take heart of grace  
 To pluck these rooted sorrows from my mind  
 Would he a aunt and harry some other race  
 With the Soul of Murder that seeks out his kind  
 Then with that Horror from this house cast forth  
 Which made their blood with mutual butchery  
 Oh what were all its golden treasure worth?  
 A poor man's portion were enough for me

*Enter AEGISTHUS with his guards*

*Aegisthus* Oh day of grace meridian of Justice!  
 Now may I say the Gods are our Avengers  
 And from on high behold the crimes of earth  
 For now I have my wish I see yon man  
 Wound up in raiment of Eriny's wool  
 The shroud that shrives his father's handiwork  
 Atreus his sire who here bears rule because  
 His power was challenged did his father's son  
 Thieves my dear father—dost thou mark me?—  
 Outlaw and ban from home and kin dom both  
 Himself poor man a sutor for his life  
 Recalled from exile found fair terms enough  
 No death for him no staining with his blood  
 This parent soil But for his entertainment  
 Atreus this man's cursed father with more heat  
 Than heart towards mine with a pretended stir  
 Of welcome—oh a high-day of hot joints!  
 Dished up for him a mess of his own babes  
 The hands and feet he chopped and put aside  
 The rest minced small and indistinguishable  
 Served at a special table So he ate  
 Knowing not what he ate but purge thine eyes,  
 And own 'twas sauced with sorrow for his seed  
 And when he saw what wickedness was done

He groaned fll back and spewed the goblets up  
 Clamoring damnat on down mn Pelops line.  
 Yes, kickin o'er board and banquet cried  
 So perish all the house of Pleisthenes!  
 And that pu h great Agam mnon fell  
 Mv grudge in this employ ed some stitchery  
 I was mv poo si e s third son and sole hope  
 And he thru tme ut w th him in cradle clothes  
 But I grew up and J us ce called me h me  
 Outs de these walls I grappled w th y n man  
 Yes had a p vv part in th whol ph t  
 And f r all th I am content to d e  
 Now that n Venganc e toly I see h m snazed  
 Ch Agasthus, I hold him a castif who  
 Insults error ow You d at nd c nfessed  
 Am derez you say you sole conspired  
 Th so ry d ed I say to thee thou too  
 Shalt not escape damnat o they shall cast  
 Stones at thee ay heap curses u thy grave!  
 Ae You drudge you f ck that paddles in the  
 bl  
 Say you en so your betters on the bench  
 Of gu dance and command? Y ur tudy is  
 H mul ry old ma and you w ll find  
 Tis hard f r d llard age to mind his book  
 But even for eld priso and h nge pi ch  
 Ar rare physicians. Hast no eyes for that?  
 Kick not a s nst the p cks lest thou g lame.  
 Ch You woman that b ing infamy on men  
 F mt from the field ay bolted sal indoors  
 Cuck lds a kung a d pious to tnk him do n  
 A Th ushall be faith si a n ld f noel  
 Oh Orph us had a voice but ot l ke thine  
 F r where h ear lled jocund N tur da cedl  
 Plags on thy howlings! Th ushall da e to them  
 Whether thou would tnot nd by God o cec ight  
 We'll put som tamentes in thee  
 Ch You my lord  
 You to be king in A gos! Pl tting murder  
 But tth man to d tl  
 A Was t the wife  
 The sad est way to gull him? Was s i  
 Smoked a d pecc his neie t nemy?  
 It shall go ill ith me. b tth s man gold  
 Shall mak m master H that fights the rean  
 Shall se tth b t nd I will mak tthen y!  
 No corn sed coit i m! H nge th t keep  
 House w th th hat sul dark shall b mble hum.  
 Ch tdy thy soul not ma en ough  
 To lay him to fight? Wh did a wom a

Wherewith the land recks and her Gods are sick  
 h ll him? Orestes yet b holds the light  
 And he shall com in happy hour and be  
 The master and destroyer of you both  
 Ae Waltz e w lt rant walt fall to deeds?  
 Why then  
 Blockhead thou shalt learn wisdom! Forward  
 m al  
 Come str good fellows! Faith you need not trudge  
 F r fo this fray  
 Ch Our swordst  
 Ae As God s my judge  
 My sword to yours, I fear not death not l  
 Ch Not? Then we take the omen tthou shalt diel  
 Cl Sweetheart! I charge thee do no villainy!  
 Nay do no more! What s town is yet to reap  
 It is a harr est where the corn stands deep  
 And we must carry home full loads of care  
 W th ut our blood here s trouble and to spare!  
 Good gentlemen I pray you to your homes!  
 Bend to the hour when fraught with Fate it comes,  
 Lest w rie befall ye That which we ha e don  
 T was fated we should do Therefore begone!  
 Ah might this prove the end all of our woe  
 H w h ppy should we be to have it sol  
 So heavy on u is the bloody spur  
 Of a dre d -spirit Deuny s m ister  
 Here is a woman s counsel will ye heed  
 Ae And shall these crop all rankness tongue can  
 breed  
 H cther own fortune to the hazard brook  
 No rean call no man ma ter?  
 Ch When I crook  
 The knee to l you may call me h und  
 I am no son of this free Argi e ground  
 Ae I ll be re nged upon ve vet  
 Ch Not so  
 If Fate bring back Orestes  
 Ae Tush! I know  
 Th exile s wallet is wth hope n ll loed  
 Ch Enjoy thy fortune do l s not Fate kind?  
 Go n n sun wax fat make the stro g po er  
 Of Justice seek t heaven this is thine lo r  
 Ae Wld word but th y are reckoned t thy  
 sco e  
 Ch As truta d crow a cock has dame befo l  
 Cl Nay never heed th r howl gsl Waste dom  
 And h ly state a eours come w l at may come  
 So in the palce thou a d I will dwell  
 And order all things xcellently well. *Exeunt*

# CHOEPHOROE

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                                              |                           |
|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| ORESTES son of Agamemnon<br>and Clytemnestra | ELECTRA sister of Orestes |
| PYLADES friend of Orestes                    | THE DOORKEEPER            |
| CHORUS OF SLAVE WOMEN                        | CLYTEMNESTRA              |
|                                              | A NURSE                   |
|                                              | ÆGISTHUS                  |

*Argos the Tomb of Agamemnon* ORESTES and  
PYLADES

Orestes O Clithonian Hermes, Steward of thy Sire  
Receive my prayer save me and fight for my cause  
For I am journeyed back from banishment  
And on this moulded sepulchre I call  
On my dead sire to listen and give ear

\* \* \*  
This lock to Inachus for nurture this  
For mourning

\* \* \*  
Father I was not by to wail thy death  
Or with stretched hand despatch thine exequies

\* \* \*  
What's this? Look you what company of women  
With such ostent of sable stoles attired  
Moves on its way? What trouble's in the wind?  
Hath some fresh sorrow fallen on the house?  
Or bring they these libations for my father  
As my heart tells me to appease the Shades?  
It cannot be aught else there is my sister  
Electra walking with them and she wears  
A woeful look O Zeus give me to venge  
My father's murder fight upon my side  
Pylades let's withdraw I would fain know  
What may this woman's supplication mean  
They withdraw and the chorus enter with ELECTRA

### Chorus

Forth from the house they bid me speed  
With graveyard cups to pour and these ill-tuned  
Uncle hands quick throbbing drum beat sent  
These cheeks in tender witness bleed  
A fresh turned fellow with a gleaming wound  
And my heart's bread is evermore lament

I tore my robe of fair tissue  
And the poor rags methought with anguish cried  
Being too linen soft and delicate  
To be so wronged or as they knew  
They wrapped a breast where laughter long had  
died  
Or wailed a new malignancy of Fate

For terror wild with lifted hair  
Wrung from the soul of sleep dark dream adept  
In the dead hour of night a cry aghast

A shriek it was a shrill nightmare  
That broke from the bower and where we women  
slept  
In heaviness and sullen anger passed

And they whose judgment can expound  
The meaning of such dreams let a great cry  
The word of power that doth God's word engage  
Underneath the earth's dark ground  
Are grieving spirits wroth exceedingly  
And tis against their murderers they rage

And now with gifts wherein is no remedy  
I come these woes to ward  
For oh Earth Mother thus in her sore need  
Woods pardon and peace a woman God abhorred  
How dare I breathe that word? Where shall be found  
Ransom for blood that's drenched the ground?  
O hearth Calamity enwraps  
O royal siege swift Ruin wraps  
What sunless glooms of Night inhearsed  
By human horror held accursed  
Darkeneth thee thou house of pride  
For the deaths thy masters died?

The sovran awe uncombated unquelled  
That through the general ear  
Smote on the common heart hath now rebelled  
And yet God not there are who fear  
Our infirm flesh boon Fortune defies  
The man grown God high God outwies  
But Judgment swings through her swift arc  
And censuring all doth poise and weigh  
And she can set a soul in light  
Or on the confine of the dark  
The lingering agony delay  
Or overwhelm with elemental night

Blood and more blood tis drunk of the dark  
ground

This earth that bred it knea is it in her clay  
Till it become indissolubly bound  
A Power that shall itself a use and slay!

Ate with no hot haste to vengeance spurs  
Though tireless in pursuit once entered in  
Still she adjourns the Day of Doom defers  
Till there be full sufficiency of sin

Who hath unlatched the door of chastyty  
Enforcing the e the bridal bliss embowered  
Shall nev'r turn again the <sup>golden</sup> keys  
And rashed o-er the <sup>more</sup> deflowered

So, thou hall stream be affient to on end  
Lead and sweet wash a <sup>the</sup> stain  
O' blood from guilt hands, sh<sup>d</sup> but spend  
Thy on a d flower, clants in <sup>sun</sup>

■ I—th hard constraints of hea en  
En wronging m <sup>civ</sup> d<sup>en</sup>  
From home say po uon sla ry—  
If good or <sup>d</sup> the debate.  
Must sm ther up my bitter hate  
And be th m te s<sup>wo</sup> eighty  
And yet behind my <sup>ell</sup> weep  
M m hful waste s<sup>wasted</sup> days,  
And thus hush sorro on m l<sup>ives</sup>  
Th ch of w ter frozen sleep

Electra Boondmaids, th household's rule and  
women

En in th office we are postulants  
With me I pray you counsel m heren  
What shall I say wh n these kind ups I pour?  
How find fa r word t w them to m are?  
Lo, r ght fo e —Shall om m nd them so?  
Husband from edded w fe ? Oh, t from her  
Not from my mother I sh ld wa t for that  
At on a fbr s lha n form fprayer  
To pou these f n g o m fath sgra e  
Or shall I om with cu romary terms  
And sh a bless on thes heads that sent  
These ga land f fawded fa ec n<sup>pense</sup>?  
Or m d honour le my father  
Per ed dra nout the d h f r Earth t drink  
And g t me h like ne that ca t o s filth  
Flu th rock f m m th ted looks  
Revol me, friends, that ou may shu my blame  
W h om m outy that  
I f d o s o heart's deep th n h<sup>is</sup> f an<sup>y</sup> fear  
Th<sup>is</sup> th<sup>is</sup> d t m e d was t fo th free  
And him that t ther beck and nod  
Know ou better wa guant me with t.  
O A t f ali th fath<sup>er</sup> to n b  
And t h<sup>is</sup> bidd gl will peak m m nd  
El Speak by that aw thou ow th<sup>is</sup> sepulchre.  
O Pour on b t ask good thins to all leal souls  
El Which f m f e d be thes? how shall I  
nam th-m?  
O Th w l nd ster ll that hate Aeg<sup>is</sup> thus.  
El Then wad I offer pra x f r thee nd m?  
O I fee th heart trusts th e how t pray  
El And add nam bewide  
O

Absent Orestes in thine orisons.

E. Oh, ell admon hed! Ex ll th<sup>is</sup> s d l  
O M d d l f them that did the deed f blood—  
E. What then? p v o and I l p v fte ther.  
O A k that on th m etual e ghoudy come—  
El Doonster or doom s executant?

Ch A stern  
A eug r tw ll suffice a k n thing more  
El Is that holy thur to ask the Gods?  
O Nay h w ho ld it n t p e a holy th<sup>ing</sup>.  
W th e d to reward an enemy?  
El Great Herald of the Hei hts and Deep, be  
thou  
My helper Chthonian Herries cry for me,  
And b d the Spirits of the Depths g e ear  
That are the Stewards of my father s house  
Cry to the Earth that bri gs fo th life and then  
O fall she used receiv a n the seed  
I will pou these libatio s to t f e Shades,  
Saying O Father ha ec m p<sup>ar</sup> m on me  
And on O ctes h w shall we bri him hom?  
We are sold f r a price ea the that ga e us birth  
Hath d<sup>e</sup> possessed s, t hen so h r bed  
A m th<sup>is</sup> th he guilty of thy blood  
I m but a sla e ban shed Orestes hach  
No po uon f th<sup>is</sup> ubsta ce with th<sup>is</sup> labours  
Th v go apparelled in their insolence  
I pra not know g h w t shall befall  
O ctes may come home bear m m<sup>y</sup> father f  
And fo m<sup>y</sup> self I as a purer heart  
Than hath m mother and more innocent hands.  
Th<sup>is</sup> for oursel m but on our en m es  
I pray A en in Just ce may n e p  
And h w them d wo en as they hewed t ee  
And so betw xt m<sup>y</sup> gra s that a k good things  
Stands th<sup>is</sup>, that unprecates e d o thes heads.  
Fo us send be edictions, by the help  
Of Hea en and Ea th and Justice Triumph  
Now I pour out these cups, which you must wreathe  
W th c stomary crown is of your cries,  
Charu th d small p<sup>ar</sup>an f the dead  
O F l l p<sup>ar</sup>shable rears, w th plashin so n d  
Fall f r our fall n l d  
And while th abominable cup is poured  
The rite confound  
The good ert  
And to th nisc eant s hurt  
The e d b r n to pass,  
And tho h death dull th<sup>is</sup> soul and deaf thine ear  
Hearken O h x m<sup>y</sup>st c shadow hear!  
Alas! Alas! Alas!  
Oh, for th argued d l e  
Th wlede of a m h t pea  
The ar h t that shall bend a nst the foe  
Till horn meet horn th Sev th<sup>is</sup> bow  
Or foot to foot and fa to face  
Beat eut f<sup>is</sup> to th earth with hu e self hasted  
mac l  
El Da k Earth hath drunk her poison in h<sup>is</sup>  
gra  
O Father hath t now But bear what s s<sup>ur</sup>an e  
And passing t e.  
O Speak I implore thee! Speak!  
F t oh my fearful heart is wild ur ed!  
El H e s lock of hair laid on the tomb  
O Whose What tall youth s? Or what deep-  
p diled girl e?  
El Why only look it is not hard to guess.

Ch I m an old woman and shall youth teach me?  
 El There s none would shed a hair for him but I  
 Ch Yea foes are they should mourn with  
 shaven head  
 El Tis like a feather of the self same wing—  
 Ch Whose hair is t like? I am on thorns to know  
 El Tis very like the hair of mine own head  
 Ch Not young Orestes gift in secret brought?  
 El It is a tendril of that vine I swear  
 Ch It is? But how dared he adventure luther?  
 El Twas sent this shearing of his filial love  
 Ch That s no less worth my tears to think that he  
 Will never again set foot in his own land

El To me it is the surging of a sea  
 Bitter as gall an arrow through my heart  
 These tears are but the thirsty thunder drops  
 Escaped from unwept deluges the flood  
 Is yet to come Who else that s native here  
 Could show the fellow to this goodly tress?  
 Nor was it clipped by her that murdered him  
 Tis not my mother s what a name is that  
 For her that hates her own and denies God!  
 But how soe er by this and that I vow  
 This shining jewel is my best beloved  
 Orestes own I am beguiled by hope  
 Oh mel

Would it had sense a voice to make report  
 That I be shook no longer to and fro  
 But roundly bid to curse and spew it from me  
 If its indeed shorn from a murderer s head  
 Or that twould prove its kin and with me mourn  
 This grave s bright ornament my father s pride  
 But when we call upon the Gods they know  
 By what great storms like mariners at sea  
 We are tossed and whirled And if they mean to  
 save

Then from small seed a mighty stem may grow  
 Hal Here are footprints! here is double proof!  
 Look! They are like! They tally with mine own!  
 Nay there s a pair—each in outline distinct!  
 He hath been here with some companion!  
 Heel length of tendon all agrees with mine  
 The hope within me struggles to be born  
 And I am crazed until it come to birth

Or (disclosing herself) Henceforth pay fruitful  
 vows to the good Gods

For answered prayer

El Wherefore stand I now  
 So high in heaven s favour?

Or Thou hast sight  
 Of that which thou didst pray so long to see

El Know st thou whom my soul craves of all  
 the world?

Or I know thy heart a woe for Orestes

El How have my prayers prospered?

Or Here am I  
 No further seek for I am all thou lov st

El Sir art thou come to take me in a snare?

Or An if I do I plot against myself

El I fear you mean to mock my misery

Or I jest at mine if yours can make me merry

El Art thou indeed Orestes?

Or You are slow  
 To know me when you see me face to face  
 And yet this snip of hair could give you wings  
 And when you looked upon it you saw me  
 A footprint of your make was proof but now  
 Come put the shorn tress to the shaven head  
 Look at this stuff tis of your loom your spathe  
 Smoothed it you broidered this brave brede of  
 beasts

Refrain thy heart lest joy unhinge thy wits  
 For our dear kin are our most mortal foes

Ch Thou darling of thy father s house sole hope  
 Of saving seed watered with many tears!  
 Now show thy mettle win back thine own home.

El Thou eye that centres all sweet thoughts  
 four selves

Composed in one for there is none but thee  
 Left to call father and the tender love  
 That was my mother s ere she earned my hate  
 Yearns all to thee and all I felt for her  
 Twin sown with me and pitilessly slain  
 And ever my true brother my one name  
 Of awe may Power and Justice be with thee  
 And Zeus the greatest of the trinity

Or Zeus Zeus be perfect witness of these woes  
 Lo the young eagles desolate their sire  
 Dead in the tight-drawn knot the twisted coils  
 Of a fell viperess Orphans are we  
 And faint unfed unable for the prey  
 Our father took and to our eyrie bear—  
 So stand I in thy sight so she stands  
 The sad Electra fatherless children both  
 And either s home is outcast homelessness  
 The young of him Thy sacrificial priest  
 A mighty honourer of Thine if Thou  
 Cut off what hand will such rich guerdon give?  
 And if the eaglets Thou destroy there s none  
 To send and show Thy tokens among men  
 This royal stem if it be quite consumed  
 Steads not Thy altars when fat bulls are slain  
 Tend it and out of nothingness exalt  
 A house that seemeth rased even with the ground

Ch Oh you salvation of your father s house  
 Hush or some rogue sweethearts will hear of this  
 And with his pick thank tongue carry the tale  
 To our cursed masters whom I pray to God  
 I may see fry in bubbling pinewood blaze!

Or Great Loxias word shall never play me false  
 That bade me hold upon my perilous way  
 Entoning high and horrors freezing clod  
 To make hot livers lumps of ice forth telling  
 If I tracked not my father s murderers  
 As they tracked him nor took my full revenge  
 With brute bull fury gold cannot allay  
 My life must answer for it charged with all  
 Afflictions that can rob us of our joy  
 Of death in life earth s sop to malice old  
 He with dread voice in our frail hearing told  
 As foul serps goos canker the flesh  
 Gnawing the native wholesomeness away  
 Till all be furred with the white leprosy  
 Next of the Haunting Furies conjured up



Grasp the bolt with grapplings dread  
To cleave their climbing crests amain?  
May firm affiance keep our land  
I sue for nothing at God's hand  
But that after oppression long  
Justice walk the world again  
Hear Earth and all the Chthonian throng  
Throned in the darkness of the dead!

*Ch* It is the Law when man's blood falls  
Man's blood shall pay full cess  
With Harol Harol! Murder calls  
God's fell Erinyes  
And in some late succeeding age  
For souls slain long ago  
Fresh horrors mount the bloody stage  
For blacker deeds of woe  
*Or* Oh! O heigh! Ye dim Dominions!  
Princedom of Death! Ye potent malisons  
Of murdered men! Behold and see  
Of Atreus noble tree  
The poor the pitiful the last  
Scantling from home and kingly state outcast!  
Hear us O Zeus for we have none but Theel

*Ch* I listen and tremble thy cry of dole  
Feters my heart anon  
Faint for wan hope am I  
It thickens my blood it clouds my soul  
Thy passing piteous cry!  
But when the fit is gone  
And my fixed heart is firm to dare  
Pain stands far off and calm and fair  
And cool the brightening sky  
*El* How move the dead? How prosper in our plea?  
Oh what can wring them like our misery!  
This cloud that overhangs  
Our house these parent pangs?  
Traitor! She could fawn and lose  
But she can never cheat us of our woes  
We are her children and have wolfish fangs  
*Ch* I beat to the sound of the Arian dirging  
Yea to the Russian wailer's cry  
With wild hands lifted high and high  
Clashing and clutching and to sing and surging  
Faster faster never ending  
A tempest of blows on my head descending  
And the noise like a hammer dinning through my brain

A passion of Sorrow a tumult of Pain!  
*El* Oh mother deep in all  
Damnation! Oh remorseless enemy!  
A king borne out to unkind burial  
No liegeman by!  
A husband thrust in his grave and none  
To wail or weep or chant an orison!  
*Or* Ha! Did she use him so spitefully?  
She shall aby full dearly her spite!  
With Heaven to help and hands to smite  
I'll slay her in her blood and die!  
*Ch* Hacked like a thief by her that felon use  
Graved him in her cold malice that his doom  
Might insupportably thy days consume  
These were thy father's last death agonies

*El* They would have none of me humbled  
and chidden  
Like a pestilent hound a cur unwhipped  
Closeted up in the castle crypt  
There in the kennelled darkness hidden  
Frecher flowed my secret weeping  
Than ever careless laughter leaping  
When the world was gay and my heart was light  
Brother my wrongs in the memory write!  
*Ch* Let that thy courage brace  
Like steel-drilled marble mortused and made one  
With thy calm heart's unshaken base  
What's done is done  
But stick not till Expectancy behold  
The sequel on be firm as thou art bold  
*Or* Father be with us! Father thee I call!  
*El* And I with heavy heart and streaming eyes!  
*Ch* And all our many voices sound as one!  
Rise oh rise  
And feel the sun  
Be with us against the common enemy of all!  
*Or* Plea shall encounter Plea Power grapple  
Power!  
*El* The righteous cause ye Gods judge  
righteously!  
*Ch* I listen and I shudder while ye pray  
Destiny  
Abides always  
But prayer can hasten on the inevitable hour!  
*Or* Oh heritage of Grief! Incarnate Woe!  
Oh Bloody Hand of Doom that jars the strings!  
Now is the voice of melody brought low!  
*El* Oh how they grate these harsh chords  
Sorrow wrings!  
*All* Pang on pang and throe on throe!  
*Or* Within there is no stypic for this wound  
And the wide world is powerless to aid  
By our own hands our safety must be found  
*El* Fury with fury blood in blood be stayed  
*All* This is our hymn to the Gods Earth bound  
*Ch* Hear ye Earth dwellers all that have  
Power and bliss beyond the grave!  
The seed of Childhood succour and save!  
*Or* Father by thy unkinly death grant me  
In thy high house lordship and mastery!  
*El* Take away my rebuke let not men say  
Behold  
Aeolus's chattel marketed and sold!  
*Or* Then as our fathers used feasts shall be spread  
For thee else at the banquets of the Dead  
Among the steaming bakemeats thou shalt pine.  
*El* And of my rich dower plenished from thy  
store  
To the refreshing draughts my cup shall pour  
First of all sepulchres I will honour thine  
*Or* Earth grant our sire our combat sore to see!  
*El* Give Persephassa beauteous victory!  
*Or* Think father of the bath thy life blood  
died  
*El* Think of the cunning net the deep and wide!  
*Or* In gyves no smith's hammer caught  
and bound!





Is that a fetch of thought beyond thy wing?  
 Learn of the plot that ill star'd Thestias fired  
 And her own child's untimely death conspired  
     Casting into the flame  
 The rusty brand of his nativity  
 Prime comrade and coeval numbering  
 His minutes from that hour when with a cry  
     Forth from her womb he came  
 To the last day appointed him to die

Or wist ye not of the girl murderess  
 Whose infamy yet lives in legend old?  
 That for a carcanet of Cretan gold  
     King Minos gift by foes  
 Suborn'd delivered up a well loved head?  
 Stealing from Nisus the immortal tress  
 What time—Oh heart of dog!—in his noon  
     bed  
 Breathing he lay in deep repose  
 And Hermes drew him down among the dead

But since old sorrows I recall  
 That suck no balm from honeyed shower  
 Pour out to brim the cup of gall  
     The sanguine wine of wedlock sour  
     Oh bid them from thy hall  
     And bid them from thy bower  
 These dark imaginings of woman's wit  
     Against her warrior  
 Whose mien the foe with darkness smit  
     The majesty of war  
 Bright shines the hearth were no fierce passions  
     throng  
 And woman's valour when she shrinks from  
     a wrong

So in the roll of antique time  
 Her primacy black Lemnos bears  
 Her shame is cried in every clime  
     And all that horror dreads or dares  
     Of that cursed Lemnian crime  
     The sable likeness wears  
 She feels the ache of God's most grievous ban  
     And her despised race  
 Under the general scorn of man  
     Is gone to their own place  
 That which displeases God none holds in awe  
 What cite I here that contradicts His law?

There is a sword whose biting thrust  
 God's Law drives home plung'd to the hilt  
 Clean through the naked heart for guilt  
 Lies not down trodden in the dust  
 That men may trample as of right  
 On all that's holy in God's sight

Now Justice anvil standeth fast  
 The Armourer Doom beats out her blade  
 Within is privily conveyed  
 A Child that quits the bloody past  
 That true born Child Eriny's brings  
 Dark are her deep imaginings

*Before the Palace* ORESTES and TYLADES CHORUS.  
 Or Boy! Boy! Do you hear me knock? What  
     boy I say!

Whos's there? Open if in Aegeus's halls  
 Be welcome for a stranger  
*Doorkeeper* Ay have done!  
 I hear ye What's your country and whence  
     come you?

Or Announce me to your masters I bring news  
 Meant for their ear And set about it quickly  
 For now the chorus of night comes on  
 Darklin it is the hour when travel casts  
 Anchor in hostelrys and roadside inns  
 Let one of charge and consequence come forth—  
 Some worthy dame or stay a man were best  
 For then nice manners need not overcast  
 Frank speech a man is to his brother man  
 Open in converse free without offence  
 CLYTEMNESTRA appears at the Palace door with

ELECTRA  
 Cl Sir what's your will? Here is such enter-  
     tainment

As fits my house warm baths an easy couch  
 For tired limbs and looks of honest welcome  
 But if there's graver business to despatch  
 That's men's concern and they must hear of it

Or I come from Phocis I am a Daulian  
 And on the road with mine own merchandise  
 To Argos here which is my journey's end  
 A man to me unknown as I to him  
 Met me enquired my way and told me his  
 Strophilus the Phocian as appeared anon

Sir quoth he since you are travelling to Argos,  
 Do me the service to inform his parents  
 Their son Orestes is no more forget not  
 And whether they decide to have him home  
 Or leave him ours for ever bury him  
 In his adopted land bring word again  
 Meantime his urn clips in its brazen round  
 The ashes of a man right nobly mourned  
 That was his messenger whether chance delivered  
 To whom it concerns who may herein command  
 I cannot tell but they whose son he is  
 Must surely be apprised of it

Cl Oh mel  
 How are we stormed upon broke breached  
     despoiled!

Unmastered curse of our unhappy house  
 How wide thy ring! Things out of reach thy bolt  
 Brings down from far and thou dost pluck from me  
 To the last hair all that I hold dear!  
 And now Orestes he that thou hast to plant  
 His foot out of the mire of muddy death  
 The hope that physicked this debauch of blood  
 Pricked in thy roster answers to his name

Or Would I had better news to recommend me  
 To my so honourable entertainers  
 And grace their proffered welcome What can warm  
 The heart like kindness between host and guest?  
 And yet it had been wicked to my thinking  
 Not to discharge an office laid on me  
 Both by my pledged word and your courtesy

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O. Oh, say for that will we scant your deserts  
Or make you the less welcome to our house.  
To-day had brought these tidings, if not thou.  
But it is time that do long travellers  
Find full recompense for the weary road.

(T. enters)

Do you bestow him in the men's guest-chambers,  
His companions and as his return.

Let him be treated as between our house  
And by a door as you shall answer it.

CLYTEMNESTRA, CRESSIDA, and PYRADES enter the Palace

These men we will impart to our lord

And he and I will help of our good friends.

Talk counsel touching this calamity.

CLYTEMNESTRA follows

O. Canst thou! Content! Oh, when shall we,

Do a headman's work full of life

Over a man's head, a head

Under a man's head, a head

Under a man's head, a head

Under a man's head, a head

Under a man's head, a head

Under a man's head, a head

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Laundress and nurse too, all for my sweet babe.  
On, turn and turn about, I plied both trades  
When I too, O, was from his father's arms.  
Alack, and now they tell me he is dead  
And I must get on to the sowing hill dog  
Will take my tidings with a greedy ear.

O. How did she bid him come—in what array?

N. How? Say't again, I do not understand thee.

O. Or which his boy's ward or unattended?

N. Still bade him bring his yemen of the Guard.

O. Never deliver to the boy his message!

Tell him to come alone, that he may hear

From his own ear the "quickly-chested" come!

At the swarped oft story 'tens in the telling!

N. Does mean that these are welcome news

To thee?

O. 'Tis an ill word Zeus cannot turn to good.

N. Good? And on home, on dear Orestis dead?

O. 'Twere no mean proof that could expound my text.

N. What means it? Hast sought that squares not

With the tale?

O. Run! Take thy message, do as thou art bid

Safe in His hands all that touches Heaven.

N. Well, I will suffer ye to be as ye will

And by the bounty of God may all end well.

Exit woman.

CLYTEMNESTRA follows

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Is that a fetch of thought beyond thy wing?  
Learn of the plot that ill starred Thestias fired  
And her own child's untimely death conspired  
Casting into the flame  
The rusty brand of his nativity,  
Prime comrade and coeval numbering  
His minutes from that hour when with a cry  
Forth from her womb he came  
To the last day appointed him to die

Or wist ye not of the girl murderess  
Whose infamy yet lives in legend old?  
That for a carcanet of Cretan gold  
Kin Minos gift by foes  
Suborned delivered up a well loved head?  
Stealing from Nisus the immortal tress  
What time—Oh heart of dogs!—in his noon  
bed  
Breathing he lay in deep repose  
And Hermes drew him down among the dead

But since old sorrows I recall  
That suck no balm from honeyed shower  
Pour out to brim the cup of gall  
The sanguine wine of wedlock sour  
Oh bid them from thy hall  
And bid them from thy bower  
These dark imaginings of woman's wit  
Against her warrior  
Whose mien the foe with darkness smit  
The majesty of war  
Bright shines the hearth were no fierce passions  
throng  
And woman's valour when she shrinks from  
wrong

So in the roll of antique time  
Her primacy black Lemnos bears  
Her shame is cried in every clime  
And all that horror dreads or dares  
Of that cursed Lemnian crime  
The sable likeness wears  
She feels the ache of God's most grievous ban  
And her despised race  
Under the general scorn of man  
Is gone to their own place  
That which displeases God none holds in awe  
What cite I here that contradicts His law?

There is a sword whose biting thrust  
God's Law drives home plunged to the hilt  
Clean through the naked heart for guilt  
Lies not down trodden in the dust  
That men may trample as of right  
On all that's holy in God's sight

Now Justice anvil standeth fast  
The Armourer Doom beats out her blade  
Within is privily conveyed  
A Child that quits the bloody past  
That true born Child Erinyes brings  
Dark are her deep imaginings.

*Before the Palace* ORESTES and PYLADES CHORUS.  
Or Boy! Boy! Do you hear me knock? What  
boy I say!  
Whos's there? Open if in Aegisthus halls  
Be welcome for a stranger

*Doorkeeper* Ay have done!  
I hear ye What's your country and whence  
come you?

Or Announce me to your masters I bring news  
Meant for their ear And set about it quickly  
For now the chariot of night comes on  
Darkling it is the hour when travel casts  
Anchor on hostelrys and roadside inns  
Let one of charge and consequence come forth—  
Some worthy dame or stay a man were best  
For then nice manners need not overcast  
Frank speech a man is to his brother man  
Open in converse free without offence  
CLYTEMNESTRA appears at the Palace door with

ELECTRA  
Cl Sirs what's your will? Here is such enter-  
tainment

As fits my house warm baths an easy couch  
For tired limbs and looks of honest welcome  
But if there's graver business to despatch  
That's men's concern and they must hear of it  
Or I come from Phocis I am a Daulian  
And on the road with mine own merchandise  
To Argos here which is my journey's end  
A man to me unknown as I to him  
Met me enquired my way and told me his  
Strophæus the Phocian as appeared anon  
Sir quoth he since you are travelling to Argos,  
Do me the service to inform his parents  
Their son Orestes is no more forget not  
And whether they decide to have him home  
Or leave him ours for ever bury him  
In his adopted land bring word a sin  
Meantime his urn clips in its brazen round  
The ashes of a man right nobly mourned  
That was his message whether chance delivered  
To whom it concerns who may herein command  
I cannot tell but they whose son he is  
Must surely be apprised of it

Cl Oh me!  
How are we stormed upon broke breached  
despoiled!

Unmastered curse of our unhappy house  
How wide thy reach! Things out of reach thy bolt  
Brings down from far and thou dost pluck from me  
To the last hair all that I hold dear!  
And now Orestes he that thou'gt to plant  
His foot out of the mire of muddy death  
The hope that physicked this debauch of blood  
Pricked in thy roster answers to his name

Or Would I had better news I recommend me  
To my so honourable entertainers  
And grace their proffered welcome What can warm  
The heart like kindness betwixt host and guest?  
And yet it had been wicked to my thinking  
Not to discharge an office laid on me  
Both by my pledged word and your courtesy



Through this dark Veil of Thy Grace  
Make them show a shining face!

Meet is it Maia's child with subtlest craft  
Our dubious venture speed  
Is none so swift so nimble light so swift  
To port the hazard of a dubious deed!  
He opens or shuts with Yea and Nay  
The gold of His hid Treasury  
His Word is night to the seeing eye  
And darkness in the broad noonday

Then for deliverance from Despair  
For a steady breeze and strong  
We'll harp and sing to a merry air  
The mumping witch wiles song

The ship rides free come fill my lap  
Put money in my purse  
Largesse fair Sirs for your good hap  
And the boon of a broken Curse

Thou to the deed march boldly on  
And when thou hearst her cry My Son  
Answer—Not thine!—and with one blow  
In blameless blood guilt blot this Woe!

On! Lest a word should win thee  
A look break down thy guard  
Harden the heart within thee  
As Perseus' heart was hard!

Make stern amends relent not  
Doth the wronged ghost forgive?  
Relax not—pause repent not!  
They ask it that yet live!

Strike strike for Hate's allaying  
The House of Hate within  
And with one sinless Slaying  
Slaughter the Seed of Sin!

*Enter AEGISTHUS*

*Aegisthus* I come not here unasked a message  
reached me

I'm told there's a strange rumour certain men  
Our guests have brought little to pleasure me  
Orestes' death That were with a fresh load  
To chafe a sore that runs with fears unstanch'd  
And open bygone Murder's aching scars  
Shall I concede it true? Looks it forth clear-eyed?  
Or null and void as woman's vain alarms  
A flight of sparks that presently come to nought?  
What canst thou tell me that shall clear my doubt?

*Ch* Only that we have heard it go within  
Question the strangers man to man there lies  
The marrow and pith of all the news ever brought  
*Ae* I'll see this messenger and question him  
A sin if he was present at the death  
Or vents a tale that hath no substance in it  
They that would steal my wits first steal my eyes

*Exit*

*Ch* Open my lips order my prayers aright  
O God above!  
Give them the strength the breadth the depth  
the height  
Of my exceeding love!  
Now on the scabbard of one slaughterous sword  
Hanes Doom and Death  
For all the race of Agamemnon Lord  
Or light and breath  
Of liberty on its keen edge shall glance  
And by those brandished fires  
He shall possess a Kingdom's governance  
And the glory of his sires  
And in this guest a solitary knight  
Two crafty foes grips he  
Even Orestes girt with a hero's might  
God give him Victory!

*A shriek is heard within the Palace*

Hark!—Hush!—which way  
Went the battle? What is Heaven's will  
O House for thee this day?  
Let's go aside that in this dark event  
It may be thought that we are innocent  
What's done is done or be it good or ill

*The Inner Court*

*Doorkeeper* Alas my master! Oh my lord  
*Aegisthus!*  
A bloody bloody end! Open! Be quick!  
Unbar the women's gates! Muscle and brawn  
Mettle of manly youth we need you now  
But not—God help us—for the helpless dead!  
Ho there within! Oho!

'Tis shouting to the deaf they are asleep  
They heed me not! Where's Clytemnestra?  
What

Doth she? Fore God her neck is for the knife  
Yea by the hand of Judgement she must fall!

*Enter CLYTEMNESTRA*

*Cl* What's this? Why do you keep this bawling  
here?

*Doorkeeper* The dead have come to life and slay  
the quick

*Cl* Ah God! Ah God! I read your riddle we  
Are to perish even as we slaughtered him  
Tricked and betrayed! Bring me a battle axe!  
We'll know if we mount high or fall full low  
I touch the bound and bourn of all my woe

*Enter ORESTES PYLADES with him*

*Or* I am come to fetch thee thy fellow hath his  
fill

*Cl* Oh—my dearst love—*Aegisthus*—dead  
—dead—dead!

*Or* Thou lovest him? Good! Then thou shalt  
lie with him

In sgrave there thy false heart can never betray him

*Cl* Oh hold thy hand! My child—my babe  
—look here!

My breast be tender to it thy soft gums  
Did in thy drooze so often drink its milk  
O Pylades what now? Shall I be tender to her?  
*Pylades* What then were *Lion's* prophesyings  
worth

His holy oracles? What oaths deep-sworn?  
 E'er with world thine enemies than Heaven  
 Or Thou art my better mind, thou counsellor  
 well.  
 Come here, I mean to slay thee where he lies,  
 When thou didst count a better than my father  
 S-c-p with him, a death since thou lov'st him,  
 and hat'st it  
 Him whom thou oughtest truly to have loved  
 O! I nursed thee, I would fain grow old with  
 thee!  
 Or What? kill my father and make thy home  
 with me!  
 O! Destiny dear child was partner in my guilt.  
 Or And Destiny accomplish'd thy doom  
 O! Child fear thou not a mother's smilings?  
 Or With all you cast me out, I marvel  
 O! A cast thee out. They were our trusty  
 friends!  
 Or You basely sold me, born a free man's son  
 O! What's the price that I receiv'd for thee?  
 Or I am ashamed to tell thee open  
 O! No, but fear not out thy father's trust  
 Or He robb'd for thee while thou satst safe at  
 home.

¶ 'Tis nature child unmanned we breed  
 in thee.  
 Or Then was ye bread that we made eat at ease  
 O! Is it even so? Child wilt thou slay thy  
 mother  
 Or Thou say'st thyself, it is not I that kill thee.  
 O! Beware the ban-dow of mother's fury!  
 Or Except I do this how shall I scape my  
 faith?  
 O! I am like one that cries to the deaf grove  
 Or My father's fate strikes thee with awes of  
 death.  
 O! Thou art the spirit's brood, forth and  
 nursed!  
 Or Thy fearful'd ear was pious fibres of thy woe  
 And thy soul no power forsook in thy sorrow  
 ORESTES' DRAG. CLYTEMNESTRA' S' L' BY  
 ETEA 2.

## Chorus

Oh, my heart's heavy even for their fall.  
 But since the grieved fire of woe  
 Orestes' pen and own misdeeds so  
 Thus be bequeathed with was the cry of all.

Thy came Priamus son at last  
 Jud me stand and R. is but a woe  
 Thy came two L. as a papp in a new yule  
 To Agamemnon house, a two-fold war  
 But warned at Pytho, for our needs  
 Th. banished man and over our arms, th. God for  
 Guide.

Shout! Shout! Ho! the jubilate rouse!  
 Shout! in lord's my lord house  
 Delivered from the clasp of the wain that d'fild  
 His hearth and his substance squandered!

Farewell the lone the trackless wild  
 The waste of Woe we wandered!

Came He that l. es the dark surprise  
 Deep Retribution subtly plan'd  
 And Zeus own Daughter in the combat d' re  
 Her finger laid on the enemy's hand  
 Men call her Justice—on her enemies  
 She vents the blast of her consuming ire

The Voice of Lotus,  
 In great Parnassus rocky cavern heard  
 The word of guile which no guile was  
 Though long deferred  
 Hath come to pass  
 The power of God can never pass away  
 Because no evil thing is born thereby  
 Meet is it then we worship and obey  
 His splendour Whose hand sustains the starry  
 sky

The dawn breaks fair the night is spent  
 The bit's loos'd and bridle unbound  
 Rise wall! Rise tower and battlement  
 Ye shall no more be belied to the ground.

And I shall be long  
 Ere pardoning Time the world's great hierarchy  
 Shall pass with you of charming song  
 These portals dwell  
 Abolish the w. g  
 And break the spell that bound them utterly  
 For you shall throw a man and sweep the board  
 And we shall see her face and hear her cry  
 Here will I make my home to your fair house  
 restored

The end of Orestes' ETE and ETEA  
 as a golden de d' bow. of CLYTEMNESTRA  
 d' E. NUS

Or Behold the tyrants that oppressed your land  
 Slayers of fathers, plunderers of kins, ho seas  
 But o the k'pt great state seated on thrones  
 Yes and methinks, they yet live long  
 In death true honours: their path and blood  
 The swar that they would kill my father were  
 To die together and were not I sworn  
 To hold ye judges of their heinous crimes,  
 The thing they wrought the links that bound my  
 faith

Cryes for his wrists a different h's feet.  
 Shake the blood and round me in a ring  
 H out these t'ppings, that a faith's eve  
 N t mine but he that watcheth all the world  
 Helos may see my mother's handwork  
 As and hereafter test fy for me  
 That justly I pursued even to the death  
 My mother I reck not Agasthus nd  
 For by the law the ad it shall d' e.  
 But h that hatched the h. for her l' d  
 By whom she went with child carried the load  
 Of sometime! — h t this tells you t' as hate!

What? Had she conger s teeth or adder s fangs  
 She had corrupted where her tooth not bit  
 So absolute was she in iniquity  
 How shall I name this right and use fair words?  
 Trap for a beast? Clout for ■ dead man s feet?  
 A towel ■ t? Fore God a trapper s toil  
 A noose a gown that trips the wearer up  
 Some rascal publican might get one like it  
 That robs his guests for a living ay with this  
 Put scores away and feel no cold fit after  
 I pray God one like her may never house  
 With me—I d liefer go childless to my grave  
*Ch* Alas! the woeful work! This hideous death  
 Ends thee thy pride and all thy passions cold  
 For him that yet must draw this lethal breath  
 The flower of suffering begins to unfold  
*Or* Was this her work or not? This proves it this  
 Robe sullied with Aegisthus dagger plunge  
 The tinct of murder not the touch of Time  
 Alone hath—here and here—spoiled its rich brede  
 I ll praise and mourn him now I was not by  
 To mourn and praise with his death robe before  
 me

Sad act sad end thrice wretched race triumph  
 No man need envy soiture of my soul

*Ch* Time grants not our so perishable clay  
 Bliss that endures or glory that shall last  
 Heaviness wears the instant hour away  
 Or it will come before the next be passed

*Or* Mark this for I know not where it will end  
 Dragged like a driver of hot headlong horses  
 Quite from the track beaten and borne afar  
 By break neck thoughts fear at my heart at  
 stretch

To strike up the grim tune whereto twill dance  
 While I am in my senses I protest  
 I slew not friends my mother save with cause  
 My father s blood upon her and Heaven s hate  
 I lay it on the charm that made me bold  
 On Pytho s prophet Loxias that charged  
 Me do the deed and sware to hold me guiltless  
 If done if not I sink the consequence  
 No bolt ere shot can hit that height of suffering  
 And now behold and see how I am furnished  
 With branch and wreath and thus appalled go  
 To earth s great nornbril precincts Loxias ground  
 And that famed fount of indestructible fire  
 Kin murder s outlaw at no hearth but His  
 Did Loxias bid me look for sanctuary  
 Hereafter let all Argives bear me out

Not without strong compunction did I deal  
 So ruefully with her that gave me life  
 I am a wanderer now I have no friends  
 But live or die this shall be told of me.

*Ch* Thou hast done well let words of evil note  
 Be far from thy lips give not ill fancies speech  
 Thou hast delivered all the land of Argos  
 Sawn off with one sword sweep two dragon heads.

*Or* Ha! Ha!

Women they come about me—Gorgon shapes  
 Sheeted in grey—clasped round with scaly folds  
 Of intertwined snakes—away! away!

*Ch* True son to thy father what fantastic  
 thoughts

Are these? Stand fast! thou hast triumphed fear  
 for nought

*Or* These fearful torments are no phantasies  
 These are the leashed sleuth hounds my mother  
 slips!

*Ch* Because the blood is fresh upon thy hands,  
 Therefore this sudden frenzy rocks thy soul

*Or* Apollon Prince! Look look!—They come  
 in crowds

And from their eyeballs blood drips horribly!

*Ch* Haste thee where cleansing is! To Loxias!  
 Hold fast to him and find deliverance!

*Or* Ye see them not but I see them they turn  
 Upon me! Hunt me forth! Away! A way!

*Ch* Fair Fortune go with him God be his Guide  
 God keep him ceaselessly and send him peace!

There rose Three Winds and shook thee sad palace  
 where Power sat throned

And now the third bloweth over the last that the  
 first atoned

The First Wind came with crying of children slain  
 long ago

Long long was it a dying the Thyestean Woel  
 The next Wind swept with slaughter but not by  
 the foeman s sword

All bloody was the water that laved Achaia s lord  
 Now the Third Storm hath struck thee from the  
 vast of an infinite gloom

Shall I hail thee Wind of Deliverance or art thou a  
 blast of doom?

Oh when will thy course be finished when wilt  
 thou change and cease

And the stormy heart of Havoc be lulled into  
 lasting peace?

*Exeunt*

## EUMENIDES

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE PROPHETESS

APOLLO

ORPHEUS

THE GHOST OF CLYTEMNESTRA

CHORUS OF FURIES

ANTICL

THE JUDGES

ESCORT

*Act I. Before the Temple of Apollo**Prophetess*

Before all Gods my painful prayer prefers  
 G. u. first Prophetess Th. mis next her  
 Who did succeed her Mother in the seat  
 Oracular as some have told us third  
 In order by her free unfeeling consent  
 Sat here another Titaness, Chthon's child  
 Phoebe and she gave a tabernacle gift  
 To Phoebus, who took on him Phoebe's name.  
 From him till mere hours of Delian Isle  
 On Palas' shore the port of ships, debauched  
 With her came to this Parnassian grove  
 With fair conduct and with pious and great laud  
 From Hephaestus' sons, that hewed his path and made

Th. us exclaimed, O sage regent tame  
 Rich bo. ur had he here in the temple folk  
 And from Delphos, th. u. pun. and go error  
 And Zeus possessed him of his mystery  
 And planted in fourth seat upon this throne  
 P. ph. t. (Zeus's Louisa, Son of Sire,  
 These are the gods (prefatory prayer  
 B. i. P. onia Palla hath prime mentus too  
 Th. i. latus the Nymphs of the Corycian Rock,  
 Hollow bird is par. f. De. i. es  
 The wild is B. mu. cha. neve. f. g. t.  
 Since His Divinity appointed the B. c. hanals  
 And toiled his. g. Pe. theus. f. k. mountain hare.  
 On Plestus Fountain and Poseidon's Fo. ce  
 I call and he best Zeus, All Perfect is  
 Et. l. g. and. t. k. r. v. p. ph. i. throne  
 And now good hap all his tof. re. v. l. l. g.  
 Wait on my go. in and e. r. v. g. eek  
 By lot allotted and old customs law  
 Ideal mu. s. s. th. God's guides.

*Chorus of Furies* O returns in immediately  
 Hor. ors past perch. h. s. I durst. i. look. n.  
 H. d. n. e. m. f. r. i. h. n. i. r. n. Lo. s. s. House  
 My limbs failed me I could not stand upon, hit  
 O hand. d. k. n. e. l. s. e. r. a. p. u. b. l. e. d. the ground  
 Fear makes us old men as hit helpless as babes.  
 A. l. w. a. pass. g. toward the wretch man shrine  
 I saw. m. a. r. i. h. t. h. N. m. b. l. St. ne.  
 He did pollute with supplicants blood  
 Dr. p. p. d. from his hand. h. h. l. d. naked sword  
 And high branched and leafy olive bough

With this great flock of wool all meekly tied  
 And cry fleece of that I am very sure.  
 And o'er against the man a company  
 Of awesome women sound asleep on thrones  
 And yet not women rather Gorgon shapes  
 And yet not Gorgons rather by their mien.  
 I have seen pictures of these things that snatched  
 At Iphigenia's feet but these in thought were all  
 Wingless and black and made my blood run cold  
 They snored with this I dared not draw a gh.  
 And from their eyes let once a gleam  
 The garb no testament for the male Gods  
 Nor fit to carry the homes of men.  
 I saw the hundred or the twelve  
 Of this strange flowery path, nor know the land  
 Could breed them and in sorrow for their birth.  
 Let this be looked to by great Louisa.  
 Prophet and leech and portent reader He  
 In homes not this the Purgatorial Power. *Exit*

*The Temple doors open* O all that th.  
 Prophetess has descended APOLLO stands over  
 O. r. p. e. u. s.

*Anticla* My word is passed I never will forsake  
 thee

Thy guardian to the end close at thy side,  
 And far way in tender to thy foot  
 These orish men are muzzled now th. u. seen  
 These curdled carlines cast into sleep  
 Old barriers, the early get of Time  
 N. e. r. c. l. a. p. e. d. in. l. o. e. b. Uod or man or brute  
 For k. l. s. n. a. k. e. b. r. u. h. t. o. f. m. c. e. l. l. e. m. e.  
 The Dark th. i. p. o. l. e. n. d. Tartarus neath the world  
 I. n. d. l. o. a. t. h. f. l. e. s. h. a. l. o. f. O. l. i. m. p. i. a. n. G. a. i. s.  
 N. i. l. l. e. s. s. f. l. y. t. h. o. n. d. n. e. e. r. l. a. t. h. y. heart  
 F. t. h. y. w. i. l. l. d. i. e. t. h. e. e. v. s. c. o. n. t. n. e. n. t. a.  
 T. c. a. d. g. f. o. r. e. v. e. r. m. o. e. t. h. e. t. r. a. v. e. l. l. e. d. e. a. r. t. h.  
 A. n. d. o. t. h. e. a. n. d. c. i. t. i. e. s. f. a. e. n. u. s. e. d.  
 W. e. r. y. o. r. e. t. h. y. w. a. r. f. a. r. e. c. o. m. e. c. h. e. w. n. o. t.  
 T. h. e. e. u. d. i. f. f. e. a. f. u. l. p. h. a. t. a. v. G. e. t. t. h. e. e.  
 T. P. a. l. l. a. s. T. o. w. n. t. h. e. r. e. c. i. a. p. h. e. r. s. t. a. t. u. s.  
 A. n. d. w. e. w. i. l. l. h. a. d. t. h. e. e. v. e. r. s. o. f. t. h. e. c. a. s. e.  
 A. n. d. f. r. a. m. s. o. o. t. h. p. r. e. c. e. p. t. s. t. h. a. l. l. w. o. r. k. l. i. k. e.  
 c. h. m.  
 F. r. e. e. m. e. d. e. l. v. r. a. n. c. e. f. o. m. t. h. y. s. o. r. r. o. w.  
 I. p. e. a. t. h. a. t. h. a. d. e. t. h. e. e. i. l. k. e. t. h. y. m. o. t. h. e. d. o. w. n.  
 O. r. e. s. t. O. P. i. n. c. A. p. o. l. l. o. T. h. o. u. k. n. o. w. s. t. o. d. o.  
 n. i. g. h. t.



Let not thy lore oblivious lapse from use  
 Thy puissance to effect is my sure bond  
*Ap* I charge thee think on that fail not from  
 fear

*He turns to the statue of Hermes*

And thou My blood brother My Father's Son  
 Hermes be Thou his Keeper prove Thy Name  
 Great Guide be Pastor of my sheep that cries  
 To me Zeus careth for the castaway  
 With Thy fair escort sent among mankind

*Exit ORESTES APOLLO retires into the Sanctuary*

*Enter the Ghost of CLYTEMNESTRA*  
*Ghost of Clytemnestra*

Sleep then Sleep on! And whereto serve your  
 slumbers?

I only must endure your contumely  
 In death the rebuke of my assassination  
 Clings to me yet among unbodied ghosts  
 A vagabond an outcast! Let me tell ye  
 They lay a sore indictment to my charge  
 And for these fearful wrongs mine own dealt me  
 Not one of all the Invisible Powers is wroth  
 Though mine own child lifted his hand against me!  
 Look at these wounds! Behold them with thy  
 heart!

When the soul sleeps the inward eye is bright  
 No glance of Fate is glimpsed in the waking day  
 Times without number at my hand ye lapped  
 Your draughts not mixed with wine abstemious  
 cups

Your solemn midnight suppers I have roast  
 At mine own hearth when no God else is served  
 And yet all this is trampled in the dust  
 And he is fled gone like a fleet foot fawn  
 As lightsome leapt the toils and laugh's full loud  
 Give ear! For I have pled for soul for life  
 For being! Wake Goddesses of the Deep!  
 A dream that once was Clytemnestra calls

*A note of whining*

Whimper and whine but you have lost your man  
 He hath his friends and they are not like mine

*Whining*

Thou sleepest too sound thou carest not for my  
 wrong

Orestes that spilled his mother's blood flits free

*Grouling*

Thou snarling slug a bed! Wilt not get up?

What hast thou done but evil since time was?

*Grouling*

Weariness and Sleep the arch conspirators  
 Have stolen the fell Dragon's strength away!

*Two sharp howls*

*A Fury (still asleep)* There there there there!  
 Ware hound!

*Ghost* Thou hunt'st the hart in dream and like  
 a dog

That ne'er hath done criest on the trail in sleep  
 What wouldst be at? Up! lest sloth master thee  
 And with its dull balm numb the nerve of pain  
 Ache with that inward anguish thou dost owe  
 The rankle of remorse stern virtue's barb!  
 Let loose on him thy breath that reeks hot blood!

Dry him up with smoke! Blast him with fire of thy  
 belly!

Make this fault good and follow to his fall!

*She rushes out*

*Chorus Leader* Rouse all! Rouse her—and her!

And I'll rouse thee!

Sleep'st? Get thee up! Shake off the shackling  
 sleep!

Let's see if we have jeopardied our chase!

1 Undone! Undone!

Oh! Oh!

We are shamed! We are shent!

2 I have hunted my wool

3 Ah sister and I

And all of our cry!

Balked baffled and foiled

We panted and toiled

*As hounds on the trail*

While the thicket he kept

But the deer leaped the pale—

4 While I slumbered and slept!

1 A thief and a knave

Art thou Zeus Son!

2 Our ancestry

Thy youth hath o'er-run!

3 The sutor finds a race

At thy hands this day!

The wicked one

The matricide

That Heaven defied

Thou of Heaven's high race

Hast stolen away—

4 And was this well done?

*Chorus*

It is a knotless cord that cuts me most

A phantom smart

A charioteer of Dream a chiding Ghost

Hath wrung my heart!

I have been whipped I stiffen at the stake

*A public show*

The hangman's knout hath stung me with dull  
 ache

Blow upon blow!

'Tis the new fashion their just heritage

They count too small

They must engross these godlings come of age

They will have all!

And we must see the world's great Nombri! Stone

Spout blood aghast!

Polluting purples desecrate a throne

Whose gulfs shall last!

Blind Seer! Himself infects His Holy Seat

With obscene unction mires

His inmost Altar whose hearth embers heat

Prophetic fires

Self-bidden self-impelled

Against Heaven's Law He hath rebelled

A dying cause He honoureth

And immemorial Rights consigns to death!



The swallowing earth shall yield it n<sup>o</sup> verm<sup>o</sup>re!  
 Thy life for hers thou shalt fill me a cup  
 Drawn from those veins of thine  
 Deep draughts of jellied blood I will sip and sup  
 Though bitter be the wine  
 And then when I have sucked thy life blood dry  
 I'll drag thee down below!  
 There mother's son shall mother's agony  
 Expiate throe for throe!  
 And thou shalt see all damned souls whilome  
 Sinners gainst God or guest  
 Or parent and of each the righteous doom  
 Shall be by thee witnessed!  
 For Hades is a jealous Judge of Men  
 And in His Black Assize  
 The record writ with ghostly pen  
 Cons with remorseless eyes

Or I am made perfect in the rule of Sorrow  
 By oft occasions schooled know when to speak  
 And when refrain But on this theme I am bid  
 By a most wise Preceptor ope my lips  
 The blood from off this hand fades fallen on sleep  
 The spot of mother murder is washed a white  
 That when twas fresh on Divine Phoebus hearth  
 Was purged away with blood of slaughtered swine  
 Twere long to tell from that first hour all those  
 I have consorted with and harmed no man  
 Now with pure lips that can no more offend  
 I ask Athena Sovereign of this realm  
 To be my helper Hers are we then not won  
 In war my self my Argos and her people  
 By pact well kept her sedaries for ever  
 If she about the parts of Libya  
 Round Triton's rapid river her natal stream  
 Her foot advance or veil with flowing train  
 True friend of them she loves or Phlegra's flats  
 Like a bold cat ran lord of his clan surveys  
 Thence let her come—a God can hear from far—  
 And from this sore distress redeem my soul

#### Chorus

Mau<sup>re</sup> Apollo and Athena's might  
 Thou goest to perdition derelict  
 And damned no place for joy in thy lost soul  
 A calf bled white for fiends to munch a shadow  
 Answerst thou nothing? Art too sick with scorn  
 My farling for my table sanctified  
 My dish not altar slain but eaten alive?  
 Hear then the bitter spell that binds thee fast

Come dance and son<sup>o</sup> in linked round!  
 More deep than blithe Muse can  
 We'll make these groaning chanters sound  
 Our governance over Man!  
 No parley! Give us judgment swift!  
 We've not in our wrath who spread  
 White hands to Heaven uplift  
 Not unto such he journeyeth  
 Unharm'd a happy traveller  
 Through life to the last pause of Death  
 But to the froward soul that seeks,

Lake him to cloak up if he could  
 Plague spotted hands with murder red  
 To such our apparition speaks  
 The faithful witness for the dead  
 Plenipotentiary of Blood  
 And Slaughter's sovran minister

Hear me my Mother! Hark  
 Night in whose womb I lay  
 Born to punish dead souls in the dark  
 And the living souls in the day!  
 Lo Leto's Lion-cub  
 My right denies  
 He would take my slinking beast of the field  
 Mine mine by mother murder sealed  
 My lawful sacrifice

But this is the song for the victim slain  
 To blight his heart and blast his brain  
 Wilder and wilder and whirl him along  
 This is the song the Furies song  
 Not sung to harp or lyre  
 To bind men's souls in links of brass  
 And over their bodies to mutter and pass  
 A withering fire!

Long the thread Fate spun  
 And gave us to have and hold  
 For ever through all Time's texture run  
 Our portion from of old  
 Who walks with murder wood  
 With him walk we  
 On to the grave the deep-dug pit  
 And when he's dead he shall have no whit  
 Too large a liberty!

Oh! this is the song for the victim slain  
 To blight his heart and blast his brain  
 Wilder and wilder and whirl him along!  
 This is the song the Furies song  
 Not sung to harp or lyre  
 To bind men's souls in links of brass  
 And over their bodies to mutter and pass  
 A withering fire!

When as yet we were quail in the womb  
 This for our jointure was meted  
 And the Gods that know not Death's doom  
 Are not at our table seated

With us they break no bread  
 And of all their raiment shining  
 I wear nor thrum nor thread  
 I will have no fane for my shriming!

But when Quarrel comes in at the gate  
 For the crash<sup>o</sup> of homes when Hate  
 Draweth his sword against kind  
 Hol' who shall our fleet feet bind?  
 Thou'lt hie putteth his trust in his strength  
 The blood that is on him shall blind  
 And our arm overtake him at length!

On oaths of public trust claim we  
With such em. resist a spear.  
Let hell's coercion set heaven free,  
Discharged without a hearing.

For all the Time that come  
Drops blood of kin, curse-ridden,  
Zeus smothered their mouths: they are dumb,  
To his high parle to hold on.

But when Quarrel comes in at the gate  
For the crimes of homes, when list  
Draws his sword must kind,  
How shall our feet find rest?  
Though he perishes his trust in his strength,  
The bond that is on him shall bind.  
And our arm overtakes him the death!

Grief of Min. to the azure day  
Lifted in pain, and past away  
Crumbed to ashes, a glory discoloured,  
When we came back Sorrow's table powdered  
Demon dancers, dour and dunt,  
That step the time of Malice!

A lady leaves and I  
And the front of my shod with steel  
Dust earth with doom from on high,  
And the strong limbs quak and reel,  
And the sound of the runner's knees fall low  
When I trim him down to the night of wool.

He forth and worth no what of his fall,  
Wilted and low so sick pall  
Like pestence has no over the soul that hath  
And

And rumours wait, like sobbing wind,  
Loud in the hall of his bundlers ill  
And the staid house hereon Darkness fell.

A lady leaves and I  
And the front of my shod with steel  
Dust earth with doom from on high,  
And the strong limbs quak and reel,  
And the sound of the runner's knees fall low  
When I trim him down to the night of wool.

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And the front of my shod with steel  
Dust earth with doom from on high,  
And the strong limbs quak and reel,  
And the sound of the runner's knees fall low  
When I trim him down to the night of wool.

What man that holds life dear?

But bows the knee  
In wonder, vex and shuddering fear  
Knowing that this is to be?  
By mine own lips admonished and advised  
Of Power on Law's foundation laid  
To me bolder Destructive  
By God conveyed  
An absolute gift? I am the adventurous  
Of Time and hold my self since Time has been  
By very ancestry not honoured less,  
Nor subject held and mean,  
Though death is ever-drawing shade  
Under the sunny earth or moonless  
And the thick Dark of the slumped Abyss.

Every man  
Athen I heard a voice call me when I chanced  
On far Scamander side to enfold me there  
I my new land the which the kings and captains  
Achaean quartered me from their war spoils,  
Mine is eternal seal above  
But set apart, a gift to Themis goes  
Thence come I speed not with war worn foot,  
Or win but rather on arms rusting wide  
My harnesses coils his encouraged and my car  
And now this situation, though I own  
No touch of fear presents wonder to me.  
In wood's name who are you? I say to all,  
And to you alien seated at mine hearth  
You like I know no among this people  
Whether they be rights gazed on by the Gods  
Or writ in the annals of man.  
But to reveal of form to offends  
Good neighbourhood and much revuls from  
justice.

Oh Daughter of Zeus, I will in brief inform thee  
Where I sit shall enquire and give and out  
In Hell our home called Maledictions of re.

A That tells your tale and your lineage.  
Ch. Thou art yet to know our state and our high  
charge.

A Clearly around and I shall quickly learn.  
Ch. Man-slayers we dwell forth from the homes  
of men.

A Where is the bound set for the law's feet?  
Ch. Where gladness is clean fallen out of fashion.  
A Is it in such were we beset round?

Ch. Yes he is degraded not to shed his mother's  
blood.

1. And some too can trust of menaced  
with

Ch. Where is the good counsel to mother murder?

A. They be-tween here, and I have heard but one

Ch. He is not to be bound, he will not take an oath.

A. Ye would seem just, yet your inquiry

Ch. How? Tell me that! Thou art not poor in  
wisdom.

A. Wrong shall not triumph here by force of  
arms.

Ch. Question him then and give a righteous  
judgment.

The swallowing earth shall yield it nevermore!  
 Thy life for hers thou shalt fill me a cup  
 Drawn from those veins of thine  
 Deep draughts of jellied blood I will sip and sup  
 Though bitter be the wine  
 And then when I have sucked thy life blood dry  
 I'll drag thee down below!  
 There mother's son shall mother's agony  
 Expiate three for three!  
 And thou shalt see all damned souls whilome  
 Sinners 'gainst God or guest  
 Or parent and of each the righteous doom  
 Shall be by thee witnessed!  
 For Hades is a jealous Judge of Men  
 And in His Black Assize  
 The record writ with ghostly pen  
 Cons with remorseless eyes

Or I am made perfect in the rule of Sorrow  
 By oft occasions schooled know when to speak  
 And when refrain But on this theme I am bid  
 By a most wise Preceptor ope my lips  
 The blood from off this hand fades fallen on sleep  
 The spot of mother murder is washed white  
 That when 'twas fresh on Divine Phoebus' hearth  
 Was purged away with blood of slaughtered swine  
 'Twere long to tell from that first hour all those  
 I have consorted with and harmed no man  
 Now with pure lips that can no more offend  
 I ask Athena Sovereign of this realm  
 To be my helper Hers are we then not won  
 In war myself my Argos and her people  
 By pact well kept her fedæas for ever  
 If she about the parts of Libya  
 Round Triton's rapid river her natal stream  
 Her foot advance or veil with flowing train  
 True friend of them she loves or Phlegra's flats  
 Like a bold cateran lord of his clan surveys  
 Thence let her come—a God can hear from far—  
 And from this sore distress redeem my soul

### Chorus

Maugre Apollo and Athena's might  
 Thou goest to perdition derelict  
 And damned no place for joy in thy lost soul  
 A calf bled white for fiends to munch a shadow  
 Answerst thou nothing? Art too sick with scorn  
 My fatling for my table sanctified  
 My dish not altar slain but eaten alive?  
 Hear then the bitter spell that binds thee fast

Come dance and song in hoked round!  
 More deep than blithe Muse can  
 We'll make these groaning chanters sound  
 Our governance over Man!  
 No parley! Give us judgement swift!  
 We vex not in our wrath who spread  
 White hands to Heaven uplift  
 Not unto such he journeyeth  
 Unharm'd a happy traveller  
 Through life to the last pause of Death  
 But to the froward soul that seeks

Like *him* to cloak up if he could  
 Plague spotted hands with murder red  
 To such our apparition speaks  
 The faithful witness for the dead  
 Plenipotentiary of Blood  
 And Slaughter's sovran minister

Hear me my Mother! Hark  
 Night in whose womb I lay  
 Born to punish dead souls in the dark  
 And the living souls in the day!  
 Lo Leto's Lion cub  
 My right denies  
 He would take my slinking beast of the field  
 Mine mine by mother murder sealed  
 My lawful sacrifice

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 To blight his heart and blast his brain  
 Wilder and wilder and whirl him along  
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 Not sung to harp or lyre  
 To bind men's souls in links of brass  
 And over their bodies to mutter and pass  
 A withering fire!

Long the thread Fate spun  
 And gave us to have and hold  
 For ever through all Time's texture run  
 Our portion from of old  
 Who walks with murder wood  
 With him walk we  
 On to the grave the deep dug pit  
 And when he's dead he shall have no whit  
 Too large a liberty!

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 And over their bodies to mutter and pass  
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When as yet we were quick in the womb  
 This for our jointure was meted  
 And the Gods that know not Death's doom  
 Are not at our table seated

With us they break no bread  
 And of all their raiment shining  
 I wear nor thrum nor thread  
 I will have no fane for my shaming!

But when Quarrel comes in at the gate  
 For the crashing of homes when Hate  
 Draweth his sword against kind  
 Ho! ho shall our fleet feet bind?  
 Though he putteth his trust in his strength  
 The blood that is on him shall blind  
 And our arm overtake him at length!

Gu a curse of public trust claim we  
With sudden, we're a man.  
Let the one nation set her on free,  
Debarred without a hearer.

For all this, In be the come  
Drop a hood of kin, curse ridden.  
Zoea cometh, her mouth there are dumb,  
T h k, h, p a r l e w b d d n.

En when Quarrel comes in at the gate  
For the craving of honour, when I hate  
Dreadth his sword a-murder kind,  
H b shall our feet feet bend?  
Thyrb h, p o r t h b s t r u t i n h s s t r e n g t h,  
T h b o d l a t i n o n h u m s h a l l b l i n d,  
And our arm overtake him at length!

Glory of Man, to the azure day  
Lived in peace, shall pass over  
Crushed to ashes, glory disowned,  
When we come a black Struts while governed,  
Deeds darker, dour and dumb,  
That step to the tune of Val son!

A L e t t e r a m I  
And the feet of the shod with steel  
Dart forth in a door from on his, h,  
And the stone Larkly quiet and red,  
And the steel of the runner's workless full slow  
When I tramp, h, him down to the bit of wool!

H b s t r u t h a n d w o r t h n o w h a t o f h i s f a l l,  
W h d n t a n d l o r t o w a k a p a l l  
L i k e p o s t m o r t a l t o o e t h s o u l d a r b a t h  
And r i c h m o n t h e s t o b b i n g w i n d,  
L o u d t h e l a n t o f h i s b l a c k n e s s f e l l  
And the steel of house were on Darkness fell.

A L e t t e r a m I  
And the feet of the shod with steel  
Dart forth in a door from on his, h,  
And the stone Larkly quiet and red,  
And the steel of the runner's workless full slow  
When I tramp, h, him down to the bit of wool!

A J a d m o n t e n b e s t a n d  
B i t t e r c o m  
C l e a n e n w e n a t w e t o o t t r a d e,  
P e r f e c t i n m o r t a l t o n  
Y e a n d L a r e n h o u s m e m o r y t o g o o d  
F o r a c c e n t u a t t h e s u n  
T o t h e m w a b l e m a n w o n e d,  
B e t t e r w o r  
T o u n o f m o o r t a l t o d e a t h e  
T h o g h b y t h e G o d h e l d i n d e e r t e a d s o o n e,  
S a n d e r f r o m t e n b y t h e g r e a t w a k o f H e l l  
A n d w h e n g r a d f o r l o r n e  
W h e r w o b a t h e v e r a n d w h o b a t h c o o t  
G r o n o o t t h e t o v e r w o n e a n d s a n e,  
A n d e v i l a r e t h e w a y a n d d a k y a t t h e n e s s.

What man that holds life dear?  
But bows the knee  
In worship, and shudders, fear  
Knowing that this is it be?  
By mine own lips admonished and advised  
Of Power on Law's foundations laid  
To me b olden Destiny derided,  
By Gods con-curred  
As absolute gift? I am the authentic  
Of Time and hold myself of since Time has been  
By any the entry not honoured less,  
Not subject field and mean,  
Thou h deep in ever-d ring shade  
Under the sunn earth my marmoon it,  
And the thick Dark of the unlitmed Abys.

EPICUREAN

Alex I heard a voice call me when I chanced  
On far Scamander's sad, to cross me there  
In my new land th which th kings and captains  
Achilles quartered me for their war-mans,  
Mine is eternal servitude to  
B i t t e r a g i t t o T h e s e u s s o r s  
Thence come I needs go not with way worn foot,  
Or n l b u t r a p t o n a g n i t u d e  
My fattened colts h b s o u r a g e d a n d m y t a r  
A n d n o w t h i s s t a t i o n t h o u g h I o n n  
N o t o u c h o f f e a r p r e s e n t a w o n d e r t m e  
E s w o n d e r n a m e w h o a e v I s a y t o a l l  
A n d t o v o n a n o s e a t e d a t m n m a r e  
Y o u r l i k e I k n o w n o t a m o n g t h e p r e a t e  
W h e t h e r t h e y b e n h i s g a z e d o n b y t h e G o d s  
O r a b i t i n t h e s m i l t u d e o f m a n  
B u t t o r e v e n d e f o r m t o f f e n d s  
G o o d n e s t h o u g h t o n d a n d m u c h r e v o l t f r o m  
j u s t i c e.

O h D a u t h e r o f Z e u s I w a s i n b r i d e f r o m t h e n  
W e a r e t h i g h t a c h i l d e n g e n a n d g r u m a n d o l d  
I n H e l l o u r h o m e c a l l e d m a l e d i c t i o n s d u r e  
A t T h u t e l a y o u r m i l e a n d y o u r l e a n e

O h T h o u a r t t o k n o w o u r p a t e a n d o u r h i g h  
c h a r g e

A t C l e a r e x p o u n d a n d I s h a l l q u e c k l e a n

O h M a n s l a v e r s w e d r e f o r t h f r o m t h e h o m e s  
o f m e n

A t W h e r i s t h e b o u n d s e t f o r t h w a y s f o r t?

O h W h e r e g l a d n e s s l e a n f a n o u t o f t a n o n

A t I t i s s a c h w a y c o b e r t o n r a?

O h Y e t h s d e m a n d n o t w a t e d h i s t w e t h e y s  
b l o o d

A L o u d s o n s t r o n c o n t r a s t o f f o r m e d  
w r t h?

O h W h e r i s t h g o o d c o m e t s m o r t a l m u r d e r?

A T h e r e b r e a k e r a n d I b a h e a r d b u t o n e

O h H e i s c o r t b e b o u d e d w a l n o t t a n a n t h

A t Y e w o u l d s e e s j u s t m o r k l a q u i r e

O h H o w T e l l m e a t? T h o u a r t n o t p o o r i n  
w i s d o m

A W r o n g w a l l n o t t r u m b h e r b y f o r c e o f  
o u t a

O h Q u e s t i o n h u s t h e n a n d g i v e a r i g h t e o u s  
j u d g m e n t

The swallowing earth shall yield it nevermore!  
 Thy life for hrs thou shalt fill me a cup  
     Drawn from those veins of thine  
 Deep draughts of jellied blood I will sip and sup  
     Thou, h bitter be the wine  
 And then when I have sucked thy life blood dry  
     I'll drag thee down below!  
 There mother's son shall mother's agony  
     Expiate throe for throe!  
 And thou shalt see all damned souls whilome  
     Sinners gaist God or guest  
 Or parent and of each the righteous doom  
     Shall be by thee witnessed!  
 For Hades is a jealous Judge of Men  
     And in His Black Assize  
 The record writ with ghostly pen  
     Cons with remorseless eyes

Or I am made perfect in the rule of Sorrow  
 By oft occasions schooled know when to speak  
 And when refrain But on this theme I am bid  
 By a most wise Preceptor ope my lips  
 The blood from off this hand fades fallen on sleep  
 The spot of mother murder is washed white  
 That when twas fresh on Divine Phoebus hearth  
 Was purged away with blood of slaughtered swine  
 Twere long to tell from that first hour all those  
 I have consorted with and harmed no man  
 Now with pure lips that can no more offend  
 I ask Athena Sovereign of this realm  
 To be my helper Hers are we then not won  
 In war myself my Argos and her people  
 By pact well kept her fedaries for ever  
 If she about the parts of Libya  
 Round Triton's rapid river her natal stream  
 Her foot advance or veil with flowing train  
 True friend of them she loves or Phlegra's flats  
 Like a bold cateran lord of his clan surveys  
 Thence let her come—a God can hear from far—  
 And from this sore distress redeem my soul

### *Chorus*

Mau, re Apollo and Athena's might  
 Thou goest to perdition derelict  
 And damned no place for joy in thy lost soul  
 A calf bled white for fiends to munch a shadow  
 Answerst thou nothing? Art too sick with scorn  
 My fatling for my table sanctified  
 My dish not altar slain but eaten alive?  
 Hear then the bitter spell that binds thee fast

Come dance and song in linked round!  
     More deep than blithe Muse can  
 We'll make these groaning chanters sound  
     Our governance over Man!  
 No parley! Give us judgement swift!  
 We vex not in our wrath who spread  
 White hands to Heaven uplift  
 Not unto such he journeyeth  
 Unharm'd a happy traveller  
 Throu, h life to the last pause of Death  
 But to the froward soul that seeks,

Like *him* to cloak up if he could  
 Plague spotted hands with murder red  
 To such our apparition speaks  
 The faithful witness for the dead  
 Plenipotentiary of Blood  
 And Slaughter's sovran minister

Hear me my Mother! Hark  
     Night in whose womb I lay  
 Born to punish dead souls in the dark  
     And the living souls in the day!  
 Lo Leto's Lion cub  
     My right denies  
 He would take my slinking beast of the field  
 Mine mine by mother murder sealed  
     My lawful sacrifice

But this is the song for the victim slain  
 To blight his heart and blast his brain  
 Wilder and wilder and whirl him along  
 This is the song the Furies song  
     Not sung to harp or lyre  
 To bind men's souls in links of brass  
 And over their bodies to mutter and pass  
     A withering fire!

Long the thread Fate spun  
     And gave us to have and hold  
 For ever through all Time's texture run  
     Our portion from of old  
 Who walks with murder wood  
     With him walk we  
 On to the grave the deep-dug pit  
 And when he's dead he shall have no whit  
     Too large a liberty!

Oh! this is the song for the victim slain  
 To blight his heart and blast his brain  
 Wilder and wilder and whirl him along!  
 This is the song the Furies song  
     Not sung to harp or lyre  
 To bind men's souls in links of brass  
 And over their bodies to mutter and pass  
     A withering fire!

When as yet we were quick in the womb  
     Thus for our jointure was meted  
 And the Gods that know not Death's doom  
     Are not at our table seated

With us they break no bread  
     And of all their raiment shining  
 I wear nor thrum nor thread  
     I will have no fane for my shriming!

But when Quarrel comes in at the gate  
 For the crashing of homes when Hate  
 Draweth his sword again t'kind  
 Ho! ho shall our fleet feet bind?  
 Thou h he putteth his trust in his strength  
 The blood that is on him shall blind  
 And our arm overtake him at length!

Great cares of public trust elude me  
With sudden wist appear  
Let hell's contention set heaven free  
Discharged without a fear of

For all the Tribe that come  
Drooping blood-flecked curse-ridden  
Zeus propheth the r' mouths they are dumb  
To his high parole unbidd'n

But when Quarrel comes in at the gate  
For the crashing of homes when I hate  
Draw the sword against kind  
Hol' who shall our flesh set free?  
Though he putteth his trust in his strength  
The blood that is on him shall flound  
And our arm mistake him at length!

Glorious Man to the use of day  
Lifted in pomp shall pass away  
Crumbled to a heap of gl'orious  
When we come blasphem'ous  
Dem'ndancers, do and dun  
That stirp to the tune of M'ison!

A lusty leaper am I  
And the feet of my shod with steel  
Dunt earth with doom from beneath  
And the str'ng limbs quake and reel  
And the str'd feet are lacke of slow  
When I trample him down to the gh' of a owl

He fall the nd wotteth no wh' of his fall  
W'idered and lost so sick a pall  
Like pest in e' hangs the soul that bath  
And rum'rs w'it' k'obbing w'nd  
Loud thel' d'of h' blind' steel  
And th' stat'ly ho' se'w' re' n' Darkness fell.

A lusty leaper am I  
And the feet of my shod with steel  
Dunt earth with doom from beneath  
And the str'ng limbs quake and reel  
And the str'd feet are lacke of slow  
When I trample him down to the gh' of a owl

Av' Judge n't may be tayed  
But I am I  
Skul'd craft sm' n' r' we at our trad  
P'rt'et' n' m' r' idom!  
Yea and th' re' n' th' ou' r' m' v' good  
F' l'ch' e' l' u' f' r' th' un  
To M' impl' cabl' much w'ood  
B' r'ha' d'iv' w' n'  
Jeal' f' h' u' s' n' d' f' e' a' bl'  
Though by th' God h' l' d' n' d' s' p' e' a' d' s' c' r' s'  
W'idered from them by th' e' g' r' e' a' t' k' o' f' f' e' l' l'  
And s' n' e' s' s' g' l' s' o' l' n'  
Wh' r' who bath yea and wh' h' th' one  
Grop' e' o' n' t' w' i' b' t' o' e' s' c' r' s' a' d' s' c' r' s'  
And s' l' a' r' e' the ways a' d' d' u' s' k' y' s' e' t' the stars.

What man that holds life dear?

But bows the knee  
In worship yea and shuddering fear  
Knowing that this must be?  
By mine own lips admonished and advised  
Of Power on Law's foundations laid  
To me by olden Deeds demised  
By Gods coneyed  
An absolute gift? I am the indigent  
Of Time and hold my flesh's race Time has been  
By cry ancients not honoured less  
Nor abject field and mean  
Though deep in ever-during shade  
Under the sun my earth my mansion is,  
And the thick Dark of the unfanned Abyss.

First ATHENA

Athena I heard a voice calling me when I chanced  
On far Scamander's side to encompass me there  
In my new land the which the kings and captains  
Aethra quest red me from their war spoils  
Mine in eternalise in absolute  
But set apart a gift to Theseus sons  
Thence come I peeding not in th' way worn foot  
Or wing but rapt on eagle's rustling wide  
My harness ed coils but h'ncouraged and my car  
And no vest is is tati' m' though I own  
No touch of fear presents a wonder to me  
In wonder sn me who are ye? I say to all  
And to vonal en seated at mine image  
Y'ur I know m' among things create  
Whether they be sights gazed on by the Gods  
Or aught in the humilitude of man.  
It to revile deformity offends  
Good ne'ighbourhood and much rev'ls from  
justice

Ch Daughter of Zeus I will banish inform thee.  
We are night schoolmen yea a d'grim and old  
In Hell our home called m' ledict o' s'dire

At Tl' tells your title and your lineage  
Ch Thou art yet to know our state and our high charge

At Clearly I pound and I shall quickly learn  
Ch Man slayers we dwell with from the homes of men

At Where is the bound set for the slayer's feet?  
Ch While gl'dess is clean fallen out of his mind

At Is it in such way ye beset your man?  
Ch Yea he's deigned not to shed his mortal's blood

At He does some strange constraint of menaced  
w'ath?

Ch Where is the god compels to murder?  
At The betwain ere and I have heard but one

Ch He's not to be bound he will not take an oath  
At Yea s'k' s' m' just yet no kiniquity

Ch How? Tl' me that! Thou art not poor in  
w'adom

At Wro'g shall it umph here by force of  
oaths

Ch Quest' n' hum then and give a righteous  
j' dgment



*At* What? Would ye leave the issue in my hands?  
*Ch* Yea for Thine own worth and Thy worshipful Sire  
*At* Sir what hast thou to answer touching this?  
 Tell me thy land thy lineage and all  
 Thy griefs and then speak in thine own defence  
 If that thou look'st for judgement for that cause  
 Harbourst at my hearth all rites performed  
 A grave appellants like Ixion old  
*Come to all this make me your clear reply*

*Or* Sovran Athena thou hast kept till last  
 A grave misgiving I shall first dispel  
 I am no suppliant under ban I come not  
 To clasp Thine image with polluted hands  
 Proof mighty will I offer thereanent  
 By law the blood stained murderer must be mute  
 Till one with power to cleanse strike over him  
 The sacrificial blood of sucking swine  
 Long since in homes not ours have we been purged  
 With all due rites dumb beast and running stream  
 Thus I resolve Thy doubt By birth I am  
 Argive my sire—tis well thou askest me—  
 Was Agamemnon Admiral of the sea  
 With whom thou didst dispeople Ilium  
 Yea unstate Troy Returned to his own house  
 Foully he fell by my black hearted mother  
 Cut down ta'en netted in the trammeling toils  
 That bare grim witness of his bloody bath  
 I then an exile presently returned  
 And killed my mother—I deny it not—  
 In murderous revenge for my dear father  
 And Loxias with me is answerable  
 Who spoke of torments dire to goad my heart  
 Except I dealt with them after their guilt  
 Judge Thou if I have justly done or no  
 Whate'er Thy doom in Thee I rest content  
*At* If any man think he can judge herein  
 'Tis much too weighty neither were it lawful  
 That I try murder wreaked in bitter wrath  
 And namely when thou com'st a sacrosanct  
 Sutor aneled and hurtless to my house  
 Preferred withal as guiltless to my realm  
 While these hold powers not easily dismissed  
 And if they triumph not in the event  
 Poison of hurt pride will fall presently  
 And the land ail with a long pestilence  
 So stands it whether they stay or I bid them hence  
 I shall find trouble and perplexity  
 But since so jump the business comes this way  
 I will appoint a court for murder sworn  
 And make it a perpetual ordinance  
 Call up your witnesses bring in your proofs  
 Justice sworn helpers and oath bounden aids  
 The prime in worth I'll choose from out my sons  
 And come and well and truly try the cause  
 By the unswerving tenour of their troth

*Exit*

#### Chorus

Now comes the crack of doom by strong  
 Subversive stroke of rebel laws  
 If he have room to plead his wrong

And justice vindicate his cause  
 Whose hands are stained with his mother's blood  
 Thus knits all in one brotherhood  
 The easy fellowship of crime  
 And from this instance loom in long array  
 Blood bolted parents whom their sons shall slay  
 Down the dark glimpses of disordered Time  
 And we that wont to watch mankind  
 That thirst for cups incarnadined  
 No more our anger shall unleash  
 I'll give Death leave to slay all flesh  
 And each shall prophesy his own  
 Doom from his neighbour's fate foreknown  
 All comers then from the world's ends  
 They shall accost in search of some relief  
 And learn from aching lips and looks of grief  
 Such feeble physic as despair commends

Who reeleth then go the fatal blow  
 Let him look not for redress  
 Nor bootless clamour Justice Hol  
 Ho the Throne d'Emmes!

Fathers mothers let your loud  
 Death wound shriek shrill through your  
 halls  
 For a mightier frame is bowed  
 Yea the House of Justice falls

There is a place for Fear she tries  
 The reins a warder wearless  
 And it is well with tear and sighs  
 To follow after Soothfastness

What man what power through the wide earth  
 Whose soul is not with child of Fear  
 Nor tends her as a blessed birth  
 Can be of Law true worshipper?

Let not thy heart commend  
 Life without Law nor lend  
 Thy fulsome breath to fan a tyrant's lust  
 God doth to power advance  
 Though His wise governance  
 Change with the shifting forms of things the  
 comely  
 Mean and just

Hark how my graver rhyme  
 To that just Mean keeps time  
 From Godlessness springs Pride the Prodigal  
 But he that doth possess  
 Soul's health hath Happiness  
 The child of many prayers the best beloved of  
 all

Lay to thy heart this law  
 O Man stand thou in awe  
 Of Justice Altar not for any lure  
 Or glitter of false gain  
 I hint there thy foot profane  
 To tread it in the dust for chastisement is sure.

591-599

The deed done but thence  
Ensues the consurgence  
That crowns, completes, the master stroke of all  
Honour veils of men  
Your parents first and then  
The guest that goeth in and out the stranger in  
your hall.

So serious I would ha e either be  
Of tin hi, by no compul or o erborne.  
Thor cannot not wholl miss Felicity  
Nor ever founder utterl forlorn  
E t this I say who enurours put forth  
And e err law of R hiteousness outbraves,  
His trash, his traffic got cath evil stars,  
In th dread Da of Wrath.  
H shall committ the detouring wa es.  
When reluts the sail and splintered are the spars.

Then at deaf ears his cry unward shall knock.  
Swoon in guls wh r rone t land may win  
C ertainly lau ter shall his summons mock  
Whose soul is fu l for the fires of Sin.  
H boss of h would never see that da  
But now his An el sers hury weak nd rent  
Powerless to top those seas nd all has teen  
And tra d ast wa  
On th w charted rel I just rent  
H waks with noc et wa j hum and i more seen.

The 4 to 599

Al Make proclamation, herald keep the p es  
t k.

And Let the bra in trump Tatterman  
That heard in Hen en filed w th th man s  
b tath.

Soud in t public ear e gh a part  
For w th wood fiam jud erent Hall  
There must be wted so th d th hol eust  
Learn to command or s e s l  
And these m bowen, that th jud right

Enter Pallas

Al Apollo hure O er what Th best rule  
Say wherefore at Thou com so med here?  
Al First I m on t rital for e  
His her a sutor and suppliant  
Of mine to blood-gulch I did purg nd cleanse.  
Next I am t th bill m self arranged  
For th m m h murder

(T rix. ) Call th case  
And as thou knowes how maintain th Right.  
Al (T the re ) The word th you the  
trial ma j oered  
And t sound b nd; e c both, that he  
Who t h pref th bar hall first begin.

Al Though we be man shal use few words.  
Do thou make nm r q q roun thew.  
And t us fir f thou d is th mothe  
Or yea I ask denal f killed her  
Al So in this thre e counter on round ends.  
Or ) ha not chrown your man ye crow too  
soon.

Al No matter how was t thou didst take her  
life?

Or I answer w th m sword I cut her throat  
Al By whom seduced? Whose ill admonishment?  
Or At His behest H itself is witness for me  
Al The Proph t bade thre murder thine own  
mother?

Or E en so and t this hour I su it not  
Al t? But a pebb e-cast may chan e thy tune.  
Or I ha e my fault my sure sends help from his  
gr a e

Al What? h l th mother and put trust in ghosts!

Or Sh was a perced with e a-fold vills n

Al How can that be? I charge thee tell the  
court

Or She slew h r husband and struck down my  
sith t

Al Thou h m but she is quet by her bloody  
d-rath

Or Why did e not hunt her wh le yet she l ed?

Al She was not of one blood with him she slew

Or Am I accounted of my moth r s blood?

Al Thou goest vills a was e t th bod framed  
Fed in h r womb? W l t thou d n th moth r?

Or Do Thou bear w tness for me now pronounce  
Apollo, f I slew f er with just cause

For that was don I have and do confess

B t whether; d done or no, do Thou

G sentence that the court may hear me plead.

I To ou Athena s great Conn toty

Just I f spea nd withal tru fully

F r that I am prophet and li or

Al th one of Di nation o r veriet

To man nor woman, no nor pol ty

Del e red a bt b t I was bidden speak

By Zeus, the Fate s of the Olympian Gods.

Re-th a l l th for e of that e Court o n.

And then ensue the th m F ther w lls

F r Zeus of more m h than all oaths else

Al Zeus, then thou say it d l e red the oracle

That bad O ester en, h s fath e death

And ection not the cost of mother s life?

Al Far other was the murder I man

Woh by God m en s pte h b exalt

At the hands of a woman e t with abant

A on f ped b rcher Amazon

But in s h w sea thou shalt bear Pallas

And v o upon whose ote the rd er h m

She from wa bus es prosperou t h man

He was retu ned she ga e humlo e w l o n.

He took his bath, and when his bath was done

Sh wrapped him in a cloak, a sleek eless obe

And in t ha kln m a s hew ed him down.

This was the m n of his tak off

The majesty of the world, t e l nd of slaps

And such w s she oh l a t to our hearts,

Ye judges, that ar set to try t e cause.

Al Zeus, wou pr ndent b l d fath s life

P eou ex red n, and e r Himself

Cast his own Father Cronos into chains!

Why is not th s confoundin contranc?

Mark well his gument I conjure you!

*Ap* You worse than beasts! You hag seed  
 God abhorred!  
 Bonds He may loose for durance find a balm  
 And work howso He please deliverance  
 But when the dust hath drunk the blood of man  
 And he s once dead there s no uprising spell  
 For that my Father hath created not  
 Though saving only this the frame of things  
 Is as a wheel He can revolve as will  
 And nothing scant of breath turn upside-down

*Ch* A sorry plea look you to save your man!  
 Shall he that spilt his mother s his own blood  
 Live here in Argos in his father s house?  
 What public altars think you will he use?  
 Who will admit him to the Holy Stoup?

*Ap* Listen and thou shalt own my deeper lore  
 To be called mother s no wise to be  
 Parent but rather nurse of seed new sown  
 The male begets she s host to her small guest  
 Preserve the plant except it please God blight it  
 I ll furnish reasons for my argument  
 There hath been and there can be fatherhood  
 Though there should be no mother witness here  
 Olympian Zeus own self created child  
 That grew not in the womb s dark coverture  
 A branch so goodly never Goddess bore  
 Pallas as it hath ever been my care  
 To make thy city great famous thine arms  
 I have sent thee this sister on thy hearth  
 That he may be Thy true man evermore  
 And Thou Goddess may st count him Thine ally  
 And all his seed and to remotest age  
 These men s sons may keep Thy covenant

*At* Shall I direct them now to cast their votes  
 As conscience dictates? Hath enough been said?

*Ch* We have shot every arrow from our bow  
 Nothing remains but to abide the event

*At* Surely (To APOLLO and ORESTES) And how  
 shall I do right by you?

*Ap* Ye have heard what ye have heard think  
 on your oaths

Carry to the urn the verdict of your hearts

*At* Ye men of Athens hear my law ye judges  
 That try this cause the first for man s blood shed  
 Henceforth to Aegeus congregated host  
 This Court shall be an ordinance for ever  
 This Hill of Ares once a place of arms  
 Where leaguering Amazons pitched their tents  
 what time

They warred with Theseus and their jealous towers  
 New raised against our sovran citadel  
 And sacrificed to Ares whence the Rock  
 Is called the Rock Aerean There shall Awe  
 With civil Fear her kinsman night and day  
 Perpetual sessions hold to punish wrong  
 If that my sons depart not from my law  
 For an thou foul the spring with flood or mire  
 The fresh and sparkling cup thou lt find no more  
 Nor anarchy nor arbitrary power  
 Would I have Athens worship or uphold  
 Nor utterly banish Fear from civic life.  
 For who is virtuous except he fear?

This seat of Awe kept ever formidable  
 Shall be a wall a bulwark of salvation  
 Wide as your land as your imperial state  
 None mightier in the habitable world  
 From Scythia to the parts of the Peloponnese.  
 A Place of Judgement incorruptible  
 Compassionate yet quick in wrath to wake  
 And watch while Athens sleeps I stablish here.  
 My large discourse these precepts would commend  
 To my sons yet unborn Rise from your seats  
 Take up your counters and upon your oaths  
 Return a righteous verdict I have done

*The Judges cast their votes during the ensuing dialogue*

*Ch* Take heed we are ungentle visitors  
 Learn of our wisdom and misprize us not

*Ap* My words that are God s voice hold ye in awe  
 Make them not as blind plants that bear no fruit

*Ch* Thou hallowest deeds of blood that are not  
 Thine

And shalt no more prophesy holy things

*Ap* Faith! the Father s Wisdom for that He  
 Sheltered Ixion the first murderer?

*Ch* Thou sayest but if I am balked of justice  
 I ll vex this land and visit it in wrath

*Ap* The younger Gods regard thee not the old  
 Pay thee no honour victory is mine

*Ch* So didst thou sometime deal in Pheres house  
 Tempting the Fates to make mankind immortal

*Ap* Is it not just to help a worshipper  
 And doubly trebly just in the day of need?

*Ch* Thou didst break down earth s parcelled  
 governance

With new wine practise on the Goddesses old

*Ap* Nay when the cause is lost thy venom void  
 It hath no power to hurt thine adversaries

*Ch* Since Thy hot youth o er rides our ancestry  
 I wait on judgement doubtful yet to launch

My indignation against the State of Athens

*At* It shall be mine if judgement hang in poise  
 To cast this counter that Orestes live

Mother s none that gave my Godhead life  
 I am the male s saving my never wed

Virginity my Father s child thrice o er  
 Therefore I rate not high a woman s death

That slew her lord the master of her house  
 Orestes wins ye though the votes be paired

Come Sirs despatch ye whose the office is  
 To make an end empty me out the urns

*Or* Phoebus Apollo how will judgement go?  
*Ch* Swarth Night my Mother watchest Thou  
 unseen?

*Or* I near mine end the halter or the day!  
*Ch* We fall or have great glory evermore!

*Ap* Sirs count the votes make strictest scrutiny  
 With holy fear lest judgement go awry

A vote o er looked may work most grievous wrong  
 A single pebble save a tottering house

*A pause*

*At* The accused n found not guilty of the  
 charge

The tellers certify an equal count

## EUMENIDES

75f-810

O O Pallas! O Preserver of my race!  
 Thou hast restored me! Now shall all Greece say  
 "Thou Son of Ares, lord of his father's substance  
 Hast dwelt with thine own." Pallas was he thus  
 And Leda and the Alcmæonid Thrice  
 Thine own Moved by mine state? He saw  
 And led from them that perished my mother's cause.  
 Now ere I go to mine own house I swear  
 To thee kind and all Thine host an oath  
 Success ages shall fulfil no prince  
 Of earth shall carry hence the barbed spear  
 When we are in our graves we will confound  
 Who break this oath with scorn mind endure  
 Their arms be weariness, their paths be foed  
 And for their paths they shall reap but ruth.  
 But if they shall keep faith guard them from harm.  
 For Pallas only we will show them grace.  
 Goddess, be well be matchless in arms,  
 Find still a valiant people strong to throw  
 All who rise against Thee keep Thee safe  
 And with our sword win for Thee victory!

Eun.

Ch. Oh, ye young Gods! Ye have endued the old  
 laws down, ye have effi-

My power and I am left  
 Dishonoured and undone!  
 But for these pains  
 Athens shall have my malison!  
 As on these lips the charms  
 (Ho! Vengeance soon to shed)  
 A venom'd drop from heart's core  
 And shall mulch and spread  
 Bitter and barren it shall be  
 A mildew and leprosy  
 A cancer to the land on tree  
 A curse to the husbandry  
 On everything that hath breath  
 Corrosion, purulence and death!  
 Wail—and wail—and wail  
 Or with them? Shadowing their land with bale?  
 Transmute the unnumerable woe  
 On the supportable! Oh  
 Ye Virgin Daughters black Midas be born  
 How sharp your sorrow! How is your honour shorn!  
 A Na take root with such a heavy heart  
 Ye are not conquered equal with votes  
 In empty truth not the disparagement.  
 Oh, here were proof radiant with God's own light  
 And H that give the oracles bare witness  
 Oracles should not suffer for his deed  
 Let not our hearts writhen in on this ground  
 Consider be not angry shed no dirges  
 To blast the fruitful earth with barrenness  
 And with keen tooth a our th' pre-natal seed.  
 I will prods o' fieds better my earth.  
 A bold, boldow in this right-hand land.  
 Arian and wain throes which shall set  
 And warship and great honour from her sons.  
 Oh Ours own God! Ye have endued the old  
 laws down, ye have effi-  
 My power and I am left

Dishonoured and undone!  
 But for these pains  
 Athens shall have my malison!  
 As on these lips the charms  
 (Ho! Vengeance soon to shed)  
 A venom'd drop from heart's core  
 And it shall multiply and spread  
 Bitter and barren it shall be  
 A mildew and a leprosy  
 A cancer to the leafless tree  
 A curse to the childless bed  
 On everything that hath breath  
 Corrosion, purulence and death!  
 Wail—and wail—and wail?  
 Or with them? Shadowing their land with bale?  
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 And warship and great honour from her sons.  
 Oh Ours own God! Ye have endued the old  
 laws down, ye have effi-  
 My power and I am left

As I will be patient with thy poisoning  
 Thou art man, older wiser than I  
 Yet Zeus hath not denied me understanding  
 Find out new race (so) there  
 Your heart will be I speak thus for your warning  
 The tid of Tim shall for my people roll  
 With er mantling glory thou shalt have  
 The mansion her hard by Erechthon house.  
 And men and women come with frequent pomp  
 And great reward than the wide world can give  
 But in my borders be no gnorosity  
 To what harp dargers in the breast of youth  
 Bloody and dangerous with more madness edged  
 Than works with wicked ferment in new wine  
 Nor take as aware the gamecock heart to plant  
 Domestic Hs or here that fights with kind  
 Whose their gates let in sons go in  
 And with for us honour shall be call be crases.

Your bantam bully ruffler of the yard  
 Arrides me not and I will none of him  
 Take thou thy choice and take it from my hand  
 Fair service fair content fair recompense  
 A portion in this realm the Gods love most  
*Ch* Oh! am I to take these buffets I  
 To have mine elder wisdom scoffed at be  
 Bid me my place to house with Infamy  
 Here on this plot this patch this ell of earth!  
 Blast it my fury! Pain pain pain  
 Here at my heart! Whence comes it? Why  
 Am I to suffer? Darkness Death and Dearth!  
 Night Mother Night shall my wrath heart be hot  
 And wilt thou hearken not?  
 Strong craft of subtle gods hath reft my ancient  
 majesty

*At* Still will I bless thou shalt not weary me  
 Nor say my nonage set thy years at nought  
 Nor churlish men scorned thy Divinity  
 And drive thee from their gates discomfited  
 If thou hold sacred the sweet Soul of Reason  
 If there be any virtue any balm  
 Upon these lips thou wilt remain If not  
 Though thou shouldst cast all anger in the scale  
 To sink the land all malice all despite  
 It is not justly done Justice gives thee  
 A realm to share a rich inheritance  
 And nothing of thine honour takes away

*Ch* Athena Queen what mansion wilt Thou  
 give me?

*At* One where Grief cometh not accept it thou

*Ch* An if I do what honour shall I have?

*At* This that no home shall prosper without thee

*Ch* But hast Thou power to make thy promise  
 good?

*At* We will establish him that worships thee

*Ch* Wilt Thou assure me this for evermore?

*At* I promise not except I can perform

*Ch* Methinks Thy magic works I am no more  
 wroth

*At* Possess the land and thou shalt win its love

*Ch* What shall I sing that hath a blessing in it?

*At* A song to celebrate a cause well won  
 From the sweet earth from the sea dews and damps  
 From skies and winds ask inspirations airs  
 That travel on over a sunlit land  
 Fruit from the ground and increase of strong cattle  
 For all my sons that Time can never tire  
 And saving Health for seed of human kind  
 Natheless on Virtue chiefly shed thy balm  
 Like a wise gardener of the Soul I hold  
 There is no graft nor bud blooms half so fair  
 And this is thine but thou shalt leave to me  
 Glory of battle where the cause is just  
 Death but death garlanded with victory  
 And grudge if I be found herein remiss

*Ch* Pallas home contenteth me  
 Honour to the strong citie  
 Zeus Almighty made His own  
 And Ares armed strength sustains  
 A fortress for the Gods of Greece  
 A jewel flashing forth anew

When ravished were her costly lanes  
 And her high altars overthrow  
 Breathe on her blessings breathe the dew  
 Of prayer Earth yield her thine increase  
 Shine thou rejoicing Sun and speed  
 All nature sends and mortals need!  
*At* Not that I cherish Athens less  
 But that I love her well have I  
 Throned in her midst Great Goddesses  
 Spirits hard to pacify  
 All that makes up Man's moving story  
 Is theirs to govern and dispense  
 He whom their hard hand ne'er made sorry  
 Who hath not met them on his way  
 Walking in blindness knows not whence  
 The shock that beats him to his knees  
 The sin of some forgotten day  
 Delivers up his soul to these  
 Destruction like a voiceless ghost  
 Silenceth all his empty boast  
 And minisheth his glory

*Ch* I will have no storm nor flood  
 Scathe her vines and olive bowers  
 No scorching wind shall blind the bud  
 In the waking time of flowers  
 By my grace all airs that blow  
 Their appointed bounds shall know  
 No distemper blast her clime  
 With perpetual barrenness  
 Flocks and herds in yearning time  
 Pan shall with twin offspring bless  
 And Earth's womb'd wealth God sealed  
 All its lucky ingots yield

*At* Warders of Athens have ye heard  
 Her voice? Know ye what these things mean?  
 Wist ye how mighty is the word  
 Eriny's spake the Queen?  
 Mighty mid deathless Gods her crying  
 Mid Powers that Hell's hid glooms invest  
 And in this world of living dying  
 Mighty and manifest!  
 She biddeth one make melody  
 And one down dark ways leadeth She  
 Blinded with tears undrying

*Ch* Untoward and untimely Doom  
 Bring not strong Youth to his death bed  
 Ye maidens in your beauty bloom  
 Live not unloved nor die unwept  
 You Heavenly Pair this good gift grant  
 Grant it ye Elder Destinies  
 Our Sisters whom one Mother bare  
 Spirits whose governance is law  
 Of every home participant  
 And at all seasons foul or fair  
 Just Inmates Righteous Presences  
 Shadows of an Unseen Awe  
 Over the wide earth and the deep seas  
 Honoured above all Deities

*At* Oh bounty dealt with loving hand!  
 It needs must fill my heart with glee  
 Such largesse lavished on my land  
 Wise Spirit thanks to thee

Sons of Counsel, sure and holy  
 Whose sober eye could lead me on  
 Through the Labyrinth of old story  
 Yet these wild hearts were won!  
 O Zeus, the Lord of Cattle,  
 Give victory in this noble strife  
 Hence Good triumphs o'er evil  
 O Zeus, the Lord of Fate, thou feed  
 On the meat of human woe,  
 Filled with ever-satisfied  
 Contentment, ever grown low  
 Nor art Athens with thy roar  
 Never be this thy ground  
 Drunk with fratricidal blood,  
 Nor list of Power increase  
 Such as to-morrow  
 Lends to the worship of Good  
 Each heretofore hour bound,  
 One in love and one in hate  
 For such grace, we ever thus found  
 Lave the basest man wound.  
 — Art thou not wise? speaks she not fair?  
 Her tongue of gold makes counsel sweet  
 And pour the honey of her words  
 Soft words and wisdom meet  
 Mine eyes see moths fly foundation  
 Rise round these forms with fury fire!  
 O Zeus, bring down our rash oblations,  
 And eschew not for me but  
 Bring down and scatter wild bees  
 Athens to ruin. Ruinousness,  
 Frown thou about all nations.  
 O joy to you joy and all good things!  
 Joy to the fortunate! I will let  
 O Zeus hush her and ho  
 Loved the Lamenting Maiden love  
 And in the dawn of Time man wise,  
 Whom Pallas covers with her wings  
 And the Fates secure  
 O joy to you too in answer store  
 But as time I go before  
 I lead you on your road  
 And to our escort shall I  
 Conduct you through the shadows of the  
 Ours our dear show  
 Set forward with our present train  
 Good with bond of kindness  
 Lave the basest man wound  
 And whatso'er profits  
 By your spell is bound.

And whatso'er profits  
 By your spell is bound.  
 As help Athens by your charms  
 She shall be great in arts and arms,  
 Still, still with victory crowned!  
 Lead on, sons of Cereus  
 For those that make their home with us  
 A path and pass find  
 And by their good gifts freed from  
 B the sweet charities of Heaven  
 B all men of one mind!  
 O joy to Athens! Oh, twice blest  
 B all that in her borders dwell  
 Or be they men of mortal mould  
 Or deathless Deities that bow  
 Pallas rock blast quail!  
 Lo come that are our Sacred Guest  
 And bid to Grief long farewell!  
 A Talk all over the heart goes with  
 your presence  
 We'll lead you by the torches blaze  
 Down to your habitation north the earth  
 With these many ministrants round my status  
 O'd thus watch the spin of the eve  
 O Thesus land, famous companion  
 Of little ones and wits and beldames old  
 We'll smother them in cloaks of scarlet fine  
 And all about them shake the bristly firebrand,  
 Give these New Dwellers nob a home  
 That good men from their goodwill may win  
 Ever Pass on your way to us  
 I jealous in honour pass on,  
 Children of the unwritten,  
 Seed of her womb unsown,  
 With power and triumph and bold mirth,  
 (Hark! Good words, all ye people!)  
 And praise and sacrifice and end  
 Down to the dark, dark earth  
 (Hark! Good word! I've people!)  
 Come ye! Just Graces, come  
 Bring good luck to our new found home  
 B the glad birth of the human brand!  
 (Cry cry aloud with jubilee!)  
 Peace and peace to thee  
 And peace for ever in Pallas land!  
 Partured with happy Destiny  
 All ye Zeus-blessed woe to this end!  
 (Cry cry aloud with jubilee!)

Eccent



THE PLAYS OF  
SOPHOCLES





## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

SOPHOCLES c. 497-406 B.C.

SOPHOCLES was born at Colonus in Attica around 497 B.C. His father Sophilus, was a maker of musical boxes. That Sophocles himself worked as a smith or carpenter as has sometimes been said seems unlikely. The son's social position and education were of the highest. According to Plutarch Sophocles was born in the highest station. This tradition gains support from the story that at the age of fifteen or sixteen he led the Boys' Chorus, who he celebrated with song and the music of the lyre to the victory of Salamis.

As a schoolboy Sophocles was already famous for his beauty and won prizes in athletics and literature. He was a high music lover. Lamprus, who in Plutarch praised his sobriety and preferred to the more luxurious and not realist Timotheus, who influenced Euripides in his late choruses.

From the ancient Life which is probably of Alexander on, and from references in the authors it is evident that Sophocles both as poet and as citizen played a prominent and varied role in the life of Athens. His own life was co-extensive with the rise and fall of the city. Between his birth a few years before Marathon and his death on the eve of the defeat of Athens in the Peloponnesian War the great events of Athenian history took place. During that time Sophocles wrote and produced over one hundred and twenty plays. In 443 as preside of the imperial treasury he was charged with collecting the tribute of the allies. In 444 he was elected general and served with Pericles in the Sicilian War. He went on embassies, and he was probably the Sophocles sent to bring back the *Rhetorica* as one of the ten elders chosen to manage the affairs of the city after the Sicilian disaster. He was a friend of Cimon and a member of his social circle, which included Alcibiades, the tragedian Euripides, the painter Pheidias, and the friend of Sophocles, Alcibiades, and Alcibiades, whom he wrote elegiac poems.

Plutarch, in his *Life of Cimon*, says that Sophocles won his first victory in the first play he produced. His first victory came in 468 when he defeated Aeschylus in the *Trachiniae*, which was his last life was thus twenty-seven when he began his public

dramatic career. In the remaining sixty-two years of his life he wrote on an average two plays a year and competed for the tragic prize thirty-one times. He won at least eighteen victories and was never placed third.

Of these ten plays that survive the *Ajax* is probably the earliest. The *Agamemnon* belongs to 443 or 441. The chronological order of the *Trachiniae* and the *Oedipus at Colonus* is uncertain. The *Electra* is later and all three are assigned to the years between 435 and 410. The *Philoctetes* is known to have been produced in 408 when Sophocles was eighty-seven years old. The *Oedipus at Colonus* according to the story made famous by the *De Senectute* of Cicero, was Sophocles' last play. Sophocles is supposed to have been accused by his son of being unable to manage his property and to have convinced his judges of his incompetence by reciting a chorus from this play, which he had just completed.

According to the *Forer* that Sophocles reduced the number of actors to three and added scene painting. Sophocles is also said to have written his plays with certain actors in mind and not to have acted in them himself because of the weakness of his voice. That he was interested in the theory as well as the practice of dramatic art is evident from his having written a book on the chorus, and having formed a company of the educated in honor of the Muses. "Chorus" was the official name for tragedy and a book on the chorus would have dealt presumably with all aspects of the tragic poet's art. The company of the educated was probably a society of cultured Athenians who met to discuss poetry and music about which has also been suggested that its members were actors who had been trained by Sophocles.

Sophocles died in 406 B.C. as we know from the *Fragments* of Aristophanes, brought out in the following year. His epitaph attributed to Cimon, the friend of Socrates, honors his learning and wisdom and calls him the father of the Greeks and the Muses. "Whom Aeschylus and Euripides imitated, the court of the kings and died at old Sophocles never left home except in the service of the city and died when he had lived in Athens."



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# OEDIPUS THE KING

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OEDIPUS *King of Thebes* FRATRES GERMANI *shepherd from*  
 PRIEST OF ZEUS *Corinth*  
 CREON *brother of Jocasta* A SECOND MESSENGER *from the service*  
 TIRSIAS *the blind prophet of Laus*  
 JOCASTA *A SECOND MESSENGER, from the house*  
 CHORUS OF THEBES ELDERS

MURDERERS OF SUPPLIANTS (old men youths & children) The children  
 ANTICHOIDS (daughters of Oedipus and Jocasta)

Before the Royal Palace at Thebes THE PRIEST OF ZEUS  
 and sons of the central gods These are the sons of  
 open EDIPUS enter

OEDIPUS My child, the latest born to Cadmus who  
 was of old why re ye set before me thus with  
 a cithared branches is pphants while the seeks  
 a intense, nigh the ye f health and es  
 of ye I deemed to meet in child en to hear  
 the cl g r th m with of othe s and h come  
 hither in self I Oedipus e owned of ll.

Tell me th th u ene ble ma — ce t is  
 th nat l part t speak f these—in what mood  
 are e placed here, with what dread o what desire?  
 Be sure that I could gladly g e all a d hard f  
 heart I did not pay such suppliant these

PRIEST OF ZEUS Oedipus ruler of my land  
 thou seest f hat ea sw e who best th alt re  
 —some enting still too t nd so fa flit  
 some bo ed th re p rest as l of Zeus—a d  
 these the hose uth hule th est of th folk  
 ut with reathed b ches n th mark t pla es,  
 and before the t hies f Pallas, and here  
 from us g ves an w r by fire

F th cut t thou th self seest s now too sore  
 ly eyed a d ea m m e l f t hey head fr m be  
 neath the r v a e d th bligh is on her  
 th trutit blossoms of th land in the herds  
 am g th pa tu es, n th by re pang of women  
 and thal th flam g god th malign pla ue hath  
 ooped us, nd g r th town by dons the  
 house f Cadmus usad wa t baid th d d d d d d  
 in g cans nd tear

Is it a deeming th rarked with god that I  
 nd these huld n pphants t thy hearth b s  
 d em thee first of men both n l f common  
 hances, nd whe m t l s h e to d with m e  
 tha ma sees that th earnest to th town of  
 Cadmus, nd d d t q i v of the rat that we ren  
 d red t th hard so guess and thus, thou h th u  
 k ewest n th from that ould d three no  
 had t been schooled no b a god and t stand and  
 believed did t thou upl fr our life.

And now Oedipus, king glorious in all eyes we  
 beseech thee all we suppliants, to find for us some  
 way out wheth r by the wh per of a god thou  
 kn west t or help as in the power of m n for I  
 se that when men ha e bet pro ed in deeds past  
 the issues of their counsels, too most often ha e  
 feet

On best of mortals, again uplift our State! On  
 guard thy fame u ce now th land calls thee sav  
 our for thy former zeal and never be it our mem  
 ory of thy re gn that we v e first restored and  
 all re rd ea t down nay l ft up this State in such  
 w se that t fall no m tel

With good om nd d t thou give us that pa t hap  
 piness now also show thy lf the sam For if thou  
 a t to rule th t a d eve as thou art now st l rd  
 t a better to be l d of men than of a waste unce  
 n the walled town nor ship is any th rg fit is void  
 a d n men du ll with the the n

OEDIPUS Oh my f too t child m kno u well known  
 t m t the den es wher with ye ha e come w ll  
 wot that ye suff all ver sufferers as ye e there  
 t not one of you whose suff ng is s min Your  
 pa n comes each one of you for h mself alo e  
 and f t no other but my soul m urns at once f t  
 the c r and f t myself nd for thee.

So that ye t use n e n t truly as one sunk in  
 le p no be ut that I have w pt full ma y tears,  
 ll many way n wanderings of th ught And the  
 sole emody h h w ll pond ng I could find  
 this I ha put nto a t I ha e ent th son of Me  
 oecus, C co mine own wife s b oth to the  
 Pythian house f Phoeb s, to learn by what deed  
 o and I mght d l t this to And al eady  
 h th lapse (day s ckoned it troubles me  
 what h d th f t he tarr es st gely beyo d the  
 fitting pa e. But wh n he comes, th n shall I be no  
 t m f d m t l l that the god bows.

PRINCE Y season h t thou spoken at th s mo  
 m t these n t me that Creon draw nea  
 OEDIPUS O let Apollo may he come to us in the  
 b ghtness of sa ng f rance even as hi face is  
 bright

*Pr* Nay to all seeming he brings comfort else would he not be coming crowned thus thickly with berry laden bay

*Oed* We shall know soon he is at range to hear

*Enter CREON*

Prince my kinsman son of Menoeceus what news hast thou brought us from the god?

*Creon* Good news I tell thee that even troubles hard to bear—if haply they find the right issue—will end in perfect peace

*Oed* But what is the oracle? So far thy words make me neither bold nor yet afraid

*Cr* If thou wouldest hear while these are nigh I am ready to speak or else to go within

*Oed* Speak before all the sorrow which I bear is for these more than for mine own life

*Cr* With thy leave I will tell what I heard from the god Phoebus our lord bids us plainly to drive out a defiling thing which (he saith) hath been harboured in this land and not to harbour it so that it cannot be healed

*Oed* By what rite shall we cleanse us? What is the manner of the misfortune?

*Cr* By banishing a man or by bloodshed in quit tance of bloodshed since it is that blood which brings the tempest on our city

*Oed* And who is the man whose fate he thus reveals?

*Cr* Laius king was lord of our land before thou wast pilot of this State

*Oed* I know it well—by hearsay for I saw him never

*Cr* He was slain and the god now bids us plainly to wreak vengeance on his murderers—whosoever they be

*Oed* And where are they upon the earth? Where shall the dim track of this old crime be found?

*Cr* In this land—said the god What is sought for can be caught only that which is not watched escapes

*Oed* And was it in the house or in the field or on strange soil that Laius met this bloody end?

*Cr* 'Twas on a visit to Delphi as he said that he had left our land and he came home no more after he had once set forth

*Oed* And was there none to tell? Was there no comrade of his journey who saw the deed from whom tidings might have been gained and used?

*Cr* All perished save one who fled in fear and could tell for certain but one thing of all that he saw

*Oed* And what was that? One thing might show the clue to many could we get but a small beginning for hope

*Cr* He said that robbers met and fell on them not in one man's might but with full many hands

*Oed* How then unless there was some trafficking in bribes from here should the robber have dared thus far?

*Cr* Such things were surmised but Laius once slain amid our troubles no avenger arose

*Oed* But when royalty had fallen thus what trou-

ble in your path can have hindered a full search?

*Cr* The riddling Sphinx had made us let dark things go and was inviting us to think of what lay at our doors

*Oed* Nay I will start afire and once more make dark things plain Right worthily hath Phoebus, and worthily hast thou bestowed this care on the cause of the dead and so as is meet ye shall find me too leagued with you in seeking vengeance for this land and for the god besides On behalf of no far off friend no but in mine own cause shall I dispel this taint For whoever was the slayer of Laius might wish to take vengeance on me also with a hand as fierce Therefore in doing right to Laius I serve myself

Come haste ye my children rise from the altar steps and lift these suppliant boughs and let some other summon hither the folk of Cadmus warned that I mean to leave nought untried for our health (with the god's help) shall be made certain—or our ruin

*Pr* My children let us rise we came at first to seek what this man promises of himself And may Phoebus who sent these oracles come to us there with our saviour and deliverer from the past

*Exeunt OEDIPUS and PRIEST ENTER CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS*

### *Chorus*

O sweetly speaking message of Zeus in what spirit hast thou come from golden Pytho unto glorious Thebes? I am on the rack terror shakes my soul O thou Delian healer to whom wild cries rise in holy fear of thee what thing thou wilt work for me perchance unknown before perchance renewed with the revolving years tell me thou immortal Voice born of Colden Hope!

First call I on thee daughter of Zeus divine Athena and on thy sister guardian of our land Artemis who sits on her throne of fame above the circle of our Agora and on Phoebus the far-darter O shine forth on me my three fold help against death! If ever aforetime in arrest of ruin hurrying on the city ye drove a fiery pest beyond our borders come now also!

Woe is me countless are the sorrows that I bear a plague is on all our host and thought can find no weapon for defence The fruits of the glorious earth grow not by no birth of children do women surmount the pangs in which they shriek and life on life mayest thou see sped like bird on nimble wing aye sifter than resistless fire to the shore of the western god

By such deaths past numbering the city perishes unpitied her children lie on the ground spreading pestilence with none to mourn and mean hile young wives and gray haired mothers with them uplift a wail at the steps of the altars some here some there entreating for their weary woes The

## OEDIPUS THE KING

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prayer to the Healer rings clear and blent there  
with the voice of lamentation for these things,  
golden daughter of Zeus, send us the bright face of  
comfort.

And grant that the fierce god of death, who now  
with no brazen shield, yet amid cries as of battle,  
wraps me in the flame on his onset may turn his  
back in speedy flight from our land born by a fair  
wind to the great deep. (Amphitrite or to if one  
waters in which none find haven ever to the Thra-  
cians wa so if night lea e ought undone day fol-  
lows to accomplish this. O thou who o eldest the  
powers of the fire fir ht lightning O Zeus our fa-  
ther slay him beneath thy thunderbolt!

Lycian hang slain were I that thy shafts also, from  
thy bent bow's strain of woven gold should go  
abroad in their mi ht our champions to the fac of  
the foe yea and th flashin fires f Artemis where  
w th glances throa h the Lycian hills. And I  
call him whos flocks are bound with gold who is  
named with th name of this land ruddy Bacchus  
tho Bacchant's cry the comrade of the Ma-  
rads, to draw near with the blaze of his bl th torch,  
our ally against the god unhonoured mon gods.

## ENTER OEDIPUS

Oed. Thou prayest and in answer t thy prayer—  
if thou wilt g a loyal welcome t my words and  
muster t thir own disease—th u may est hope to  
find succor and elief i our woes. These wo ds wil  
I speak publicly as on who has been a stranger to  
this port, a strang r t th d ed so I should ot  
be fa on the tra k, if I were waiting t alone, with-  
out a d d e. But as it is—since t was only after the  
lum of the deed that I was numbered Th har-  
amon Thebans to you, th Cadmeans all, I d  
thus proclaim.

Whoever of you knows by whom Laus son of  
Labdacus was slain, I b d him to declar ll to me  
And if he is frad I tel him to eno e the danger  
of th charg from his path by deno g himself  
for h hall suff r nothing else unlo ely but only  
lea n th land whu t. O fany on knows n alien,  
from ano th land the assassin, I t him n t keep  
silence for I wil pa his guerdon and my tha ks  
shall rest w th him besides.

But f e k ep silence—if any one, through fear  
shall se k t screen h end self from my behest—  
fira ha I then hall do, I ha g you that no  
e of this land d coll hold the empire od th  
throne, p shelt or weak ord unto that mur-  
de e whosoever he be, make him pa t er f his  
prayer or sacrifice, or serve him with the fustal rit  
but that all ban him their homes, kno n that ths  
our defiling thing the oracl of th Pythian  
god hath newly shewn me. I sh m on th wse  
the ad of he god and of th slain. And I pray sol-  
emly that th slayer whos b b, whether h had  
den guilt is n ly bath partners, e ally he is  
evil, may wear out his unblest life. And so myself I

pray that if, with my po nty he should become an  
inmate of my house I may suffer the same things  
which even now I called down upon others. And on  
you I say it to make all these words good for my  
sake and for the sake of th god and for our land t,  
tho blasted with barrenness by angry heaven.

For even if the matter had not been urged on us  
by a god it was not meet that ye should leave the  
guilt thus unpurged when one so noble and be your  
kun had perished rath s were ye bou d to search  
it out And now since tis I who hold the powers  
which o ce he held who possess his bed and the  
wife who bare seed to him and since had his hope  
of issue not been frustrate children born of one  
mother would ha a made ties betwixt h m and me  
—but, as it was, fate swooped upon his head by  
reason of these shu —a bl l uph ld th cause even  
as the cause of mine own sire and will lea e now, lit-  
united in seeking to find him whose hand shed that  
blood for the honour of the son of Labdacus and of  
Polyd rus nd elder Cadmus and Agenor who was  
of old.

And for those who obey me not I pray that the  
gods send them neither harvest of tl e earth nor fruit  
of th womb but that they be wasted by their lot  
that now is, or by one yet more dire. But for all  
you, the l yal folk of Cadmus to whom tl e things  
seem good may Justice our ally and all the gods be  
with you graciously for ever

Ch A thou hast put me on my oath, on my oath  
O king I will speak. I am not the sla er nor can I  
point to him who slew As for the q est on it was  
for Phœbus, who went it to tell u this th ng—who  
can ha e wro ht the deed

Oed. Justly said but no man on the earth can force  
the gods to what they will not

Ch I would fain say a hat seems to me next best  
aft r this.

O d If there is y t a third course, spare not to  
show it.

Ch I know that our lord Teiresias is the seer most  
lik to our lord Phœbus f om whom, O king a  
catches of th e things m ght learn them most  
clearly

Oed. Note on th shav I left out of my cares. On  
the hunt of Creon I ha e twice sent a man to bring  
h m and th. l g hile I marvel why he is n there.

Ch Indeed (his skill apart) the rumours are but  
faint and old

Oed. What rumours are they? I look to every story.

Ch Certain wayfa ers were said to ha e killed  
him.

Oed. I too, ha e heard it b t none sees him who  
saw it

Ch Nay if he knows what fear s, he will not stay  
when h hears th curses, so dire as th y are

Oed. When man shrinks t from a deed either  
is he sea ed by word

Ch. B t the e is n t on act him. For here they  
bring at la t the godlike p ph t in whom alone of  
men doth live the truth



*Pr* Nay to all seeming he brings comfort else would he not be coming crowned thus thickly with berry laden bay

*Oed* We shall know soon he is at range to hear  
*Enter CREON*

*Prince* my kinsman son of Menoeceus what news hast thou brought us from the god?

*Creon* Good news I tell thee that even troubles hard to bear—if haply they find the right issue—will end in perfect peace

*Oed* But what is the oracle? So far thy words make me neither bold nor yet afraid

*Cr* If thou wouldst hear while these are nigh I am ready to speak or else to go within

*Oed* Speak before all the sorrow which I bear is for these more than for mine own life

*Cr* With thy leave I will tell what I heard from the god Phoebeus our lord bids us plainly to drive out a defiling thing which (he saith) hath been harboured in this land and not to harbour it so that it cannot be healed

*Oed* By what rite shall we cleanse us? What is the manner of the misfortune?

*Cr* By banishing a man or by bloodshed in quit tance of bloodshed since it is that blood which brings the tempest on our city

*Oed* And who is the man whose fate he thus reveals?

*Cr* Laius king was lord of our land before thou wast pilot of this State

*Oed* I know it well—by hearsay for I saw him never

*Cr* He was slain and the god now bids us plainly to wreak vengeance on his murderers—whosoever they be

*Oed* And where are they upon the earth? Where shall the dim track of this old crime be found?

*Cr* In this land—said the god What is sought for can be caught only that which is not watched as capes

*Oed* And was it in the house or in the field or on strange soil that Laius met this bloody end?

*Cr* 'Twas on a visit to Delphi as he said that he had left our land and he came home no more after he had once set forth

*Oed* And was there none to tell? Was there no comrade of his journey who saw the deed from whom tidings might have been gained and used?

*Cr* All perished save one who fled in fear and could tell for certain but one thing of all that he saw

*Oed* And what was that? One thing might show the clue to many could we get but a small beginning for hope

*Cr* He said that robbers met and fell on them not in one man's might but with full many hands

*Oed* How then unless there was some trafficking in bribes from here should the robber have dared thus far?

*Cr* Such things were surmised but Laius once slain among our troubles no avenger arose

*Oed* But when royalty had fallen thus what trou-

ble in your path can have hindered a full search?

*Cr* The riddling Sphinx had made us let dark things go and was inviting us to think of what lay at our doors

*Oed* Nay I will start afresh and once more make dark things plain Right worthily hath Phoebus and worthily hast thou bestowed this care on the cause of the dead and so as is meet ye shall find me too leagued with you in seeking vengeance for this land and for the god besides On behalf of no far off friend no but in mine own cause shall I dispel this trunt For whoever was the slayer of Laius might wish to take vengeance on me also with a hand as fierce Therefore in doing right to Laius I serve myself

Come haste ye my children rise from the altar steps and lift these suppliant boughs and let some other summion hither the folk of Cadmus warned that I mean to leave nought untied for our health (with the god's help) shall be made certain—or our ruin

*Pr* My children let us rise we came at first to seek what this man promises of himself And may Phoebus who sent these oracles come to us there with our saviour and deliverer from the pest

*Exit OEDIPUS and PRIEST Enter CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS*

#### Chorus

O sweetly speaking messenger of Zeus in what spirit hast thou come from golden Pytho unto glorious Thebes? I am on the rack terror shakes my soul O thou Delian healer to whom wild cries rise in holy fear of thee what thing thou wilt work for me perchance unknown before perchance renewed with the revolving years tell me thou immortal voice born of Golden Hope!

First call I on thee daughter of Zeus divine Athena and on thy sister guardian of our land Artemis who sits on her throne of fame above the circle of our Agora and on Phoebus the far-darter O shine forth on me my threefold help against death! If ever aforesime in arrest of ruin hurrying on the city ye drove a fiery pest beyond our borders come now also!

Woe is me countless are the sorrows that I bear a plague is on all our host and thought can find no weapon for defence The fruits of the glorious earth grow not by no birth of children do women surmount the pangs in which they shriek and life on life mayest thou see sped like bird on nimble wing aye swifter than restless fire in the shore of the western god

By such leaths past numbering the city perishes unpitied her children lie on the ground spreading pestilence with none to mourn and mean hile young wives and gray haired mothers with them uplift a wail at the steps of the altars some here some there entreating for their weary woes. The

thou and the plotter of these things wll rue your  
 seal to purg the land Na d d t thou n e seem to  
 be a old man th u shouldst have learned t thy  
 cost how bold thou art

Cl To our think both this man's words and  
 thine Oed pus, ha e been s d in anger Not f r  
 need words u our need but to s ch how we shall  
 best discharge the m dates of the god

Te King tha h thou art the r ght f reply at  
 let t must be de med the same for both f that I  
 too am lo d Not t th e do l i e ser ant but to  
 Lotus a d so l hall not stand enrolled under Creon  
 for my patron And I tell thee—anc th u ha t  
 wanted m e en with bl nd eis—that th u hast  
 sight yet seest or in what miserv th u rt nor  
 h re thou da best n r w th whom Dost thou

k ow f what stock th u art? And thou h t been  
 su u w ting foe t thi e own kin — the shades  
 s d on the earth abo and the double lash of thy  
 he s and thy father curse sh ll ne day dri  
 thee fr m this l e d d sadful haste, w th do kness  
 then on the eyes that now see r e

A d hat plac hall n t h harbo r to thy shr k  
 hat of all Citha hall t ring n th t soon  
 her thou hast learn't the mea ing f th nupt als  
 in whu h within that hous th u d d st f nd a fatal  
 ha en lte a easo f r A d a th on f th r  
 Als thou guess'st a t wh h shall mak thee le el  
 th thy tru lf nd w th thinn own brood

The f e heap thy oc ms on Creon d on my  
 messs for no o e m me shall e t be cru bed  
 m re muer bly than th

O d Are these tau t t be indeed bor m from  
 H ne s tak th el H n e th s n (ant)  
 B k!—a tyl—a unt th s from these doors!

T I had en r com not l had t th u n t called  
 m

O d I knew not that th was hour t speak  
 f th r t had b en l g s I had sent for thee to  
 my h u

Te Such m l—as th u thnk'st, a fool but f r  
 th pa ents nh beg t thee so

Oed What par nt t Stay nd wh f m n u mv  
 ar

Te Thu d y hal pow thy b rth nd shall brs g  
 thy ruin

O d What dd es, what dark n ds th u lways  
 speakest!

T h r r not lo most killed t unra eldark  
 spec h?

Oed Wake that my reproach in wh h tho halt  
 f d m g eat

T t t t w s t that f tu that u d d the  
 Oed Nay if I d h er'd th t w n t a t n t

T Then I will g so d thou boy take m  
 h e

O d Aye, l t hum take th while he thou t  
 h ndra ce thou a soubt wh n thou hast  
 shed th u wlt t m mo e

T I will g whe l ha d n m e reard sca  
 res f thv f own f thou can t e destroy m  
 A d l e ll th —th man f wh on thou ha t thus

lon wh l been in quest uttering threats, and pro-  
 cla m ng a search into the murder of La u—that  
 m n is here in seeming a al en sojourner but anon  
 he sh ll be found a native Theban and shall not be  
 glad of his f tunc A blind man he n o now hath  
 s ght a beggar who no as r ch he shall make his  
 way a stran el d feel g the ground bef re him  
 with his staff And he shall be found at once brother  
 and fath r of the ch ldren with whom he consorts  
 son an l hu band of the w man who bore him heir  
 to his l ther s bed shed ler of his father s blood

So go thou in a d th k on that and if thou find  
 that l ha e been at fault say thenceforth that I  
 ha e n wit in phrexy

T t EST is led o t by the Boy — DIV t enters  
 the palace

Chorus

Wlo s h of whom the d ine voice from the  
 D lphu n rock hath spoken as ha n wrought w th  
 red h n l s e r s that no tong e can tell?

It t m that he ply n f ght a foot stro get than  
 th feet of st m s n f eeds for th son of Zeus is  
 springin on h m all armed w th fierv l ght ings  
 and with hum me the dread unerring Fates

Yes newl g en from st w Parnassus, the mes  
 se hath fl a f d forth to make all sea ch for the  
 unk own man Into the wild wood s co ers among  
 ca es and rocks he s roam ng fierce as a bull  
 wretched and f lorn on h j yless path st l s ek  
 g to put from h m the doom spoken at Earth s  
 c t al hrine but that doom er l es, e r slits  
 a und burn

D readly n south d eadly doth the w se au ur  
 m e me wh appe a t or m ble t deny  
 ll to peak, l k own t I am flattered with fore  
 bod es either n the present ha e l clear n  
 n t f th futu e lve e in past d y, nor n these  
 ha e l hea d h w the house of Labdacus or the son  
 of Pol b had ith r ag n t ther any g ef that  
 l co ld brn as proof a n a l the public fame of  
 Oed pu nd se l a g to a n e the l e t of Labd-  
 cus to the u d e red m d er

Nay Z u needea d Apollo are keen f thought  
 and know th th s of earth but that m rt l e r  
 w n k o ledg abo t m n f th the e can be no  
 u test though m m may surpas man lore Yet  
 ntl I see th word mad good n er w ll ave t  
 wh n m n bl m Oed pu Bef e l l e s the  
 w n ed m d n came aga t h m fold and h was  
 se n to be wae he bo the test n welcome ser c  
 to u St t m t th refo by the e d t of my  
 heart hall he be djudged guilty of cr m

E t r c e o v

Gr F llow e tuz n has g leant h t r Oedipus  
 the k l y s d e chag s a aust me I am her in  
 d na t If the p e s t ero ble h thinks that  
 he ha suff red fr m r r th w d e or deed aught  
 that t e ds to harm in truth l e a n t my full  
 term of years when I must bear su b blame a th s  
 Th w ong of th s sum ur teu her me not in one

*Oed* Teiresias whose soul grasps all things the lore that may be told and the unspeakable the secrets of heaven and the low things of earth thou feelest though thou canst not see what a plague doth haunt our State from which great prophet we find in thee our protector and only saviour Now Phœbus—if indeed thou knowest it not from the mangers—sent answer to our question that the only rid dance from this pest which could come was if we should learn art hit the slayers of Laius and slay them or send them into exile from our land Do thou then grudge neither voice of birds nor any other way of seer lore that thou hast but rescue thyself and the State rescue me rescue all that is defiled by the dead For we are in thy hand and man's noblest task is to help others by his best means and powers

*Teiresias* Alas how dreadful to have wisdom where it profits not the wise! Ave I knew this well but let it slip out of mind else would I never have come here

*Oed* What now? How sad thou hast come in!

*Te* Let me go home most easily wilt thou bear thine own burden to the end and I mine if thou wilt consent

*Oed* Thy words are strange nor kindly to this State which nurtured thee when thou withholdst this response

*Te* Nay I see that thou on thy part openest not thy lips in season therefore I speak not that neither may I have thy mishap

*Oed* For the love of the gods turn not away if thou hast knowledge all we suppliants implore thee on our knees

*Te* Ave for ye are all without knowledge but never will I reveal my griefs—that I say not thine

*Oed* How sayest thou? Thou knowest the secret and wilt not tell it but art minded to betray us and to destroy the State?

*Te* I will gain neither myself nor thee Why vainly ask these things? Thou wilt not learn them from me

*Oed* What basest of the base—for thou wouldst anger a very stone—wilt thou never speak out? Can nothing touch thee? Wilt thou never make an end?

*Te* Thou blamest my temper but seest not that to which thou thyself art wedded no thou findest fault with me

*Oed* And who would not be angry to hear the words with which thou now dost slight this city?

*Te* The future will come of itself though I shroud it in silence

*Oed* Then seeing that it must come thou on thy part shouldst tell me thereof

*Te* I will speak no further rage then if thou wilt with the fiercest wrath thy heart doth know

*Oed* Ave verily I will not spare—so wroth I am—to speak all my thought Know that thou seemest to me even to have helped in plotting the deed and to have done it short of slaying with thy hands Hadst thou eyes hit I could have said that the doing also of this thing was thine alone

*Te* In sooth? I charge thee that thou abide by the

decree of thine own mouth and from this day speak neither to these nor to me thou art the accursed defiler of this land

*Oed* So brazen with thy blustering taunt? And wherein dost thou trust to escape thy due?

*Te* I have escaped in my truth is my strength thou? *Oed* Who taught thee this? It was not at least thine art

*Te* Thou for thou didst spur me into speech against my will

*Oed* What speech? Speak again that I may learn it better

*Te* Didst thou not take my sense before? Or art thou tempting me in talk?

*Oed* No I took it not so that I can call it known—speak again

*Te* I say that thou art the slayer of the man whose slayer thou seekest

*Oed* Now thou shalt rue that thou hast twice said words so dire

*Te* Wouldst thou have me say more that thou mayest be more wroth?

*Oed* What thou wilt it will be said in vain

*Te* I say that thou hast been living in unvested shame with thy nearest kin and seest not to what woe thou hast come

*Oed* Dost thou indeed think that thou shalt always speak thus without smarting?

*Te* Yes if there is any strength in truth

*Oed* Nay there is for all save thee for thee that strength is not since thou art mimed in ear and in wit and in eye

*Te* Ave and thou art a poor wretch to utter taunts which every man here will soon hurl at thee

*Oed* Night endless night hath thee in her keeping so that thou canst never hurt me or any man who sees the sun

*Te* No thy doom is not to fall by me Apollo is enough whose are it to work that out

*Oed* Are these Creon's devices or thine?

*Te* Nay Creon is no plier to thee thou art thine own

*Oed* O wealth and empire and skill surpassing skill in life's keen rivalry how great is the envy that cleaves to you if for the sake yes of this power which the city hath put into my hands a gift unsought Creon the trusty Creon mine old friend hath repaid me by stealth yearning to thrust me out of it and hath suborned such a scheming juggler as this a tricky quack who hath eyes only for his gain but in his art is blind!

Come now tell me where hast thou proved thyself a seer? Why when the Watcher was here who wove dark song didst thou say nothing that could free this folk? Yet the riddle at least was not for the first comer to read there was need of a seer's skill and none such thou hast found to have either by help of birds or as known from any god no I came I Oedipus the ignorant and made her mute when I had cized the answer by my wit untaken by of birds And it is I whom thou art trying to outthink to stand close to Creon's throne Methinks



point alone but has the largest scope if I am to be called a traitor in the city a traitor too by thee and by my friends

*Ch* Nay but this taunt came under stress per chance of anger rather than from the purpose of the heart

*Cr* And the saying was uttered that my counsels won the seer to utter his falsehoods?

*Ch* Such things were said—I know not with what meaning

*Cr* And was this charge laid against me with steady eyes and steady mind?

*Ch* I know not I see not what my masters do but here comes our lord forth from the house

*Enter OEDIPUS*

*Oed* Sirrah how camest thou here? Hast thou a front so bold that thou hast come to my house who art the proved assassin of its master the palpable robber of my crown? Come tell me in the name of the gods was it cowardice or folly that thou sawest in me that thou didst plot to do this thing? Didst thou think that I would not note this deed of thine creeping on me by stealth or aware would not ward it off? Now is not thine attempt foolish to seek without followers or friends a throne a prize which followers and wealth must win?

*Cr* Mark me now—in answer to thy words hear a fair reply and then judge for thyself on knowledge

*Oed* Thou art apt in speech but I have a poor wit for thy lessons since I have found thee my malignant foe

*Cr* Now first hear how I will explain this very thing—

*Oed* Explain me not one thing—that thou art not false

*Cr* If thou deemest that stubbornness without sense is a good gift thou art not wise

*Oed* If thou deemest that thou canst wrong a kinsman and escape the penalty thou art not sane

*Cr* Justly said I grant thee but tell me what is the wrong that thou sayest thou hast suffered from me

*Oed* Didst thou advise or didst thou not that I should send for that reverend seer?

*Cr* And now I am still of the same mind

*Oed* How long is it then since Laius—

*Cr* Since Laius? I take not thy drift

*Oed* —was swept from men's sight by a deadly violence?

*Cr* The count of years would run far into the past

*Oed* Was this seer then of the craft in those days?

*Cr* Yea skilled as now and in equal honour

*Oed* Made he then any mention of me at that time?

*Cr* Never certainly when I was within hearing

*Oed* But held ye not a search touching the murder?

*Cr* Due search we held of course—and learned nothing

*Oed* And how was it that this sage did not tell his story then?

*Cr* I know not where I lack light tis my wont to be silent

*Oed* Thus much at least thou knowest and couldst declare with light enough

*Cr* What is that? If I know it I will not deny

*Oed* That if he had not conferred with thee he would never have named my slaying of Laius

*Cr* If so he speaks thou best knowest but I claim to learn from thee as much as thou hast now from me

*Oed* Learn thy fill I shall never be found guilty of the blood

*Cr* Say then—thou hast married my sister?

*Oed* The question allows not of denial

*Cr* And thou rulest the land as she doth with like sway?

*Oed* She obtains from me all her desire

*Cr* And rank not I as a third peer of you twain?

*Oed* Aye tis just therein that thou art seen a false friend

*Cr* Not so if thou wouldst reason with thine own heart as I with mine And first weigh this—whether thou thinkest that any one would choose to rule amid terrors rather than in unruffled peace granting that he is to have the same powers Now I for one have no yearning in my nature to be a king rather than to do kingly deeds no nor hath any man who knows how to keep a sober mind For now I win all boons from thee without fear but were I ruler myself I should be doing much even against mine own pleasure

How then could royalty be sweeter for me to have than painless rule and influence? Not yet am I so misguided as to desire other honours than those which profit Now all wish me joy now every man has a greeting for me now those who have a suit to thee crave speech with me since therein is all their hope of success Then why should I resign these things and take those? No mind will become false while it is wise Nay I am no lover of such policy and if another put it into deed never could I bear to act with him

And in proof of this first go to Pytho and ask if I brought thee true word of the oracle then next if thou find that I have planned aught in concert with the soothsayer take and slay me by the sentence not of one mouth but of twain—by mine own no less than thine But make me not guilty in a corner on unproved surmise It is not right to adjudge bad men good at random or good men bad I count it a like thing for a man to cast off a true friend as to cast away the life in his own bosom which most he loves Nay thou wilt learn these things with sureness in time for time alone shows a just man but thou couldst discern a knave even in one day

*Ch* Well hath he spoken O king for one who giveth heed not to fall the quick in counsel are not sure

*Oed* When the stealthy plotter is moving on me in quick sort I too must be quick with my counter plot If I await him in repose his ends will have been gained and mine missed

*Cr* What wouldst thou then? Cast me out of the land?



So in that case Apollo brought it not to pass that the babe should become the slayer of his sire or that Laus should die—the dread thing which he feared—by his child's hand. Thus did the messages of seer-craft map out the future. Regard them thou not at all. Whatsoever needful things the god seeks he himself will easily bring to light.

Oed. What restlessness of soul lady, what tumult of the mind hath just come upon me since I heard thee speak!

Io. What anxiety hath startled thee that thou sayest this?

Oed. Methought I heard this from thee—that Laus was slain where three highways meet.

Io. Yea that was the story; nor hath it ceased yet.

Oed. And where is the place where this befell?

Io. The land is called Phocis and branching roads lead to the same spot from Delphi and from Daulia.

Oed. And what is the time that hath passed since these things were?

Io. The news was published to the town shortly before thou wast first seen in power over this land.

Oed. O Zeus what hast thou decreed to do unto me?

Io. And wherefore Oedipus doth this thing weigh upon thy soul?

Oed. Ask me not yet but say what was the stature of Laus and how ripe his manhood.

Io. He was tall the silver just lightly strewn among his hair and his form was not greatly unlike to thine.

Oed. Unhappy that I am! Methinks I have been laving myself even now under a dread curse and knew it not.

Io. How sayest thou? I tremble when I look on thee my king.

Oed. Dread misgivings have I that the seer can see. But thou wilt show better if thou wilt tell me one thing more.

Io. Indeed—though I tremble—I will answer all thou askest when I hear it.

Oed. Went he in small force or with many armed followers like a chieftain?

Io. Five they were in all—a herald one of them and there was one carriage which bore Laus.

Oed. Alas! 'Tis now clear indeed—Who was he who gave you these tidings lady?

Io. A servant—the sole survivor who came home.

Oed. Is he haply at hand in the house now?

Io. No truly so soon as he came thence and found thee reigning in the stead of Laus he supplied me with hand laid on mine that I would send him to the fields to the pastures of the flocks that he might be far from the sight of this town. And I sent him he was worthy for a slave to win even a larger boon than that.

Oed. Would then that he could return to us with out delay!

Io. It is easy but wherefore dost thou enjoin this?

Oed. I fear lady that mine own lips have been unguarded and therefore am I fain to behold him.

Io. Nay he shall come. But I too methinks have

a claim to learn what lies heavy on thy heart my king.

Oed. Yea and it shall not be kept from thee now that my forebodings have advanced so far. Who in deed is more to me than thou to whom I should speak in passing through such a fortune as this?

My father was Polybus of Corinth my mother the Dorian Merope and I was held the first of all the folk in that town until a chance befell me worthy indeed of wonder though not worthy of mine own heat concerning it. At a banquet a man full of wine cast it at me in his cups that I was not the true son of my sire. And I vexed restrained myself for that day as best I might but on the next I went to my mother and father and questioned them and they were wroth for the taunt with him who had let that word fly. So on their part I had comfort yet was this thing ever rankling in my heart for it still crept abroad with siren, rumour. And unknown to mother or father I went to Delphi and Phoebus sent me forth disappointed of that knowledge for which I came but in his response set forth other things full of sorrow and terror and woe even that I was fated to defile my mother's bed and that I should show unto men a brood which they could not endure to behold and that I should be the slayer of the sire who begat me.

And I when I had listened to this turned to fly from the land of Corinth thenceforth wotting of its region by the stars alone to some spot where I should never see fulfilment of the infamies foretold in mine evil doom. And on my way I came to the regions in which thou sayest that this prince perished. Now lady I will tell thee the truth. When in my journey I was near to those three roads three met me a herald and a man seated in a carriage drawn by colts as thou hast described and he who was in front and the old man himself were for thrusting me rudely from the path. Then in anger I struck him who pushed me aside—the driver and the old man seeing it watched the moment when I was passing and from the carriage brought his goad with two teeth down full upon my head. Yet was he paid with interest by one swift blow from the staff in this hand he was rolled right out of the carriage on his back and I slew every man of them.

But if this stranger had any tie of kinship with Laus who is now more wretched than the man before thee? What mortal could prove more hated of heaven? Whom no stranger no citizen allowed to receive in his house whom it is unlawful that any one accost whom all must repel from their home! And this—this curse—was laid on me by no mouth but mine own! And I pollute the bed of the slain man with the hands by which he perished. Say am I vile? Oh am I not utterly unclean?—seeing that I must be banished and in banishment see not mine own people nor set foot in mine own land or else be joined in wedlock to my mother and slay my sire even Polybus who begat and reared me.

Then would not he speak aright of Oedipus who judged these things sent by some cruel power above

1/ \ another short and go thee up to me.  
 O-2 Who wast? Art thou in case to tell clearly?  
 1. I tuck he was called one of th' household of  
 Laus.

O-2 The k... who ruled this country lo. a-2  
 1/ The man was in his service that the man  
 wast.

O-2 Is he still al... that I m... to see him?

1. Art ye folk of th' country should know  
 her?

O-2 I tuck any of you here present that knows  
 the kind of whom h' speaks—that hath seen him in  
 th' parades or th' town? Answer! The hour hath  
 come that these things should be final... revealed.

1. Met... he speaks of no other than th'  
 person whom thou wast already fount see but our  
 lady fount... I best tell that.

O-2 Lad... worstest thou of him whom we list  
 remember? I t of him that this man speaks?

1. Why ask of whom h' pokes? Reward I not...  
 was not wrought on what he said... there was

O-2 It must not be that, with such clues in my  
 power, I should fail to bring my birth to light.

1. For th' gods sake, if thou hast any care for  
 this own life, forbear this search! My approach is  
 too late.

O-2 Be of good courage, thou shalt find the  
 root of evil moths... thou shalt find three...  
 which was not proved false born.

1. Yet hear me, I know more than thou dost.

O-2 I must not hear of not discover... the whole  
 truth.

1. Yet I wish thee well—I counsel thee for the  
 best.

O-2 These best counsels, then, are in patience.

1. It is not! My art thou never come to  
 know who thou art!

O-2 Go, come one of these th' herdsmen hither  
 and bid him bring a woman to him to her girl's lock.

1. But, alas, never! That word alone can I  
 no more hear, and no other word henceforth for  
 ever.

*She rushes to the palace*

1. W-2 Lath ch lad gone. Oedipus, in the  
 part of wild grief I doubt a term of sorrow  
 will break forth from this silence.

O-2 Break forth what will! Be my race never so  
 low, I trust it is less than I on woman, per  
 chance—for she is proud, more than woman's  
 pride—thine shame is mine. I have seen thee, I t who  
 had me sold, and for that I t need and not  
 be embosomed. So, th' mother from whom I  
 came, and th' mother in his womb, he marked  
 me sometimes low, some times great. So, he be  
 in love, ever now can I prove false to thee, or  
 spare thee out of th' secret of my birth.

1. O-2 I t see or hear I hear, O Catharon,  
 thou art not false on her name, thou hast not  
 known those on her name that Oedipus  
 doth there... I t him, his name, and his  
 mother and that I t of th' hated... our day  
 and song, because thou art well pleased to our

prince. I t Phoebe to whom we cry may these  
 things find in our in the night!

Who was it my son, who of the race whose years  
 are man that bore thee in wedlock with Pen the  
 mountain-roaming father? Or was it a bride of  
 Loxos that bore thee? For dear to him are all the  
 upland pastures. Or perchance was Cithon a lord,  
 or the Barchants god dweller on the hill tops, that  
 received thee a new born jo from one of th'  
 Nymphs of Helicon, with whom he most doth  
 sport.

O-2 Elders, if us for me to guess, who has he never  
 met with him, I think I see the herdsmen of whom  
 we have been in quest for in his honorable  
 tales with you stranger's years, and I shall I  
 know those who bring him, methinks, as servants of  
 mine own. But perchance thou mayest have the  
 advantage of me in knowledge. I thou hast seen the  
 herdsman before.

1. I t I know him, be sure he was in the serv  
 ice of Laus—trust as any man, in his shepherd's  
 place.

*Then again I flourish*

O-2 I ask thee first, Cornelian stranger, is this he  
 whom thou meetest?

1. He, this man whom thou beholdest.

O-2 He thou, old man—I would have thee look  
 this way and answer all that I ask thee. Thou wast  
 once in the service of Laus?

1. He, yes, I was—a slave not bought but reared  
 in his house.

O-2 Employed in what labour or what way  
 of life?

1. He, For the best part of my life I tended flocks.

O-2 And what the reason that thou didst chiefly  
 haunt?

1. He, Sometimes it was Catharon, sometimes the  
 mountain ground.

O-2 Then wastest thou of his long noted son man  
 in those parts—

1. He, Doe, what? What man dost thou mean?

O-2 This man here—or of his long ever met him  
 before?

1. He, Not so that I could speak of once from mem-  
 ory.

1. He, And no wonder master B t I will be clear  
 recollection to his ignorance. I am sure that he well  
 notes it th' time when we abode in the region of  
 Citharon—th' two flocks, I his comrade, with  
 one—three full half years, from spring to autumn  
 and then for the winter I used to drive the flock to  
 mine own fold, which took him the fowl flocks.  
 Didst thou of this happen as I t thou, or didst not?

1. He, Thou speakest the truth—thou hast long  
 ago.

1. O-2 Tell me now—wastest thou of his long  
 gone son, born in those parts, to be reared as mine  
 own foster son?

1. He, What now? Why dost thou ask th' question?  
 1. Under man, my friend, as he who then was  
 you.

1. He, Pledge me, then—be silent once for all!



*Oed* Iocasta dearest wife why hast thou summoned me forth from these doors?

*Io* Hear this man and judge as thou listenest to what the awful oracles of the gods have come

*Oed* And he—who may he be and what news hath he for me?

*Io* He is from Corinth to tell that thy father Polybus lives no longer but hath perished

*Oed* How stranger? Let me have it from thine own mouth

*Me* If I must first make these tidings plain know indeed that he is dead and gone

*Oed* By treachery or by visit of disease?

*Me* A light thing in the scale brings the aged to their rest

*Oed* Ah he died it seems of sickness?

*Me* Yea and of the long years that he had told

*Oed* Alas! Why indeed my wife should one look to the hearth of the Pythian seer or to the birds that scream above our heads on whose showing I was doomed to slay my sire? But he is dead and hid already beneath the earth and here am I who have not put hand to spear Unless perchance he was weary by longing for me thus indeed I should be the cause of his death But the oracles as they stand at least Polybus hath swept with him to his rest in Hades they are worth nought

*Io* Nay did I not so foretell to thee long since?

*Oed* Thou didst but I was misled by my fear

*Io* Now no more lay aught of those things to heart

*Oed* But surely I must needs fear my mother's bed?

*Io* Nay what should mortal fear for whom the decrees of fortune are supreme and who hath clear foresight of nothing? 'Tis best to live at random as one may But fear not thou touching wedlock with thy mother Many men ere now have married in dreams also but he to whom these things are as nothing bears his life most easily

*Oed* All these bold words of thine would have been well were not my mother living but as it is since she lives I must needs fear—though thou sayest well

*Io* Howbeit thy father's death is a great sign to cheer us

*Oed* Great I know but my fear is of her who lives

*Me* And who is the woman about whom ye fear?

*Oed* Merope old man the consort of Polybus

*Me* And what is it in her that moves your fear?

*Oed* A heaven sent oracle of dread import stranger

*Me* Lawful or unlawful for another to know?

*Oed* Lawful surely Loxias once said that I was doomed to espouse mine own mother and to shed with mine own hands my father's blood Wherefore my home in Corinth was long kept by me afar with happy event indeed—yet still 'tis sweet to see the face of parents

*Me* Was it indeed for fear of this that thou wast an exile from the city?

*Oed* And because I wished not old man to be the slayer of my sire

*Me* Then why have I not freed thee king from this fear seeing that I came with friendly purpose?

*Oed* Indeed thou shouldst have regarded due from me

*Me* Indeed 'twas chiefly for this that I came—that on thy return home I might reap some good

*Oed* Nay I will never go near my parents

*Me* Ah my son 'tis plain enough that thou knowest not what thou doest

*Oed* How old man? For the gods' love tell me

*Me* If for these reasons thou shrinkest from going home

*Oed* Aye I dread lest Phœbus prove himself true for me

*Me* Thou darest to be stained with guilt through thy parents?

*Oed* Even so old man—this it is that ever afflicts his me

*Me* Dost thou know then that thy fears are wholly vain?

*Oed* How so if I was born of those parents?

*Me* Because Polybus was nothing to thee in blood

*Oed* What sayest thou? Was Polybus not my sire?

*Me* No more than he who speaks to thee but just so much

*Oed* And how can my sire be level with him who is as nought to me?

*Me* Nay he begat thee not any more than I

*Oed* Nay wherefore then called he me his son?

*Me* Know that he had received thee as a gift from my hands of yore

*Oed* And yet he loved me so dearly who came from another's hand?

*Me* Yea his former childlessness won him there to

*Oed* And thou—hadst thou bought me or found me by chance when thou gavest me to him?

*Me* Found thee in Cithæron's winding glens

*Oed* And wherefore wast thou roaming in those regions?

*Me* I was there in charge of mountain flocks

*Oed* What thou wast a shepherd—a vagrant hireling?

*Me* But thy preserver my son in that hour

*Oed* And what pain was mine when thou didst take me in thine arms?

*Me* The ankles of thy feet might witness

*Oed* Ah me why dost thou speak of that old trouble?

*Me* I freed thee when thou hadst thine ankles pinned together

*Oed* Aye 'twas a dread brand of shame that I took from my cradle

*Me* Such that from that fortune thou wast called by the name which still is thine

*Oed* Oh for the gods' love—was the deed my mother's or father's? Speak!

*Me* I know not he who gave thee to me wots better of that than I

*Oed* What thou hadst me from another? Thou didst not light on me thyself?

a sword, asken where he should find the wife who  
was a wife to a man whose womb had borne  
like himself a dish of life. A dish of life, a  
power also a man was his guide. I tread no e of  
us mortals who ere nigh. And with a dread shriek,  
as thou, someone beckoned him on. he sp an at  
the double doors, and from thir sockets forced the  
bent bolts, and rushed into the room.

There beheld he the woman hanging by the neck  
a twisted nose of sin in cords. But he when  
he saw her with a dread deep cry of misery loosed  
the halter where by she hung. And when the hapless  
ma was stretched upon the ground then was  
the sequel dread to see. To her to e fr m her rai  
meat the golden brooches where on the she was decked  
and lifted them and set te full on his own y balls,  
eterns red like these. No m re h ll ye bel old  
such horrors as I was suffe ng and work gl ng  
enough ha e ye looked on those whom ye m ght  
never t ha e seen. Failed n kn wh e of those  
whom I yearned to know—hence forth ye shall be  
do it.

T such dire refra n, not once al ne but oft struck  
he his uth lifted hand and at each blow th  
emanguined e e balls bed wed his be rd nor sent  
forth sh ush d ps f gore but all t once a dark  
shower of blood m down like hail.

From th d ed of t at such us h e br ken  
forth, a t on a e al ne but with man led woe for  
ma and wif. Th lid happiness f then a extral  
fortu e was also eum happiness indeed but to-day  
—lam tar on ru n death ham all earthly lls  
that can be named—all, all re the sa.

Ch And hath th suffe rer now a y respite from  
pain?

a M He cries for soon n to unbar the gates  
and show to all th Cadmeans h fath r layer his  
mother—th unh ly wo d m st n s po m y lips—  
m purposing n es t h mself out of th land ad  
d no more t make th ho e cu sed ndes  
his own urse H w e t h r lo k iron th nd one  
to ward his tpe f th ang h is mo tha man  
may bea. And he n ll show th to thee also for lo,  
the bars f th gates are n thdraw d soo thou  
hast beh ld ight which e en he who bhorn t  
must pary.

Enter Oed. 1st

Ch O d ead fate f men to see O most d eadful  
of all that ha met m n eyes! O happy n what  
madness hath e e on thee? Who is the nea thy  
for that with a bow d of m e than most I ran e,  
hath made th e ill ta red f e h m p y?

Alas, alas, thou hapless one! N y I can ot en  
look on thee, th u h there s m ch that I would  
fain ask; but learn m ch that draw m ustful gaze  
—w th u h a hudd ring d t thou fill m l.

Oed Woe is me! Alas, alas, wretched that I am!  
Whether whether am I bo n n my misery? How  
my oer swept b ead on the wings f the air? Oh  
my F te, how far hast thou sprung!

Ch To dread place, dire m men a car, dire m  
their sight.

Oed O th u horror of darkness that enfoldest me  
vixtant i speakable reusless, sped by a wind to  
furl!

Ay me! and once agai ay me!  
How in my soul pierced by the stab f these goods,  
and withal by the memory of sorrow!

Ch Ye a amid woe so many a twofold pain may  
well be th ne to mourn and to bear.

Oed Ah friend thou still art steadfast in thy tend  
anc f me thou still hast patience to care for the  
bl nd man! Ah me! Thy presence is not hid from  
me—no, dark though I am yet know I thy vo ce  
full well.

Ch Man of dread deeds, how couldst thou in such  
wise quench thy uson? What more than human  
power urged thee?

Oed Apollo fr ends, Apollo was he that brought  
these mv woes to pass, these my sore sore woes but  
the ha d that struck the eyes wa none save mine  
wretched that I am! Why was I to see when sight  
could ho me noth g sweet?

Ch These things were even as thou sayest.

Oed Say f end what can I m behold what  
can I love what g e et ng can touch m ne ear with  
y? I ll lead m from the land friends, lead me  
h ne, the utterly lost the th ice accused ye the  
mo al most bhorrred of hea en!

Ch Wret hed abke for thy fo tune and for thy  
sense thereof would that I had e t so much as  
know the l.

Oed Perish the man whose r he was, that freed  
me n the pastures from the cru l shackle on my feet  
and so ed m f om death and gav m back to l e—  
a thankless deed! Had I d ed then to my friends and  
t mine own soul I had ot been so woe a grief.

Ch I also w uld have had it th us.

O d So had I not com to hed my fath s blood  
no be m called among m n th xpe use of her f om  
whom I prang but now m l f raken of the gods,  
so of a d filed mott s cessor to his bed who  
ga me min own wretched be ng and if the e be  
t s a woe purpang oer, it hath become the por  
tion of Oed pur.

Ch I know not h w I ca say that thou ha t coun  
selled w ll f t thou we t better dead than living  
and blind.

O d Show me not at large that these things are  
not best done th m em coun l om e. For  
had I n hr I know t th what eyes I could e n  
ha e looked on my father when I can e t the place  
of the lead ye o n my miserable mother s oer  
against both I ha e ar ed s h u s as st n g n  
could a s punish. But deem ye that th s ght of  
bldr n born s m e w re bo n was lo ely f me  
to look upon? N no ot l v to mine eyes for  
e et! No or was this tow n th its to eted walls,  
n the sa ed statues f the gods s ce I thirce  
w rched that I am—I obest of the sons of Thebes  
—ha e doomed myself to kn w these more, by  
m own command that all should thrust aw y the  
imps us one—e en him wh m gods have shown to  
be unholy—and of the race of La us!

Oed Hal chide him not old man—thy words need chiding more than his

He And wherein most noble master do I offend?

Oed In not telling of the boy concerning whom he asks

He He speaks without knowledg<sup>e</sup>—he is busy to no purpose

O d' Thou wilt not speak with a good grace but thou shalt on pain

He Nay for the gods love misuse not an old man!

Oed Ho some one—pinion him this instant!

He Alas wherefore? what more wouldst thou learn?

Oed Didst thou give this man the child of whom he asks?

He I did—and would I had perished that day!

Oed Well thou wilt come to that unless thou tell the honest truth

He Nay much more am I lost if I speak

Oed The fellow is bent methinks on more delays

He No no! I said before that I gave it to him

Oed Whence didst thou got it? In thine own house or from another?

He Mine own it was not—I had received it from a man

Oed From whom of the citizens here? from what home?

He Forbear for the gods love mister forbear to ask mortal

Oed Thou art lost if I have to question thee again

He It was a child then of the house of Laius

Oed A slave? or one born of his own race?

He Ah me—I am on the dreaded brink of speech

Oed And I of hearing yet must I hear

He Thou must know then that twas said to be his own child—but thy lady within could best say how these things are

Oed How? She gave it to thee?

He Yea O king

Oed For what end?

He That I should make away with it

Oed Her own child the wretch?

He Aye from fear of evil prophecies

Oed What were they?

He The tale ran that he must slay his sire

Oed Why then didst thou give him up to this old man?

He Throug<sup>h</sup> pity master as deeming that he would bear him away to another land whence he himself came but he saved him for the direst woe For if thou art what this man saith know that thou wast born to misery

Oed Oh oh! All brought to pass—all true! Thou light may I now look my last on thee—I who have been found accursed in birth accursed in wedlock accursed in the shedding of blood!

*He rushes into the palace*

#### Chorus

Alas ye generations of men how mere a shadow do I count your life! Where where is th<sup>e</sup> mortal who wins more of happiness than just the seeming

and after the semblance ■ falling away? Thine is a fate that warns me—thine thine unhappy Oedipus—to call no earthly creature blest

For he O Zeus sped his shaft with peerless skill, and won the prize of an all prosperous fortune he slew the maiden with crooked talons who sang darkly he arose for our land as a tower against death And from that time Oedipus thou hast been called our king and hast been honoured supremely bearing sway in great Thebes

But now whose story is more grievous in m<sup>y</sup> ears? Who is a more wretched captive to fierce plagues and troubles with all his life reversed?

Alas renowned Oedipus! The same bounteous place of rest sufficed thee as child and as sire also that thou shouldst make thereon thy nuptial couch Oh how can the sod wherein thy father sowed un- happy one have suffered thee in silence so long?

Time the all seeing hath found thee out in thy despite he judgeth the monstrous marriage wherein begotten and begotten have long been one

Alas thou child of Laius would I had never seen thee! I wail as one who pours a dirge from his lips sooth to speak twas thou that gavest me new life and through thee darkness hath fallen upon mine eyes

#### Enter SECOND MESSENGER from the house

Second Messenger Ye who are ever most honoured in this land what deeds shall ye hear what deeds behold what burden of sorrow shall be yours if true to your race ye still care for the house of Labdacus! For I ween that not Ister nor Phasis could wish this house clean so many are the ills that it shrouds or will soon bring to light—ills wrou<sup>g</sup>ht not unwittingly but of purpo<sup>se</sup> ■ And those griefs smart most which are seen to be of our own choice

Ch Indeed those which we knew before full not short of claiming sore lamentation besides them what dost thou announce?

2 Me This is the shortest tale to tell and to hear our royal lady Iocasta is dead

Ch Alas hapless one! From what cause?

2 Me By her own hand The worst pain in what hath chanced is not for you for yours ■ is not to behold Nevertheless so far as mine own memory serves ye shall learn that unhappy woman's fate

When frantic she had passed within the vestibule she rushed straight towards her nuptial couch clutching her hair with the fingers of both hands once within the chamber she dashed the doors together at her back then called on the name of Laius long since a corpse mindful of that son begotten long ago by whom the sire was slain leaving the mother to breed accursed offspring with his own

And she bewailed the wedlock wherein wretched she had borne a twofold brood husband by husband children by her child And how thereafter she perished is more than I know For with a shriek Oedipus burst in and suffered us not to watch her woe unto the end on him as he rushed around our eyes were set To and fro he went asking us to give him

you and who then will wed? The man is not no  
it cannot be, my children but we must wither in  
barren maidenhood

Alas, son of Menoetion, hear me—since thou art  
the only father left to them for we their parents,  
are lost, both of us—allow them not to wander poor  
and wed who re thy kisses on n n r abuse them  
to the level of my woes. Nay pity them when thou  
rest them t thus tend rage m utterly so lorn sa m  
be there. Canst thy p omise generous man by the  
touch of thy hand! To you, my children I would  
be e g en much counsel w re your minds matur  
but now I would ha e this to be your prayer—that  
v li e b re occau n suffers nd that the life whi b  
m your portion may be happier than your sa s.

Gr Thy grief hath had la ge scope now h nay  
pass to the house

Oed I must obey though us in no w se sweet  
Gr Yea so t is in season that N things a e good  
Oed Knowest thou, then on what cond tions I  
all go

Gr Thou shalt name them so shall I know them  
hen I hear

Oed See that thou send me to dwell beyond this  
land

Gr Thou askest me for what the god must give

Oed Nay to the gods I ha e become most hateful

Gr Then shalt thou have thy wish anon

Oed So thou consentest?

Gr 'Tis not my wont to speak idly what I do not  
mean.

Oed Then t s time to lead me hence

Gr Come then—but let thy children go.

Oed Nay take not these from me!

Gr Crave not to be master in all things for the  
mastery which thou d dst win hath not followed  
thee thro gh life

Ch Dwelle s in our nati e Thebes, behold this  
is Oedipus, who knew the famed r dle a d was a  
man most mi hrv on whose so tues what citizen  
did not gaze with en v? Behold into what a stormy  
sea of dread trouble he hath come!

Therefore while ou eyes wa t to see the destined  
final day we must call no one happy who is of mor  
tal race unt l he hath crossed life s border free from  
pain

After bearing such a stain upon me was I to look with steady eyes on this folk? No verily no were there yet a way to choke the fount of hearing I had not spared to make a fast prison of this wretched frame that so I should have known nor sight nor sound for tis sweet that our thought should dwell beyond the sphere of griefs

Alas Cathaeron why hadst thou a shelter for me? When I was given to thee why didst thou not slay me straightway that so I might never have revealed my source to men? Ah I olybus ah Corinth and thou that wast called the ancient house of my fathers how seeming fair was I your nurceling and what ills were festering beneath! For now I am found evil and of evil birth O ye three roads and thou secret glen—thou coppice and narrow way where three paths met—ye who drank from my hands that father's blood which was mine own—remember ye, perchance what deeds I wrought for you to see—and then when I came hither what fresh deeds I went on to do?

O marriage rites ye gave me birth and when ye had brought me forth again ye bore children to your child ye created an incestuous kinship of fathers brothers sons—brides wives mothers—yea all the foulest shame that is wrought among men! Nay but tis unmeet to name what tis unmeet to do—haste ye for the gods love hide me some where beyond the land or slay me or cast me into the sea where ye shall never behold me more! Approach deign to lay your hands on a wretched man hearken fear not—my plague can rest on no mortal beside

Enter CREON

Oh Nay here is Creon in meet season for thy requests crave they act or counsel for he alone is left to guard the land in thy stead

Oed Ah me how indeed shall I accost him? What claim to credence can be shown on my part? For in the past I have been found wholly false to him

Cr I have not come in mockery Oedipus nor to reproach thee with any bygone fault (*To the attendants*) But ye if ye respect the children of men no more revere at least the all nurturing flame of our lord the Sun spare to show thus nakedly a pollution such as this—one who neither earth can welcome nor the holy rain nor the light Nay take him into the house as quickly as ye may for it best accords with piety that kinsfolk alone should see and hear kinsman's woes

O d For the god love—since thou hast done a gentle violence to my presence who hast come in a spirit so noble to me a man most vile—grant me a boon for thy good I will speak not for mine own

Cr And what wish art thou so fain to have of me?

O d Cast me out of this land with all speed to a place where no mortal shall be found to greet me more

Cr This would I have done be thou sure but that I craved first to learn all my duty from the god

Oed Nay his behest hath been set forth in full—to let me perish the parasite the unholly one that I am

Cr Such was the purport yet seeing to what a pass we have come better to learn clearly what should be done

Oed Will ye then seek a response on behalf of such a wretch as I am?

Cr Aye for thou thyself wilt now surely put faith in the god

Oed Yea and on thee lay I this charge to thee will I make this entreaty give to her who is within such burial as thou thyself wouldest for thou wilt meetly render the last rites to thine own But for me—never let this city of my sire be condemned to have me dwelling therein while I live no suffer me to abide on the hills where yonder is Cathaeron famed as mine—which my mother and sire while they lived set for my appointed tomb—that so I may die by their decree who sought to slay me How best of this much am I sure—that neither sickness nor aught else can destroy me for never had I been snatched from death but in reserve for some strange doom

Nay let my fate go whither it will but as touching my children I pray thee Creon take no care on thee for my sons they are men so that be they where they may they can never lack the means to live But my two girls poor hapless ones—who never knew my table spread apart or lacked their father's presence but ever in all things shared my daily bread—I pray thee care for them and—if thou canst—suffer me to touch them with my hands and to indulge my grief Grant it prince grant it thou noble heart! Ah could I but once touch them with my hands I should think that they were with me even as when I had sight

Creon's attendants lead in the children ANTIGONE and ISMENE

Ha? O ye gods can it be my loved ones that I hear sobbing can Creon have taken pity on me and sent me my children—my darlings? Am I right?

Cr Yea tis of my contriving for I knew thy joy in them of old the joy that now is thine

Oed Then blessed be thou and for guerdon of this errand may heaven prove to thee a kinder guardian than it hath to me! My children where are ye? Come hither hither to the hands of him whose mother was your own the hands whose offices have wrought that your sire's once bright eyes should be such orbs as these—his whose insight knowing now he became your father by her from whom he sprang! For you also do I weep—behold you I cannot—when I think of the bitter life in days to come which men will make you live To what company of the citizens will ye go to what festival from which ye shall not return home in tears instead of sharing in the holiday? But when ye are now come to years ripe for marriage who shall he be who shall be the man my daughters that will hazard taken unto him such reproaches as must be baneful alike to my offspring and to yours? For what misery is wanting? Your sire slew his sire he had seed of her who bare him and begat you at the sources of his own being! Such are the taunts that will be cast at



# OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OEDIPUS

ANTIGONE

ISMENE

STRANGER a man of Colonus

THESEUS King of Athens

his daughters

CREON of Thebes

POLYNEICES the elder son  
of Oedipus

A MESSENGER

CHORUS OF ELDERS OF COLONUS

*At Colonus about a mile and a quarter N W of Athens in front of a grove sacred to the Erinyes or Furies—there worshipped under the propitiatory name of the Eumenides or kindly Powers Enter OEDIPUS blind led by ANTIGONE*

*Oedipus* Daughter of the blind old man to what region have we come Antigone or what city of men? Who will entertain the wandering Oedipus to day with scanty gifts? Little crave I and win yet less than that little and therewith am content for patience is the lesson of suffering and of the years in our long fellowship and lastly of a noble mind My child if thou seest any resting place whether on profane ground or by groves of the gods stay me and set me down that we may inquire where we are for we stand in need to learn as strangers of denizens and to perform their bidding

*Antigone* Father toil worn Oedipus th towers that guard the city to judge by sight are far off and this place is sacred to all seeming,—thick set with laurel olive vine and in its heart a feathered choir of nightingales makes music So sit thee here on this unhewn stone thou hast travelled a long way for an old man

*Oed* Seat me then and watch over the blind

*An* If time can teach I need not to learn that

*Oed* Canst thou tell me now where we have arrived?

*An* Athens I know but not this place

*Oed* Aye so much every wayfarer told us

*An* Well shall I go and learn how the spot is called?

*Oed* Yes child—if indeed tis habitable

*An* Nay inhabited tis surely but I think there is no need yonder I see a man near us

*Oed* Hitherward moving and setting forth?

*An* Nay he is at our side already Speak as the moment prompts thee for the man is here

*Enter STRANGER a man of Colonus*

*Oed* Stranger hearing from this maiden who hath sight for herself and for me that thou hast drawn nigh with timely quest for the solving of our doubts—

*Stranger* Now ere thou question me at large quit this seat for thou art on ground which tis not lawful to tread

*Oed* And what is this ground? To what deity sacred?

*Str* Ground inviolable whereon none may dwell for the dread goddesses hold it the daughters of Earth and Darkness

*Oed* Who may they be whose awful name I am to hear and invoke?

*Str* The all seeing Eumenides the folk here would call them but other names please otherwise

*Oed* Then graciously may they receive their suppliant! for nevermore will I depart from my rest in this land

*Str* What means this?

*Oed* Tis the watchword of my fate

*Str* Nay for my part I dare not remove thee with out warrant from the city ere I report what I am doing

*Oed* Now for the gods love stranger refuse not hapless wanderer that I am the knowledge for which I sue to thee

*Str* Speak and from me thou shalt find no refusal

*Oed* What then is the place that we have entered?

*Str* All that I know thou shalt learn from my mouth This whole place is sacred awful Poseidon holds it and therein is the fire fraught god the Titan Prometheus but as for the spot whereon thou treadest its called the Brazen Threshold of this land the stay of Athens and the neighbouring fields claim von knight Colonus for their primal lord and all the people bear his name in common for their own Such thou mayest know stranger are these haunts not honoured in story but rather in the life that loves them

*Oed* Are there indeed dwellers in this region?

*Str* Yea surely the namesakes of yonder god

*Oed* Have they a king? Or doth speech rest with the folk

*Str* These parts are ruled by the king in the city

*Oed* And who is thus sovereign in counsel and in might?

*Str* Theseus he is called son of Aegeus who was before him

*Oed* Could a messenger go for him from among you?

*Str* With what aim to speak or to prepare his coming?

2. kinds so that, even if he is taken his ease, and slow to move, when he hears of thee he will arise with speed.

Oed. Well, may he come with a blessing to his own city as to me!—What good man is not his own friend?

Is. Zeus! what shall I say? what shall I think of father?

Oed. What is it, Antigone, my child?

Is. I see a woman coming towards us, mounted on a cult of Etna: she wears a Thracian bonnet to screen her face from the sun. What shall I say? Is it she or is it not? Doth fancy cheat me? Yes—no—I cannot tell—ah me! It is no other—yes!—she greets me with bright glances as she draws nigh and shows that I am one, and no other as I before me.

Oed. What sayest thou, my child?

Is. That I see thy daughter and my sister: thou canst know her straightway by her voice.

Enter Ismene.

Ismene. Father and sister names most sweet to me! How hardly have I found you! and now I scarce can see you for my tears.

Oed. My child, thou hast come?

Is. Ah, father, sad is thy lot to see!

Oed. Thou art with us, my child!

Is. And it hath cost me toil.

Oed. Touch me, my daughter!

Is. I give a hand to each.

Oed. Ah, children—ah, ye sisters!

Is. Alas, twice we etched life!

Oed. Hail, and mine?

Is. And mine, hapless, mine, my ruin.

Oed. Child, and why hast thou come?

Is. Through care, father, for thee.

Oed. Through love, to see me?

Is. Yes, and to bring thee tidings by mine own mouth,—with the only faithful servant that I had.

Oed. And her, at the young men thy brothers, art thou need?

Is. That is—where they are, in their dark hour.

Oed. O true image of the ways of Egypt that they show in their guilt and their life! For there the men at evening in the house but the women go forth to win the daily bread. And in your case, my daughters, those to whom these toils belong, ed keep their house at home like girls, while we, in their stead bear on our less father's burden.

Oed. From the time when her tender age was past and I came to a woman's strength, hath ever been the old maid guide in weary wanderings, oft coming in her and her foot through the wild wood, oft sore vexed by rain and scorching heat—but regard not the onsets of home, if so her father should have a tender care.

And thou, my child, in former days, camest forth, bringing the father unknown of the Cadmeans, all the oracles that had been given to thee. Oed. And thou didst take on thee the office of a faithful father in my behalf, when I was born, driven from the land, and now what new tidings bringest thou brought thy father, Ismene? On what mission hast

thou set forth from home? For thou comest not empty handed, well I wot, or without some word of fear for me.

Is. The sufferings that I bore, father, in seeking where thou wast living, I will pass by. I would not renew the pain in the recital. But the ills that now beset thee, ill-fated sons—us of these that I have come to tell thee.

At first it was their desire that the throne should be left to Creon and the city spared pollution when they thought calmly on the blight of the race from of old and how it hath clung to thine ill-starred house. But now moved by some god and by a sinful mind, an evil ally hath seized them, thence insulted—to grasp at rule and kingly power.

And thou, hot-brained youth, the younger born, hath deprived the elder Polynices of the throne and hath driven him from his fatherland. But he, as the general rumour saith among us, hath gone an exile to the hill-girt Argos, and is taking unto him new kinship and warriors for his friends—as deeming that Argos shall soon possess the Cadmean land in honour or list that land's praise to the stars.

These are no vain words, my father, but deeds terrible, and where the gods will have pity on thy griefs, I cannot tell.

Oed. What, hadst thou come to hope that the gods would ever look on me for my deliverance?

Is. Yes, mine is that hope, father, from the present oracles.

Oed. What are they? What hath been prophesied my child?

Is. That thou shalt yet be desired, alive and dead, by the men of that land for their welfare's sake.

Oed. And who could have good of such an one as I?

Is. Their power, as said comes to be in thy hand.

Oed. When I am now hit in that hour then, I am a man?

Is. Yes, for the gods list thee now, but before they were working thy ruin.

Oed. 'Tis little to lift a man when youth was ruined.

Is. Well, know at least, that Creon will come to thee in this cause—and rather soon than late.

Oed. With what purpose, daughter? expound to me.

Is. To plant thee near the Cadmean land, so that they may have thee in their grasp, but thou mayest not set foot on their borders.

Oed. And how can I admit them while I rest beyond their gates?

Is. Thy tomb hath a curse for them, if all be not well with that.

Oed. It needs no god to help our wit so far.

Is. Well, therefore they would fain acquire thee as a new house, in a place where thou shalt not be thine own master.

Oed. Will they also shroud me in Theban dust?

Is. Nay, the guilt of a kinsman's blood debars thee father.

Oed. Then never shall they become my masters.

Is. Some day then, this shall be a grief for the Cadmeans.



Oed. Thus far?

Ch. Enough I tell thee

Oed. Shall I sit down?

Ch. Yea move sideways and crouch low on the edge of the rock.

An. Father this is my task to quiet step (Oed. Ah me! ah me!) knit step and lean thy aged frame upon my loving arm

Oed. Woe for the doom of a dark soul!

ANTIGONE seats him on the rock

Ch. Ah hapless one since now thou hast ease speak—whence art thou sprung? In what name art thou led on thy weary way? What is the fatherland whereof thou hast to tell us?

Oed. Strangers I am an exile—but forbear

Ch. What is this that thou forbiddest old man?

Oed.—forbear forbear to ask me who I am seek—probe—no further!

Ch. What means this?

Oed. Dread the birth

Ch. Speak!

Oed. (to ANTIGONE) My child—alas!—what shall I say?

Ch. What is thy lineage stranger—speak!—and who thy sire?

Oed. Woe is me!—What will become of me my child?

An. Speak for thou art driven to the verge

Oed. Then speak I will—I have no way to hide it

Ch. Ye twain make a long delay—come haste thee!

Oed. Know ye a son of Laius O! (The CHORUS utter a cry) and the race of the Labdacidae?

Ch. O Zeus!

Oed. The hapless Oedipus?

Ch. Thou art he?

Oed. Have no fear of any words that I speak—

The CHORUS drown his voice with a great shout of execration half turning away and holding their maniles before their eyes

Oed. Unhappy that I am! (The clamour of the CHORUS continues) Daughter what is about to befall?

Ch. Out with you! forth from the land!

Oed. And thy promise—to what fulfilment wilt thou bring it?

Ch. No man is visited by fate if he requites deeds which were first done to himself deceit on the one part matches deceptions on the other and gives pain instead of benefit for reward And thou—back with thee! out from these seats! away! away from my land with all speed lest thou fasten some heavier burden on my city!

An. Strangers of reverent soul since ye have not borne with mine aged father—knowing as ye do the rumour of his unpurposed deeds—pity at least my hapless self I implore you who supplicate you for my sire alone supplicate you with eyes that can still look on your own even as though I were sprung from your own blood that the sufferer may find compassion

On you as on a god we depend in our misery

Nay hear us! grant the boon for which we scarce dare hope! By everything sprung, from you that ye hold dear I implore you ye a by child—by wife or treasure or god! Look well and thou wilt not find the mortal who if a god should lead him on could escape

Ch. Nay be thou sure daughter of Oedipus, we pity thee and him alike for your fortune but dread the judgment of the gods we could not say aye! he beyond what hath now been said to thee

Oed. What good comes then of repute or fair fame if it ends in idle breath seeing that Athens, as men say, has the perfect fear of Heaven and the power above all cities to shelter the veiled stranger and the power above all to succour him?

And where find I these things, when after making me rise up from these rocky seats ye then drive me from the land afraid of my name alone? Not surely afraid of my person or of mine acts since mine acts at least have been in suffering rather than doing—were it seemly that I should tell you the story of my mother or my sire by reason whereof ye dread me—that know I full well

And yet in nature how was I evil? I who was but requiting a wrong so that had I been acting with knowledge even then I could not be accounted wicked but as it was all unknowing went I—whither I went—while they who wronged me knowingly sought my ruin

Wherefore strangers I beseech you by the gods even as ye made me leave my seat so protect me and do not while ye honour the gods refuse to give those gods their due but rather deem that they look on the god fearing among men and on the godless and that never yet hath escape been found for an impious mortal on the earth

With the help of those gods spare to cloud the bright fame of Athens by ministering to unholy deeds but as ye have received the suppliant under your pledge rescue me and guard me to the end nor scorn me when ye look on this face unlovely to behold for I have come to you as one sacred a d pious and fraught with comfort for this people. But when the master is come whosoever he be that is your chief then shall ye hear and know all mean while in no wise show yourself false

Ch. The thoughts urged on thy part old man must needs move aye they have been set forth in words not light but I am content that the rulers of our country should judge in this cause

Oed. And where strangers is the lord of this realm?

Ch. He is at the city of his father in our land and the messenger who sent us hither hath gone to fetch him

Oed. Think ye that he will have any regard or care for the blind man so as to come hither himself?

Ch. Yea surely so soon as he learns thy name

Oed. Who is there to bring him that message?

Ch. The way is long and many rumours from wayfarers are wont to go abroad when he hears them he will soon be with us fear not For thy name old man hath been mightily noised through

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Ca—of that gne out an wish found cureless,  
 cr-wich th u ha wrestled  
 Oed By th k adness for a guest bare not the  
 same that I ha e suffered!

Cl Seem in south that the tale s wide spread  
 and in no use wa es, I am fair friend to hear it

Oed Woe is me!  
 Cl Be content I pray thee!

Oed, alas, alas!  
 Cl Gra tma wish as I ha e granted thine in its

f—  
 Oed I ha e suff red misery str n ers, suffered at  
 tho h ugn it g deeds, and of those acts—be  
 liea en my wit es!—no part was of m s own  
 chore

Cl B t no what regard?  
 Oed By a s u wedlock Thebes bound me all  
 unknown t th bric that wa m curse

Cl Ca it be as I hear that thou modest thy  
 mot th partner of th bed ( its n lams?)

Oed Woe is me! Cri l as death str ers, are  
 these words in m ne ear—but those maidens, be  
 go tns of me—

Cl What it thou sa?—  
 Oed—t e daughter is—two curses—

Cl O Zou  
 Oed—spr g from the tra al of the womb that  
 bore me

Cl These then ar at once thine offspr ng and  
 Oed—ca r n t r of th n e

Cl Oh, horror!  
 Oed Horror n d—yes horrors untold sweep  
 ba k ugn to soul

Cl Thou ha t f red—  
 Oed s ed wnes d ead to bear—

Cl Thou ha t a t ed—  
 Oed s will sur—

Cl How—  
 Oed A wif na g en to me—O b ken hearted  
 that I n, would I had r won f om Thebes that  
 need for ha served b!

Cl W et b l l on th n t handshed blood?  
 Oed Wh swe th What ould t thou learn?

Cl A father blood  
 Oed Oh! oh! second t b—wound on wound!

Cl W a s e r—r ha I a p'ca—  
 Cl What cause thou plead—

Oed—p eat just  
 Cl What

Oed s shall bear t they w l om I slew would ha e  
 when a own lit tainless bef the law and  
 f mae ha l oer nto th pass!

Cl La end m h a p r r Thesou son  
 f—r—h s do th just wh reu to f

There H—n from era t m p r o  
 n th n l mar ch h t ha e rrog  
 ned th so f la us nd on th h hearav  
 in th m com g l ha th f l l ta nt For

thy garb and that hapless face al ke assure me of  
 thy name and in all compass on would I a k thee  
 ill fated Oedipus, what i thy suit to Athens or to  
 me that thou ha s taken th place here thou and  
 the hapless maiden at thy side Declare it dire in  
 deed mu t be the s t runc t l d by thee from which  
 I sho id stand aloof who kn s that I myself also  
 was reared in exile l ke to thin and s strange  
 hands wrestled with perils to my l se as no man be  
 s de Ne er then woul I turn aude from a stran  
 ger such as th u art n s or refuse to aid in his  
 d h crance for well know I that I am a man and  
 that in the morton my port on is no greater than  
 thine

Oed Theseus, thy nobleness h th n br e f words  
 shoun such grace that f e me there s need to say  
 but little Thou ha t e hil sa l who I m from  
 what e e l p rnc f om what land I have come and  
 so now h t else rema ns f r me but to speak my  
 desire—and the tal s tol?

Th E en so—speak that—I fa n would hear  
 Oed I com t off r thee my woe worn body as a  
 wif— or goodly to look upon but the gains from it  
 are better than bea its

Th And what gain dost thou claim to have  
 s ought?

Oed He easter thou shalt learn not yet I think  
 Th At what time it s will thy be eie h  
 down?

Oed When I am dead and thou hast giv n me  
 burial

Th Tl u cravest f e boon for all betw een thou  
 hast o m mory—or no care

Oed I ca f e by that boon I reap all the rest  
 Th s s th n the grace wh ch thou cravest  
 from m hath small compass

Oed s e g h red th s s s oight one—no,  
 ver h

Th Meanest thou a betw thy son nd me?  
 Oed han they would f n n e me to Thebes

Th But of e thy onte t then for thee exile is  
 not seemly

Oed s wh n I was n l g they r fused  
 Th But fool h man temper t m sfortu e s not  
 meet

Oed Wh n th u ha t heard my tny e hde tll  
 then torbes

Th Say or I must n r p onou c s tho t know  
 ed

Oed I ha suffered Theseus, cru l wrong on  
 wro

Th W t thou speak of the an nt trouble of thy  
 race?

Oed s e l s no ed throughout Hellas  
 Th Wh t th s thy e f th t passeth ti

g t f man

O d Th n th n From my cou try I have  
 been dr n b r e o n off p i e a d m doom

Th H n th n s l s of fath r s blood  
 f n u t dwell ap r?

Oed Th mouth f the god will constr n them

*Oed* In what conjuncture of events my child?  
*Is* By force of thy wrath when they take their stand at thy tomb

*Oed* And who hath told thee what thou tellest my child?

*Is* Sacred envoys from the Delphian hearth  
*Oed* And Phoebus hath indeed spoken thus concerning me?

*Is* So say the men who have come back to Thebes

*Oed* Hath either of my sons then heard this?

*Is* Yea both have heard and know it well

*Oed* And then those base ones aware of this held the kingship dearer than the wish to recall me?

*Is* It grieves me to hear that but I must bear it

*Oed* Then may the gods quench not their fated strife and may it become mine to decide this war fare whereto they are now setting their hands spear against spear! For then neither should he abide who now holds the sceptre and the throne nor should the banished one ever return seeing that when I their sire was being thrust so shamefully from my country they hindered not nor defended me no they saw me sent forth homeless they heard my doom of exile cried aloud

Thou wilt say that it was mine own wish then and that the city meekly granted me that boon No verily for in that first day when my soul was seething and my darling wish was for death 'ye death by stoning no one was found to help me in that desire but after a time when all my anguish was now assuaged and when I began to feel that my wrath had run too far in punishing those past errors then it was that the city on her part went about to drive me perforce from the land—after all that time and my sons when they might have brought help—the sons to the sire—would not do it no—for lack of one little word from them I was left to wander an outcast and a beggar evermore

'Tis to these sisters girls as they are that so far as nature enables them I owe my daily food and a shelter in the land and the offices of kinship the brothers have bartered their sire for a throne and sceptred sway and rule of the realm Nay never shall they win Oedipus for an ally nor shall good ever come to them from this reign at Thebes that know I when I hear this maiden's oracles and meditate the old prophecies stored in mine own mind which Phoebus hath fulfilled for me at last

Therefore let them send Creon to seek me and whose beside my mighty in Thebes For if ye strangers—with the championship of the dread goddesses who dwell among your folk—are willing to succour ye shall procure my great deliverer for this State and troubles for my foes

*Ch* Right worthy art thou of compassion Oedipus thou and these maidens and since to this plea thou addest thy power to save our land I fain would advise thee for thy weal

*Oed* Kind sir be sure then that I will obey in all—stand thou my friend

*Ch* Now make atonement to these deities to

whom thou hast first come and on whose ground thou hast trespassed

*Oed* With what rites? instruct me strangers.

*Ch* First from a perennial spring fetch holy drink offerings borne in clean hands

*Oed* And when I have gotten this pure draught?

*Ch* Bowls there are the work of a cunning craftsman crown their edges and the handles at either brim

*O d* With branches or woollen cloths or in what wise?

*Ch* Take the freshly shorn wool of an ewe lamb

*Oed* Good and then—to what last rite shall I proceed?

*Ch* Pour thy drink offerings with thy face to the dawn

*Oed* With these vessels whereof thou speakest shall I pour them?

*Ch* Yea in three streams but empty the last vessel wholly

*Oed* Wherewith shall I fill this ere I set it? Tell me this also

*Ch* With water and honey but bring no wine thereto

*Oed* And when the ground under the dark shade hath drunk of these?

*Ch* Lay on it thrice nine sprays of olive with both thine hands and make this prayer the while

*O d* The prayer I fain would hear—tis of chief moment

*Ch* That as we call them Benign Powers with hearts benign they may receive the suppliant for saving be this the prayer—thine own or his who prays for thee speak inaudibly and lift not up thy voice then retire without looking behind Thus do and I would be bold to stand by thee but other wise stranger I would fear for thee

*Oed* Daughters hear ye these strangers who dwell near?

*An* We have listened and do thou bid us what to do

*Oed* I cannot go for I am disabled by lack of strength and lack of sight evils twain But let one of you two go and do these things For I think that one soul suffices to pay this debt for ten thousand if it come with good will to the shrine Act then with speed yet leave me not solitary for the strenuous would fail me to move without help or guiding hand

*Is* Then I will go to perform the rite but where I am to find the spot—this I fain would learn

*Ch* On the further side of this grove maiden And if thou hast need of aught there is a guardian of the place who will direct thee

*Is* So to my task but thou Antigone watch our father here In parents cause if toil there be we must not reck of toil

*Exu*  
*Ch* Dread is it stranger to arouse the old grief that hath so long been laid in rest and yet I yearn to hear

*Oed* What now? ..

At. And Creon draws near us—not without followers, father.

Oed. Ah kind kinsmen, now ye come I pray you the full proof of my safety!

At. Fear not—it shall be this. If I am a god this country still hath nought grown old.

Enter Creon with attendants

Creon. Sirs, a ble dweller in this land I see that a sudden fear hath troubled your eyes at my coming. But shrink not from me and let no ungentle word escape you.

I am here with no thought of force. I am old and I know that the city whereunto I have come is no less dear to you than it is to me. I have been sent, in these many years, to plead for the wanderer that returns to him the land of Cadmus and to one man only am I but with charge from our people all since twas mine by kinship, to mourn his loss no Thebes beside.

Unhappy Oedipus, hear us, and come home! Rethink of the words called by the Cadmean folk, and in his by me even so—unless I in the basest of all men born—chide you for the new ills, old man, when I see thee hapless as a stranger and a stranger even to our own men, a beggar with one bread-crum for thy stay. Alas, I had not thought that it could fall to me to a depth of misery as that whereunto the path full is—ye hapless all!—like you it tends thy dark life amid penury—in type you are to us—unwed—a prize for the first and hand.

I it not a cruel reproach—alas!—that I have seen thee and me and all our race? But it indeed on even them can be bid to—in the name of the fathers gods, hearken to me. Oedipus!—he dearest to us by consent—turn to the city and the house of the father is still his land. Is well to thus sit—for for the us who yet see that on both the first turn on thy path since twas so that our turned thee of old.

Oed. All-day when I many pleas of grief would I draw a crazy device by dost thou attempt me thus, and seek once more to take me to the city? Here capture would be sorest? In the old days—when destitute of by myself would I were feared to be cast out of the land—thy will went not with mine to grant the boon. But when my fierce grief had spent its force and the security of the house was sweet then was it to the city that I came from the house and from the land—no had this kinship any dearer to thee then and now again—hence thou seest that I have kindly welcome from the city and from all her sons, thou seekest to pluck me away wrapped hard thou his soft words. And yet hast thou the kindness to show me as a guest? As if I should give thee no gift but give thee when thou wast in the city thou but after thy soul desire was stated should grant it to me—hence the grace could be granted no more would thou not find that pleasure? It is such are the own offers unto me—good in name but their substance ill.

And I will declare it to these also, that I may show

thee false. Thou hast come to fetch me not that thou mayest take me home but that thou mayest plant me near thy borders, and so thy city may escape unscathed by troubles from this land. That portion is not for thee, but this—my curse upon the country ever abiding therein and for my sons, this hence—room enough in my realm wherein—to die.

Am I not wiser than thou in the fates of Thebes? I can wiser far as true are the sources of my knowledge—er even Phoebus and his father Zeus most high. But thou hast come hither with fraud on thy lips, yet with a more keen than the edge of the sword. I by thy pleaing thou art like to reap too a woe than woe I have seen. I know that I persuade thee not of this—go!—and suffer us to live here for ever in this place. Our life would not be so if so were we content therewith.

Which thinkest thou most suffers in this parole—I by thy course, or thou by thine own?

Oed. For me it is enough if thy pleaing fails, as with me so with your men are all.

Unhappy man shall it be seen that not even thy words have brought thee wit? Must thou live to be the reproach of all?

Oed. Thou hast a ready tongue but I know not the honest man who has fair words for every cause.

Words may be many and yet may miss their aim.

As if thine forsooth were few but aimed an hit.

No, truly—for one whose wit is such as thine.

Oed. Depart—for I will say it in the name of your men also—and beset me not with jealous watch in the place where I am destined to abide.

These men—not these—call I to witness but as I see the strain of the answer to thy kindred if I take thee—

Oed. And who could take me in despite of these allies?

I promise thee thou soon shalt smart without that.

Oed. Where is the deed which warrants that blis-ten word?

O. One of thy two daughters hath just been seized by me and sent hence—the other I will release if I wish.

Oed. Woe is me!

Mo woe! thou wilt find it soon.

Oed. Thou hast my child?

Creon. And will he be this on ere long.

Oed. Ah! friends, what will I do? Will ye forsake me? Will ye not drive the godless man from the land?

Creon. I shall hence—be gone! U right even in thy present deed—unrighteous the deed which thou hast done.

Creon. (to his attendants) 'Twas time for you to lead off your girl perfect or she will not go of her free will.

Ant. Weighed that I am whether shall I fly?—will I find help from gods or men?

*Th* In fear of what woe foreshown?

*Oed* That they must be smitten in this land

*Th* And how should bitterness come between them and me?

*Oed* And son of Aegeus to the gods alone comes never old age or death but all else is confounded by all mastering time Earth's strength decays and the strength of the body faith dies distrust is born and the same spirit is never steadfast among friends nor betwixt city and city for be it soon or be it late men find sweet turn to bitter and then once more to love

And if now all in sunshine between Thebes and thee yet time in his untold course gives birth to days and nights untold wherein for a small cause they shall sunder with the spear that plighted concord of to day when my slumbering and buried corpse cold in death shall one day drink their warm blood if Zeus still Zeus and Phoebus the son of Zeus speaks true

But since I would not break silence touching mysteries suffer me to cease where I began only make thine own word good and never shalt thou say that in vain didst thou welcome Oedipus to dwell in this realm—unless the gods cheat my hope

*Ch* King from the first you man hath shown the mind to perform these promises or the like for our land

*Th* Who then would reject the friendship of such an one?—to whom first the hearth of an ally is ever open by mutual right among us and then he hath come as a suppliant to our gods fraught with no light recompense for this land and for me In reverence for these claims I will never spurn his grace but will establish him as a citizen in the land And if it is the stranger's pleasure to abide here I will charge you to guard him or if to come with me be more pleasing—this choice or that Oedipus thou canst take thy will shall be mine

*Oed* O Zeus mayest thou be good unto such men!

*Th* What wouldst thou then? wouldst thou come to my house?

*Oed* Yea were it lawful but this is the place—

*Th* What art thou to do here? I will not thwart thee

*Oed*—where I shall vanquish those who cast me forth

*Th* Great were this promised boon from thy presence

*Oed* It shall be—if thy pledge is kept with me indeed

*Th* Fear not touching me never will I fail thee

*Oed* I will not bind thee with an oath as one untrue

*Th* Well thou wouldst win nought more than by my word

*Oed* How wilt thou act then?

*Th* What may be thy fear?

*Oed* Men will come—

*Th* Nay these will look to that

*Oed* Beware lest if thou leave me—

*Th* Teach me not my part

*Oed* Fear constrains—

*Th* My heart feels not fear

*Oed* Thou knowest not the threat—

*Th* I know that none shall take thee hence in my despite Oft have threats blustered in men's wrath with threatenings loud and vain but when the mind is lord of himself once more the threats are gone And for you men haply—aye though they have waxed bold to speak dread things of bringing thee back—the sundering waters will prove wide, and hard to sail Now I would have thee be of a good courage apart from any resolve of mine if indeed Phoebus hath sent thee on thy way still though I be not here my name I wot will shield thee from harm.

Exit THESEUS

*Ch* Stranger in this land of goodly steeds thou hast come to earth's fairest home even to our white Colonus where the nightingale a constant guest trills her clear note in the covert of green glades, dwelling amid the wine-dark ivy and the gods in violate bowers rich in berries and fruit unvisited by sun unvetted by wind of any storm where the reveller Dionysus ever walks the ground companion of the nymphs that nursed him

And fed of heavenly dew the narcissus blooms morn by morn with fair clusters crown of the Great Goddesses from of yore and the crocus blooms with golden beam Nor fail the sleepless fountains whence the waters of Cephissus wander but each day with stainless tide he moveth over the plains of the land swelling bosom for the giving of quick increase nor hath the Muses quire abhorred this place nor Aphrodite of the golden rein

And a thing there is such as I know not by fame on Aean ground or as ever born in the great Doran isle of Pelops—a growth unconquered self renewing a terror to the spears of the foemen a growth which mightily flourishes in this land—the gray leaved olive nurturer of children Youth shall not mar it by the ravage of his hand nor any who dwells with old age for the sleepless eye of the Morian Zeus beholds it and the gray eyed Athena

And another praise have I to tell for this the city our mother the gift of a great god a glory of the land most high the might of horses the might of young horses the might of the sea

For thou son of Cronus our lord Poseidon hast throned her in this pride since in these roads first thou didst show forth the curb that cures the rage of steeds And the shipely oar apt to men's hands hath a wondrous speed on the brine following the hundred footed Nereids

*An* O land that art praised above all lands now in it for thee we make those bright praises seen in deeds!

*Oed* What new thing hath chanced my daughter?



*Ch* (*threateningly to CREON*) What wouldst thou stranger?

*Cr* I will not touch yon man but her who is mine

*Oed* O elders of the land!

*Ch* Stranger—thy deed is not just

*Cr* Tis just

*Ch* How just?

*Cr* I take mine own

(*He lays his hand on ANTIGONE*)

*Oed* Hear O Athens!

*Ch* What wouldst thou stranger? Release her!

Thy strength and ours will soon be proved

(*They approach him with threatening gestures*)

*Cr* Stand back!

*Ch* Not from thee while this is thy purpose

*Cr* Nay will be war with Thebes for thee if thou harm me

*Oed* Suid I not so?

*Ch* Unhand the maid at once!

*Cr* Command not here thou art not master

*Ch* Leave hold I tell thee!

*Cr* (*to one of his guards who at a signal seizes ANTIGONE*) And I tell thee—be gone!

*Ch* To the rescue men of Colonus—to the rescue! Athens—yea Athens—is outraged with the strong hand! Hither hither to our help!

*An* They drag me hence—ah me!—friends friends!

*Oed* Where art thou my child? (*blindly seeking for her*)

*An* I am taken by force—

*Oed* Thy hands my child—

*An* Nay I am helpless

*Cr* (*to his guards*) Away with you!

*Oed* Ah me ah me!

*Exeunt guards with ANTIGONE*  
*Cr* So those two crutches shall never more prop thy steps But since tis thy will to worst thy country and thy friends—whose mandate though a prince I here discharge—then be that victor thine For hereafter I wot thou wilt come to know all this—that now as in time past thou hast done thyself no good when in despite of friends thou hast indulged anger which is ever thy bane

(*He turns to follow his guards*)

*Ch* Hold stranger!

*Cr* Hands off I say!

*Ch* I will not let thee go unless thou give back the maidens

*Cr* Then wilt thou soon give Thebes a still dearer prize I will seize more than those two girls

*Ch* What—whither wilt thou turn?

*Cr* Yon man shall be my captive

*Ch* A valiant threat!

*Cr* Twill forthwith be a deed

*Ch* Aye unless the ruler of this realm hinder thee

*Oed* Shameless voice! Wilt thou indeed touch me?

*Cr* Be silent!

*Oed* Nay may the powers of this place suffer me to utter yet this curse! Wretch who when these eyes were dark hast reft from me by force the helpless one who was mine eyesight! Therefore to thee

and to thy race may the Sun god the god who sees all things yet grant an old age such as mine!

*Cr* See ye this people of the herd?

*Oed* They see both me and thee they know that my wrongs are deeds and my revenge—but breath

*Cr* I will not curb my wrath—nay alon thou hast I am and slow with age I'll take yon man by force (*He approaches OEDIPUS as if to seize him*)

*Oed* Woe is me!

*Ch* Tis a bold spirit that thou hast brought with thee stranger if thou thinkest to achieve this

*Cr* I do

*Ch* Then wilt I deem Athens a city no more

*Cr* In a just cause the weak vanquishes the strong

*Oed* Hear ye his words?

*Ch* Yea words which he shall not turn to deeds, Zeus knows!

*Cr* Zeus haply knows—thou dost not.

*Ch* Insolence!

*Cr* Insolence which thou must bear

*Ch* What ho people rulers of the land ho hither with all speed hither! These men are on their way to cross our borders!

*Enter MESSENGERS*

*Th* What means this shout? What is the trouble? What fear can have moved you to stay my sacrifice at the altar unto the sea god the lord of your Colonus? Speak that I may know all since there fore have I sped hither with more than careful speed of foot

*Oed* Ah friend—I know thy voice—yon man but now hath done me foul wrong

*Th* What is that wrong? And who hath wrought it? Speak!

*Oed* Creon whom thou seest there hath torn away from me my two children—mine all

*Th* What dost thou tell me?

*Oed* Thou hast heard my wrong

*Th* (*to his attendants*) Haste one of you to the altars yonder—constrain the folk to leave the sacrifice and to speed—footmen horsemen all with slack rein to the region where the two highways meet lest the maidens pass and I become a mockery to this stranger as one spoiled by force Away I tell thee—quick! (*Turning toward CREON*) As for yon man—if my wrath went as far as he deserves—I would not have suffered him to go scatheless from my hand But now such law as he himself hath brought and no other shall be the rule for his correction—(*Addressing CREON*) Thou shalt not quit this land until thou bring those maidens and produce them in my sight for thy deed is a disgrace to me and to mine own race and to thy country Thou hast come unto a city that observes justice and sanctions nothing without law—yet thou hast put her lawful powers aside thou hast made this rude inroad thou art taking captives at thy pleasure and snatching prizes by violence as in the belief that my city was full of men or manned by slaves and I a thing of nought

Yet tis not by Theban training that thou art base Thebes is not wont to rear unrighteous sons

Th. He adds, they say no more than that he may  
cooler with thee, and I turn unfastened from his  
puzzled sister

Oed. Who can be he who thus explores the god?

Th. Look if ye be a kinsman at Argos, who  
crave this boon of thee

Oed. O friend! Say no word more!

Th. What ails thee?

Oed. Aik! I rot of me—

Th. Aik!—Speak!

Oed. By those words I know who's the suppliant.

Th. And so can be he, against whom I should  
beware?

Oed. My son, O king—the hated son whose words  
will vex mine ear as the words of no man bend—

Th. What? Canst thou not listen, without doing  
what thou wouldst not? Why should I pain thee to  
hear him?

Oed. Most hateful kin hath that once become to  
him—lay me not under constraint I yield in this.

Th. But I think whether his suppliant state con-  
strains thee what if thou hast a duty of respect for  
the god?

Th. E'er hearken to me, thou shalt be young  
who counsel. Allow the king to gratify his own heart,  
and to wish the god as he wishes and for thy  
dear sake allow our brother to come. For he  
will pluck thee perfect free from thy peril—  
over fear—by such words as shall not be spoken  
in thy good. But I bear him speak—what harm  
can be in that? Ill-divined deeds, thou knowest are  
betrayed by speech. Thou art his sire so that I  
was wrong to wrong thee with the most unrighteous  
of foul wrongs, my father it is not lawful for thee to  
wrong him again.

Oed. Let him come, other men also, he's tried till  
now, and are swift to wish but the hearad voice,  
and are charmed from their mood by the gentle  
words of friends.

Look thou to the past not to the present—think  
on all that thou hast borne through are and mothe  
and if thou considerest those things, well I wot thou  
darest how evil is the end that waits on evil  
words.

Th. I dare not do him the reasons to think thereon,  
benefit as thou art (thou art hit that craves no more  
yield to woe). It is not seemly for just suitors  
to sue long, it is not seemly that a man should re-  
ceiv' good and thereafter lack the word to requit it.

Oed. My child! As sore for me, the pleasure that  
ye in me see, you please—beware, but be it as  
will. Only if that man is so come further—friend  
let no one ever become master of my life!

Th. I need not hear such words more than once,  
old man I would not boast but be sure that thy  
life is safe while any god so ensure.

Enter men as the right like mortals

Chorus

Whoso is the ampler length of life, not  
content to desire, mustest thou, him will I judge—with  
no uncertain oak I declare it still

For the long days lay up full treasure things men care

unto, not than joy, but as for the delights, their  
share shall know them no more, when a man's life  
hath lapsed beyond the fitting term, and the De-  
liverer comes at the last to all alike—when the doom  
of Hades is suddenly recalled without marriage  
son or life or dance—on Death is the last

Not to be born is, past all prison best but, when  
a man hath seen the light, this is next best by far  
that with all speed he should go thither—hence he  
hath come

For who is he hath seen youth go by with its life  
folloes, what trouble'st affliction is strange to his lot  
what suffering is not therein—envy, faction, strife  
battles and slaughter and last of all, a claims  
him for her own—age do praised infirm, unmovable  
unfenced with whom all woe of woe abides.

In such years is not hapless one nor I alone and  
as some cape that fronts the North is laid on every  
side by the waves of winter so he also is fiercely  
lashed evermore by the dread troubles that break  
on him like billows, some from the setting of the  
sun some from the rising some in the region of the  
noon tide beam some from the gloom wrapped hills  
of the North.

Th. Lo, yonder methinks, I see the stranger com-  
ing hither—yes without attendants, my father—  
the tears stream from his eyes.

Oed. Who's he?

Th. The same who was in our thoughts from the  
first Pol-nices hath come to us.

Enter POLYNICES, on the spectators left

Polynices Ah me, what shall I do? What shall  
I weep first for mine own sorrows, sisters, or for  
mine aged sire as I see them yonder? Whom I  
have found in a strange land an exile her with you  
twain clad in such raiment whereof the foul qualor  
hath dwelt with that aged form so low a reek  
upon his flesh—while above the sightless eyes the  
unkempt hair flutters in the breeze and matching  
with these things, meekness, is the food that he car-  
ries, hapless one, faint hunger's piety.

Wretch that I am! I learn all this too late and I  
bear witness that I am pro the silent of men in  
all that touches care for thee from mine own life  
hear what I am. But seeing that Zeus himself, in all  
that he doeth, hath Mercy for the share of his  
throne may she come to thy woe also, my father  
for thy faults can be healed but can never more be  
made worse.

(As he)

Why art thou silent?

Speak father—turn

not away from me. Hast thou not even an answer  
for me? What thou deemest me in mute scorn, with-  
out I think what before thou art with?

O yes, his dau his sisters mine, sisters ye at  
least to me you are unplaceable inexorable si-  
lence that he send me not way dishonoured—who  
am I supply I of the god—in such wise as that,  
with no word of response.

Th. Tell him thyself unhappy one what thou  
hast come to seek. As words flow perchance they



my pledge that unless I die before I will not cease till I put thee in possession of thy children

*Oed* Heaven reward thee Theseus for thy noble ness and thy loyal care in my behalf

*Exit THESEUS and attendants with CREON on spectators left*

*Chorus*

Oh to be where the foeman turned to bay will soon join in the brazen clangour of battle haply by the shores loved of Apollo haply by that torch lit strand where the Great Goddesses cherish dread rites for mortals on whose lips the ministrant Eumolpidae have laid the precious seal of silence where me thinks the war waking Theseus and the captives twain the sister maids will soon meet within our borders amid a war cry of men strong to save!

Or perchance they will soon draw nigh to the pastures on the west of Oea's snowy rock borne on horses in their flight or in chariots racing at speed

Creon will be worsted! Terrible are the warriors of Colonus and the followers of Theseus are terrible in their might Yea the steel of every bridle flashes—with slack bridle rein all the knighthood rides apace that worships our Queen of Chivalry Athena and the earth girdling Sea god the son of Rhea slope

Is the battle now or yet to be? For somehow my soul woos me to the hope that soon I shall be face to face with the maidens thus sorely tried thus sorely visited by the hand of a kinsman

To day to day Zeus will work some great thing I have presage of victory in the strife O to be a dove with swift strength as of the storm that I might reach an airy cloud with gaze lifted above the fray!

Hear all ruling lord of heaven all seeing Zeus! Enable the guardians of this land in might triumphant to achieve the capture that gives the prize to their hands! So grant thy daughter also our dread Lady Pallas Athena! And Apollo the hunter and his sister who follows the dappled swift footed deer—fain am I that they should come a twofold strength to this land and to her people

Ah wanderer friend thou wilt not have to tax thy watcher with false augury—for yonder I see the maidens drawing near with an escort

*Oed* Where—where? How? What sayest thou?

*Enter ANTIGONE and ISMENE with THESEUS and his attendants on the spectators left*

*An* O father father that some god would suffer thine eyes to see this noble man who hath brought us here to thee!

*Oed* My child!—ye are here indeed?

*An* Yea for these strong arms have saved us—Theseus, and his trusty followers

*Oed* Come ye hither my child let me embrace you—restored beyond all hope!

*An* Thy wish shall be granted—we crave what we bestow

*Oed* Where then where are ye?

*An* Here approaching thee together

*Oed* My darlings!

*An* A father loves his own

*Oed* Props of mine age!

*An* And sharers of thy sorrow

*Oed* I hold my dear ones and now should I die I were not wholly wretched since ye have come to me Press close to me on either side children cleave to your sire and repose from this late roaming so forlorn so grievous! And tell me what hath passed as shortly as ye may brief speech sufficeth for young maidens

*An* Here is our deliverer from him thou shouldst hear the story father since his is the deed I shall my part be brief

*Oed* Sir marvel not if with such yearning I prolong my words unto my children found again beyond my hope For well I wot that this joy in respect of them hath come to me from thee and thee alone thou hast rescued them and no man beside And may the gods deal with thee after my wish with thee and with this land for among you above all human kind have I found the fear of heaven and the spirit of fairness and the lips that lie not I know these things which with these words I re quite for what I have I have through thee and no man else

Stretch forth thy right hand O king I pray thee that I may touch it and if tis lawful kiss thy cheek But what am I saying? Unhappy as I have become how could I wish thee to touch one with whom all stain of sin hath made its dwelling? No, not I—nor allow thee, if thou wouldst They alone can share this burden to whom it hath come home Receive my greeting where thou standest and in the future still give me thy loyal care as thou hast given it to this hour

*Th* No marvel is it to me if thou hast shown some mind to large discourse for joy in these thy children and if thy first care hath been for their words rather than for me indeed there is nought to vex me in that Not in words so much as deeds would I make the lustre of my life Thou hast the proof I have failed in nothing of my sworn faith to thee old man here am I with the maidens living—yea scatheless of those threats And how the fight was won what need that I should idly boast when thou wilt learn it from these maidens in converse?

But there is a matter that hath newly came to me as I came hither lend me thy counsel thereon for small though it be tis food for wonder and mortal man should deem nothing beneath his care

*Oed* What is it son of Aegeus? Tell me I myself know nought of that whereof thou askest

*Th* A man they say—not thy countryman yet thy kinsman—hath somehow cast himself a suppliant at our altar of Poseidon where I was sacrificing when I first set out hither

*Oed* Of what land is he? What craves he by the supplication?

*Th* I know one thing only they say he asks brief speech with thee which shall not irk thee much

*Oed* On what theme? That suppliant posture is not trivial

be freed for you, oh, as ye fear the gods, do not for me part, dissonance—nay, give me burial and exhumation. And so the praise which ye now in foot under man, for your service shall be increased by another praise not less, by reason of the unwearied I for me

1. Polonius, I entreat thee hear me in one

2. What wilt thou, dearest Laurence? Speak

3. Thus thou hast back to Athens—ye, with all

4. Ye cannot be so slow again could I lead

5. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

6. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

7. Brother! This word thine is thus

8. I am not dead, I am not for me

9. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

10. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

11. Brother! This word thine is thus

12. I am not dead, I am not for me

13. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

14. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

15. Brother! This word thine is thus

16. I am not dead, I am not for me

17. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

18. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

19. Brother! This word thine is thus

20. I am not dead, I am not for me

21. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

22. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

23. Brother! This word thine is thus

24. I am not dead, I am not for me

25. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

26. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

27. Brother! This word thine is thus

28. I am not dead, I am not for me

29. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

30. And what father is the aim of thy summons?

31. Oed. The worded thunder of Zeus will lead me

32. I am not dead, I am not for me

33. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

34. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

35. Brother! This word thine is thus

36. I am not dead, I am not for me

37. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

38. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

39. Brother! This word thine is thus

40. I am not dead, I am not for me

41. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

42. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

43. Brother! This word thine is thus

44. I am not dead, I am not for me

45. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

46. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

47. Brother! This word thine is thus

48. I am not dead, I am not for me

49. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

50. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

51. Brother! This word thine is thus

52. I am not dead, I am not for me

53. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

54. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

55. Brother! This word thine is thus

56. I am not dead, I am not for me

57. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

58. I will not e'er report what I do to a good

59. Brother! This word thine is thus

60. I am not dead, I am not for me

61. What wilt thou, my brother, should thine a

touch to joy perchance they glow with anger or with tenderness and so they somehow give a voice to the dumb

PO Then will I speak boldly—for thou dost admonish me well—first claiming the help of the god himself from whose altar the king of this land raised me that I might come hither with warranty to speak and hear and go my way unharmed And I will crave strangers that these pledges be kept with me by you and by my sisters here and by my sire But now I would fain tell thee father why I come

I have been driven an exile from my fatherland because as eldest born I claimed to sit in thy son erein's seat Wherefore Eteocles though the younger thrust me from the land when he had neither worsted me in argument nor come to trial of me, hit and deed—no but won the city over And of this I deem it most likely that the curse on thy house is the cause then from soothsayers also I so hear For when I came to Dorian Argos I took the daughter of Adrastus to wife and I bound to me by oath all of the Apian land who are foremost in renown of war that with them I might levy the sevenfold host of spearmen against Thebes and die in my just cause or cast the doers of this wrong from the realm

Well and wherefore have I come hither now? With suppliant prayers my father unto thee—mine own and the prayers of mine allies who now with seven hosts behind their seven spears have set their leaguer round the plain of Thebes of whom is swift speared Amphiarus matchless warrior match less augur then the son of Oeneus Aetolian Tydeus Eteocles third of Argive birth the fourth Hippomedon sent by Talos his sire while Capaneus the fifth vaunts that he will burn Thebes with fire unto the ground and sixth Arcadian Parthenopaeus rushes to the war named from that virgin of other days whose marriage in after time gave him birth trusty son of Atalanta Last I thy son—or if not thine but offspring of an evil fate yet thine at least in name—lead the fearless host of Argos unto Thebes

And we by these thy children and by thy life my father implore thee all praying thee to remit thy stern wrath against me as I go forth to chastise my brother who hath thrust me out and robbed me of my fatherland For if aught of truth is told by oracles they said that victory should be with thee whom thou shouldst join

Then by our fountains and by the gods of our race I ask thee to hearken and to yield a beggar and an exile am I an exile thou by court to others we have a home both thou and I sharers of one doom while he king in the house—woe is me!—mocks in his pride at thee and me alike But if thou assist my purpose small toil or time and I will scatter his strength to the winds and so will I bring thee and establish thee in thine own house and establish myself when I have cast him out by force Be thy will with me and that boast may be mine without thee I cannot even return alive

CH For his sake who hath sent him Oedipus

spake as seems thee good ere thou send the man away

OED NAY then my friends guardians of this land were not Theseus he who had sent him hither to me desiring that he should have my response never should he have heard this voice But now he shall be graced with it ere he go—yea and hear from me such words as shall never gladden his life villain who when thou hadst the sceptre and the throne which now thy brother hath in Thebes dravest me thine own father into exile and maddest me cruel, and maddest me to wear this garb which now thou weepest to behold when thou hast come unto the same stress of misery as I The time for tears is past no I must bear this burden while I live ever thinking of thee as of a murderer for tis thou that hast brought my days to this anguish tis thou that hast thrust me out to thee I owe it that I wander begging my daily bread from strangers And had these daughters not been born to be my comfort verily I had been dead for aught of help from thee Now these girls preserve me these my nurses these who are men not women in true service but ye are aliens and no sons of mine

Therefore the eyes of Fate look upon thee—not yet as they will look anon if indeed those hosts are moving against Thebes Never canst thou overthrow that city no first shalt thou fall stained with blood shed and thy brother likewise Such the curses that my soul sent forth before against you twain and such do I now invoke to fight for me that ye may deem it meet to revere parents nor scorn your father utterly because he is sightless who begat such sons for these maidens did not thus So my curses have control of thy supplication and thy throne if indeed Justice revealed from of old sits with Zeus in the might of the eternal laws

And thou—begone abhorred of me and unfathered!—begone thou vilest of the vile and with thee take these my curses which I call down on thee—never to vanquish the land of thy race no nor ever return to hilt give Argos but by a kindred hand to die and slay him by whom thou hast been driven out Such is my prayer and I call the paternal darkness of dread Tartarus to take thee unto another home—I call the spirits of this place—I call the Destroying God who hath set that dreadful haired in you twain Go with these words in thine ears—go and publish it to the Cadmeans all yea and to thine own staunch allies that Oedipus hath divided such honours to his sons

CH Polyneices in thy past goings I take no joy and now go thy way with speed

PO Alas for my journey and my baffled hope alas for my comrades! What an end was that march to have whereto we sallied forth from Argos woe is me!—aye such an end that I may not even utter it to any of my companions or turn them back but must go in silence to meet this doom

Ah ye his daughters and my sisters—since ye hear these hard prayers of your sire—if this father's curses be fulfilled and some way of return to Thebes



*Th* Thou winnest my belief for in much I find thee a prophet whose voice is not false then speak what must be done

*Oed* Son of Aegeus I will unfold that which shall be a treasure for this thy city such as age can never mar Anon unaided and with no hand to guide me I will show the way to the place where I must die But that place reveal thou never unto mortal man—tell not where it is hidden nor in what region it lies that so it may ever make for thee a defence better than many shields better than the succouring spear of neighbours

But for mysteries which speech may not profane thou shalt mark them for thyself when thou comest to that place alone since neither to any of this people can I utter them nor to mine own children dear though they are No guard them thou alone and when thou art coming to the end of life disclose them to thy heir alone let him teach his heir and so thenceforth

And thus shalt thou hold this city unscathed from the side of the Dragon's brood full many States lightly enter on offence when though their neighbour lives aright For the gods are slow though they are sure in visitation when men scorn godliness and turn to frenzy Not such be thy fate son of Aegeus Nay thou knowest such things without my precepts

But to that place—for the divine summons urges me—let us now set forth and hesitate no more *(As if suddenly inspired he moves with slow but firm steps towards the left of the scene beckoning the others onward)* My children follow me—thus—for I now have in strange wise been made your guide as ye were your sire's On—touch me not—nay suffer me unaided to find out that sacred tomb where is my portion to be buried in this land

This way—hither this way!—for this way doth Guiding Hermes lead me and the goddess of the dead!

O light—no light to me—mine once thou wast I ween but now my body feels thee for the last time! For now go I to hide the close of my life with Hades Truest of friends! blessed be thou and this land and thy lieges and when your days are blest think on me the dead for your welfare evermore

*He passes from the stage on the spectators left followed by his daughters Theseus and attendants*

*Ch* If with prayer I may adore the Unseen God and thee lord of the children of night O hear me Aidoneus Aidoneus! Not in pain not by a doom that wakes sore lament may the stranger pass to the fields of the dead below the all enshrouding and to the Stygian house Many were the sorrows that came to him without cause but in requital a just god will lift him up

Goddesses Infernal! And thou dread form of the unconquered hound thou who hast thy lair in those gates of many guests thou untameable Watcher of Hell gnarling from the cavern's jaws as rumour from the beginning tells of thee!

Hear me O Death son of Earth and Tartarus! May that Watcher leave a clear path for the stranger on his way to the nether fields of the dead! To thee I call giver of the eternal sleep

*Enter a MESSENGER from the left*

*Messenger* Countrymen my tidings might most shortly be summed thus Oedipus is gone But the story of the hap may not be told in brief words the deeds yonder were not briefly done

*Ch* He is gone hapless one?

*Me* Be sure that he hath passed from life

*Ch* Ah how? by a god sent doom and painless?

*Me* There thou touchest on what is indeed worthy of wonder How he moved hence thou thyself must know since thou wast here—with no friend to show the way but guide himself unto us all

Now when he had come to the sheer Threshold bound by brazen steps to earth's deep roots he paused in one of many branching paths near the basin in the rock where the inviolate covenant of Theseus and Perithous hath its memorial He stood midway between that basin and the Thorician stone—the hollow pear tree and the marble tomb then sate him down and loosed his sordid raiment

And then he called his daughters and bade them fetch water from some fount that he should wash and make a drink offering And they went to the hill which was in view Demeter's hill who guards the tender plants and in short space brought that which their father had enjoined then they ministered to him with washing and dressed him in use ordains

But when he had content of doing all and no part of his desire was now unheeded then was thunder from the Zeus of the Shades and the maidens shuddered as they heard they fell at their father's knees and wept nor ceased from beating the breast and wailing very sore

And when he heard their sudden bitter cry he put his arms around them and said My children this day ends your father's life For now all hath perished that was mine and no more shall ye bear the burden of tending me no light one well I know my children yet one little word makes all those toils as nought *lose had ye from me as from none beside and now ye shall have me with you no more through all your days to come*

On such wise close clinging to each other sire and daughters sobbed and wept But when they had made an end of wailing and the sound went up no more there was a stillness and suddenly a voice of one who cried aloud to him so that the hair of all stood up on their heads for sudden fear and they were afraid For the god called him with many callings and manifold Oedipus Oedipus why delay ye to go? Thou tarrest too long

But when he perceived that he was called of the god he craved that the king Theseus should draw near and when he came near said O my friend give I pray thee the solemn pledge of thy right hand to my children and ye daughters to him and promise thou never to forsake them of thy free

will but to do all things for th'ar good as thy f. and  
 ship and the time may prompt And he like a man  
 of noble purt w th ut making lament sware to  
 keep that promise to his fr. and

But when Theseus had so promised straightway  
 Oedipus felt for his child en w th bl'nd hands and  
 said O my children y must be nobly brave of  
 heart, and depart from this place nor ask to beh'ld  
 unfulfights r to hear so h speech as m y nor  
 be heard. N y go w th all haste only let Theseus  
 be present, as i' his right a witness of those things  
 which re to be.

So spak he and we all heard and with stream-  
 g tears and w th lamentat n we f'lowed the  
 maidens rearv But when we b'd gon apa t after  
 so long time we looked back, and Oedipus we saw  
 no her any more but the king a ne, holding his  
 hand befor his face to screen h's eyes as if some  
 dread night had been seen and such as none might  
 endure to behold And then ast r a tho t spore we  
 saw him salute the earth and the home of the gods  
 bo both at o ce in one prayer

But by hat doom Oedipus perished roma can  
 tell, w Theseus also e, N fiery thunderbolt of the  
 god removed h m i that ho t n r any ring of  
 storm from the sea but est r a messen s from the  
 gods, or the wo ld of the dead the ether adamant  
 n en for him n lo yk us pain f r the passing  
 of the ma war not th lament u n or va rkoess  
 and suffering b t bone m tal wonderful And  
 if to any I seem to speak folly I would not woo their  
 bel f, w count me foolish

Oh And where are the maidens, and their escort?  
 Al N s far hence for the so nds f mourning  
 tell plainly that they approach

THOUSEUS'S MEN

A Woe woe! Now and ed t for us, unhappy  
 art in all fulness to bewail the curse o the blood  
 that is ours f om our ve! Fo him whi he is ed  
 w bor that long pain w tho t pause nd at the  
 last sight nd loss that buffle thought are our totell

Oh And how is t w th you?

A We can but conjecture e, fr ends.

Oh H is g n?

A Even thou mightest wish yea surely when  
 death met him n t i wa or n the deep but he  
 is snatched in th v'less fields by some sm ft  
 strange doom Ah m i and a night a of death h th  
 come on th ves f us twant f ch w hall w find  
 our b'tter h'hood oam t yome far land or  
 on the r s the sea?

I know or Oh that deadly Hades w id join  
 me in death c mune ged ar I Woe is me! I ca  
 not ly th life that mu c be mine

Oh B t f d ghters ste a twa n f'leav n s  
 dream mu t be dea c de no more fired with too  
 much grief ye hav so fared that ye should not re  
 pre

Ah, Ah, so ca e past can we m lost joy! For that  
 h b was no ay swe r had sweetness, while the e  
 th h b l'nd m m ember e Ah father dear  
 w ab thou who hast put on the d rkness of th

under world for ev r not even there shalt thou ever  
 lack our love—her love and mine

Oh He hath fared—

Al He hath fared as he would.

Oh In what wise?

Al On foreign ground the ground of his choice  
 he hath died in the shadow of the grave he hath has  
 bed f' r ever and he hath left mourn ng behind him  
 not barren of tears For with these streaming eyes  
 father I bewa l thee nor know I sh me how to  
 quell my sorrow f r thee my sorrow that is so great  
 Ah me! twas thy wish to d e in a strange land but  
 now th u hast d ed without gifts at my hand

Is Woe is me! Wh t new fate th nk st thou  
 awaits thee and me my sister thus orphaned of our  
 ure?

Oh N y m ce he hath found a blessed end my  
 children cease from this lament no mortal is hard  
 f r e d f t time to capture

A Sister let us hasten back.

Is Unt what deed?

Al A'nging fills my soul

Is Whereof?

Al To see the dark home—

Is Of whom?

A Ah me! of our ure.

Is And how can this thing be law ful? Hast thou  
 no understand n?

Al Why this proof?

Is And knowest thou n t th salvo—

A What w ldst thou t ll me more?

Is That he was per shu g without tomb apart  
 from all?

Al Lead me th the and then slay me also

Is Ah me unhappy! Friendless and helpless, where  
 am i n w to live my hapless life?

Oh My child m fear not

A But whither am I to flee?

Oh Al ready a refuge hath been found—

Al How to anet t'ou?

Oh —f t your fortunes, that no harm should  
 t'ou h the n

A I kn w it well.

Oh What th n is thy thought?

A How we ar to go h me, I cannot tell.

Oh And d not ck to go

Al Trouble besets us.

Oh And er whul bore ha dly on you

A Desperate th n and now mo e cruel than  
 despair

Oh Great v rily s the sea f your troubles.

Al Alas alas! O Zeus, whither shall we turn? To  
 what hat h pe doth thou urg u?

Enter it v onth spectato s right

Th W ep no more maidens f r where th kind-  
 ness of the D sh Powe is an biding grace to the  
 quick and to the dead there no room for mourn-  
 ing d in ange w u'd foll w

Al Son f Aegeus, we suppl cate thee!

Th For the obtaining of what desire my children?

Al W fan would look with our own eyes upon  
 our father at mb

*Th* Nay it is not lawful

*An* How'rt thou king lord of Athens?

*Th* My children he gave me charge that no one  
should draw nigh unto that place or greet with voice  
the sacred tomb wherein he sleeps And he said that  
while I duly kept that word I should always hold  
the land unharmed These pledges therefore were  
heard from my lips by the god and by the all seeing  
Watcher of oaths the servant of Zeus

*An* Nay then if this is pleasur to the dead with  
this we must content us But send us to Thebes the  
ancient if haply we may hinder the bloodshed that  
is threatened to our brothers

*Th* So will I do and if in aught beside I can profit  
you and pleasure the dead who hith' hith' lately gone  
from us I am bound to spare no pains

*Ch* Come cease lamentation lift it up no more  
for verily these things stand fast

# ANTIGONE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANTIGONE } daughters of Oedipus  
ISMENE }  
CREON King of Thebes  
HÆMÖL Brother of Antigone  
HÆMÖL his son

TEIRIS the Herald from her  
CÆRD set to set the corpse of  
FIRST MESS \ ER  
SECO \ MESSENGER from the house

CHORUS OF THEBES \ ELDERS

Before the Royal Palace at Thebes ANTIGONE  
comes forth from the palace in order to  
go to her home

Antigone: I am alone here, mine own dear sister,  
Lowest thou what all the is, of all bequeathed by  
Oedipus, that Zeus (which not for us twain while we  
live) nothing painful to thee or thy friend with  
rumour, no harm nor do our that I have not seen  
in this our nation.

And now what verdict is this of which thou art ill,  
thou our Captain hast thou published to all Thebes?  
Knowest thou it? Hast thou heard? Or is it hid  
from thee that our friend as thou hastened with  
thou doom for foes?

Ismene: No word of friend Antigone is laden  
or painful hath come to me and we two sisters  
we bereft of brother twain killed on one day by  
the sword of blood and now in this is the first  
the worst hath befallen I know no more what thou sayest  
nor how to answer.

Antigone: I knew it well, and there for thou hast to bring  
there beyond the gates of the court that thou mayest  
hear again.

Ismene: What is it? 'Tis plain that thou art brooding  
on some dark vision.

Antigone: What hath Creon done to my brothers,  
the one thou hast buried, the other to be buried  
shameless, the one with due observance of  
right and custom, he hath laid; the other thou hast  
honoured among the dead but. But the hapless corpse  
of Polyneices—rumour saith it hath been pre-  
pared to the tomb that none shall entomb him or  
mourn, but leave him pitiful and unburied and  
for the birds, they eat him at least.

Such, as said in the edict that the good Creon  
hath set forth to thee and to me—yes, so me—  
and is common further proclamation to all those  
who know it, or of whom the matter is heard, but  
who disobey in this, do doom death by the  
law before all the folk. Thou knowest it now and  
thou art soon born with thy brother noble and  
of the base daughter of the blood line.

Ismene: Poor sister—and if thou wilt thus, what  
could I help to do or undo.

Antigone: Consider if thou wilt share the toil and the  
deed.

Ismene: In what venture? What can be thy meaning?  
If thou wilt thus hasten to lift the dead?

Antigone: Thou wouldst bury him—when it is forbidden  
to Thebes?

Ismene: I will do my part—and thine if thou wilt not  
—a brother. False to him will I never be found.

Ismene: Ah or bold! when Creon hath forbidden?

Antigone: I have bath no right to keep me from my own.

Ismene: Thou sayest that our father perished  
amid hate and scorn when his eyes were bared by his own  
swords had mortally him to strike both eyes with self-  
blinding hand then the mother wife two names  
on with two tied noose did despite unto her life  
and lost our two brothers in one day—each shed  
his hapless one a kinsman's blood—wrought out  
with mutual hands their common doom. And now  
we are left alone—two left all alone—thou know  
we shall perish, we are miserably than all the rest if in  
disfranchise of the law we break a king's decree in his  
powers. Now we must remember first that we are  
born women, as who should not strive with men  
next that we are ruled of the stronger so that we  
must obey in these things, and in this yet so ever  
I therefore ask thee. Spirits of men to pardon  
seen that force is put on me herein will bear with  
our rulers for it is useless to be disobedient.

Antigone: I will not urge thee—no, nor if thou wilt  
shouldst thou have the mind wouldst thou be welcome  
to a woman with me? I will be what thou wilt but I  
will bury him well for me to die in doing that I  
shall rest a better one with him whom I have loved  
unless in my crime for I owe a loyalty or allegiance to  
the dead than to the living in that I shall  
abide for ever. But if thou wilt be guilty of dishonour  
own laws which the gods have established in honour  
I do them no dishonour but I to defy the State  
—I have no strength for that.

Ismene: Such be thy plea I then will go to heap the  
earth on the brother whom I love.

Ismene: Alas, unhappy one! I will fear for thee!

Antigone: Fear thou not guide thine own fate.

Ismene: At least thou dost disclose this plan to none, but  
I shall be closely—and so, too, will I.



An Oh denounce it! Thou wilt be far more hateful for thy silence if thou proclaim not these things to all

Is Thou hast a hot heart for chilling deeds

An I know that I please where I am most bound to please

Is Aye if thou canst but thou wouldst what thou canst not

An Why then when my strength fails I shall have done

Is A hopeless quest should not be made at all

An If thus thou speakest thou wilt have hatred from me and will justly be subject to the lasting hatred of the dead But leave me and the folly that is mine alone to suffer this dread thing for I shall not suffer aught so dreadful as an ignoble death

Is Go then if thou must and of this be sure—that though thine errand is foolish to thy dear ones thou art truly dear

*Exit ANTIGONE on the spectators left ISMENE retires into the palace by one of the two side doors When they have departed the CHORUS OF THE BAN ELDERS enters*

#### Chorus

Beam of the sun fairest light that ever dawned on Thebe of the seven gates thou hast shone forth at last eye of golden day arisen above Dirce's streams! The warrior of the white shield who came from Argos in his panoply hath been stirred by thee to headlong flight in swifter career

who set forth against our land by reason of the vexed claims of Polyneices and like shrill screaming eagle he flew over into our land in snow white pinion sheathed with an arm'd throng and with plumage of helms

He paused above our dwellings he ravened around our sevenfold portals with spears athirst for blood but he went hence or ever his jaws were glutted with our gore or the Fire god's pine fed flame had seized our crown of towers So fierce was the noise of battle raised behind him a thing too hard for him to conquer as he wrestled with his dragon foe

For Zeus utterly abhors the boasts of a proud tongue and when he beheld them coming on in a great stream in the haughty pride of clanging gold he smote with brandished fire one who was now hastening to shout victory at his goal upon our ramparts

Swung down he fell on the earth with a crash torch in hand he who so lately in the frenzy of the mad on et was raging against us with the blasts of his tempestuous hate But those threats fared not as he hoped and to other foes the mighty War god dispensed their several dooms dealing havoc around a mighty helper at our need

For seven captains at seven gates matched against seven left the tribute of their panoplies to Zeus who turns the battle save those two of cruel fate who born of one sire and one mother set against each other their vain conquering spears and are sharers in a common death

But since Victory of glorious name hath come to

us with joy responsive to the joy of Thebe whose chariots are many let us enjoy forgetfulness after the late wars and visit all the temples of the gods with night long dance and song and may Bacchus be our leader whose dancing shakes the land of Thebe

But lo the king of the land comes yonder Creon son of Menoeceus our new ruler by the new for tunes that the gods have given what counsel is he pondering that he hath proposed this special conference of elders summoned by his general mandate?

*Enter CREON from the central doors of the palace in the garb of king with two attendants*

Creon Sirs the vessel of our State after being tossed on wild waves hath once more been safely steadied by the gods and ye out of all the folk have been called apart by my summons because I knew first of all how true and constant was your reverence for the royal power of Laius how again when Oedipus was ruler of our land and when he had perished your steadfast loyalty still upheld their children Since then his sons have fallen in one day by a twofold doom—each smitten by the other each stained with a brother's blood—I now possess the throne and all its powers by nearness of kinship to the dead

No man can be fully known in soul and spirit and mind until he hath been seen versed in rule and lawgiving For if any being supreme guide of the State cleaves not to the best counsels but through some fear keeps his lips locked I hold and have ever held him most base and if any makes a friend of more account than his fatherland that man hath no place in my regard For I—be Zeus my witness who sees all things always—would not be silent if I saw ruin instead of safety coming to the citizens nor would I ever deem the country's foes a friend to myself remembering this that our country in the ship that bears us safe and that only while she prospers in our voyage can we make true friends

Such are the rules by which I guard this city's greatness And in accord with them is the edict which I have now published to the folk touching the sons of Oedipus that Foeceles who hath fallen fighting for our city in all renown of arms shall be entombed and crowned with every rite that follows the noblest dead to their rest But for his brother Polyneices—who came back from exile and sought to consume utterly with fire the city of his fathers and the shrines of his fathers gods—sought to taste of kindred blood and so lead the remnant into slavery touching this man it hath been proclaimed to our people that none shall grace him with sepulture or lament but leave him unburied a corpse for birds and dogs to eat a ghastly sight of shame

Such the spirit of my dealing and never by deed of mine shall the wicked stand in honour before the just but whoso hath good will to Thebes he shall be honoured of me in his life and in his death

*Ch.* Such is thy pleasure, Creon, son of Menoeceas, making this city's foe, and its friend, and thou hast power I ween, to take what order thou wilt, both for the dead, and for all us who live.

*Cre.* See, then, that ye be guardians of the manes.

*Ch.* Lay the burden of this task on some younger man.

*Cre.* Nay, watchers of the corpse have been found.

*Ch.* What, then, is this further charge that thou wouldst give?

*Cre.* That ye aid not with the breakers of these commands.

*Ch.* No man is so foolish that he is enamoured of death.

*Cre.* Is worth, that is the word, yet here hath oft raised men through their hopes.

*Enter CLAUDIUS.*

*Guard.* My liege, I will not say that I come breathless from speed, or that I have plied a wamble foot for a man did my thou, but make me pause, and wheel round to my father, to return. My mind was holding him discourse with me. Fool, why dost thou to the certain doom? Wretch, turn again! And if Creon hears this of one another, must not thou smart for it? So debating, I went on my way with heavy steps, and thus a short road was made long. At last, however, I carried the day that I should come further—to thee, and though my tale be doubtful, yet will I tell it, for I come with a good grip on hope—that I can suffer nothing but what is my lot.

*Ch.* And what is it that disquiets thee thus?

*Guard.* I wish to tell thee first about myself—I did not do the deed—I did as I saw the doers—it were not right that I should come to any harm.

*Ch.* Thou hast a shrewd eye for thy mark, well dost thou fence thyself round against the blame.

*Guard.* Thou hast some strange thing to tell.

*Ch.* Alas, true dread news makes one pause long.

*Ch.* Then tell it, wilt thou, and so go if thee gone?

*Guard.* Well, this is it. The corpse—some one hath just buried it, and gone away after sprinkling dusty dust on the flesh, with which their test as pious citizens.

*Ch.* What sayest thou? What thing man hath dared this deed?

*Guard.* I know not one stroke of pickaxe was seen there, no earth thrown up by mattock, the ground was hard and dry, unbroken, without track of a wheel, the doer was one who had I fit no trace. And when the first day was hazy, showed I to us, some wonder fell on all. The dead man was riled from under his tomb, thus a tomb but hilly, trown with dust as by the hand of one who shunned a curse. And no man met the eye as though a host of prey or any doe had come nigh to him, or torn him.

Then I two did flee, I a dill damo, I us, guard, thus guard, and I would, en ha e come to know at last, now was there any to notice. Every man was the culprit, and no one was caught but all disclaimed knowledge of the deed. And we were

ready to take red hot iron in our hands—to walk through fire to make oath by the gods that we had not done the deed—that we were not party to the planning or the doing.

At last, when all our searching was fruitless, one spoke, who made us all bend our faces on the earth in fear, for we saw not how we could gain him, or escape mischance if we obeyed. His counsel was that this deed must be reported to thee, and not hidden. And thus seemed best, and the lot doomed my hapless self to win this prize. So here I stand, as unwilling, well I wot, for no man delights in the bearer of bad news.

*Ch.* O king, my thoughts have long been whispering, can this deed perchance be even the work of gods?

*Cre.* Cease, ere thy words fill me utterly with wrath, lest thou be found at once an old man and foolish. For thou sayest what is not to be born, in saying that the gods have care of this corpse. Was it for high reward of trusty service that they saw him to hide his nakedness, who came to burn their pillared shrines and sacred treasures, to burn their land, and scatter it laws to the winds? Or dost thou behold the gods honouring the wicked? It cannot be. Not from the first there were criteria in the town that muttered against me, chafing at this edict wagging their heads in secret, and kept not their pecks duly under the yoke, like men contented with my sway.

Tis by them well I know that these have been beguiled and bribed to do this deed, a thing so evil as money ever grew to be current among men. Thus laws craves low, thus dries men from their homes, thus trains and warps honest souls till they set themselves to works of shame, thus still teach folk to practice villainies, and to know every godless deed.

But all the men who wrought this thing for hire have made it sure that soon or late, they shall pay the price. Now as Zeus still hath my reverence, know this—I tell it thee on my oath. If we find not the very author of this burial, and produce him before mine eyes, death alone shall not be enough for you, till first thou up all the veils be revealed this outrage—that henceforth ye may thence with better knowledge, whence lucre should be won, and learn that it is not well to love gain from every source. For thou wilt find that ill gotten pelf brings more men to ruin than to wealth.

*Ch.* May I speak? O, shall I just turn and go?

*Cre.* Knowest thou not that even now thy voice offend?

*Ch.* Is thy smart in the ears, or in the soul?

*Cre.* And why wouldst thou define the seat of my pain?

*Ch.* The doer uses thy mind, but I thine ears.

*Ch.* Ah, thou art a born babbler, I will see.

*Ch.* May be but not the doer of this deed.

*Ch.* Yes, and more—the seller of thy life to all.

*Ch.* Alas! Tis sad truth, that who judiciously judge.

*Ch.* Let thy fancy play with judgment, as it will, but if ye show me not the doers of these

things ye shall avow that dastardly gains work sor  
rows *Exit*

*Gu* Well may he be found! so twere best But  
be he caught or be he not—fortune must settle that  
—truly thou wilt not see me here again Saved  
even now beyond hope and thought I owe the gods  
great thanks *Exit*

### *Chorus*

Wonders are many and none is more wonderful  
than man the power that crosses the white sea  
driven by the stormy south wind making a path  
under surges that threaten to engulf him and Earth  
the eldest of the gods the immortal the unwearied  
doth he wear turning the soil with the offspring of  
horses as the ploughs go to and fro from year to  
year

And the light hearted race of birds and the tribes  
of savage beasts and the sea brood of the deep he  
snares in the meshes of his woven toils he leads cap-  
tive man excellent in wit And he masters by his  
arts the beast whose lair is in the wilds who roams  
the hills he tames the horse of shaggy mane he puts  
the yoke upon its neck he tames the tireless moun-  
tain bull

And speech and wind swift thought and all the  
moods that mould a state hath he taught himself  
and how to flee the arrows of the frost when tis  
hard lodging under the clear sky and the arrows of  
the rushing rain yea he hath resource for all with-  
out resource he meets nothing that must come only  
against Death shall he call for aid in vain but from  
baffling maladies he hath devised escapes

Cunning beyond fancy's dream is the fertile skill  
which brings him now to evil now to good When  
he honours the laws of the land and that justice  
which he hath sworn by the gods to uphold proud-  
ly stands his city no city hath he who for his rash-  
ness dwells with sin Never may he share my hearth  
never think my thoughts who doth these things!

*Enter the guard on the spectators left leading in  
ANTIGONE*

What portent from the gods is this?—my soul is  
amazed I know her—how can I deny that yon  
maiden is Antigone?

O hapless and child of hapless sire—of Oedipus!  
What means this? Thou brought a prisoner?—thou  
disloyal to the king's laws and taken in folly?

*Gu* Here she is the doer of the deed—we caught  
this girl burying him—but where is Creon?

*Ch* Lo he comes forth again from the house at  
our need

*Enter CREON*

*Cr* What is it? What hath chanced that makes  
my coming timely?

*Gu* O king against nothing should men pledge  
their word for the after thought betes the first in-  
tent I could have vowed that I should not soon be

here again scared by thy threats with which I had  
just been lashed but—since the joy that surprises  
and transcends our hopes is like in fulness to no oth-  
er pleasure—I have come though tis in breach of  
my sworn oath bringing this maid who was taken  
showing grace to the dead This time there was no  
casting of lots no this luck hath fallen to me and  
to none else And now sire take her thyself ques-  
tion her examine her as thou wilt but I have a  
right to free and final quittance of this trouble

*Cr* And thy prisoner here—how and whence hast  
thou taken her?

*Gu* She is burying the man thou knowest all.  
*Cr* Dost thou mean what thou sayest? Dost thou  
speak aright?

*Gu* I saw her burying the corpse that thou hadst  
forbidden to bury Is that plain and clear?

*Cr* And how was she seen? how taken in the act?

*Gu* It befell on this wise When we had come to  
the place—with those dread menaces of thine upon  
us—we swept away all the dust that covered the  
corpse and bared the dank body well and then sat  
us down on the brow of the hill to windward heed-  
ful that the smell from him should not strike us  
every man was wide awake and kept his neighbour  
alert with torrents of threats if any one should be  
careless of this task

So went it until the sun's bright orb stood in mid  
heaven and the heat began to burn and then sud-  
denly a whirlwind lifted from the earth a storm of  
dust a trouble in the sky and filled the plain mar-  
ring all the leafage of its woods and the wide air  
was choked therewith we closed our eyes and bore  
the plague from the gods

And when after long while this storm had passed  
the maid was seen and she cried aloud with the  
sharp cry of a bird in its bitterness—even as when  
within the empty nest it sees the bed stripped of its  
nestings So she also when she saw the corpse bare,  
lifted up a voice of wailing and called down curses  
on the doers of that deed And straightway she  
brought thirsty dust in her hands and from a shape-  
ly ewer of bronze held high with thrice poured  
drink offering she crowed near the dead

We rushed forward when we saw it and at once  
closed upon our quarry who was in no wise dis-  
mayed Then we taxed her with her past and present  
doings and she stood not on denial of aught—at  
once to my joy and to my pain To have escaped  
from ills one's self is a great joy but tis painful to  
bring friends to ill How best a l such things are of  
less account to me than mine own safety

*Cr* Thou—thou whose face is bent to earth—dost  
thou avow or disavow this deed?

*An* I avow it I make no denial

*Cr* (To guard) Thou canst betake thee whither  
thou wilt free and clear of a grave charge

*Exit GUARD*

(To ANTIGONE) Now tell me thou—not in many  
words but briefly—knewest thou that an edict had  
forbidden this?

*An* I knew it could I help it? It was public

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Gr And thou didst indeed dare to transgress that

4 Yes for was not Zeus that had publi had  
ce that edict not such are the laws set among men  
by the just ce who dwells with the gods below nor  
need I that thy decrees were of such force that  
a mortal could err the unwritten and unfeeling  
statutes of hea en. For their life is not if to-day or  
tomorrow but from all time and no man kn ws  
when they were first put forth.

Not thou I dread of a human pride could I  
answer to the soul for b eaking it. Die I must—  
I know that well (how should I not)—even when  
out-liv edict. But if I must die before my time, I  
count that a gain for when any one lies, as I do,  
conquered about with the us, can such an one find  
a better gain in death?

For me to meet this doom is trifling grief but  
did I suffer my mother a son to lie in death an  
dishonoured corpse that would have grieved me for  
this, I am not grieved. And if my present deed are  
such as thy sight it may be that a fool has judge  
d wrongly for itself.

Oh The maid shows herself passionate child of  
passionate us and I own it how to bend before  
couples.

Or I would have thee know that our sub-  
born spirit is most often humbled us the stiffest  
and, bared hard as in the fire, that thou shalt  
of course seem to be repelled and shivered and I have known  
bones that so temper brown to order a little  
curb there is no room for pride when thou art th  
e—how da. The girl was already raised in in-  
no ce when she was raised the law that had  
been set forth and that done, lo, a second insur-  
to want of law and exult in her deed.

Now ere I am no man, she is the man, if this  
re or shall not a th her and bring no penalty.  
A be she an era, bold, or dear to me in blood  
than that worships Zeus the alta of our house  
—and I know folk shall not a word a doom most  
dare for indeed I charge that thou shalt like share  
in the plot of the burial.

And summon her—for I saw her even now within  
and not mistress of her wits. So oft before  
I dread the mind stands self-combined its ca-  
sor en folk are plott or mischief in the dark.  
But ere this, too, is her fall—when one who hath  
been en in weakness then seeks to make th  
e a glory.

Wouldst thou do more than take and slay

Or more, indeed have that, I have all.

At Wh then dost thou delay? In thy discourse  
there is doubt that pleases me—nor may there  
be—and so my words must ed be unpleasant to  
thee. And I, for gove—when I could I have won  
a nobler way by in burial to mine own brother?

Her would own that they thou, he it well were  
not that I've sealed by fear. But I, royalist, best in so  
—th beades, hath the power to do and say what it  
is.

Or Thou different from all these Thebans in that  
view

At These also share it but they curb their tongues  
for three

Gr And art thou not ashamed to act apart from  
them?

At There is no thing, shameful in prerty to a  
brother

Gr Was it not a brother too, that died in the op-  
posite case?

At Brother by the same mother and the same sire

Gr Why then dost thou render a grace that is  
unpious and his?

At The dead man will not say that he so deems  
it

Gr Yes if thou makest him but equal in honour  
with the wicked

At It was his brother not his slave that perished.

Gr Wasting thy stand while he fell as a champion.

At He erthe's en, he deserves these rites.

Gr But the good deserves not a like part on with  
th evil.

At Who knows but this seems blameless in the  
world below?

Gr A foe is not a friend—not even in death.

At This not my nature to join in hate but in  
lo ve

Gr Pass, then, to the world of the dead and, if  
thou must needs lov lo e them. While I live no  
woman shall rue me.

Enter a from the Po e led in by two at-  
tendants

Oh Lo, yond Creon comes forth, shedding such  
tears as food sisters weep a cloud upon her brow  
casts its shadow o her dark flushin face and  
breaks in rain on her fair cheek.

Gr And thou, who, lurk like a per in my  
house wast secretly draining my life blood while I  
knew not that I was nursing two pests, to rise  
against my throne—come tell me now what thou  
also confess this part in this burial, or wilt thou for  
swear all knowledge off?

I I have done the deed—I he allows my claim  
—and share the burden of the char

At I see will not suffice thee to do that  
thou didst not consent to the deed or did I in  
thee part in it

I But, now that it's better than I am not ashamed  
to sail the sea of trouble at this sad

At Whose was the deed Hades and the dead are  
witnesses a friend in word is not the friend that I  
is

I My sister reject me not but tell me die with  
thee, and did honour the dead

At Share in thou my death nor claim deeds to  
what thou hast not put thy hand my death will  
suffice

Is And what if I dearest me be one of thee?

At Ask Creon all the ear is his

I Wh can thus, when it is all thee now he?

At Indeed if I mock, as with pain that I mock  
thee.

things ye shall avow that dastardly gains work sorrows

*Gu* Well may he be found! so twere best But be he caught or be he not—fortune must settle that—truly thou wilt not see me here again Saved even now beyond hope and thought I owe the gods great thanks

*Exit*

*Chorus*

Wonders are many and none is more wonderful than man the power that crosses the white sea driven by the stormy south wind making a path under surges that threaten to engulf him and Earth the eldest of the gods the immortal the unwearied doth he wear turning the soil with the offspring of horses as the ploughs go to and fro from year to year

And the light hearted race of birds and the tribes of savage beasts and the sea brood of the deep he snares in the meshes of his woven toils he leads captive man excellent in wit And he masters by his arts the beast whose lair is in the wilds who roams the hills he tames the horse of shaggy mane he puts the yoke upon its neck he tames the tireless mountain bull

And speech and wind swift thought and all the moods that mould a state hath he taught himself and how to flee the arrows of the frost when tis hard lodging under the clear sky and the arrows of the rushing rain yet he hath resource for all with out resource he meets nothing that must come only against Death shall he call for aid in vain but from baffling maladies he hath devised escapes

Cunning beyond fancy's dream is the fertile skill which brings him now to evil now to good When he honours the laws of the land and that justice which he hath sworn by the gods to uphold proudly stands his city no city hath he who for his rashness dwell with sin Never may he share my hearth never think my thoughts who doth these things!

*Enter the GUARD on the spectators' left leading in*

*ANTIGONE*

What portent from the gods is this?—my soul is amazed I know her—how can I deny that yon maiden is Antigone?

O hapless and child of hapless sire—of Oedipus! What means this? Thou brought a prisoner?—thou disloyal to the king's laws and taken in folly?

*Gu* Here she is the doer of the deed—we caught this girl burying him—but where is Creon?

*Ch* Lo he comes forth again from the house at our need

*Enter CREON*

*Cr* What is it? What hath chanced that makes my coming timely?

*Gu* O king against nothing should men pledge their word for the after thought belies the first intent I could have vowed that I should not soon be

here again scared by thy threats with which I had just been lashed but—since the joy that surprises and transcends our hopes is like in fullness to no other pleasure—I have come though tis in breach of my sworn oath bringing this maid who was taken showing grace to the dead This time there was no casting of lots no this luck hath fallen to me and to none else And now sire take her thyself question her examine her as thou wilt but I have a right to free and final quittance of this trouble

*Cr* And thy prisoner here—how and whence hast thou taken her?

*Gu* She was burying the man thou knowest all.

*Cr* Dost thou mean what thou sayest? Dost thou speak aright?

*Gu* I saw her burying the corpse that thou hadst forbidden to bury Is that plain and clear?

*Cr* And how was she seen? how taken in the act?

*Gu* It befell on this wise. When we had come to the place—with those dread menaces of thine upon us—we swept away all the dust that covered the corpse and bared the dank body well and then set us down on the brow of the hill to windward heedful that the smell from him should not strike us every man was wide awake and kept his neighbour alert with torrents of threats if any one should be careless of this task

So went it until the sun's bright orb stood in mid heaven and the heat began to burn and then suddenly a whirlwind lifted from the earth a storm of dust a trouble in the sky and filled the plain marling all the leafage of its woods and the wide air was choked therewith we closed our eyes and bore the plague from the gods

And when after a long while this storm had passed the maid was seen and she cried aloud with the sharp cry of a bird in its bitterness—even as when within the empty nest it sees the bed stripped of its nestings So she also when she saw the corpse bare, lifted up a voice of wailing and called down curses on the doers of that deed And straightway she brought thirsty dust in her hands and from a shallow ewer of bronze held high with thrice poured drink offereed she crowned the dead

We rushed forward when we saw it and at once closed upon our quarry who was in no wise dismayed Then we taxed her with her past and present doings and she stood not on denial of auht—at once to my joy and to my pain To have escaped from ill one's self is a great joy but tis painful to bring friends to ill However a l such things are of less account to me than mine own safety

*Cr* Thou—thou whose face is bent to earth—dost thou avow or disavow this deed?

*An* I avow it I make no denial

*Cr* (To the GUARD) Thou canst betake thee whither thou wilt free and clear of a grave charge

*Exit GUARD*

(To ANTIGONE) Now tell me thou—not in many words but briefly—knewest thou that an edict had forbidden this?

*An* I knew it could I help it? It was public.

than a good subject and in the storm of spears  
would stand his ground where he was set loyal and  
dauntless at his comrade's side.

But disobedience is the worst of evils. Thus it is  
that ruins cities—thus makes homes desolate—by this  
the ranks of allies are broken into headlong rout  
but of the lives whose course is fair the greater part  
owes safety to obedience. Therefore we must sup-  
port the cause of order and in no wise suffer a woman  
to worst us. Better to fall from power if we  
must by a man's hand—then we should not be called  
weaker than a woman.

Ch. To us, unless our years have stolen our wit  
thou seemest to say wisely what thou sayest.

Hæ. Father the gods implant reason in men the  
highest of all things that we call our own. Not mine  
the skill—far from me be the quest!—to say where  
in thou speakest not aright and yet an other man  
too, might have some useful thought. At least, it is  
my natural office to watch on thy behalf all that  
men say or do, or find to blame. For the dread of  
thy frown forbids the citizen to speak such words as  
would offend thine ear. But I can hear these mur-  
murs in the dark, these moanings of the city for this  
maiden—no woman they say ever meted her  
doom less—none ever was to die so shamefully for  
deeds so glorious as hers—who, when her own brother  
had fallen in bloody strife would not leave him un-  
buried to be devoured by carnal dogs, or by any  
bird deserves not the meed of golden honour?

Such is the dauntless rumour that spread in secret.  
For me, my father no treasure is so precious as thy  
wellfare. What a deed is a noble ornament for  
children than a prospering sire's fair fame, or for  
sons than sons? Wear out then, one mood only in  
thyself thy knowledge that thy word and thine also  
must be right. For if any man thinks that he alone  
is wise—that in speech or in mind he hath no peer  
—such a soul, when laid open, is ever found empty.  
No, thou hast man be wise us no shame if him  
to learn may thy gifts, and to bend in season. Seest  
thou, beards the wintry taints course, how the  
city that thy idleness e'er cry wailing while the stiff  
necked perish root and branch? And even thus he  
who keeps the sheet of his sail taut and never slack-  
ens it, meets his boat, and finishes his voyage with  
keel uppermost.

Ha. For that we then permit thyself to chide.  
For if a younger man may stir my thought to  
my far best, I can, that men should be likewise by  
nature but otherwise—and oft the scale inclines  
not so—us good also to learn from those who speak  
an ill.

Ch. Sir, we meet that thou shouldst profit by  
his words, if he speaks right in season, and thou,  
Harmon, by thy father's fire on both parts there  
has been no speech.

Ch. Men from us—we indeed to be schooled  
then, by men (hu).

Hæ. In nothing that is not right but if I in  
young thou shouldst look to my merits, not to my  
years.

Ch. Is it a merit to honour the unruly?

Hæ. I could wish no one to show respect for evil  
deeds.

Ch. Then is not she tainted with that malady?

Hæ. Our Theban folk with one voice denounce it.

Ch. Shall thy beseecher be to me how I must rule?

Hæ. See there thou hast spoken like a youth in  
deed.

Ch. Am I to rule this land by other judgment than  
mine own?

Hæ. That is no city which belongs to one man.

Ch. Is not the city held to be the ruler's?

Hæ. Thou wouldst make a good monarch of a  
desert.

Ch. This boy it seems, is the woman's champion.

Hæ. If thou art a woman indeed my care is for  
thee.

Ch. Shameless, at open feud with thy father!

Hæ. Nay I see thee offending against justice.

Ch. Do I offend when I respect mine own pre-  
servations?

Hæ. Thou dost not respect them when thou  
tramplest on the gods' honours.

Ch. O dastard nature, yielding place to woman!

Hæ. Thou wilt never find me yield to baseness.

Ch. All thy words, at least plead for that girl.

Hæ. And for thee, and for me, and for the gods  
below.

Ch. Thou canst never marry her on this side the  
grave.

Hæ. Then she must die, and in death destroy  
another.

Ch. How doth thy boldness run to open threats?

Hæ. What threat is it to combat vain resolves?

Ch. Thou shalt rue thy witless teaching of wisdom.

Hæ. Wert thou not my father I would have called  
thee unwise.

Ch. Thou woman's slave, use not wheedling speech  
with me.

Hæ. Thou wouldst speak, and then hear no reply?

Ch. Sayest thou so? Now by the heaven bow us  
—be sure of it—thou shalt smite for thou to give me in  
this opprobrious train. Bring forth that hated thing  
that hath mayd forth with his presence—before his  
eyes—at her bridegroom's del.

Hæ. No not at my side—never think it—shall  
she perish nor shalt thou set thy eyes more upon my  
face—rather than with such friends as can endure  
thee.

END OF ACT

Ch. The man is gone, O king in an angry haste a  
youthful mind with thy griefs.

Ch. Let him do or dream more than man—good  
speed to him! But he shall not save these two girls  
from their doom.

Ch. Dost thou indeed purpose to slay both?

Ch. Not her whose hands are pure thou sayest  
well.

Ch. And by what doom meanst thou to slay the  
other?

Ch. I will take her where the path slondest and  
hid her life's stock with so much food  
set forth as plenty prescribes, that the city may avoid

*Is* Tell me—how can I serve thee even now?  
*An* Save thyself I grudge not thy escape  
*Is* Ah woe is me! And shall I have no share in thy fate?

*An* Thy choice was to live mine to die  
*Is* At least thy choice was not made without my protest  
*An* One world approved thy wisdom another mine

*Is* Howbeit the offence is the same for both of us  
*An* Be of good cheer thou livest but my life hath long been given to death that so I might serve the dead

*Cr* Lo one of these maidens hath newly shown herself foolish as the other hath been since her life began

*Is* Yea O king such reason as nature may have given abides not with the unfortunate but goes astray

*Cr* Thine did when thou chocest vile deeds with the vile

*Is* What life could I endure without her presence?  
*Cr* Nay speak not of her presence she lives no more

*Is* But wilt thou slay the betrothed of thine own son?

*Cr* Nay there are other fields for him to plough  
*Is* But there can never be such love as bound him to her

*Cr* I like not an evil wife for my son  
*An* Haemon beloved! How thy father wrongs thee!

*Cr* Enough enough of thee and of thy marriage!  
*Ch* Wilt thou indeed rob thy son of this maiden?

*Cr* 'Tis Death that shall stay these bridal for me  
*Ch* 'Tis determined it seems that she shall die

*Cr* Determined yes for thee and for me (*To the two attendants*) No more delay—servants take them within! Henceforth they must be women and not range at large for verily even the bold seek to fly when they see Death now closing on their life

*Exeunt attendants guarding ANTIGONE and MENECLEON remains*

### Chorus

Blest are they whose days have not tasted of evil  
 For when a house hath once been shaken from heaven  
 there the curse fails nevermore passing from life to life  
 of the race even as when the surge is driven  
 over the darkness of the deep by the fierce breath of  
 Thracian sea winds it rolls up the black sand from  
 the depths and there is a sullen roar from wind vexed  
 headlands that front the blows of the storm

I see that from olden time the sorrows in the house  
 of the Labdacidae are heaped upon the sorrows of  
 the dead and generation is not freed by generation  
 but some god strikes them down and the race hath  
 no deliverance

For now that hope of which the light had been  
 spread above the last root of the house of Oedipus—  
 that hope in turn, is brought low—by the blood

stained dust due to the gods infernal and by folly in  
 speech and frenzy at the heart

Thy power O Zeus what human trespass can  
 limit? That power which neither Sleep the all  
 ensnaring nor the untiring months of the gods can  
 master but thou a ruler to whom time brings not  
 old age dwellest in the dazzling splendour of Olympian  
 power

And through the future near and far as through  
 the past shall thus law hold good Nothing that is  
 vast enters into the life of mortals without a curse

For that hope whose wanderings are so wide is to  
 many men a comfort but to many a false lure of  
 giddy desires and the disappointment comes on one  
 who knoweth nought till he burn his foot against  
 the hot fire

For with wisdom hath some one given forth the  
 famous saying that evil seems good soon or late to  
 him whose mind the god draws to mischief and but  
 for the briefest space doth he free free of woe

But lo Haemon the last of thy sons comes he  
 grieving for the doom of his promised bride Anti-  
 gone and bitter for the baffled hope of his marriage?

### Enter HAEMON

*Cr* We shall know soon better than seems could  
 tell us My son hearing the fived doom of thy be-  
 trothed art thou come in rage against thy father?  
 Or have I thy good will act how I may?

*Haemon* Father I am thine and thou in thy  
 wisdom tra est for me rules which I shall follow  
 No marriage shall be deemed by me a greater gain  
 than thy good guidance

*Cr* Yea thus my son should be thy heart's fixed  
 law—in all things to obey thy father's will 'Tis for  
 this that men pray to see dutiful children grow up  
 around them in their homes—that such may require  
 their father's love with evil and honour as their father  
 doth his friend But he who begets unprofitable  
 children—what shall we say that he hath sown but  
 troubles for himself and much triumph for his foes?  
 Then do not thou my son at pleasure's beck de-  
 throne thy reason for a woman's sake knowing that  
 this is a joy that soon grows cold in claspings arms—  
 an evil woman to share thy bed and thy home For  
 what wound could strike deeper than a false friend?  
 Nay with loathing and as if she were thine enemy  
 let this girl go to find a husband in the house of  
 Hades For since I have taken her alone of all the  
 city in open disobedience I will not make myself a  
 liar to my people—I will slay her

So let her appeal as she will to the majesty of kin-  
 dred blood If I am to nurture mine own kindred in  
 nau,htiness needs must I bear with it in aliens He  
 who does his duty in his own household will be found  
 righteous in the State also But if any one trans-  
 gresses and does violence to the laws or thinks to  
 dictate to his rulers such an one can win no praise  
 from me No whomsoever the city may appoint  
 that man must be obeyed in little things and great  
 in just things and unjust and I should feel sure that  
 one who thus obeys would be a good ruler no less

been mine n joy of marriage no port on in the  
nurtu f children but thus lo lo n of friends, un  
happy one I go lving to th auts of death

A d w t law of hea en have I tra sgressed?  
Why hapless one, should I look to the gods any  
more— but ally should I in oke—uh n by piet I  
ha earned th nam of impious? Nay th n if these  
th grate plean g t the god when I ha e uff red  
m doom, I shall c me to know m n b t if the  
un: with my judges, I could wish them a f ller  
m s e of e l than they m the r part met  
wto f lly to me

Ch Still the same tempest of the soul e es thus  
maiden ith the same fi re gusts

Gr Then for th s shall be ward ha e cause to  
m their lowness

A Ah m l that wo d bath come ry near to  
death

Gr I can cheer thee with n b pe that th s doom  
u not thus to be fulfilled

A O city of my fathers in the land of Thebè!  
O ye gods, eldest of our r ef—they lead m hence  
—now ow—they tarry not! Behold m prin es of  
Th be, the last daughter of the h use of v ur kings  
—see hat I suffer and from whom be use I feared  
t cast away th fear of flea en!

A. TIG0 *is f d away by the guards*

*Ch o as*

E e thus endu ed Danae in h r beauty to chan e  
the h it of da f l s bound alls a d s that  
hamber sec s s the gra the w s held close p  
o m as if e of a p ud lineage O my daught r  
ad hamed th the keeping of th seed of Zeus  
that f l in the golde rain.

B idra f luth myste uspon fhat there  
u o d l crance from t by wealth o by war by  
fenced w of dark sea bear o b s

And bond tamed th so of Dry s rfe to a wrath  
that hung i the Edonia s so p d he i hu f en  
zed tauts, hen by ch will of Dionysus h wa  
pent u a rock p son. Ther th fierce ubera  
thus mad essto lv passed away That rian learned  
to know the god wh m hus frenz h had p o  
ked th mocker es for he had sought t qu ll  
th god possessed wom nd the Ba hanalan fire  
and h g of the M ses that l v th fte

And by the waters of the Dark Rocks th waters  
of th s f d sea, as th sb es f Bosphorus, d  
Theban Salamis desus w e Ares, e hbow to the  
cit saw th accu e b dng w d deals r th  
ra sons of Phineu by h s fere w f—tle w u d  
that brow hit da kness t those enges —cra n  
orbs, mutt w th b s bloody hands, smitten w th  
bet h til for d o

Phineu r then rursery th s bewailed their ru l  
doom those son of moth hapless n h r m  
nag but he traced her desc t f m the s a c e t  
line of th E echtheidae and m f a distant ca es the  
was a red mid he father st ms, that ch ld of

Boreas sw ft as a steed m er the steep h lls, a daugh  
ter of god vet upon her also th e gray Fates bore  
ha d my daughter

*Enter TEIR s as led by a Boy on the spectators right*  
Teir nas Pri ces of Th bes, we have come w th  
linked steps both served b the eyes of one for  
thus, by a gude s help the blind must walk

Gr And what aged T uesias are thy t d nms?

Te I w ll tell thee a d do thou hearken to the  
seer

Gr Indeed it has not been my wont to sl ht th y  
counsel

Te Therefore didst thou ste r our city s course  
an ht

Gr I have test nd can attest th benefits.

Te Mark that now once more thou sta dest on  
fate s fine edge

Gr What mean th ? How I shudder at th mes  
so e!

Te Thou wilt learn when th u hearest th arn  
ms of m arst As I took my place on mine ld seat  
of av ur wh e all birds ha e been wo t to gather  
w th m v ken I heard str o s voice amon them  
they ere screamin w th d re fe e h ra m that  
drow ed their lanou e in a jargon a d l k ew that  
they we et nd ng each ther w th their talons mur  
der uslv the wh re of w ngs told no d ubtful tale

F rthw th n fear I essayed b nt sacrifice on a  
duly ka dled fta but from m s off t g the Fi e  
god h w ed no flame a dank mo sture oozing from  
the th h flesh trickled f rth upon the embers, and  
moked a d sputt sed the gall was scattered t the  
air nd the uteman th h lay bared of th fat  
that had been wrapped ound them

Such w the failu e of the rites by h chl nl  
asked a gn fr m thus b f lea ed for le s m  
guise s I am gude to oth rs. A d us tly counsel  
that hath b ught th s s kness on our State For  
the ltars f our city and of our hearths ha e been  
tainted on and ll by ll ds and dogs w th e r on  
from the hapless corpse the so of Oed pu and  
theref re the gods no m re accept pray r and sacri  
h at our hand, o th flame of meat-offer g no  
doth any b red ga e clea sign by it shrl l for  
they ha s tasted the fat es of a loun m s blood

Think th on these thuns, my son All men e  
liabl to err b t when n ror hath be m made  
that man s uo lon w tless o u blest wh beals  
th ll into wh h he hath fallen and ema s not  
st hbo

Self will w know s curst the har e of folly Nay  
allow th claim of th dead stab not th fall n what  
p owess is r to lay the la a e ? I h e so ht  
thy good and f thv good I speak and ne e t  
sw e r t learn from a good counsellor than wh m  
he co self th o n g a z

Gr O d man ye all shoot you shaft t m as  
h th butts ye must needs practe se on me  
w th seer-craft ho s th se t be h th l ng  
trafficked in me a d made me the r merchandise.  
Gr a your ga ns dr v ur tr d f ye list in the



a public stain And there praying to Hades the only god whom she worships perchance she will obtain release from death or else will learn at last though late that it is lost labour to revere the dead

*Exit CREON*

*Chorus*

Love unconquered in the fight Love whomakest havoc of wealth who keepest thy vigil on the soft cheek of a maiden thou roamest over the sea and among the homes of dwellers in the wilds no immortal can escape thee nor any among men whose life is for a day and he to whom thou hast come is mad

The just themselves have their minds warped by thee to wrong for their ruin 'tis thou that hast stirred up this present strife of kinsmen victorious is the love kindling light from the eyes of the fair bride it is a power enthroned in sway beside the eternal laws for there the goddess Aphrodite is working her unconquerable will

*ANTIGONE led out of the palace by two of CREON'S attendants who are about to conduct her to her doom*

But now I also am carried beyond the bounds of loyalty and can no more keep back the streaming tears when I see Antigone thus passing to the bridal chamber where all are laid to rest

*An* See me citizens of my fatherland setting forth on my last way looking my last on the sunlight that is for me no more no Hades who gives sleep to all leads me living to Acheron's shore who have had no portion in the chant that brings the bride nor hath any song been mine for the crowning of bridals whom the lord of the Dark Lake shall wed

*Cf* Glorious therefore and with praise thou departest to that deep place of the dead wasting sickness hath not smitten thee thou hast not found the wages of the sword no mistress of thine own fate and still alive thou shalt pass to Hades as no other of mortal kind hath passed

*An* I have heard in other days how dread a doom befell our Phrygian guest the daughter of Tantalus on the Siplyan heiress how like clinging ivy the growth of stone subdued her and the rains fail not as men tell from her wasting form nor fails the snow while beneath her weeping lids the tears bedew her bosom and most like to hers is the fate that brings me in my rest

*Ch* Yet she was a goddess thou knowest and born of gods we are mortals and of mortal race But tis great renown for a woman who hath perished that she should have shared the doom of the god like in her life and afterward in death

*An* Ah I am mocked! In the name of our fathers gods can ye not wait till I am gone—must ye taunt me to my face O my city and ye her wealthy sons? Ah fount of Dirce and thou holy ground of Thebè whose chariots are many ye at least will bear me witness in what sort unwept of friends

and by what laws I pass to the rock closed prison of my strange tomb ah me unhappy! who have no home on the earth or in the shades no home with the living or with the dead

*Ch* Thou hast rushed forward to the utmost verge of daring and against that throne where Justice sits on high thou hast fallen my daughter with a grievous fall But in this ordeal thou art paying haply for thy father's sin

*An* Thou hast touched on my bitterest thou hast awaking the ever new liment for my sire and for all the doom given to us the famed house of Labdacus Alas for the horrors of the mother's bellows for the wretched mother's slumber at the side of her own son—and my sire! From what manner of parents did I take my miserable being! And to them I go thus accursed unwept to share their home Alas my brother all starved in this marriage in thy death thou hast undone my life!

*Ch* Reverent action claims a certain praise for reverence but an offence against power cannot be brooked by him who hath power in his keeping Thy self willed temper hath wrought thy ruin

*An* Unwept unfriended without matrons' son I am led forth in my sorrow on this journey that can be delayed no more No longer hapless one may I behold yon day star sacred eve but for my fate no tear is shed no friend makes moan

*CREON enters from the palace*

*Cr* Know ye not that songs and wailings before death would never cease if it profited to utter them? Away with her—away! And when ye have enclosed her according to my word in her vaulted grave leave her alone forlorn—whether she wishes to die or to live a buried life in such a home Our hands are cleft as touching this maiden But this is certain—she shall be deprived of her sojourn in the light

*An* Tomb bridal chamber eternal prison in the caverned rock whither I go to find mine own those many who have perished and whom Persephone hath received among the dead! Last of all hall I pass thither and far most miserably of all before the term of my life is spent But I cherish good hope that my coming will be welcome to my father and pleasant to thee my mother and welcome brother to thee for when ye died with mine own hands I washed and dressed you and poured drink offerings at your graves and now Polyneices is for tending thy corpse that I win such recompense as this

And yet I honoured thee as the wise will deem rightly Never had I been a mother of children or if a husband had been mouldering in death would I have taken this task upon me in the city's despite What law ye ask is my warrant for that word The husband lost another might have been found and child from another to replace the first born but father and mother hidden with Hades no brother's life could e'er bloom for me again Such was the law whereby I held thee first in honour but Creon deemed me guilty of error therein and of outrage ah brother mine! And now he leads me thus a captive in his hands no bridal bed no bridal song, hath



■ public stain And there praying to Hades the only god whom she worships perchance she will obtain release from death or else will learn at last though late that it is lo't labour to reverse the dead

*Exit CREON*

*Chorus*

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would not praise or blame as settled. Fortune raises and Fortune humb's the lucky or unlucky from day to day and no one can prophesy to men concerning those things which are established. For Creon was once as I count thus he had saved this kind of Cadmus from its loss he was clothed with its dominion in this land he returned, the glorious son of prince's child. And now all hath been lost. For what a man hath forfeited his pleasures, I count him not as I—*I hold him but a breathless corpse* Flap up notes in the house if thou wilt lie in his arms yet if there be no gladness therein, I would not give the shadow of a apour for all the rest, covered with joy.

Oh And what is this new grief that thou hast to trouble our prayers?

If Death and the living are guilty for the dead.  
Oh And who is the sinner? Who the stricken?  
Ask.

If Haemon hath perished his blood hath been shed by no man.

Oh By his father's hand or by his own?

By his own, in wrath with his sire for the crime.

Oh Propher how true then, hast thou proved the word?

If These things stand thus we must consider of the rest.

Oh I see the hairless Euryclea Creon's wench— she comes from the house by chance here— or because she knows the tidings of her son.

Enter EURYCLIA.

Early in the People of Thebes, I heard your words, I was forth to meet the goddess Pallas with to pray ere I was loosed the fastenings of the gate to open the mouth of household woe more on mine ear I sunk back, terror stricken to the arms of my handmaids, and in scenes find. But I am afraid what I should say I shall hear them as or be so strange to sorrow.

If Dear lady I was witness of what I saw and would no word of the truth be said. And indeed, should I soothe thee with words as ever best I tried to find as he had to the furthest part of the plain where the bod of Polus lies, torn to do, and he was dead. We praised the goddess of the track, and Pallas to preserve remain them with we buried the dead with his bones. And with her plucked bones we solemnly buried such also as were with him. We raised his mound of his earth and then we turned away to go to the chamber of our chamber with rocky couch, the corner mansion of the dead. I Death. And I was off one I heard a voice of loud wailing at that low embowered bower and came to tell our master Creon.

And still I heard nearer do his loud sounds of a bitter cry floated around him he groined, and a second cry I heard. We rushed out I can no forbear, he was dead. And I go on the worst way that ever I went? My son's voice greets

me. Go, my servants, haste ye nearer and when ye have reached the tomb, pass through the gap, where the stones have been wrenched away to the cell's very mouth, and look, and see if my Haemon's once that I know or if mine ear cheated by the gods."

Thus search, at our despair and yet a word we went to make and in the furthest part of the tomb we descended for his grave by the neck, slung by a thread wrought halter of fine linen while he was embracing her with arms thrown around her waist bewailing the loss of his bride who is with the dead and his father's deed and his own self started to see.

But his father when he saw him, cried aloud with a dread cry and went in, and called to him with a voice of wailing. Unhappy what a deed hast thou done? What thought hath come to thee? What manner of mischance hath marred thy reason? Come forth, my child! I pray thee—I am alone. But the boy glared at him with fierce eyes, spat in his face and without a word of answer drew his cross-bladed sword as his father rushed forth in flight he missed his aim then, hapless one wroth with himself, he straightway leaped with all his weight against his sword, and drove it half its length into his side and, while sense hovered he clung to the maiden to his last embrace and, as he gasped, sent forth on her pale cheek the swift stream of the coming blood.

Corse embolus corse he lies he hath won his natural rites, poor youth, not here in the halls of Death and he hath witnessed to mankind that, of all curses which cleave to man, no counsel is the son's crime.

Enter CREON from the house.

Oh What wouldst thou augur from this? The lady hath turned back, and is gone without a word, good or evil.

We I too, am startled yet I nourish the hope that at these sore tidings of her son, she cannot down to give her sorrow public vent but in the privacy of the house will set her handmaids to mourn the household grief. For she is not without of discretion, that we should err.

Oh I know not but to me at least, strained silence seems to portend peril, no less than a in its silent of lament.

Me Well I will enter the house and learn whether indeed it is not hidden some repressed purpose in the depths of a passionate heart. Yea, thou sayest well excess of silence too, may be a perilous meaning.

Enter MESS ENGER.

Enter CREON on the spectators left with attendants, carrying the shroud, and today JACOBSON on a bear.

Oh Lady, render the kin himself draws near bear in that which tells too clear tale—the work of no strain is needless—if we may say it—brought of his own misdeeds.

Oh Woe for the sons of a darkened soul, stubborn and fraught with death! Ah, ye behold us, the sire who hath seen, the son who hath perished! Woe is mine for the wretched blindness of my counsels!

silver gold of Sardis and the gold of India but ye shall not hide that man in the grave—no though the eagles of Zeus should bear the carrion morsels to their Master's throne—no not for dread of that defilement will I suffer his burial for well I know that no mortal can defile the gods But aged Teiresias the wisest fall with a shameful fall when they clothe shameful thoughts in fair words for lucre's sake

*Te* Alas! Doth any man know doth any consider

*Cr* Whereof? What general truth dost thou announce?

*Te* How precious above all wealth is good counsel

*Cr* As folly I think is the worst mischief

*Te* Yet thou art tainted with that distemper

*Cr* I would not answer the seer with a taunt

*Te* But thou dost in saying that I prophesy falsely

*Cr* Well the prophet tribes were ever fond of money

*Te* And the race bred of tyrants loves base gain

*Cr* Knowest thou that thy speech is spoken of thy king?

*Te* I know it for through me thou hast saved Thebes

*Cr* Thou art a wise seer but thou lovest evil deeds

*Te* Thou wilt rouse me to utter the dread secret in my soul

*Cr* Out with it! Only speak it not for gain

*Te* Indeed methinks I shall not—as touching thee

*Cr* Know that thou shalt not trade on my resolve

*Te* Then know thou—aye know it well—that thou shalt not live through many more courses of the sun's swift chariot ere one begotten of thine own loins shall have been given by thee a corpse for corpses because thou hast thrust children of the sunlight to the shades and ruthlessly lodged a living soul in the grave but keepst in this world one who belongs to the gods infernal a corpse unburied unhonoured all unhallowed In such thou hast no part no have the gods above but this is a violence done to them by thee Therefore the avenging destroyers lie in wait for thee the Furies of Hades and of the gods that thou mayest be taken in these same ills

And mark well if I speak these things as a hireling A time not long to be delayed shall awaken the wailing of men and of women in thy house And a tumult of hatred against thee stirs all the cities whose mangled sons had the burial rite from dogs or from wild beasts or from some winged bird that bore a polluting breath to each city that contains the hearths of the dead

Such arrows for thy heart—since thou provolest me—have I launched at thee archer like in my anger sure arrows of which thou shalt not escape the smart Boy lead me home that he may spend his rage on younger men and learn to keep a tongue more temperate and to bear within his breast a better mind than now he bears *Exit TEIRESIAS*

*Ch* The man hath gone O king with dread prophecies And since the hair on this head once dark hath been white I know that he hath never been a false prophet to our city

*Cr* I too know it well and am troubled in soul 'Tis dire to yield but by resistance to smite my pride with ruin—this too is a dire choice

*Ch* Son of Menoeceus it behoves thee to take wise counsel

*Cr* What should I do then? Speak and I will obey

*Ch* Go thou and free the maiden from her rocky chamber and make a tomb for the unburied dead

*Cr* And thus is thy counsel? Thou wouldst have me yield?

*Ch* Yea King and with all speed for swift harms from the gods cut short the folly of men

*Cr* Ah me 'tis hard but I resist my cherished resolve—I obey We must not wage a vain war with destiny

*Ch* Go thou and do these things leave them not to others

*Cr* Even as I am I'll go on on my servants' each and all of you take axes in your hands and hasten to the ground that ye see yonder! Since our judgment hath taken this turn I will be present to unloose her as I myself bound her My heart misgives me 'tis best to keep the established laws even to life end

#### Chorus

O thou of many names glory of the Cadmean bride offspring of loud thundering Zeus! thou who watchest over famed Italia and reignest where all guests are welcomed in the sheltered plain of Eleusinian Deol O Bacchus dweller in Thebè mother city of Bacchants by the softly gliding stream of Ismenus on the soil where the fierce dragon's teeth were sown!

Thou hast been seen where torch flames glare throu' h smoke above the crests of the twin peaks where move the Corycian nymphs thy votaries, hard by Castalia's stream

Thou comest from the ivy mantled slopes of Nysa's hills and from the shore green with many clustered vines while thy name is lifted up on strains of more than mortal power as thou visitest the ways of Thebè

Thebè of all cities thou holdest first in honour thou and thy mother whom the lightning smote and now when all our people is captive to a violent plague come thou with healing feet over the Parthian height or over the moaning strait!

O thou with whom the stars rejoice as they move the stars whose breath is fire O master of the voices of the night son begotten of Zeus appear O king with thine attendant Thyiads who in night long frenzy dance before thee the giver of good gifts Iacchus!

*Enter MESSENGER on the spectators' left hand*  
*Messenger* Dwellers by the house of Cadmus and of Amphion there is no estate of mortal life that I



Alas my son thou hast died in thy youth by a timeless doom woe is me! thy spirit hath fled not by thy folly but by mine own!

*Ch* Ah me how all too late thou seemest to see the night!

*Cr* Ah me I have learned the bitter lesson! But then methinks oh then some god smote me from above with crushing weight and hurled me into ways of cruelty woe is me overthrowing and trampling on my joy! Woe woe for the troublous toils of men!

*Enter MESSENGER from the house*

*Me* Sire thou hast come methinks as one whose hands are not empty but who hath store laid up besides thou bearest yonder burden with thee and thou art soon to look upon the woes within thy house

*Cr* And what worse ill is yet to follow upon ills?

*Me* Thy queen hath died true mother of yon corpse—ah hapless lady!—by blows newly dealt

*Cr* Oh Hades all receiving whom no sacrifice can appease! Hast thou then no mercy for me? O thou herald of evil bitter tidings what word dost thou utter? Alas I was already as dead and thou hast smitten me anew! What sayest thou my son? What is this new message that thou bringest—woe woe is me!—of a wife's doom of slaughter heaped on slaughter?

*Ch* Thou canst behold tis no longer hidden within

*The doors of the palace are opened and the corpse of EURYDICE is disclosed*

*Cr* Ah me yonder I behold a new a second woe! What destiny ah what can yet await me? I have but now raised my son in my arms and there again I see a corpse before me! Alas alas unhappy mother! Alas my child!

*Me* There at the altar self stabbed with a keen knife she suffered her darkening eyes to close when she had waited for the noble fate of Megareus who died before and then for his fate who lies there and when with her last breath she had invoked evil fortunes upon thee the slayer of thy sons

*Cr* Woe woe! I thrill with dread Is there none to strike me to the heart with two edged sword? O miserable that I am and steeped in miserable anguish!

*Me* Yea both this son's doom and that other's were laid to thy charge by her whose corpse thou seest

*Cr* And what was the manner of the violent deed by which she passed away?

*Me* Her own hand struck her to the heart when she had learned her son's sorely lamented fate

*Cr* Ah me this guilt can never be lived on any other of mortal kind for my acquittal! I even I was thy slayer wretched that I am—I own the truth Lead me away O my servants lead me hence with all speed whose life is but as death!

*Ch* Thy counsels are good if there can be good with ills briefest is best when trouble is in our path

*Cr* Oh let it come let it appear that fairest of fates for me that brings my last day—aye best fate of all! Oh let it come that I may never look upon to morrow's light

*Ch* These things are in the future present tasks claim our care the ordering of the future rests where it should rest

*Cr* All my desires at least were summed in that prayer

*Ch* Pray thou no more for mortals have no escape from destined woe

*Cr* Lead me away I pray you a rash foolish man who have slain thee ah my son unwittingly and thee too my wife—unhappy that I am! I know not which way I should bend my gaze or where I should seek support for all is amiss with that which is in my hands—and yonder again a crushing fate hath leapt upon my head

*As CREON is being conducted into the house the CORYPHAEUS speaks the closing verse*

*Ch* Wisdom is the supreme part of happiness and reverence towards the gods must be inviolate Great words of prideful men are ever punished with great blows and in old age teach the chastened to be wise

Never of thine own heart son of Telamon wouldst thou have gone so far astray as to fall upon the flocks. For, when the gods send madness, I must come—but Zeus and Phœbus certify the evil rumour of the Greeks!

And if thine great chiefs charge thee falsely in the false rumours which they spread, or sons of the wicked lie—Sisyphus, forbear! O my king, for bear to win me an ill name by still keeping thy faith as bidden in the tent by the sea.

From thy seat, when rescue or thou art brooding in this pause—(I mean) do thou from battle make the flame of mischief blaze up to heaven! But the violence of thy foes goes abroad without fear in the breezy glens, while all men mock with taunts most grievous, and my sorrow passes not away.

#### ENTER TEUCER, SILENUS

*Teucer* Manners of Ajax, of the race that springs from the Erichonidae—sons of the soil—mourning is our portion who care for the house of Telamon. Ajax, our dread lord of rug-ed mien, now lies stricken with a storm that darkens the soul.

*Ch.* And what is the heavenly change from the former of yesterday which this night hath brow-beaten forth? Daughter of the Phrygian Teleutias, speak for to thee his spear-wound bride, bold Ajax hath borne a constant loss—therefore mightest thou hasten to answer with knowledge.

*Te.* Oh, how well I tell a tale too dense for words? Terrible as death is the hap which thou must hear. Seized with madness in the night our glorious Ajax hath been utterly undone. For I ken, thou mayest see within his dwelling, but heeded not, victims well torn in their blood, sacrifices of no hand but his.

*Ch.* What tidings of the fiery warrior hast thou told? It be born, nor yet escaped—tidings which let me hear Danaus' nose be good, which their strong remembrance! Woe is me I dread thy doom to come shamed before all eyes, the man will die if his frenzied hand hath slain with dark sword the herds and the horse-rudin herdsmen.

*Te.* Alas! 'twas thence, then—from those pastures—that he came to me with his capst' flock! Of part, he cut the throats on the floor with some brass; their sides he rent asunder. Then he caught the white-footed rams he sheared off the head and feet, and the stoups up and flung them away. Outraged he bound bright to pillar and seized heavy thorn, horse-rear and flogged with shrill doubled lash, while he stered reavings which a god and no mortal, had to him.

*Ch.* The time hath come for each of us to seal his head and betake him to stealthy speed of foot or to sit on the beach, and the quick oar and give her way to the sea-fair ship such angry threats he hurled against us by the brother's knees, the sons of Atreus! I fear his bitter death by to-morrow smitten to the marrow, which is swayed by fate which he can may dare nigh.

*T.* It sways him no longer the lightning flash

no more like a south-rain gale, fierce in its first onset his rage abates and now in his right mind he hath new pain. To look on self-wrought woes, when no other hath had a hand therein—this lays sharp pangs to the soul.

*Ch.* If his frenzy hath ceased I have good hope that all may yet be well: the trouble is of less account when once it's past.

*Te.* And which were the choice given thee wouldst thou choose—to pain thy friends, and have deluded his self, or to share the grief of friends who grieve?

*Ch.* The twofold sorrow-lady is the greater ill.

*Te.* Then are we losers now although the plague is past.

*Ch.* What is thy meaning? I know not how thou meanest.

*Te.* You man, while frenzied found his own joy in the dute fantasies that held him though his presence was grievous to us who were sane—but now since he hath had pause and respite from the plague he is utterly afflicted with sore grief, and we like wise no less than before. Ha! are we not here two sorrows, instead of one?

*Ch.* Yes verily, and I fear lest the stroke of a god hath fallen. How be if his spirit is no lighter now that this maled also erpasts than when it vexed him?

*Te.* Thus stands the matter be well assured.

*Ch.* And in what wise did the plague first swoop upon him? Declare to us, who share thy pain, how it befell.

*Te.* Thou shalt hear all that chanced as one who hath part therein. At dead of night when the even in lamens no longer burned he seized a two-edged sword and was fain to go forth on an aimless path. Then I chid him, and said: What dost thou Ajax? what wouldst thou make this silly unsummoned—not called by messenger nor warned by trumpet? Nay at present thou hast no sleep.

By this answered me in curt phrase and trite: "Woman, silence graces women." And I thus taught denuded but he rushed forth alone. What happened abroad, I cannot tell, but he came in with his capst' as bound together—bulls, shepherd dogs, and fleecy prisoners. Some he beheaded of some he cut the back-bone through or cleft the chest; others, in their bonds, he tortured as though they were men, withonslaught on the cattle.

At last he darted forward through the door and began to utter to some creature of his brain—now against the Atreidae now about Odysseus—with many mockings of all the despite that he had wreaked on them in his rage. Anon he rushed back once more into the house and then, by slow paces, retired to his chamber.

And his gaze ran round the room full of his wild work, he struck his head and uttered a great cry. He fell down a wreck amid the wicks of the slaughter'd sheep, and then he sat with clenched nails tightly to his hand his hair. At first and for a long while he sat dumb then he threatened me with those dreadful threats, if I declared not all the



will turn away the vision of his eyes and keep them from beholding thy face

*Ho thou who art binding with cords the back bent arms of thy captives I call thee come hither! Ajax what ho! come forth from the house!*

*Od* What dost thou Athena? Never call him forth

*Ath* Hold thy peace! Do not earn the name of coward!

*Od* Forbear I pray thee be content that he stay within

*Ath* What is the danger? Was he not a man before?

*Od* Yea a foeman to thy servant and still is

*Ath* And to mock at foes—is not that the sweetest mockery?

*Od* Enough for me that he abide within his doors

*Ath* Thou fearest to see a madman in full view?

*Od* No fear had made me shun him if he were sane

*Ath* Nay even now he shall not see thee though thou art near

*Od* How so if he still sees with the same eyes?

*Ath* I will darken them though they are open

*Od* Well all is possible when a god contrives

*Ath* Stand silent then and stay where thou art

*Od* I must stay Would that I were far from here!

*Ath* What ho Ajax once again I call thee! is this thy scanty regard for thine ally?

*Enter AJAX holding a blood stained scourge in his hand*

*Ajax* Hail Athena! Hail Zeus born maid! How well hast thou stood by me! Yea I will crown thy shrine with trophies of pure gold for this prize!

*Ath* 'Tis fairly spoken But tell me this—hast thou dyed thy sword well in the Greek camp?

*Aj* That vaunt mine I disclaim it not

*Ath* And perchance turned thine armed hand on the Atreidae?

*Aj* So that nevermore will they dishonour Ajax

*Ath* The men are dead as I take thy meaning

*Aj* Dead now let them rob me of my arms!

*Ath* Good and then the son of Laertes—in what plight hast thou left him? Hath he escaped thee?

*Aj* What thou askest me of that accused for?

*Ath* Yea in sooth—of Odysseus thine adversary

*Aj* No guest so welcome Lady he is sitting in the house—in bonds I do not mean him to die just yet

*Ath* What wouldst thou do first? What larger advantage wouldst thou win?

*Aj* First he shall be bound to a pillar beneath my roof—

*Ath* The hapless man—what despite wilt thou do unto him?

*Aj* —and have his back crimsoned with the scourge ere he die

*Ath* Nay do not torture the wretch so cruelly

*Aj* In all else Athena I say have thy will but his doom shall be none but this

*Ath* Nay then since it delights thee to do thus hold not thy hand abate no jot of thine intent

*Aj* I go to my work but thou I charge thee stand ever at my side as thou hast stood to-day!

*Exit AJAX.*

*Ath* Seest thou Odysseus how great is the strength of the gods? Whom couldst thou have found more prudent than this man or more valiant for the service of the time?

*Od* I know none and I pity him in his misery for all that he is my foe because he is bound fast to a dread doom I think of mine own lot no less than his For I see that we are but phantoms all we who live or fleeting shadows

*Ath* Therefore beholding such things look that thine own lips never speak a haughty word against the gods and assume no swelling port if thou prevailest above another in prowess or by store of ample wealth For a day can humble all human things, and a day can lift them up but the wise of heart are loved of the gods and the evil are abhorred

*Enter the CHORUS OF SALAMINIAN SAILORS following of AJAX*

#### Chorus

Son of Telamon thou whose wave girt Salamis is firmly throned upon the sea when thy fortunes are fair I rejoice but when the stroke of Zeus comes on thee or the angry rumour of the Danaï with noise of evil tongues then I quake exceedingly and am sore afraid like a winged dove with troubled eye

And so telling of the night now spent loud murmurs beset us for our shame telling how thou didst visit the meadow wild with steeds and didst destroy the cattle of the Greeks their spoil—prizes of the spear which had not yet been shared—slaying them with flashing sword

Such are the whispered slanders that Odysseus breathes into all ears and he wins large belief For now the tale that he tells of thee is specious and each hearer rejoices more than he who told despite fully evuling in thy woes

Yea point thine arrow at a noble spirit and thou shalt not miss but should a man speak such things against me he would win no faith 'Tis on the powerful that envy creeps 'Tis at the small without the great can ill be trusted to guard the walls lowly leagued with great will prosper best great served by less

But foolish men cannot be led to learn these truths. Even such are the men who rail against thee and we are helpless to repel these charges without thee O king Verily when they have escaped thine eye they chatter like flocking birds but terrified by the mighty vulture suddenly perchance—if thou shouldst appear—they will cover still and dumb

Was it the Tauric Artemis child of Zeus that drove thee—O dread rumour parent of my shame!—against the herds of all our host—in revenge I ween for a victory that had paid no tribute whether it was that she had been disappointed of glorious spoil or because a stag had been slain without a thank offering? Or can it have been the mail clad Lord of War that was wroth for dishonour to his aiding spear and took vengeance by nightly wiles?



chance that had befallen and asked in what strange plight he stood. And I friends in my fear told all that had been done so far as I surely knew it. But he straightway broke into bitter lamentations such as never had I heard from him before. For he had ever taught that such wailing was for craven and low hearted men: no cry of shrill complaint would pass his lips: only a deep sound as of a moaning bull.

But now prostrate in his utter woe, tasting not of food or drink, the man sits quiet where he has fallen amidst the sword slain cattle. And plainly he yearns to do some dread deed: there is some such meaning in his words and his laments. Ah my friends—indeed this was my errand—come in and help if in any wise ye can. Men in his case can be won by the words of friends.

Ch Tecmessa daughter of Teleutis dread are thy tidings: that our lord hath been frenzied by his sorrows.

As (*within*) Woe woe is me!

Te Soon there will be worse belike. Heard ye not Ajax—heard ye not that resounding cry?

As Woe woe is me!

Ch The man seems to be distempered or else to be grieving for the distempers which lately vexed him when he sees their work.

As O my son my son!

Te Ah me! Eurysaces: is for thee he calls! What can be his purpose? Where art thou? Unhappy that I am!

As Ho Teucer! Where is Teucer? Will his foray last for ever? And I perish!

Ch He seems to be sane. Come open there! open—perchance even at the sight of me he may come to a more sober mood.

Te Behold I open: thou canst look on yon man's deeds and his own plight.

*AJAX is discovered sitting amidst the slaughtered cattle.*

As Alas good sailors alone of my friends alone still constant to your loyalty: behold what a woe hath but now surged around me and hemmed me in under stress of a deadly storm!

Ch Ah lady how sadly true seems thy report! The fact proves that no sane mind is here.

As Alas ye mates staunch in sea craft ye who manned the ship and made the oar blade flash upon the brine—in you in you alone I see a defence against misery: come slay me also!

Ch Hush thy wild lips: cure not all by ill nor in creas the anguish of the doom.

As Seest thou the bold strong of heart the dauntless in battles with the foe—seest thou how I have shown my prowess on creatures that feared no harm? Alas the mockery! How then have I been shamed!

Te Ajax my lord I implore thee speak not thus! My hence! out with thee! Ajax—be gone!—Woe is me! woe is me!

Ch For the gods' love yield to counsel and learn wisdom!

As Wretch that I am who suffered the accursed

men to slip through my hands but fell on horned line and goodly flocks and made their dark blood flow!

Ch Why grieve when the deed is past recall. These things can never be but as they are.

As Ah thou who watchest all things thou ready tool of every crime: th' son of Laertes thou foolest knave in all the host: I warrant thou laugh'st loud and long for joy!

Ch As the god gives so every man laughs or mourns.

As Yet would that I could see him shattered though I am! Ah me! ah me!

Ch Speak no proud word: seest thou not to what a plight thou hast come?

As O Zeus father of my sires would that I might slay that deep dissembler that hateful knave and the two brother chiefs and lastly die myself also!

Te When thou makest that prayer pray there with for me also that I die: wherefore should I live when thou art dead?

As Alas thou darkness my sole light! O thou nether bloom fairer for me than any sunshine! take me to dwell with you—yea take me for I am no longer worthy to look for help to the race of the gods or for any good from men: the children of a day.

No the daughter of Zeus the strong goddess torments me to the death. Whither then shall a man flee? Whither shall I go to find rest? If my past fame is destroyed my friends along with such victims as these near me—if I have set myself to win a mad man's triumphs and all the host with sword uplifted in both hands would strike me dead!

Te Ah me unhappy that a good man true should utter such words—words that till now he never would have deigned to speak!

As Alas ye paths of the sounding wave ye sea caves and wooded pastures by the shore long time long time and very weary have ye known me tarrying at Troy but no more shall ye know me—no more with the breath of life of so much let sane men be sure.

Ah streams of Scamander near us kindly to the Greeks never shall ye look on Ajax more who peer in the host—for I will utter a proud word—never hath Troy seen come from the land of Hellas but now behold he hath been humbled to the dust!

Ch In sooth I know not how to restrain thee at how suffer thee to speak whom woes so grievous have befallen.

As Ah me! Who could ever have thought that my name would chime so meetly with my doom? For well may I now mourn—yea twice and three times mourn—in those sad syllables that shape my name such heavy griefs are mine whose sire by his prowess won the furest prize of all the host and brought all glory home from this land of Ida but I his son who came after him in might not less to this same ground of Troy and proved the cruce of mine hand in no meaner deeds thus perish dishonoured of the Greeks. Yet methinks of thus much am I sure: if

to aid and service as knowing that he will not  
survive. For no man can be an enemy of himself.

*Enter Teucer.*—These things it will be well. Women, go thou within, and pray to the gods that in  
the future the desires of my heart may be fulfilled  
and my friends—honour be these my wishes  
may be fulfilled, and bid Teucer when he comes,  
bring me food, and stand with me towards you withal.  
For I will go whither I must pass, but do ye what I  
bid, and remember, perchance though now I suffer  
yet that I have a friend yet.

*Exit Ajax.*  
*O Pan, O Pan, appear to us.* O Pan,  
my father, from the craggy side of snow  
be to Cyrene him, who maketh day for the  
peaks that with me thou mayest too, a bushy  
in the mountains the dove hath taught thee the voice  
of the dove and of Cynos! For now am I fain to  
depart, and may Apollo, lord of Delos, come over  
the Icarian waters to be with me in presence many  
for and spent ever kind!

The deities, god hath lifted the cloud of dread  
from our eyes. For now once again,  
now O Zeus, can the pure brightness of good days  
rise to the sun, and the ships since Ajax's  
fall, his trouph, and hath turned to perform the  
law of the gods, the all-did enter, in perfectness of  
kindness.

Thirteen years make all things hide not would  
I say that my fate was too cruel for belief, when  
this, beyond all hopes, Ajax hath been led to re-  
pent of his wrath against the Atridae, and his dread  
fate.

*Enter Menelaus and Teucer from the Greek camp.*

*Menelaus.* Friends, I would first tell you this—  
Teucer, but now returned from the Trojan heights,  
hath come to the general quarters in our camp,  
and a brave, and braver than all the Greeks at once. They  
know him from his beard, and near gathered around  
him, and then assailed him with questions from this  
side, and from that every man of them, calling him  
"the Trojan," for he was the first of the Greeks to  
the horse, so that he should not see himself  
from his mother, led to death in sorrow. And so  
they had come to this, that words plucked from  
their lips were drawn in men's hands, that the wife  
of the man had run with to the furthest was al-  
lured by the soothing words of elders. But when I  
saw I had Ajax, to tell him this? He whom most it  
bothers must bear all this tale.

Oh, it is not within he hath gone forth but now,  
for he hath vowed a purpose to his new mood.

My dear friend, too late then was he who sent  
me to his camp—or I had found his guard.

Oh, Alas! but we are not busy as hath been said  
before.

If Teucer enjoined that the man should not go  
forth from the house, would he himself should come.

Oh, well, he is gone, I see—intent on the  
purpose that is best for him—to make his peace with  
the gods.

*Me.* These are the words of wild folly, if there is  
wisdom in the prophecy of Calchas.

Oh, What doth he prophesy? And what knowledge  
of this matter dost thou bring?

*Me.* Thus much I know—for I was present. Leav-  
ing the circle of chiefs who sat in council, Calchas  
drew apart from the Atridae, then he put his right  
hand with all kindness in the hand of Teucer, and  
straitly charmed him that by all means in his power  
he should keep Ajax within the house for this day,  
that now is shown on us, and suffer him not to go  
abroad—(he was then ever to behold him alive). This  
day alone will the wrath of divine Athena vex him  
—so ran the warning.

"Yes," said the seer, lives that he wasted too  
proud and avail for good no more are struck down  
by the gods, as often as one  
born to man, estate forgets it in thou his too high  
for man. But Ajax, even at his first go forth from  
home, was found foolish, when his axe spoke well.  
His father said unto him, "My son, seek victory in  
arms, but seek it ever with the help of heaven."  
Then have his and foolish! he a sacred Father  
with the help of gods, even a man of might might  
with mastery, but I even without their aid trust  
to bring that glory within my grasp. So proud was  
he, until then once again, in answer to divine  
Athena—when the war urged him onward and bid  
him turn a deadly hand upon his foes—in that  
hour he uttered a speech too dread for mortal lips.  
"Queen, stand thou beside the other Greeks, where  
Ajax stands, battle will never break our line. By  
such words it was that he brought upon him the ap-  
palling anger of the goddess, since his thou had  
been too great for man. But (he himself said) perchance  
with the god's help we may find means to save him."

Thus far the seer, and Teucer had no sooner risen  
from where he sat than he sent me with these man-  
dates for the guardian. But if we have been foiled,  
that man is yet not Calchas is no prophet.

Oh, Harless Tecmessa, born to misery, come forth  
and see what tidings you man tells, this peril touches  
us too closely for our peace.

*Enter Tecmessa.*

Te, What doest thou break on me, when  
I had but just found peace from relentless woes?

Oh, Hearken to me, man, and the tidings of Ajax  
that he hath brought me, my grief.

Te, Alas, what sayest thou, man? Are we undone?

Me, I know not of the fortune, but only that if  
Ajax is abroad, my ruin is all in case for him.

Te, He is broad indeed, so that I am in an un-  
known time.

Me, I utter trust commands that ye keep Ajax  
under the eaves of the roof, and suffer him not to go  
forth alone.

Te, And where is Teucer, and wherefore speaks  
he thus?

Me, He hath but now returned, and forbodes that  
this man forth fraught with death to Ajax.

Te, Unhappy me! from whom can he have learned  
this?

thou shalt come unto that knowledge then must thou see to prove among thy father's foes of what mettle and what sire thou art

Meanwhile feed on light breezes and nurse thy tender life for this thy mother's joy No fear I wot lest any of the Greeks assail thee with cruel outrage even when thou hast me no more So trusty is the warder whom I will leave to guard thee even Teucer who will not falter in his care for thee albeit now he is following a far path busied with chase of foes

O my warriors seafaring comrades! On you as on him I lay this task of love and give ye my behest to Teucer that he take this child to mine own home and set him before the face of Telamon and of my mother Eribeia that so he may prove the comfort of their age evermore [until they come unto the deep places of the nether god] And charge him that no stewards of games nor he who worked my run make mine arms a prize for the Greeks No this take thou my son—the broad shield from which thou hast thy name—hold and wield it by the well wrought thong that sevenfold spear proof target But the rest of my armour shall be buried in my grave

(To TECMESSA) Come tarry not take the child straightaway make fast the doors and utter no lamentations before the house in sooth a woman is a plaintive thing Quick close the house! It is not for a skilful leech to whine charms over a sore that craves the knife

Ch I am afraid when I mark this eager haste I like not the keen edge of thy speech

Te Ajax my lord on what deed can thy mind be set?

AJ Ask not inquire not 'tis good to be discreet

Te Ah my heavy heart! Now by thy child—by the gods—I implore thee be not guilty of forsaking us!

AJ Nay thou vexest me over much knowest thou not that I no longer owe aught of service to the gods?

Te Hush hush!

AJ Speak to those who hear

Te And wilt thou not hearken?

AJ Already thy words have been too many

Te I am afraid O prince!

AJ (To the Attendants) Close the doors I say this instantly!

Te For the gods' love be softened!

AJ 'Tis a foolish hope methinks if thou wouldst begin now to school my temper

AJAX is shut into the tent EXIT TECMESSA WITH EURYSACES

#### Chorus

O famous Salamis thou I ween hast thy happy seat among the waves that lash thy shore the joy of all men's eyes for ever but I hapless have long been tarrying here still making my couch through countless months in the camp on the fields of Ida worn by time and darkly looking for the day when I shall pass to Hades the abhorred the unseen

And now I must wrestle with a new grief woe is me!—the incurable malady of Ajax visited by a heaven sent frenzy whom in a bygone day thou scotest forth from thee mighty in bold war but now a changed man who nurses lonely thoughts he hath been found a heavy sorrow to his friends And the former deeds of his hands deeds of prowess supreme have fallen dead nor won aught of love from the loveless the miserable Atreidae

Surely his mother full of years and white with old will uplift a voice of wailing when she hears that he hath been stricken with the spirit's run not in the nightingale's plaintive note will she utter her anguish in shrill toned strains the dirge will rise with sound of hands that smite the breast and with rending of hoary hair

Yes better hid with Hades is he whom vain fantasies vex he who by the lineage whence he springs is noblest of the war tried Achaeans yet now is true no more to the promptings of his inbred nature but dwells with alien thoughts

Ah hapless sire how heavy a curse upon thy son doth it rest for thee to hear a curse which never yet hath clung to any life of the Atreidae save his!

Enter AJAX with a sword in his hand

AJ All things the long and countless years first draw from darkness then bury from light and there is nothing for which man may not look the dread oath is vanquished and the stubborn will For even I erst so wondrous firm—yea as iron hardened in the dipping—felt the keen edge of my temper softened by yon woman's words and I feel the pity of leaving her a widow with my foes and the boy an orphan

But I will go to the bathing place and the meadows by the shore that in purging of my stains I may flee the heavy anger of the goddess Then I will seek out some untrodden spot and bury this sword hatefullest of weapons in a hole dug where none shall see no let Night and Hades keep it under ground! For since my hand took this gift from Hector my worst foe to this hour I have had no good from the Greeks Yes men's proverb is true The gifts of enemies are no gifts and bring no good

Therefore henceforth I shall know how to yield to the gods and learn to revere the Atreidae They are rulers so we must submit How else? Dread things and things most potent bow to office thus it is that snow strewn winter gives place to fruitful summer and thus night's weary round makes room for day with her white steeds to kindle light and the breath of dreadful winds can allow the groaning sea to slumber and like the rest almighty Sleep looses whom he has bound nor holds with a perpetual grasp

And we—must we not learn discretion? I at least will learn it for I am newly aware that our enemy is to be hated but as one who will hereafter be a friend and towards a friend I would wish but thus far to

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Al hapless Ajax, from what he has fallen how low!  
 How worthiest in this sight of foes to be mourned!  
 O Thou just-fated hapless one, thou wast fated  
 then that unbending soul at last to work out  
 an evil doom of woes untold! Such was the men of  
 those cornfields which by night and by day I  
 heard thee utter: thy fierce mood bitter against  
 the world, that a deadly passion on Ajax that time  
 was a potent source of sorrows, when the golden  
 arms were made thy prize in a contest of prowess!

T Woe to me is mel!  
 Ch The gods pierce me I know to thy true heart  
 T Woe to me is mel!  
 Ch I marvel not lady that thou shouldst weep,  
 and wail again, who hast lately been bereft of one  
 beloved.

T T for thee to conjecture of these things—  
 for me, to feel them but too sorely!

Ch Yea even so.  
 T Alas, my child to what a yoke of bondage are  
 we come! set what tasks man sets a set for  
 thee and me!

Ch Oh the two Atreidae could be ruthless—  
 those deed of thine would be unpeakable which  
 thou namest in human at such a woe! But may the  
 gods visit it!

T Nor had these things stood thus save by  
 the will of the gods.

Ch Yea they have laid on a burden too heavy  
 to be borne.

T Yet with this one that the daughter of Zeus,  
 the dread goddess, endures! Odysseus sake!

Ch Do blessed, thou patient her evils, his dark  
 soul, a mockery, like a mockery, these sorrows  
 born of frenzy! Alas! A daughter when thou hear  
 the wailing, the groans, the wails, the Atreidae

T Then let them mock, deride in this madness  
 woe. Per hanc, thou hast y-messed him, not with  
 but with thy will, him dead the strait of  
 warfar, ill-judging men know not the good that  
 was in the battle, till they have lost it. To my pain  
 hath he died more than for thy joy and to his  
 rest. All that he has done to win hath he made  
 his own—the death of which he longed. O'er this  
 man, thou hast felt the world thy triumph? His  
 death concerns god, not thee—nor I then  
 let Odysseus in empty taunts. Ajax is for them  
 no more to me, he hath! for a gush and m-m-rung—  
 and is gone.

Teucer (approach) Woe to me is mel!

Ch Hush—my thanks I hear thee. T Teucer  
 raised in a strain that hath raised to thee the woe

Enter Teucer  
 Teu Beloved Ajax, by thee whose fate was so  
 dear to me—hast thou indeed fared a ruin?

Ch He hath perished Teu, that be sure.

Teu Woe to me, that is my heavy fate!

Ch Know that thus it is—

Teu He is less hapless than I!

Ch And thou hast cause to mourn.

T A O! cease sudden blow!

Ch Thou say'st but too truly. Teucer  
 Teu Ay me!—But tell me of my man's child—  
 where shall I find him in the land of Troy?

Ch Alas, by the tent  
 Teu (To Teucer) The bring him hither with  
 all speed lest some foeman snatch him up as a whelp  
 from a lion's side! Away—hasten—be helped! 'Tis  
 all men's wont to triumph over the dead when they  
 see!

Ch Yea while he yet lived Teucer thou man  
 charged thee to have care for the child even as thou  
 hast care indeed.

Teu O sight most grievous to me of all that ever  
 mine eyes have beheld! O bitter to my heart above  
 all paths that I have trod the path that now hath  
 led me hither when I learned thy fate! Ah best!  
 Ajax as I was pursuing and tracking out thy foot-  
 steps! For a swift rumour about thee as from some  
 god passed through the Greek host telling that  
 thou wast dead and gone. I heard it, ah me, while  
 yet far off and groaned in woe but now the sight  
 breaks my heart!

Come—let the covering and let me see the worst  
 (The corpse of Ajax is uncovered)

O thou I dread to look on wherein dwelt  
 such cruel rage what sorrows hast thou sown for  
 me in this death!

Whither can I betake me to what people after  
 be gone, thee no succour in thy troubles? Telamon  
 I think thy sire and mine alike to greet me with  
 sun and face and grace in men when I come with  
 thee. Ajax's relief—he has been when good fortune  
 befalls him is not wont to smile more brightly than  
 before.

What will such one keep back? What I untill  
 will he utter? Gaze at the bastard begotten from  
 the war prize of his spear against him who betrayed  
 thee, beloved Ajax, like a coward and a craven—  
 by guile that when thou wast dead he might en-  
 joy thy lordship and this house? So will he speak—  
 a passionate man, peevish in old age whose wrath  
 makes strife even with us a cause. And in the end I  
 shall be thrust from the inheritance—branded  
 by his son's name as a freeman but a slave.

Such is my prospect at home while at Troy I  
 have many foes, few thine, yet help me. All this  
 have I caped by thy death? Ah me what shall I do?  
 I draw thee hapless one from the clasp of point of  
 the gleaming sword the slayer it seems to whom  
 thou hast yielded up thy breath? Now seest thou  
 how Hector thou hast dead wast to destroy the at  
 thy last?

Consider I pray you the fortune of these two  
 men. With thee I grieve that had been given to  
 him. Ajax Hector was gripped to the hilt, I  
 said, I made till he gave up the ghost. Tu-  
 fis me Hector that Ajax had the gift and by this  
 hath he perished, his deadly fall was it not the  
 Furies who fagged this blood was not that gleam-  
 ing by Hector's side? I at least would  
 deem that these things and things that are planned  
 by god for man, but that I fear be any in whose

Me From Thestor's son the seer this day—when the issue is one of life or death for Ajax

Te Ah me my friends protect me from the doom threatened by fate! Speed some of you to hasten Teucer's coming let others go to the westward bays and others to the eastward and seek the man's ill omened steps I see now that I have been deceived by my lord and cast out of the favour that once I found with him Ah me my child what shall I do? We must not sit idle nay I too will go as far as I have strength Away—let us be quick—'tis no time to rest if we would save a man who is in haste to die

Ch I am ready and will show it in more than word speed of act and foot shall go therewith

The scene changes to a lonely place on the shore of the Hellespont with underwood or bushes

Enter AJAX

AJ The slayer stands so that he shall do his work most surely—if leisure serves for so much thought—the gift of Hector that foeman friend who was most hateful to my soul and to my sight 'tis fixed in his tile soil the land of Troy with a new edge from the iron biting whet and I have planted it with heedful care so that it should prove most kindly to me in a speedy death

Thus on my part all is ready and next be thou O Zeus—as is meet—the first to aid me 'tis no large boon that I will crave Send I pray thee some messenger with the ill news to Teucer that he may be the first to raise me where I have fallen on this reeking sword lest I be first espied by some enemy and cast forth a prey to dogs and birds For thus much O Zeus I entreat thee and I call also on Hermes guide to the nether world that he lay me softly asleep without a struggle at one quick bound when I have driven this sword into my side

And I call for help to the maidens who live for ever and ever look on all the woes of men the dread far striding Furies let them mark how my miserable life is blasted by the Atreidae And may they overtake those evil men with doom most evil and with utter blight (even as they behold me fall self slain so slain by junkfolk may those men perish at the hand of their best loved offspring) Come ye swift and vengeful Furies glut your wrath on all the host and spare not!

And thou whose chariot wheels climb the heights of heaven thou Sun god when thou lookest on the land of my sires draw in thy reins and spread with gold and tell my disasters and my death to mine aged father and to the hapless woman who reared me Poor mother! I think when she hears those tidings her loud wail will ring through all the city But it avails not to make idle moan now for the deed as quickly as I may

O Death Death come now and look upon me! Nay to thee will I speak in that other world also when I am with thee But thee thou present beam of the bright day and the Sun in his chariot I accost for the last last time—as never more hereafter O sunlight! O sacred soil of mine own Salamis firm seat of my father's hearth! O famous Athens and

thy race kindred to mine! And ye springs and rivers of this land—and ye plains of Troy I greet you also—farewell ye who have cherished my life! This is the last word that Ajax speaks to you henceforth he will speak in Hades with the dead

AJAX falls upon his sword

The chorus re-enters in two bands:

First Semi Chorus Toil follows toil and brings but toil! Where where have my steps not been? And still no place is conscious of a secret that I share Hark—a sudden noise!

Second Semi Chorus 'Tis we the shipmates of your voyage

Semi Ch I How goes it?

Semi Ch II All the westward side of the ships hath been paced

Semi Ch I Well hast thou found aught?

Semi Ch II Only much toil and nothing more to see

Semi Ch I And clearly the man hath not been seen either along the path that fronts the morning ray

Ch O for tidings from some toiler fisher busy about his sleepless quest or from some nymph of the Olympian heights, or of the streams that flow toward Bosphorus—if anywhere such hath seen the man of fierce spirit roaming! 'Tis hard that I the wanderer who have toiled so long cannot come near him with prospered course but fail to descry where the sick man is

Enter TEUCES

Te Ah me ah me!

Ch Whose cry broke from the covert of the wood near us?

Te Ah miserable!

Ch I see the spear won bride hapless Tecmesa her soul is steeped in the anguish of that wail

Te I am lost undone left desolate my friends!

Ch What ails thee?

Te Here lies our Ajax newly slain—a sword buried and sheathed in his corpse

Ch Alas for my hopes of return! Ah prince thou hast slain me the comrade of thy voyage! Hapless man—broken hearted woman!

Te Even thus is it with him 'tis ours to wail

Ch By whose hand then can the wretched man have done the deed?

Te By his own well seen this sword which he planted in the ground and on which he fell conquers him

Ch Alas for my blind folly all alone then thou hast fallen in blood unwatched and friends! And I took no heed so dull was I so witless! Where where lies Ajax that wayward one of ill boding name?

Te No eye shall look on him nay in this enfolded robe I will shroud him wholly for no man who loved him could bear to see him as up to nostril and forth from red gash he spirts the darkened blood from the self-dealt wound Ah me what shall I do? What friend shall lift thee in his arms? Where is Teucer? How timely would be his arrival might he but come to compose the corpse of this his brother!

*Teu.* And hear my answer—he shall be burned  
brave.

*U.* Once did I see a man bold of tongue who  
had wind sailors to a shore in time of storm in  
which thou wouldst have found no voice when the  
storm of the tempest was upon him but he did  
brave his cloak, he would suffer the crew to  
turn on him as will. And so with thee and thy  
frenzy speech—perchance a great tempest thou  
hast which come from a little cloud shall quickly  
thunder.

*Teu.* Yes and I have seen a man full of folly who  
tried to bid in his own honour words and it came to  
pass that he like to me and of like mood be-  
hold him and make such words as these. When I do  
set eyes to the dead for I thou dost be sure that  
thou wilt come to harm. So warned be thou  
ground on before him and know that I see that  
man, and methinks he is none else but thou hast  
spoken in riddles.

*U.* I know it were a race to have it known  
that I was hidden when I have the power to come  
out.

*Teu.* Before then! For me it is the worse this race  
that I should be taken to a fool's idle game.

*Exit ME.*

*Ch.* A dread strife will be brought to the trial. But  
thou, I see, with what speed thou must haste  
to seek how to gratify for the man where he shall  
rest in his dark, dank tomb that none shall ever hold  
him.

*Exit TEUCER and ULYSSES.*

*Teu.* Lo, just in time our lord's child and his wife  
draw near, to tend the burial of the hapless  
savage.

*U.* Had, com hither take the place near him  
and in thy hand a poplar upon which and  
beside one who implorers help in the lock of his eyes  
the hand—mine here, and thirdly thine—the sup-  
plier is to be a brave man of the host he will  
live by violence from this dead then, for he is doomed  
no evil deed, may he perish out of the land and find  
no grace and with him be his race cut off root and  
branch. A curse is this lock. Take it down and  
bury and let no one touch thee but kneel to re-  
spect the living dead.

And be it women: his side but bear you  
the men for his defence till I return when I have  
prepared a grave for this man, though all the world  
be dead.

*Exit TE.*

*Chorus.*

When, when, will the number of the restless  
years be full, at what term will they cease that  
bring on me the end of a war set in  
throughout the wide land of Troy for the sorrow  
and the shame? (Grec.)

Would that the man had passed to the depths  
of the sea to all these wretched slaves, who taught  
Greeks how to learn themselves as for war a hateful

arms! Ah, those tools of his from which so many  
tools have sprung! Yes, he it was who wrought the  
ruin of men.

No delirium of garlands or bounteous wine-cups  
did that man give me for my portion, no sweet  
music of flutes, the wretch, or soothing rest in the  
night and from love, alas, from love he hath di-  
voiced my days.

And here I have my couch uncared for while  
heaven dewdrops wet my hair, lest I should forget  
that I am in the cheerless land of Troy.

Even so bold Ajax was always in defence against  
nightly terror and the darts of the foe, but now he  
hath become the sacrifice of a mad man's fate. What  
jo then what I shall grow more?

O to be wasted where the wooded sea-coast stands  
upon the living sea, O to pass beneath Cumus's  
leaves, to rest that so we may greet sacred Athens!

*Enter TEUCER and ULYSSES.*

*Teu.* Lo, I am come to have for I saw the Cap-  
tain of the host Agamemnon, now in the space  
and I will not be ill to bid thee peruse it.

*U.* So, I thou, they tell me who have  
dared to open thy mouth with such blustering  
against us—and hast yet to smite for I see I  
mean thee—these the captives women, son. Belike  
hast thou been bred of well born mother, thy  
had been thy aunt and proud thy spirit when  
doubt as thou art thou hast stood up for him who  
is as nought and hast owned that we came out with  
no till the sea or land to rule the Greeks or thee  
no, as chief in his own right thou avest sailed Ajax  
forth.

Are not these presumptuous taunts for us to hear  
from slaves? What was the man whom thou have  
est with such loud arrogance? Whether went he or  
where stood he where I was not? Have the Greeks,  
then, no other men but him? Methinks we shall rue  
that day when we called the Greek to contest the  
arm of Achilles if what the issue we are to be-  
denounce as false by Teucer and I've never will  
consent thou hast defeated to accept that doom for  
which most judges gave their voice but I never  
was I was somewhere with a lance, or stab us in the  
dark—the losers in the race.

Where such way pre-aid no law could be  
be firm, I thought if we are to thrust the  
war as we and bring the rearmost to the front  
Nay, this must be heeded. Tis not the body  
but the shouldered men that are surest I need not  
as the sea when pre-aid in the air, I bid a horse  
ribbed on is kept on the road by a small  
whip. And this remedy to think, will sit there ere  
long if it is but to gain some measure of whom  
of us who, when the man lies no more but is now  
a shadow art so bold insolent and gayer such in-  
cense to thy rage. Sober thyself, I say, recall thy  
birth, bring hither some one else—a freedman man—  
who shall plead thy cause for thee before us. When



mind this wins no favour let him hold to his own thoughts as I hold to mine

*Ch* Speak not at length but think how thou shalt lay the man in the tomb and what thou wilt say anon for I see a foe and perchance he will come with mocking of our sorrows as evil doers use

*Teu* And what man of the host dost thou behold?

*Ch* Menelaus for whom we made this voyage

*Teu* I see him he is not hard to know when near

*Enter MENELAUS*

*Menelaus* Sirrah I tell thee to bear no hand in raising yon corpse but to leave it where it lies

*Teu* Wherefore hast thou spent thy breath in such proud words?

*Me* 'Tis my pleasure and his who rules the host

*Teu* And might we hear what reason thou pretendest?

*Me* This—that when we had hoped we were bringing him from home to be an ally and a friend for the Greeks we found him on trial a worse than Phrygian foe who plotted death for all the host and sallied by night against us to slay with the spear and if some god had not quenched this attempt ours would have been the lot which he hath found to lie slain by an ignoble doom while he would have been living But now a god hath turned his outrage aside to fall on sheep and cattle

Wherefore there is no man so powerful that he shall entomb the corpse of Ajax no he shall be cast forth somewhere on the yellow sand and become food for the birds by the sea Then raise no storm of angry threats If we were not able to control him while he lived at least we shall rule him in death whether thou wilt or not and control him with our hands since while he lived there never was a time when he would hearken to my words

Yet 'tis the sign of an unworthy nature when a subject deigns not to obey those who are set over him Never can the laws have prosperous course in a city where dread hath no place nor can a camp be ruled discreetly any more if it lack the guarding force of fear and reverence Nay though a man's frame have waxed mighty he should look to fall perchance by a light blow Whoso hath fear and shame therewith be sure that he is safe but where there is licence to insult and act at will doubt not that such a State though favouring gales have sped her some day at last sinks into the depths

No let me see fear too where fear is meet established let us not dream that we can do after our desires without paying the price in our pains These things come by turns This man was once hot and insolent now 'tis my hour to be baughty And I warn thee not to bury him lest through that deed thou thyself shouldst come to need a grave

*Ch* Menelaus after laying down wise precepts do not thyself be guilty of outrage on the dead

*Teu* Never friends shall I wonder more if a low born man offends after his kind when they who are accounted of noble blood allow such scandalous words to pass their lips

Come tell me from the first once more—Sayest thou that thou broughtest the man hither to the Greeks as an ally found by thee? Sailed he not forth of his own act—as his own master? What claim hast thou to be his chief? On what ground hast thou a right to kingship of the lieges whom he brought from home? As Sparta's king thou camest not as master over us Nowhere was it laid down among thy lawful powers that thou shouldst dictate to him, any more than he to thee Under the command of others didst thou sail hither not as chief of all so that thou shouldst ever be captain over Ajax

No lord it over them whose lord thou art lash them with thy proud words but this man will I lay duly in the grave though thou forbid it—aye or thy brother chief—nor shall I tremble at thy word

Twas not for thy wife's sake that Ajax came unto the war like yon toil worn drudges—no but for the oath's sake that bound him—no what for thine he was not wont to reck of nobodies So when thou comest anon bring more heralds and the Captain of the host at thy noise I would not turn my head while thou art the man that thou art now

*Ch* Such speech again in the midst of ill I love not for harsh words how just soever stin

*Me* The bowman methinks hath no little pride

*Teu* Even so 'tis his sordid craft that I profess

*Me* How thou wouldst boast wert thou given a shield!

*Teu* Without a shield I were a match for thee full armed

*Me* How dreadful the courage that inspires thy tongue!

*Teu* When right is with him a man's spirit may be high

*Me* Is it right that this my murderer should have honour?

*Teu* Murderer? A marvel truly if though slain thou livest

*Me* A god rescued me in yon man's purpose I am dead

*Teu* The gods have saved thee then dishonour not the gods

*Me* What would I disparage the laws of Heaven?

*Teu* If thou art here to forbid the burying of the dead

*Me* Yea of my country's foes for it is not meet

*Teu* Did Ajax ever confront thee in public foe?

*Me* There was hate betwixt us thou too knewest this

*Teu* Yea 'twas found that thou hadst suborned votes to rob him

*Me* At the hands of the judges not at mine he had that fall

*Teu* Thou couldst put a fair face on many a furtive villainy

*Me* That saying tends to pain—I know for whom

*Teu* Not greater pain methinks than we shall inflict

*Me* Hear my last word—that man must not be buried

So thou wouldst have me follow th' turns  
of the dead!

O, let for I too shall come to that need.

True is all that I like: each man works for  
himself.

O, and for whom should I work rather than for  
me?

I must be caught thy doom then, not mine.

O, Calixtus, thou wilt, in any case thou wilt  
behold.

Yes, be well assured that I would graze thee  
longer than this vain man, however as on  
earth, so in the shades, shall have my hatred. But  
thou must do what thou wilt.

Exit GAMMENO

Calixtus. O, Calixtus, that thou hast not  
shown before, but such as thou art that man's  
house.

O, Calixtus, and I tell Thebes now that henceforth  
I am dead to be his friend—as vain as I was once  
before. And I would join in thy burial. I was dead,  
and partake your curse, and want no service which  
mortals should render to the noblest among mortals.

Thebes. O, Calixtus, I have seen grave to give  
the first world, and great! Hast thou heard of  
less? Thou wast the dearest toe of all the Greeks,  
we were long fast stood by him with a tie, and  
thou hast found no heart in this presence, a heap  
of man's of the first on the dead—like on  
ground chief that came by and his brother and  
and he cast forth the outcast corpse without  
burial. Therefore, Calixtus, the Father supreme in the

heaven also is us, and the remembrance. Fury and  
justice that brings the end destroy these evil men  
with the dead. O, Calixtus, to Calixtus for the  
this man with unrighteousness and spite.

But son of aged Laertes, I scruple to admit thy  
hand in these funeral rites, lest so I do dis-  
pature to the dead in all else be thou under our  
flow worker and I thou wouldst be any man  
of the host we shall make thee welcome. For the  
rest I will make a little. Calixtus, know that to  
us thou hast been a generous friend.

O, Calixtus, I will make a little. Calixtus, know that to  
us thou hast been a generous friend.

Yes, Calixtus, I already the delay hath been long  
drawn out. Come, haste some of you to dig the hol-  
low grave for some of the high set caldron. Let  
the fire, in readiness for bold ablution, and let  
another band bring the body armour from the  
tent.

And thou, too, child, with such strength as thou  
hast, lay to hand upon the sure and help me  
to uplift this prostrate form for staid warm chan-  
cel's entrance upward their dark side.

Now each one here who owns the name of friend  
haste to service to this man of perfect pro-  
cess and never yet was service rendered to a nobler  
among men.

Calixtus. Many things shall mortals learn by sense  
but, before he sees, no man may read the future or  
his fate.

thou speakest I can take the sense no more I understand not thy barbarian speech

*Ch* Would that ye both could learn the wisdom of a temperate mind! No better counsel could I give you twain

*Teu* Ah gratitude to the dead—in what quick sort it falls away from men and is found a traitor if this man hath no longer the slightest tribute of remembrance for thee Ajax—he for whom thou didst toil so often putting thine own life to the peril of the spear! No—tis all forgotten all flung aside!

Man who but now hast spoken many words and vain hast thou no more memory of the time when ye were shut within your lines—when ye were as lost in the turning back of your battle—and he came alone and saved you—when the flames were already wrapping the decks at your ships stern and Hector was bounding high over the trench towards the vessels? Who averted that? Were these deeds not his who thou sayest nowhere set foot where thou wast not?

Would ye allow that he did his duty there? Or when another time all alone he confronted Hector in single fight—not at any man's bidding but by right of ballot for the lot which he cast in was not one to skulk behind no lump of most earth but such as would be the first to leap lightly from the crested helm! His were these deeds and at his side was I—the slave the son of the barbarian mother

Wretch how canst thou be so blind as to rail thus? Knowest thou not that thy sire's sire was Pelops of old—a barbarian a Phrygian? That Atreus who begat thee set before his brother a most impious feast—the flesh of that brother's children? And thou thyself wert born of a Cretan mother with whom her sire found a paramour and doomed her to be food for the dumb fishes? Being such maketh thou his origin a reproach to such as I am? The father from whom I sprang is Telamon who as prize for valour peerless in the host won my mother for his bride by birth a princess daughter of Laomedon and as the flower of the spoil as she given to Telamon by Alcmena's son

Thus nobly born from two noble parents could I despise my kinsman whom now that such sore ills have laid him low thou wouldst thrust forth with out burial—yea and art not ashamed to say it? Now be thou sure of this—wheresoever ye cast this man with him ye will cast forth our three corpses also It b seems me to die in his cause before all men's eyes rather than for thy wife—or thy brothers should I say? Be prudent therefore not for my sake but for thine own also for if thou harm me thou wilt wish anon that thou hadst been a coward ere thy rashness had been wreaked on me

*Enter odysseus*

*Ch* King Odysseus know that thou hast come in season if thou art here not to embroil but to mediate

*Od* What ails you friends? Far off I heard loud speech of the Atreidae—over this brave man's corpse

*Ag* Nay King Odysseus have we not been hearing but now most shameful taunts from yonder man?

*Od* How was that? I can pardon a man who is reviled if he engage in wordy war

*Ag* I had reviled him for his deeds toward me were vile

*Od* And what did he unto thee that thou hast a wrong?

*Ag* He says that he will not leave yon corpse ungraced by sepulture but will bury it in my dispute

*Od* Now may a friend speak out the truth and still as ever ply his oar in time with thine?

*Ag* Speak else were I less than sane for I count thee my greatest friend of all the Greeks

*Od* Listen then For the love of the gods take not the heart to cast forth this man unburied so ruthlessly and in no wise let violence prevail with thee to hate so utterly that thou shouldst trample justice under foot

To me also this man was once the worst foe in the army from the day that I became master of the arms of Achilles yet for all that he was such toward me never would I requite him with indignity or refuse to allow that in all our Greek host which came to Troy I have seen none who was his peer save Achilles It were not just then that he should suffer dishonour at thy hand tis not he tis the law of Heaven that thou wouldst hurt When a brave man is dead tis not right to do him scathe—no not even if thou hate him

*Ag* Thou Odysseus thus his champion against me?

*Od* I am yet hated him when I could honourably hate

*Ag* And shouldst thou not also set thy heel on him in death?

*Od* Delight not son of Atreus in gains which sully honour

*Ag* Tis not easy for a king to observe piety

*Od* But he can show respect to his friends when they counsel well

*Ag* A loyal man should hearken to the rulers

*Od* Enough the victory is thine when thou yieldest to thy friends

*Ag* Remember to what a man thou showest the grace

*Od* Yon man was erst my foe yet noble

*Ag* What canst thou mean? Such reverence for a dead foe?

*Od* His worth weighs with me far more than his enmity

*Ag* Nay such as thou are the unstable among men

*Od* Full many are friends at one time and foes anon

*Ag* Dost thou approve then of our making such friends?

*Od* Tis not my wont to approve a stubborn soul

*Ag* Thou wilt make us appear cowards this day

*Od* Not so but just men in the sight of all the Greeks.

2-13]

command of Loxus, and thou shalt make a fair begun  
by pain. Libations to thy sire that brings  
very with our grief and gives us the mastery  
in all that we do.

Enter PLOTOON, the messenger, left over  
from the house

El O thou pure sun! he and thou air earth's  
how often have ye heard the strains of my  
lament the wild blows dealt against this bleeding  
breast 'Tis dark to be slain! And my wretched  
touch a venter house of woe knows well, ere now  
how I keep the watches of the night but woe often I be-  
wail my hapless sire to whom I deadly Ares gave a note  
of his gifts in a strain of land but my mother and  
her mate Aegisthus, cleft his head with murderous  
arms, as women sell a tale And for this no plaint  
hears from a lips to mine when thou my father  
hath died a death so cruel and so pitiful!

B I never will I cease from this grief and sore lament  
I look on the tremble of rays of the bright stars,  
or on this left hand but like the night but  
I have of her pain I will wail without ceasing  
and ere I close to all, here at the door I will sit

O brothers of Hades and Persephone! O Hades  
of the dead! O potent Curse and dread death  
of the gods, Envoys—ye who behold when a life  
is fit by the ceiling where a bed is drenched by  
with—come, help me to engage the murder of my  
sire and send me my brother for I have no more  
strength to bear alone against the load of  
grief that weighs me down

Enter CLOTHO, one of the FATES. The first  
to my line between ELECTRA and the CLOTHO  
are characters prominently

Chorus Ah Electra, child of a wretched mother  
who art thou enjoying this so cruel lament  
for Agamemnon who long ago was wickedly en-  
sured by his false mother's wiles, and betrayed to  
the hands of a hardy hand? Pish the author of that  
deed if I may visit such a prayer!

El Ah, noble hearted maidens, ye have come to  
soothe my woes. I know not feel it escapes me  
not but I cannot let it thus take undue or cease  
from mourning for my hapless sire Ah, friend whose  
lovely mood to mine a every mood leads me to  
in thus—oh let me I entreat!

Ch B I have heard of your lamentations and prayers halt thou  
recall thy woe from that lake of Hades to which all  
must pass. V thy satisfaction I course I gain I pass  
ever from du bound with cruel sorrow  
with thy sorrowful era of firm me I say  
therefore art thou enamoured of misery?

E Foolish is the child who so to a parent pit-  
ous death. No, dearest my soul is the mourner that  
laments for I say, I say, that build a right  
with my father, the messenger of Zeus. Ah queen of sor-  
row who dost thou deem of me—there who ever  
more weepst thy rock tomb!

Ch I have to thee son of mortal, my daughter  
with sorrow which thou bearst less calmly  
than those who, thy knowers, and I say, Chry-

sothemus and Iphianassa who still live as he too,  
he is, sorrowing in a secluded youth yet happy in  
that this famous realm of Mycenae shall one day  
welcome him to his heritage when the kindly guid-  
ance of Zeus shall have brought him to this land—  
O sister.

El Yes, I wait for him with unwearied longing  
as I am on my sad path I am day to day unweary  
and childless, bathed in tears, hearing that endless  
doom of woe but he forgets all that he has suffered  
and heard. What message comes to me that is not  
belied? He is ever to run to be with us, but though  
he yearns, he never resolves.

Ch Coura em, dau hter coura e great still in  
heaven is Zeus, who sees and governs all sea and  
bitter quarrel to him so get not thy foot, but re-  
frain from a cess of wrath against them. I re-  
sist a god who makes rough his smooth. Not heed-  
less is the son of Agamemnon who dwells by Ceta's  
pastoral shore not heedless is the god who gives by  
Acheron

El Na the best part of life hath passed away  
from me in hopelessness, and I have no strength left  
I who am passing away without children, whom no  
longer I can see but I have some deep sed  
when I serve in the halls of my father clad in this  
mean garb and standing at a menial board

Ch Pitiful was the once heard at his retreat and  
pitiful, a who lay on the festal couch when the  
strange sword was dealt him with the blade of  
bronzed Gule was the plotter. Lest the slaver dread  
parents of a dreadful shape whether it was mortal  
that wrouht there or god.

El O that bitter day but it is beyond all that have  
come to me O that night O the horrors of that un-  
utterable sea the ruthless death troika that my  
father saw from the hand of a woman who took my  
life captive by treachery who doomed me to woe!  
May the great god of Olympus grant them offerings  
a requital, and never may their splendour bring  
them joy if have done such deeds!

Ch Be advised to say no more canst thou not see  
what condit thou art who already plunge there so  
erect in self made misery? Thou hast greatly ag-  
gravated thy troubles, a sword wars with thy  
sullen soul but a chaste should not be pushed to  
a conflict with the sea

El I have been forced to it forced by dead  
causes I know my only path on it escapes me not  
but seen that the causes are so dire I will never  
curb these fire-named passions, while life is in me. Who  
indeed, a kindly neighborhood who that thinks me  
would deem that any word of solace could aid me?  
To bear forbear my comfort? Such it must be  
numbered with those which have no cure I can  
never know escape from my sorrows, or a limit to  
the wailing

Ch At least it is true lone like a true hearted man  
that I do see of thee from dead misery to in tears.

El But what measure is there in my wretched-  
ness? Say how can I be but neglect the dead?  
Was that impiety or born in mortal? Never may

## ELECTRA

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORESTES *son of Agamemnon and Clytaemnestra*

ELECTRA

CHRYSOthemis | *sisters of Orestes*PAEDAGOGUS *an old man formerly  
the attendant of Orestes*

CLYTAEMNESTRA

ARGISTHUS

CHORUS OF WOMEN OF MYCENAE

MUTE PYLADES *son of Strophius king of Crisa the friend of Orestes A handmaid  
of Clytaemnestra (i 634) Two attendants of Orestes (i 1123)*

*At Mycenae before the Palace of the Pelopidae The PAEDAGOGUS enters on the left of the spectators accompanied by the two youths ORESTES and PYLADES*

*Paedagogus* Son of him who led our hosts at Troy of old son of Agamemnon—now thou mayest behold with thine eyes all that thy soul hath desired so long There is the ancient Argos of thy yearning—that hallowed scene whence the gad fly drove the daughter of Inachus and there Orestes is the Lycian Agora named from the wolf slaying god there on the left Hera's famous temple and in this place to which we have come deem that thou seest Mycenae rich in gold with the house of the Pelopidae there so often stained with bloodshed whence I carried thee of yore from the slaying of thy father as thy kinswoman thy sister charged me and saved thee and reared thee up to manhood to be the avenger of thy murdered sire

Now therefore *Orestes* and thou best of friends Pylades our plans must be laid quickly for lo al ready the sun's bright ray is waking the songs of the birds into clearness and the dark night of stars is spent Before then anyone comes forth from the house take counsel seeing that the time allows not of delay but is full ripe for deeds

*Orestes* True friend and follower how well dost thou prove thy loyalty to our house! As a steed of generous race though old loses not courage in danger but pricks his ear even so thou urgest us forward and art foremost in our support I will tell thee then what I have determined listen closely to my words and correct me if I miss the mark in aught

When I went to the Pythian oracle to learn how I might avenge my father on his murderers Phoebe gave me the response which thou art now to hear that alone and by stealth without aid of arms or numbers I should snatch the righteous vengeance of my hand Since then the god spake to us on this wise thou must go into yonder house when oppor-

tunity gives thee entrance and learn all that is passing there so that thou mayest report to us from sure knowledge Thine age and the lapse of time will prevent them from recognising thee they will never suspect who thou art with that silvered hair Let thy tale be that thou art a Phocian stranger sent by Phanoteus for he is the greatest of their allies Tell them and confirm it with thine oath that Orestes hath perished by a fatal chance hurled at the Pythian games from his rapid chariot be that the substance of thy story

We meanwhile will first crown my father's tomb as the god enjoined with drink offerings and the luxuriant tribute of severed hair then come back bearing in our hands an urn of shapely bronze—now hidden in the brushwood as I think thou knowest—so to gladden them with the false tidings that this my body is no more but has been consumed with fire and turned to ashes Why should the omen trouble me when by a feigned death I find life indeed and win renown? I trow no word is ill omened if fraught with gain Often ere now have I seen wise men die in vain report then when they return home they are held in more abiding honour as I trust that from this rumour I also shall emerge in radiant life and yet shine like a star upon my foes

O my fatherland and ye gods of the land receive me with good fortune in this journey—and ye also halls of my fathers for I come with a divine mandate to cleanse you righteously send me not dishonoured from the land but grant that I may rule over my possessions and restore my house!

Enough be it now thy care old man to go and heed thy task and we twain will go forth for so occasion bids chief ruler of every enterprise for men

*Electra (within)* Ah me ah me!

*Pae* Hark my son—from the doors methought came the sound of some handmaid moaning within Or Can it be the hapless Electra? Shall we stay here and listen to her laments?

*Pae* No no before all else let us seek to obey the

anon m<sup>r</sup> be called the child of thy mother so  
shall thy business be most widely seen in betrayal  
of the dead are and of thy kindred

Cl. No an ry need I entreat! For both of you  
it is good in what is urged— I thou Electra  
wouldst learn to profit by her counsel and she again  
by thee

Cr For my part friends, I am not wholly un-  
used to her discourse nor should I have touched  
upon this theme had I not heard that she was threat-  
ened with a dread doom which shall rest in her  
from her kinde's lamentations

El Come, declare it then this terror! If thou canst  
tell me I shall be worse than my present lot I will  
rejoice more

Cr Indeed I will tell thee all that I know They  
purpose I thou wilt not cease from these laments,  
to send thee where thou shalt never look upon the  
sunlight but pass thy days in a dungeon be-  
tween the borders of this land there to abide in  
strait Betwixt them thou art and do not blame me  
hereafter when the blow hath fallen upon me is the time  
to be wise

El Hate thou indeed resolved to treat me thus?  
Cr Assured! when ere I see thee comes home  
El What be all thy names which are in thy power?  
Cr Misguided one! what dost thou praerise this?  
El That may come if I hath any such intent  
Cr That thou mayst suffer—what? What seest thou  
in this

El That I may fly as far as may be from you all  
Cr But have thou no care for thy present life?  
El Aye may I may I may I may I may I may I  
Cr It might be could I thou only learn prudence

El Dost thou bid me to betray my friends  
Cr I do not bid thee to bend beneath the strong  
El This be such flattery those are the true ways  
Cr T well, how can I to fall by thy side  
El I will fall, I need be in the cause of my sister  
Cr But our father I know you do not so thus  
El It is so coward to find peace in such manner  
Cr So thou wilt I shall be no more take my counsel

El No, ere long may be before I am so foolish  
Cr Th I will go so thou upon mine and  
El And whither goest thou? To whom art thou  
thou these off rings

Cr Our most send me with I in rationalizations  
El How canst thou? For I have deadest foe?  
Cr Say I crown hand—so thou wilt  
El What be I not faith persuaded he? Whose will be  
this

Cr Th cause I think was some dread manner of  
the

El Gods of our house be ye with me—now at  
last!

Cr Dost thou find any enjoyment in this  
terror?

El If thou wouldst tell me the non then I could  
answer

Chr Nay I can tell but little of the story  
El Tell what thou canst a little word I hath often  
ruined or made men's fortunes

Cr 'Tis said that she beheld our sire restored to  
the sunlight at her side once more then I took the  
sceptre—once his own but now borne by Aegisthus  
—and planted it at the earth and thence a fruitful  
bosom sprang upward herewith the whole land of  
Mycenae was overshadowed Such was the tale that  
I heard told by one who was present when she de-  
clared her dream to the Sun god More than this I  
know not save that she sent me by reason of that  
fear So by the gods of our house I beseech thee  
hesitate to me and be not ruined by thyself For if  
thou repell me now thou wilt come back to seek me  
in this trouble

El Nay dear sister let none of these things in  
thy hands touch the tomb for neither custom nor  
piety allow thee to dedicate gifts or bring libations  
to our sire from a hateful soul No—to the winds  
with them! or bury them deep in the earth where  
none of them shall ever come near his place of rest  
but when she dies let her find these treasures laid  
up for her belov'd

And were it not the more hard need if women  
she would never have so ght to pour these offerings  
offenens on the grave of him whom she loved Think  
now if it is I believe that the dead in the tomb should  
take these honours kindly at her hands who ruth-  
lessly slew him, like the foeman and mangled him  
and for ablation wiped off the blood stain on his  
head? Canst thou believe that these things which  
thou bearest as libations to her (the mother)

It is not possible to cast these offerings and give  
him rather lock out from his own inheritance and on  
my part hapless that I am—scant of these but my  
best—this hair not glossy in its ornament and the  
garb decked with no rich ornaments Then fall  
down and pray that he himself may come in know-  
ness from the world below to aid a sister's woes  
and that thy un Orestes may live to set his foot  
upon his foes' necks as my heart that I need not  
may crown our father's tomb with wealthier  
hand than those which graze it now

I think indeed I think that he also had some  
part in sending him these appalling dreams still  
sister do this service to his lips tell a dream and  
him that most beloved of all men who rests in the  
calm still death's arms and mine

Cr Them I need not pour and thou shalt end  
it do he bidden of thy heart

Cr I will I have a duty clear reason bids  
that once should I tend and I am his hap-  
tening of the dead Only when I attempt this I shall  
and in which you shall see I neither eat you my friend  
for shall I mind my mother bear of I meet not I shall  
I shall be cause to rue my entrance

Exit

Cr If I am not an erring seer and one who falls in  
a dream I see that hath sent the presage will  
come me to unphantom her righteous strength will  
come to help my child to avenge There is cause

I have praise of such never when my lot is cast in pleasant places may I cling to selfish ease or dishonour my sire by restraining the wings of shrill lamentation!

For if the hapless dead is to lie in dust and nothingness while the slayers pay not with blood for blood all regard for man all fear of heaven will vanish from the earth

Ch I came my child in zeal for thy welfare no less than for mine own but if I speak not well then beat as thou wilt for we will follow thee

El I am ashamed my friends if ye deem me too impatient for my oft complaining but since a hard constraint forces me to this bear with me How in deed could any woman of noble nature refrain who saw the calamities of a father's house as I see them by day and night continually not fading but in the summer of their strength? I who first from the mother that bore me have found bitter enmity next in mine own home I dwell with my father's murderers they rule over me and with them it rests to give or to withhold what I need

And then think what manner of days I pass when I see Aegisthus sitting on my father's throne wearing the robes which he wore and pouring libations at the hearth where he slew my sire and when I see the outrage that crowns all the murderer in our father's bed at our wretched mother's side if mother she should be called who is his wife but so hardened is she that she liveth with that accursed one fearing no Erinyes nay as if exulting in her deeds having found the day on which she treacherously slew my father of old she keeps it with dance and song and month by month sacrifices sheep to the gods who have wrought her deliverance

But I hapless one beholding it weep and pine in the house and bewail the unholy feast named after my sire weep to myself alone since I may not even indulge my grief to the full measure of my yearning For this woman in professions so noble loudly upbraids me with such taunts as these Impious and hateful girl hast thou alone lost a father and is there no other mourner in the world? An evil doom be thine and may the gods infernal give thee no riddance from thy present laments

Thus she insults save when any one brings her word that Orestes is coming then infuriated she comes up to me and cries Hast not thou brought this upon me? Is not this deed thine who didst send Orestes from my hands and privily convey him forth? Yet be sure that thou shalt have thy due reward So she shrieks and aiding her the renowned spouse at her side is vehement in the same strain—that abject dastard that utter pest who fits his battles with the help of women But I looking ever for Orestes to come and end these woes languish in my misery Always intending to strike a blow he has worn out every hope that I could conceive In such a case then friends there is no room for moderation or for reverence in sooth the stress of ill leaves no choice but to follow evil ways

Ch Say Aegisthus near while thou speakest thus or absent from home?

El Absent certainly do not think that I should have come to the doors if he had been near but just now he is a field

Ch Might I converse with thee more freely if this is so?

El He is not here so put thy question what wouldst thou?

Ch I ask thee then what sayest thou of thy brother? Will he come soon or is he delaying? I fear would know

El He promises to come but he never fulfils the promise

Ch Yea a man will pause on the verge of a great work

El And yet I saved him without prising

Ch Courage he is too noble to fail his friends

El I believe it or I should not have lived so long

Ch Say no more now for I see thy sister coming from the house Chrysothemis daughter of the same sire and mother with sepulchral gifts in her hands such as are given to those in the world below

Enter CHRYSOTHEMIS

Chrysothemis Why sister hast thou come forth once more to declaim thus at the public doors? Why wilt thou not learn with any lapse of time to desist from vain indulgence of idle wrath? Yet this I know—that I myself am grieved at our plight indeed could I find the strength I would show what love I bear them But now in these troubled waters its best methinks to shorten sail I care not to seem a tive without the power to hurt And would that thine own conduct were the same! Nevertheless right is on the side of thy choice not of that which I advise but if I am to live in freedom our rulers must be obeyed in all things

El Strange indeed that thou the daughter of such a sire as thine shouldst forget him and think only of thy mother! All thy admonitions to me have been taught by her no word in thine own Then take thy choice—to be imprudent or prudent but forgetful of thy friends thou who hast just said that couldst thou find the strength thou wouldst show thy hatred of them yet when I am doing my utmost to avenge my sire thou givest no aid but seekest to turn thy sister from her deed

Does not this crown our miseries with cowardice? For tell me—or let me tell thee—what I should gain by ceasing from these laments? Do I not live miserably I know yet well enough for me And I see them thus rendering honour to the dead if pleasure can be felt in that world But thou who tellest me of thy hatred harrest in word alone while in deeds thou art with the slayers of thy sire I then would never yield to them though I were promised the gifts which now make thee proud thine be the richly spread table and the life of luxury For me be it food enough that I do not wound mine own conscience I covet not such privilege as thine—not wouldst thou wert thou wise But now when thou mightest be called daughter of the noblest father

Electra

as it is the sun? Think then not that she  
will be forward to be dried without shame?

E Now be assured that I do feel shame for this,  
though too brave it not. I know that in behav-  
our's modesty and between me and E. I then the  
more on the part, and the treatment showed me  
in one or two days to do this for base deeds and  
evil to base.

C. Thou hasten on! Truly I and my sisters and  
perhaps even too much matter for words.

C. The words are mine not mine for there is the  
same and we are had the utterance.

C. Now by thy lady Artemis, thou shalt not fail  
to be the hostess, so soon as Menelaus returns.

C. Is thou as transported by a, or after grant  
me to be even, and hasten to his car.

C. Now wilt thou not laugh thy chamber, or even  
admit me to see when I have permitted thee to  
be excluded?

E. I hadst not begun the rites, I pray thee  
and hasten not for I shall be no more.

C. Rise then, my handmaid, the offering of  
me from that I may uplift my prayers to thee  
on high for this crime from the present fears.  
Lead now, gracious ear O Phoebus our defender  
my words, though they be dark for I speak not  
more, then it not is it meet to unfold nor whose  
thoughts to me? I am alone stands near me, then  
I shall be and her garments are she swears  
more and without the house the town but hear  
me then nor on her wise I must speak.

The room which I saw last night, a doubtful  
crossed it both ways for my mood, great I  
and E. that it be fulfilled but if for harm, then  
for great evil on me, then I have a plot to go  
to lead me by the hand from the estate which  
now is mine, permit them not, rather doubtful,  
the full long was swathed I am, bear away  
over the house of the Atreus and was calm, that  
my powerous days with the gods who share them  
now and on those of my chamber from whom no  
envy or bitterness pursues me.

O. On Apollo, gracious, bear these prayers,  
to grant them to us all, great a w. For the  
now, that I be silent, I deem that thou, a girl,  
must know I all words, shall be seen by the sons  
of Zeus.

Enter the seven women.

P. Each might a strain or cry to know if  
that be the so great a, the Atreus.

C. I am the third just guessed and I.

P. And so I in the manner that this lady is  
to receive? S. of good and per.

C. I heard thou art in the presence of the  
queen.

P. Hail, oval lady! I bring glad news to thee  
and I. Apollo has a word.

C. I welcome the news, but I would first know  
from what time who may be near thee.

P. Phaedra is the, Phaedra, on a w. I have mission.

C. What is it? Thou art come from friend,  
thou wilt be, I know a bad, my sister.

P. Orestes is dead, that is the story.

E. Oh woe! that I am! I am lost this day!

C. What wast thou, friend, what art thou?—  
listen not to her!

P. I said and say again—Orestes is dead.

E. I am lost, hapless one, I am undone!

C. (to Electra) See thou to thine own care or a.  
But do thou, art it all me exactly—how did he per-  
ish?

P. I was sent for that purpose, and will tell thee  
all. He was gone to the renowned festival, the pride  
of Greece for the Delphian games, when he heard  
the loud summons to the foot race which was first  
to be crowned he entered the lists in a borrowed form,  
a wonder with eyes of all there and many. He had  
it is course at the post where I began, he went out  
with the glorious word of victory. To speak briefly  
where there is much to tell, I know not the man  
whose deeds and triumphs have matched his, but  
on this, thou must know in all the contests that  
the judges announced, he bore away the prize and  
was crowned him a victor by name Orestes, son of  
Agamemnon, who once gathered the famous arms  
most of Greece.

Thus far 'twas well but when a god sends harm  
not even the stout man can escape. For on an  
other day when chariots were to try their speed at  
sunrise he entered with many chariots. One was  
an Athenian, one from Sparta, two masters of yoked  
cars were Libyans Orestes, and in Theseus master,  
can fifth among them the sixth from Athens with  
cheerful old a Marnesian was the seventh, the  
eighth, with white horses, was of Argos, the tenth  
from Athens, built of oaks, there was a Boeotian  
and two make the tenth chariot.

Thy took two stations where the appointed umpires  
passed them by lot and ran and the cars then,  
at the sound of the brazen trumpet they started. All  
charged to their horses, and shook the reins in their  
hands the wheel course was filled with the noise of  
rolling chariots, and of the wheels and all in a  
confused throng passed their wayward. I catch  
them still to pass the wheels and the more  
the speed of the race, for alike at their backs and  
at the toll, all of the death of the horses  
leaped and ran.

Orestes, and close to the pillar at either end  
of the course almost grazed it with his wheel each  
time and in the race the horses were on the  
becked to horse on the track. At length all  
the horses had escaped over the brow, but presently  
the Athenian had mounded only ran away and  
swerving as he passed from the path into the  
seventh round dashed the fourth's reins and the  
tear the Boeotian, Orestes perhaps followed the  
first shock on shock and crash on crash, till the  
wheel of the fourth of the was strewn with the  
wreck of the horses.

Soon that the wave hastened from Athens drew  
and and passed, allowing the fellow of chariots,  
surprised and course, to go by Orestes was the



age in my heart through those new tidings of the dream that breathes comfort Not forgetful is thy sire the lord of Hellas not forgetful is the two edged axe of bronze that struck the blow of old and slew him with foul cruelty

The Erinyes of untiring feet who is lurking in her dread ambush will come as with the march and with the might of a great host For wicked ones have been fired with passion that hurried them to a forbidden bed to accursed bridal to a marriage stained with guilt of blood Therefore am I sure that the portent will not fail to bring woe upon the partners in crime Verily mortals cannot read the future in fearful dreams or oracles if this vision of the night find not due fulfilment

O chariot race of Pelops long ago source of many a sorrow what weary troubles hast thou brought upon this land! For since Myrtilus sank to rest beneath the waves when a fatal and cruel hand hurled him to destruction out of the golden car this house was never yet free from misery and violence

*Enter CLYTEMNESTRA*

*Clytemnestra* At large once more it seems thou rankest for Aegisthus is not here who always kept thee at least from passing the gates to shame thy friends But now since he is absent thou takest no heed of me though thou hast said of me oft times and to many that I am a bold and lawless tyrant who insults thee and thine I am guilty of no insolence I do but return the taunts that I often hear from thee

Thy father—this is thy constant pretext—was slain by me Yes by me—I know it well it admits of no denial for Justice slew him and not I alone—Justice whom it became thee to support hadst thou been right minded seeing that this father of thine whom thou art ever lamenting was the one man of the Greeks who had the heart to sacrifice thy sister to the gods—he the father who had not shared the mother's pangs

Come tell me now wherefore or to please whom did he sacrifice her? To please the Argives thou wilt say? Nay they had no right to slay my daughter Or if forsooth it was to screen his brother Menelaus that he slew my child was he not to pay me the penalty for that? Had not Menelaus two children who should in fairness have been taken before my daughter as sprung from the sire and mother who had caused that voyage? Or had Hades some strange desire to feast on my offspring rather than on hers? Or had that accursed father lost all tenderness for the children of my womb while he was tender to the children of Menelaus? Was not that the part of a callous and perverse parent? I think so though I differ from thy judgment and so would say the dead if she could speak For myself then I view the past without dismay but if thou deemest me perverse see that thine own judgment is just be fore thou blame thy neighbour

*El* This time thou canst not say that I have done anything to provoke such words from thee But if

thou wilt give me leave I fain would declare the truth in the cause alike of my dead sire and of my sister

*Cl* Indeed thou hast my leave and didst thou always address me in such a tone thou wouldst be heard without pain

*El* Then I will speak Thou savest that thou hast slain my father What word could bring thee deeper shame than that whether the deed was just or not? But I must tell thee that thy deed was not just no thou wert drawn on to it by the moaning of the base man who is now thy spouse

Ask the huntress Artemis what sin she punished when she stayed the frequent winds at Aulis or I will tell thee for we may not learn from her My father—so I have heard—was once disporting himself in the grove of the goddess when his footfall startled a dappled and antlered stag he shot it and chanced to utter a certain boast concerning its slaughter Wroth thereat the daughter of Leto detained the Greeks that in requittance for the wild creature's life my father should yield up the life of his own child Thus it befell that she was sacrificed since the fleet had no other release homeward or to Troy and for that cause under sore constraint and with sore reluctance at last he slew her—not for the sake of Menelaus

But grant—for I will take thine own plea—grant that the motive of his deed was to benefit his brother was that a reason for his dying by thy hand? Under what law? See that in making such a law for men thou make not trouble and remorse for thyself for if we are to take blood for blood thou wouldst be the first to die didst thou meet with thy desert

But look if thy pretext is not false For tell me if thou wilt wherefore thou art now doing the most shameless deeds of all—dwelling as wife with that blood guilty one who first helped thee to slay my sire and bearing children to him while thou hast cast out the earlier born the stainless offspring of a stainless marriage How can I praise these things? Or wilt thou say that this too is thy vengeance for thy daughter? Nay a shameful plea if so thou plead us not well to wed an enemy for a daughter's sake

But indeed I may not even counsel thee—who shriekest that I revile my mother and truly I think that to me thou art less a mother than a mistress so wretched is the life that I live ever beset with miseries by thee and by thy partner And that other who scarce escaped thy hand the hapless Orestes is wearing out his ill starred days in exile Often hast thou charged me with rearing him to punish thy crime and I would have done so if I could thou mayst be sure for that matter denounce me to all as disloyal if thou wilt or petulant or impudent for if I am accomplished in such ways methinks I am no unworthy child of thee

*Cl* I see that she breathes forth anger but whether justice be with her for this she seems to care no longer

*Cl* And what manner of care do I need to use against her who hath thus insulted a mother and

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this at her npe age? Thinkest thou not that she  
would go forward to any deed w<sup>th</sup>out shame?

El Now be assured that I do feel shame for this  
thou hast thou believ<sup>st</sup> it not I kn<sup>ow</sup> that my behav-  
our is unseemly and becomes me ill But then the  
curse on this part and thy treatment compel me  
to mine own despite to do thus f<sup>r</sup> base deeds are  
taught by base.

Cl Thou brazen one! Truly I and my sayings and  
my deeds; e<sup>ven</sup> thee too much matter f<sup>r</sup> two do.

El The gods re<sup>ve</sup>al thee not mine f<sup>r</sup> thine is the  
action and the acts find th<sup>eir</sup> utterance.

Cl Now by our lady A<sup>r</sup>temis, thou shalt not fail  
to pay for this boldness, so soon as Aegisthus return<sup>s</sup>.

El Lo, thou art transported by any r<sup>ite</sup> grant  
me free pitch and hast no patience to listen.

Cl How wilt thou not hush thy clamour or e<sup>ven</sup>  
reform to sacrifice when I have permitted thee to  
speak unchecked?

El I bolder not—begin thy rites, I pray thee  
and blame not my once for I shall say no more.

Cl Raise then, my handmaid the offerings of  
many fruits, that I may uplift my prayers to th<sup>e</sup>  
own king to deliver f<sup>r</sup> m<sup>y</sup> present fears.  
Lend now a grace us ear O Phoebus our defend<sup>er</sup>  
r<sup>ite</sup> my v<sup>ow</sup> do, thou hast they be dark f<sup>r</sup> I speak not  
among friends, nor is it meet to u<sup>se</sup> f<sup>r</sup> id<sup>le</sup> my whole  
thought th<sup>at</sup> is he while she stands ear to e<sup>ar</sup> lest  
with her malice and he garrulous cry she spread  
some rash rumour th<sup>at</sup> u<sup>se</sup> u<sup>se</sup> the t<sup>ime</sup> but hear  
m<sup>y</sup> thus, once on th<sup>e</sup> wise f<sup>r</sup> u<sup>se</sup> speak.

That wo<sup>man</sup> wh<sup>ich</sup> I saw last night in do<sup>le</sup>ful  
d<sup>ress</sup>—if it bath to ne<sup>ed</sup> f<sup>r</sup> my good gra<sup>ce</sup> I  
can kn<sup>ow</sup> that it be f<sup>r</sup> filled but f<sup>r</sup> ha<sup>ve</sup> m<sup>y</sup> then  
let it recoil upon my foes. And if any are plott<sup>ing</sup>  
to hurt me by treach<sup>ery</sup> from th<sup>e</sup> high estate wh<sup>ich</sup>  
w<sup>as</sup> mine, pe<sup>re</sup>nt them not rather o<sup>ne</sup> hu<sup>man</sup>  
that still h<sup>as</sup> g<sup>iven</sup> thus unscathed I may bea<sup>re</sup> s<sup>ome</sup> y<sup>ou</sup>  
one th<sup>at</sup> house of the A<sup>r</sup>istid<sup>es</sup> e<sup>ven</sup> d<sup>id</sup> th<sup>e</sup> realm har-  
b<sup>our</sup> prosperous days w<sup>ith</sup> the f<sup>r</sup> d<sup>id</sup> bo<sup>th</sup> ha<sup>ve</sup> c<sup>on</sup>tem-  
n<sup>ed</sup> now and th<sup>at</sup> those f<sup>r</sup> my ch<sup>ild</sup> n<sup>or</sup> f<sup>r</sup> m<sup>y</sup> whom no  
enmity or bitterness purs<sup>ues</sup> m<sup>y</sup>.

O Lyra Apollo grac<sup>e</sup> o<sup>ne</sup> ly bes<sup>e</sup> these pray<sup>ers</sup>  
and g<sup>ive</sup> art them t<sup>o</sup> us all, e<sup>ven</sup> we a<sup>re</sup> k<sup>ill</sup> f<sup>r</sup> the  
rest, though I be s<sup>ole</sup> I deem that th<sup>at</sup> u<sup>se</sup> a god  
must k<sup>now</sup> t<sup>o</sup> all things, s<sup>o</sup> e<sup>ven</sup> at see by th<sup>e</sup> so<sup>ne</sup>  
of Zeus.

Enter the two girls.

P<sup>er</sup> Ladies, might a<sup>re</sup> f<sup>r</sup> c<sup>on</sup> to know if  
th<sup>at</sup> be th<sup>e</sup> pola<sup>r</sup> f<sup>r</sup> the king Argisthus?

Cl It is, art thou thyself hast g<sup>iven</sup> a g<sup>ift</sup>?

P<sup>er</sup> And am I right n<sup>ot</sup> urn<sup>ing</sup> g<sup>ive</sup> that th<sup>at</sup> lady is  
h<sup>er</sup> consort? Sh<sup>all</sup> I ju<sup>stly</sup> spec<sup>ify</sup>.

Cl Assuredly thou art in the prese<sup>nce</sup> of the  
q<sup>ueen</sup>.

P<sup>er</sup> Hail to all lady! I kn<sup>ow</sup> glad t<sup>o</sup> d<sup>id</sup> n<sup>ot</sup> thee  
and to Aegisthus, s<sup>o</sup> f<sup>r</sup> m<sup>y</sup> f<sup>r</sup> d<sup>id</sup>.

Cl I lo<sup>ve</sup> th<sup>at</sup> m<sup>y</sup> b<sup>e</sup> t<sup>o</sup> w<sup>ould</sup> fa<sup>ke</sup> u<sup>se</sup> kn<sup>ow</sup>  
from thee first hom<sup>ely</sup> ha<sup>ve</sup> e<sup>ven</sup> t<sup>h</sup>.

P<sup>er</sup> Phanoteus th<sup>e</sup> Phoc<sup>ia</sup> s<sup>o</sup> g<sup>ive</sup> m<sup>y</sup> n<sup>ot</sup>  
Cl What t<sup>o</sup> ? T<sup>o</sup> t<sup>o</sup> m<sup>y</sup> m<sup>y</sup>ng from friend  
thou wilt bring I kn<sup>ow</sup> kindly mess<sup>age</sup>.

P<sup>er</sup> Orestes is dead that is the sum

El Oh miserable that I am! I am lost this day!

Cl What sayest thou friend what sayest thou?—

listen not to t<sup>he</sup> cry!

P<sup>er</sup> I s<sup>ay</sup> d<sup>id</sup> and say ag<sup>ain</sup>—Orestes is dead

El I am lost hapless one I am undone!

Cl (to EL<sup>ECTRA</sup>) See thou to thine own concerns.  
But do thou s<sup>ir</sup> tell me exactly—how d<sup>id</sup> he per-  
ish?

P<sup>er</sup> I was sent f<sup>r</sup> that purpose and will tell thee  
all His ing<sup>one</sup> gone to the renowned festi<sup>val</sup> the pride  
of Greece for the Delphian games when he heard  
the loud summons to the foot race wh<sup>ich</sup> was first  
to be decided he entered the l<sup>ists</sup>, a brilliant form  
a wonder in the e<sup>yes</sup> of all there a d<sup>id</sup> hav<sup>ing</sup> sin<sup>ced</sup>  
his course at the point where it began he went out  
with the glorious meed of victory To speak briefly  
wh<sup>ere</sup> there is much to tell I know not the man  
whose deeds a d<sup>id</sup> triumphs ha<sup>ve</sup> matched his but  
one th<sup>ing</sup> thou must k<sup>now</sup> in all the contests that  
the judges a<sup>nn</sup>ounced he bore away the prize and  
men d<sup>id</sup> e<sup>ven</sup> m<sup>y</sup> happy as oft as the h<sup>er</sup>ald pro-  
claimed him an Arg<sup>e</sup>ve by name Orestes, son of  
Agamem<sup>non</sup> on who<sup>se</sup> ce<sup>nter</sup> gathered the famous arma-  
ment f<sup>r</sup> Greece.

Thus far swas well but when a god sends harm  
not e<sup>ven</sup> the strong man can escape For on an  
other d<sup>ay</sup> when cha<sup>riots</sup> were to try their speed at  
sunrise he enter<sup>ed</sup> w<sup>ith</sup> m<sup>any</sup> cha<sup>rioteers</sup>. One was  
an Achae<sup>an</sup> one from Sparta tw<sup>o</sup> masters f<sup>r</sup> y<sup>ok</sup>-  
ed cars w<sup>ere</sup> Libyans Orestes dri<sup>ve</sup> Thessalian mares,  
can e<sup>ven</sup> fifth amo<sup>ng</sup> them the sixth from Aetolia with  
chestnut c<sup>ol</sup>ours a M<sup>aced</sup>onian w<sup>as</sup> the e<sup>ven</sup>th the  
e<sup>ighth</sup> with white horses, w<sup>as</sup> of Aenian stock the  
ninth from A<sup>et</sup>olians, but f<sup>r</sup> gods there was a Boe-  
tian too mak<sup>ing</sup> the tenth chari<sup>ot</sup>.

Th<sup>at</sup> v<sup>oke</sup> took the s<sup>ix</sup>th w<sup>here</sup> the appointed um-  
pires placed th<sup>em</sup> by f<sup>r</sup> and ranged the cars then  
at th<sup>e</sup> so<sup>und</sup> f<sup>r</sup> th<sup>e</sup> brazen trumpet th<sup>at</sup> y<sup>ou</sup> started All  
ho<sup>ted</sup> to their horses a d<sup>id</sup> shook the reins in their  
ha<sup>nd</sup> the wh<sup>ole</sup> c<sup>ourse</sup> was filled with the no<sup>ise</sup> of  
rattl<sup>ing</sup> g<sup>ears</sup> us the d<sup>id</sup> flew upward a d<sup>id</sup> in a  
confused th<sup>at</sup> on pl<sup>aced</sup> th<sup>e</sup> goods un<sup>pon</sup> g<sup>ly</sup> each  
of th<sup>em</sup> t<sup>o</sup> g<sup>ive</sup> to pa<sup>th</sup> wh<sup>ere</sup> is d<sup>id</sup> th<sup>e</sup> short-  
ing reeds of h<sup>is</sup> r<sup>ace</sup> f<sup>r</sup> e<sup>ven</sup> al<sup>ike</sup> at th<sup>e</sup> r<sup>ace</sup> backs and  
at th<sup>e</sup> s<sup>ame</sup> l<sup>ist</sup> h<sup>is</sup> is the b<sup>eat</sup>h of the horses  
foamed and m<sup>y</sup> te.

Orestes dri<sup>ve</sup>ng close to the pillar at e<sup>ach</sup> end  
of the c<sup>ourse</sup> almost grazed it w<sup>ith</sup> h<sup>is</sup> wheel each  
me<sup>et</sup> ing n<sup>ot</sup> the trac<sup>ing</sup> horse on the right,  
h<sup>ad</sup> ch<sup>eck</sup>ed the h<sup>orse</sup> n<sup>ot</sup> the inner s<sup>ide</sup> hitherto all  
the ha<sup>rt</sup> had escap<sup>ed</sup> o<sup>ne</sup> erithrow b<sup>ut</sup> p<sup>er</sup>se<sup>ct</sup>ly  
the A<sup>et</sup>olian s<sup>o</sup> hard m<sup>y</sup> the c<sup>ol</sup>ours ran away n<sup>ot</sup>  
swerv<sup>ing</sup> as they pass<sup>ed</sup> from the sixth into the  
se<sup>venth</sup> r<sup>ace</sup> and d<sup>id</sup> bed th<sup>at</sup> f<sup>r</sup> heads ag<sup>ain</sup> t<sup>he</sup>  
team f<sup>r</sup> th<sup>e</sup> B<sup>o</sup>ean Other m<sup>y</sup> shaps f<sup>r</sup> flowed th<sup>e</sup>  
first shock n<sup>ot</sup> shock d<sup>id</sup> c<sup>ra</sup>sh n<sup>ot</sup> crash t<sup>ill</sup> the  
wh<sup>ole</sup> race g<sup>ave</sup> u<sup>se</sup> of Crisa was str<sup>uck</sup> w<sup>ith</sup> the  
w<sup>heel</sup> f<sup>r</sup> the chari<sup>ot</sup>.

See g<sup>ive</sup> th<sup>e</sup> w<sup>ary</sup> ch<sup>arioteer</sup> from Athen<sup>e</sup> d<sup>id</sup> ew  
asp<sup>er</sup> and pav<sup>ed</sup> l<sup>ist</sup> n<sup>ot</sup> g<sup>ive</sup> the bill w<sup>ith</sup> of chariots  
su<sup>per</sup>gun in mid c<sup>ourse</sup> to g<sup>ive</sup> by Orestes was dri<sup>ve</sup>ng

last keeping his horses behind for his trust was in the end but when he saw that the Athenian was alone left in he sent a shrill cry ringing through the ears of his swift colts and gave chase Team was brought level with team and so they raced—first one man then the other showing his head in front of the chariots

Hitherto the ill fated Orestes had passed safely through every round steadfast in his steadfast car at last slackening his left rein while the horse was turning unawares he struck the edge of the pillar he broke the axle box in twain he was thrown over the chariot rail he was caught in the shapely reins and as he fell on the ground his colts were scattered into the middle of the course

But when the people saw him fallen from the car a cry of pity went up for the youth who had done such deeds and was meeting such a doom—now dashed to earth now tossed feet uppermost to the sky—till the charioteers with diffident checking the career of his horses loosed him uncovered with blood that no friend who saw it would have known the hapless corpse Straightway they burned it on a pyre and chosen men of Phocis are bringing in a small urn of bronze the sad dust of that mighty form to find due burial in his fatherland

Such is my story—grievous to hear if words can grieve but for us who beheld the greatest of sorrow that these eyes have seen

Ch Alas alas! Now methinks the stock of our ancient masters hath utterly perished root and branch

Cl O Zeu what shall I call these tidings—glad tidings? Or dire but gainful? 'Tis a bitter lot when mine own calamities make the safety of my life

Pae Why art thou so downcast lady at this news?

Cl There is a strange power in motherhood a mother may be wronged but she never learns to hate her child

Pae Then it seems that we have come in vain

Cl Nay not in vain how canst thou say in vain when thou hast brought me sure proofs of his death? His who sprang from mine own life yet forsaking me who had suckled and reared him became an evile and an alien and after he went out of this land he saw me no more but charging me with the murder of his sire he uttered dread threats against me so that neither by night nor by day could sweet sleep cover mine eyes but from moment to moment I lived in fear of death Now how ever—since this day I am rid of terror from him and from this girl that worse plague who shared my home while still she drained my very life blood—now methinks for aught that she can threaten I shall pass my days in peace

El Ah woe is me! Now indeed Orestes thy for tune may be lamented, when it is thus with thee and thou art mocked by this thy mother! Is it not well?

Cl Not with thee but his state is well

El Hear Nemesis of him who hath lately died!

Cl She hath heard who should be heard and hath ordained well!

Cl Insult us for this is the time of thy triumph

Cl Then will not Orestes and thou silence me?

El We are silenced much less should we silence thee

Cl Thy coming sir would deserve large recompense if thou hast hushed her clamorous tongue

Pae Then I may take my leave if all is well

Cl Not so thy welcome would then be unworthy of me and of the ally who sent thee Nay come thou in and leave her without to make loud lament for herself and for her friends

CLYTEMNESTRA and the PAEDAGOGUS enter the house

El How think ye? Was there not grief and an ally there wondrous weeping and wailing of that miserable mother for the son who perished by such a fate? Nay she left us with a laugh! Ah woe is me! Dearest Orestes how my life quenched by thy death! Thou hast torn away with thee from my heart the only hopes which still were mine—that thou wouldst live to return some day an avenger of thy sire and of me unhappy But now—whither shall I turn? I am alone bereft of thee as of my father

Henceforth I must be a slave again among those whom most I hate my father's murderers Is it not well with me? But never at least henceforward will I enter the house to dwell with them nay at these gates I will lay me down and here without a friend my days shall wither Therefore if any in the house be wroth let them slay me for us a grace if I die but if I live a pain I desire life no more

Ch Where are the thunderbolts of Zeus or where is the bright Sun if they look upon these things and brand them not but rest?

El Woe woe ah me ah me!

Ch O daughter why weepest thou?

El (with hands outstretched to heaven) Alas!

Cl Utter no rash cry!

El Thou wilt break my heart!

Ch How meanest thou?

El If thou suggest a hope concerning those who have surely passed to the realm below thou wilt trample yet more upon my misery

Ch Nay I know how ensnared by a woman for a chain of gold the prince Amphiaras found a grave and now beneath the earth—

El Ah me ah me!

Ch—he reigns in fulness of force

El Alas!

Ch Alas indeed! for the murderer—

El Was slain

Ch Yes

El I know it I know it for a champion arose to avenge the mourning dead but to me no champion remains for he who yet was left hath been snatched away

Ch Hapless art thou and hapless is thy lot!

El Well know I that too well I whose life is a torrent of woes dread and dark a torrent that surges through all the months!

Ch We have seen the course of thy sorrow

Act 4

Cl. Come then to direct me from it when no

Cl. How sweet thou?

El. — No more can I have the comfort of  
brother's blood the word of the same blessing

Cl. For a moment appointed to die  
El. Well, to die that all turned out dead and  
the same for stands entered the same

Cl. And was his doom, but and thou hit

El. Yes, I then in the soul with the

Cl. And

Cl. And buried in the earth with the pulse of

Electra's own

Cl. For a moment dear, I am not careful of  
myself, if I come with speed for I have no full

El. And once couldst thou find the path of my

Cl. Orestes with us—on the from my lips—

El. What art thou mad poor girl? Art thou

Cl. — But our father's blood is in my veins

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. What hast thou seen poor girl? Art thou

Cl. Then for the road to the that thou

El. Speak on, then, if thou findest pleasure in

Cl. Well, thou shalt hear all that I have seen.

When I came to our father's tomb I saw

that there I saw had let I flowered from the top

of the mound and that his sepulchre was enclosed

with flowers that blow I was too

much to have perceived about lest haply some

one should be lost to me and I should be

in the tomb and on the mound I saw

look I saw I saw I saw

And I remember that I saw in him a familiar

face rushed from my soul, I knew me that the I

beheld I knew I knew I knew

Then I too I knew I knew I knew

And I knew I knew I knew

No, these off times are from Orestes! Come, d  
s to courage! No more will I be attended by a change  
les fortune Ours was once gloom but the day  
perchance will seal the price of my good  
El. Alas for the father! I have been in pitying

Cl. What are you doing now?

El. Thou knowest not what I am doing into what

Cl. O, I do not know what my own eyes have

El. He is dead poor girl, I have hopes in that

Cl. Woe woe I am from whom I have the

El. From the man who was present when he per

Cl. And where is he? Wound he steals over my

El. He is the same as the same in our

Cl. Ah, yes, I know, the same has been

El. Most likely I think some one has

Cl. Oh hapless that I am! And I was born

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

El. And thou that is with us indeed

Cl. And thou that is with us indeed

dead sire below and from our brother too next thou shalt be called free henceforth as thou wert born and shalt find worthy bridals for noble natures draw the gaze of all

Then seest thou not what fair fame thou wilt win for thyself and for me by hearkening to my word? What citizen or stranger when he sees us will not greet us with praises such as these?— Behold these two sisters my friends who saved their father's house who when their foes were firmly planted of yore took their lives in their hands and stood forth as avengers of blood! Worthy of love are these twain worthy of reverence from all at festivals and wherever the folk are assembled let these be honoured of all men for their prowess. Thus will every one speak of us so that in life and in death our glory shall not fail

Come dear sister hearken! Work with thy sire share the burden of thy brother win rest from woes for me and for thyself—mindful of this that an ignoble life brings shame upon the noble

Ch In such case as this forethought is helpful for those who speak and those who hear

Chr Yea and before she spake my friends were she blest with a sound mind she would have remembered caution as she doth not remember it

Now whether canst thou have turned thine eyes that thou art arming thyself with such rashness and calling me to aid thee? Seest thou not thou art a woman not a man and no match for thine adversaries in strength? And their fortune prospers day by day while ours is ebbing and coming, to nought. Who then plotting to vanquish a foe so strong shall escape without suffering deadly scathe? See that we change not our evil plight to worse if any one hears these words. It brings us no relief or benefit if after winning fair fame we die an ignominious death for mere death is not the bitterest but rather when one who craves to die cannot obtain even that boon

Nay I beseech thee before we are utterly destroyed and leave our house desolate restrain thy rage! I will take care that thy words remain secret and harmless and learn thou the prudence at last though late of yielding when so helpless to thy rulers

Ch Hearken there is no better gain for mortals to win than foresight and a prudent mind

El Thou hast said nothing unlooked for I well knew that thou wouldst reject what I proffered. Well! I must do this deed with mine own hand and alone for assuredly I will not leave it void

Chr Alas! Wouldst thou hadst been so purposed on the day of our father's death! What mightst thou not have wrought!

El My nature was the same then but my mind less ripe

Chr Strive to keep such a mind through all thy life

El These counsels mean that thou wilt not share my deed

Chr No for the venture is likely to bring disaster

El I admire thy prudence thy cowardice I hate

Chr I will listen not less calmly when thou praise me

El Never fear to suffer that from me

Chr Time enough in the future to decide that

El Begone there is no power to help in thee.

Chr Not so but in thee no mind to learn

El Go declare all this to thy mother!

Chr But again I do not hate thee with such a hate

El Yet know at least to what dishonour thou bringest me

Chr Dishonour not! I am only thinking of thy good

El Am I bound then to follow thy rule of right?

Chr When thou art wise then thou shalt be our guide

El Sad that one who speaks so well should speak amiss!

Chr Thou hast well described the fault to which thou cleavest

El How? Dost thou not think that I speak with justice?

Chr But sometimes justice itself is fraught with harm

El I care not to live by such a law

Chr Well if thou must do this thou wilt praise me yet

El And do it I will no whit dismayed by thee

Chr Is this so indeed? Wilt thou not change thy counsels?

El No for nothing is more hateful than bad counsel

Chr Thou seemest to agree with nothing that I urge

El My resolve is not new but long since fixed

Chr Then I will go thou canst not be brought to approve my words nor I to commend thy conduct

El Nay go within never will I follow thee however much thou mayst desire it it were great folly even to attempt an idle quest

Chr Nay if thou art wise in thine own eyes be such wisdom thine by and by when thou standest in evil plight thou wilt praise my words *Exit*

### Chorus

When we see the birds of the air with sure instinct careful to nourish those who give them life and nurture why do not we pay these debts in like measure? Nay by the lightning flash of Zeus by Themis throned in heaven it is not long till sin bring sorrow

Voice that comest to the dead beneath the earth send a piteous cry I pray thee to the son of Atreus in that world a joyless message of dishonour

tell him that the fortunes of his house are now dis-tempered while among his children strife of sister with sister hath broken the harmony of loving days Electra forsaken braves the storm alone she bewails away hapless one her father's fate like the

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while unwearied in lament she reck's not of death, but is ready to lea e the sunn he could sh but quell the two Furies of her house. Who shall teach such noble child of noble sire?

No generous soul designs, by a base life to cloud a fair pite and lea e a name in honours as thou, too, O my daughter hast chose to mourn all thy days with those that mourn and hast spurned dishonour that thou mayst win at once a twofold praise, as wise and as the best of daughters.

Alas I see thee thus raised in might and wealth above thy former state as now thou art humbled beneath this hand! For I have found thee in no prosperous estate and yet, for observance of nature's highest law, winning the noblest renown by thy piety toward Zeus.

Enter Orestes with Pylades and attendants  
O Ladies, have we been directed right and are we on the right path to our goal?

Alas And what seekest thou? What dost desire hast thou come?

O I have been searching for the home of Agamemnon.

Oh Well, thou hast found it and thy guide is banished.

O Which of you, then, will sell those within that our company long desired hath attained?

Oh This maiden—if the caret should announce it.

O I pray thee mistress, make it known in the house that certain men of Phocis seek Agamemnon.

El Ah, woe is me! So I have not been using the right proofs if that in mourning which we hear of.

O I know nothing of thy rumours but the old Strophilus has told me with tidings of Orestes.

El What are they? Alas, how I thrill with fear!

O He is dead and in small urn as thou seest, we bury the wretched relics home.

El Ah me! Shapeli! There at last before me even, I see that woful burden in your hands!

O If thy tears are for him who Orestes hath suffered know that good is ever his due.

El Ah I allow me then I implore thee, if this urn indeed contains him, to take it in my hand—thou shalt not wait for these ashes alone, but for my self and for all our house thereafter!

O To the altar! Bring it and give it her whose it shall be! She who bears this boon must be on who would him do evil, but friend or haply kinship's blood.

(The urn placed in Electra's hands)

El Ah memorial of him whom I loved best on earth! Ah Orestes, whose life hath no chief left so e thou—how far from thy hopes was the which I sent thee forth thy mans in which I am there! Now I carry thy poor dust in my hands but thou a traitor in my hand when I sped thee forth from home! Woe is it that I hady I did put thee forth with these hands, I stole thee away and sent

thee to a strange land and rescued thee from death that so thou mightest have been stricken down on that self same day and had thy portion in the tomb of thy sire!

But now an exile from home and fatherland thou hast perished miserably far from thy sister woe is me, these loving hands have not washed or decked thy corpse, nor taken up as was meet their sad burden from the flamin pyre. Not at the hands of strangers, hapless one thou hast had those rites, and so art come to us, a little dust in a narrow urn.

Alas woe is me for my nursing son, ago, so vain, that I oft bestowed on thee with loving toil! For thou wast never thy mother's darling so much as mine nor was any in the house thy nurse but I and by thee I was ever called "mother." But now all this hath vanished in a day with thy death like a whirlwind thou hast swept all away with thee. Our father is gone I am dead in regard to thee thou thyself hast perished our foes exult that mother who is none is made with joy—she of whom thou didst oft send me secret messages, thy heralds, saying that thou thyself wouldst appear at an avenger. But our evil fortune thurs and mine hath rest all that away and hath sent thee forth unto me thus—no more the form that I loved so well, but ashes and an idle shade.

Alas me! Alas! O piteous dust! Alas, thou dear one, sent on a dire journey how hast undone me—undone me indeed O brother mine!

Therefore take me to this thy home me who am as a thing, to thy nothingness, that I may dwell with thee henceforth below for when thou wert on earth, we shared alike and now I alone would die, that I may not be parted from thee in the grave. For I see that the dead have rest from pain.

Oh I think thee Electra thou art the child of mortal sire and mortal was Orestes thereof regret even not too much. This is a debt which both of us must pay.

O Alas, what shall I say? What words can serve me at this pass? I can restrain myself no longer!

El What hath troubled thee? What dost thou say that?

O I thus think of me of the illustrious Electra that I behold!

El It is and ever again may be fulfilled.

O Alas, then for the miserable I myself!

El So ever shall thy name be in it for me?

O O form cruelly godlessly misused!

El Those ill-omened words, say fit no one better than me.

O Alas for thy life unwedded and all wretched!

El Why that steadfast gaze straighter and these lamentations?

O How ignorant was I then, of mine own sorrows!

El But what that hath been said hast thou perceived this?

O By seeing thy sufferings, so many and so great.

El And yet thou seest but a few of my woes.

Or Could any be more painful to behold?  
 El This that I share the dwelling of the murderers  
 Or Whose murderers? Where lies the guilt at which thou hintest?  
 El My father's and then I am their slave perforce  
 Or Who is it that subdues thee to this constraint?  
 El A mother—in name but no mother in her deeds  
 Or How doth she oppress thee? With violence or with hardship?  
 El With violence and hardships and all manner of ill  
 Or And is there none to succour or to hinder?  
 El None. I had one and thou hast shown in his ashes  
 Or Hapless girl! how this sight hath stirred my pity!  
 El Know then that thou art the first who ever pitied me  
 Or No other visitor hath ever shared thy pain  
 El Surely thou art not some unknown kinsman?  
 Or I would answer if these were friends who hear us  
 El Oh they are friends thou canst speak with out mistrust  
 Or Give up this urn then and thou shalt be told all  
 El Nay I beseech thee be not so cruel to me  
 Or Do as I say and never fear to do amiss  
 El I conjure thee rob me not of my chief treasure!  
 Or Thou must not keep it  
 El Ah woe is me for thee Orestes if I am not to give thee burial  
 Or Hush! no such word! Thou hast no right to lament  
 El No right to lament for my dead brother?  
 Or It is not meet for thee to speak of him thus  
 El Am I so dishonoured of the dead?  
 Or Dishonoured of none but this is not thy part  
 El Yes if these are the ashes of Orestes that I hold  
 Or They are not a fiction clothed them with his name  
 (He gently takes the urn from her)  
 El And where is that unhappy one's tomb?  
 Or There is none the living have no tomb  
 El What sayest thou boy?  
 Or Nothing that is not true  
 El The man is alive?  
 Or If there be life in me  
 El What? Art thou he?  
 Or Look at this signet once our father's and judge if I speak truth  
 El O blissful day!  
 Or Blissful in very deed!  
 El Is this thy voice?  
 Or Let no other voice reply  
 El Do I hold thee in my arms?

Or As mayest thou hold me always!  
 El Ah dear friends and fellow-citizens, behold Orestes here who was feigned dead and now by that feigning hath come safely home!  
 Ch We see him daughter and for this happy fortune a tear of joy trickles from our eyes  
 El Offspring of him whom I loved best thou hast come even now thou hast come and found and seen her whom thy heart desired!  
 Or I am with thee but keep silence for a while  
 El What meanest thou?  
 Or 'Tis better to be silent lest some one within should hear  
 El Nay by ever virgin Artemis I will never stoop to fear women stay at homes vain burdens of the ground!  
 Or Yet remember that in women too dwells the spirit of battle thou hast had good proof of that I ween  
 El Alas! ah me! Thou hast reminded me of my sorrow one which from its nature cannot be veiled cannot be done away with cannot forget!  
 Or I know this also but when occasion prompts, then will be the moment to recall those deeds  
 El Each moment of all time as it comes would be meet occasion for these my just complaints scarcely now have I had my lips set free  
 Or I grant it therefore guard thy freedom  
 El What must I do?  
 Or When the season serves not do not wish to speak too much  
 El Nay who could fitly exchange speech for such silence when thou hast appeared? I or now I have seen thy face beyond all thought and hope!  
 Or Thou sawest it when the gods moved me to come  
 \* \* \*  
 El Thou hast told me of a grace above the first if a god hath indeed brought thee to our town I acknowledge therein the work of heaven  
 Or I am loth indeed to curb thy gladness but yet this excess of joy moves my fear  
 El O thou who after many a year hast desired thus to gladden mine eyes by thine return do not now that thou hast seen me in all my woe—  
 Or What is thy prayer?  
 El —do not rob me of the comfort of thy face do not force me to forget  
 Or I should be wroth indeed if I saw another attempt it  
 El My prayer is granted?  
 Or Canst thou doubt?  
 El Ah friends I heard a voice that I could never have hoped to hear nor could I have restrained my emotion in silence and without a cry when I heard it  
 II  
 Ah me! But now I have thee thou art come to me with the light of that dear countenance which never even in sorrow could I forget  
 Or Spare all superfluous words tell me not of our mother's wickedness or how Argisthus drains the wealth of our father's house by lavish luxury or

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aimless waste if the story would not suffer thee to keep due limit. Till me rather that which will serve our present need—where we must show ourselves, or wait in ambush that thy our coming may confront the triumph of the foe.

And look that our mother read not thy secret in this radiant face when we twain have advanced into the light, but make lame trances for the fabled disaster for which we have prospered; then there will be leisure to rejoice and exult in freedom.

Electra: brother as it pleases thee so shall be mine. I also for all my joy in a gift from thee, not mine own. Nor would I receive it with a goodly gift myself at the cost of the least pain to thee. If so should I all serve the divine power that befriended us now.

But thou knowest how matters stand here. I doubt not thou must have heard that Agasthus is from home but our mother with and fear not that he will ever see my face lit up with smiles of mine old hatred of his harsh sunken face. My heart and since I have beheld thee for every joy I shall cease to weep. Henceforward should I cease who have seen the come before this day first as dead and thence. If strangely hast thou wrought on me so that if my faith should return alive, I should no longer doubt my senses, but should believe that I saw him. Now therefore that thou hast come to me so wondrously, command me a thou shalt so bid I here alone I should have cherished the thought—a noble deliverance, a noble death.

Or Thou hadst best be silent for I hear some one within pursuing to go forth.

Electra: (to the two women) Enter sisters expect as we bring that which no one could purchase from these doors, though he receive it without pay.

Enter the two women.  
Pae: Foolish and senseless child of Are, censure you live, or was the one born, that see a shadow of land or on the hills, but in the arms of death, perished? No, had I not kept watch the long while these do as our plan had been in the heart, but so as to reveal as to the mother, the long discourse that state comes in, and pass a thousand such details day in and day out to make an end.

Or what then will be my prospect hence?

Pae: could I show a secured form, recognize on the thine has perished, I presume dead? Or have he cut off a name and with the hat?

Or Do he you then these things? Or have you?

Electra: I will tell thee the end of my tale, all as it is on her part—there that which is not.

Electra: Who thus, but the father, thee I like me.

Or Does thou at pieces of?

Electra: of guess.

Knowest thou not the man to whose hands thou gavest me once?

Electra: What man? How sayest thou?

Or By whose hands, through thy forethought I was secretly conveyed forth to the ocean soil.

Electra: Is this he in whom alone of many I found a true ally of old when our sire was slain?

Electra: 'Tis he question me no further.

Electra: O joyous day! O sole preserver of Agamemnon, how hast thou come? Art thou he in deed who didst save my brother and myself from man sorrows? O dearest hands, O messenger whose feet were kindly served! How could I thou be with me so long and remain unknown, nor give a ray of light, but afflict me by fables, while possessed of truths most secret? Alas, father—for us a father that I seem to behold! All hail—and know that I have hated thee and loathed thee in one day as never man before!

Pae: Enough methinks as for the story of the past many are the circling nights, and days as many which shall show thee Electra in its fullness.

(To Orestes and Pylades) But this is my counsel to you two who stand there—now is the time to act. Chrysothemis is also—no man is it with us, but if we pause consider that ye will have to fight not with the inmates alone, but with other foes more numerous and better skilled.

Orestes: Pylades, your task seems no longer to grieve me, and therefore that we should enter the house of the father—first adorning the shrines of our father's gods who keep these gates.

Orestes and Pylades enter the house followed by the two women.

Electra: O happy Apollo! graciously hear them and hear our beseecher who so oft have come before thine altar with such gifts as my dear hand could bring! And now O Lacedaemon Apollo with thy arrows as I can make I pray thee I supplicate I implore grant us thy benignant aid in these designs, and how men how impetuous, reward by the god!

ELECTRA enters the house

Chorus

Behold how Aeneas moves onward breathless, deathly ignorance, gain which no man may strive.

Electra: now the pursuit of the guilty has been paid be each on one of the boats which none may flee. The effort of the son of my soul shall not long carry us in suspense.

The tramp of the priests is final as they tread with stealthy feet into the house the ancestral path of his sure bearing, kneaded death in his hands, and Hecuba, son of Menelaus, who had thus guided the guide in darkness leads him forward and enters the end and delay, a morose.

Enter Electra from the house.  
Electra: Alas dearest friends, in a moment the man will do the deed but wait in place.



*Ch* How is it? what do they now?  
*El* She is decking the urn for burial and those  
 two stand close to her

*Ch* And why hast thou sped forth?  
*El* To guard against Aegisthus entering, before  
 we are aware

*Cl* (*within*) Alas! Woe for the house forsaken of  
 friends and filled with murderers!

*El* A cry goes up within hear ye not friends?  
*Ch* I heard ah me sounds dire to hear and  
 shuddered!

*Cl* (*within*) O hapless that I am! Aegisthus  
 is here where art thou?

*Ll* Hark once more a voice resounds!

*Cl* (*within*) My son my son have pity on thy  
 mother!

*El* Thou hadst none for him nor for the father  
 that begat him

*Ch* Ill fated realm and race now the fate that  
 hath pursued thee day by day is dying—is dying!

*Cl* (*within*) Oh I am smitten!

*El* Smite if thou canst once more!

*Cl* (*within*) Ah woe is me again!

*El* Would that the woe were for Aegisthus too!

*Ch* The curses are at work the buried live blood  
 flows for blood drained from the slayers by those  
 who died of yore

*Enter ORESTES and PYLADES from the house*  
 Behold they come! That red hand reeks with  
 sacrifice to Ares nor can I blame the deed

*El* Orestes how fare ye?

*Or* All is well within the house if Apollo's oracle  
 spake well

*El* The guilty one is dead?

*Or* Fear no more that thy proud mother will ever  
 put thee to dishonour

*Ch* Cease for I see Aegisthus full in view

*El* Rash boys back back!

*Or* Where see ye the man?

*El* Yonder at our mercy he advances from the  
 suburb full of joy

*Ch* Make with all speed for the vestibule that  
 as your first task prospered so this again may pros-  
 per now

*Or* Fear not—we will perform it

*El* Haste then wither thou wouldst

*Or* See I am gone

*El* I will look in matters here

*Exit ORESTES and PYLADES*  
*Ch* Twere well to soothe his ear with some few  
 words of seeming gentleness that he may rush  
 blindly upon the struggle with his doom

*Enter AEGISTHUS*  
*Aegisthus* Which of you can tell me where are  
 those Phocian strangers who tis said have brought  
 us tidings of Orestes slain in the wreck of his chari-  
 ot? There thee I ask yes, there in former days so  
 bold—for methinks it touches thee most nearly  
 thou best must know and best canst tell

*El* I know assuredly else were I a stranger to the  
 fortune of my nearest kinsfolk

*Aeg* Where then may be the strangers? Tell me  
*El* Within they have found a way in the heart  
 of their hostess

*Aeg* Have they in truth reported him dead?

*El* Nay not reported only they have shown  
 him

*Aeg* Can I then see the corpse with mine own  
 eyes?

*El* Thou canst indeed and tis no enviable  
 sight

*Aeg* Indeed thou hast given me a joyful greet-  
 ing beyond thy wont

*El* Joy be thine if in these things thou findest  
 joy

*Aeg* Silence I say and throw wide the gates for  
 all Mycenaeans and Argives to behold that if any  
 of them were once buoyed on empty hopes from  
 this man now seeing him dead they may receive  
 my curb instead of waiting till my chastisement  
 make them wise perforce!

*El* No loyalty is lacking on my part time hath  
 taught me the prudence of concord with the  
 stronger

(*A shrouded corpse is disclosed ORESTES and PYLADES  
 stand near it*)

*Aeg* O Zeus I behold that which hath not fallen  
 save by the doom of jealous Heaven but if Neme-  
 sis attend that word be it unsaid!

Take all the covering from the face that kinship  
 at least may receive the tribute of Lament from me  
 also

*Or* Lift the veil thyself not my part this but  
 thine to look upon these relics and to greet them  
 kindly

*Aeg* 'Tis good counsel and I will follow it (*To  
 ELECTRA*) But thou—call me Clytemnestra if she  
 is within

*Or* Lo she is near thee turn not thine eyes else  
 where

(*AEGISTHUS removes the face cloth from the corpse*)

*Aeg* O what sight is this!

*Or* Why so scared? Is the fact so strange?

*Aeg* Who are the men into whose mid toils I have  
 fallen hapless that I am?

*Or* Nay hast thou not discovered ere now that  
 the dead as thou miscallest them are living?

*Aeg* Alas I read the riddle this can be none but  
 Orestes who speaks to me!

*Or* And though so good a prophet thou wast  
 deceived so long?

*Aeg* Oh lost undone! Yet suffer me to say one  
 word

*El* In heaven's name my brother suffer him no  
 to speak further or to plead at length! When mor-  
 tals are in the meshes of fate how can such respite  
 avail one who is to die? No—slay him forthwith  
 and cast his corpse to the creatures from whom such  
 as he should have burial far from our sight! To me  
 nothing but this can make amends for the woes of  
 the past

*Or* (*to AEGISTHUS*) Go in and quickly the issue  
 here is not of words but of thy life

*Ag.* Why take me into the house? If this deed be  
 for what need of darkness? Why is thy hand not  
 prompt to strike?

*Or.* Dictate not, but go where thou didst slay my  
 father: that in the same place thou mayest die.

*Ag.* I thus dwell in doom to see all woes of  
 Ploce line now and in time to come?

*Or.* Thus at least trust my prophetic skill so far  
 as. The skill thou vauntest belongeth not to thy  
 art.

*Or.* Thou bandiest words, and our going is de-  
 bated. Move forward!

*Ag.* Lead thou.

*Or.* Thou must go first.

*Ag.* Lest I escape thee?

*Or.* No, but that thou mayest not choose how to  
 die. I must not spare thee any bitterness of death.  
 And well it were if thy judgment came straightway  
 upon all who dealt in lawless deeds, even the judg-  
 ment of the sword, so should not wickedness  
 abound.

*OR.* STEPS and PLEASERS drive AGISTHUS into the  
 palace

*Ch.* O house of Atreus, through how many suffer-  
 ings hast thou come forth at last in freedom  
 crowned with good by this day's enterprise!

## TRACHINIAE

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DEJANEIRA

NURSE

HYLLUS son of Heracles and Deianeira

MESSENGER

LICHAS the herald of Heracles

HERACLES

AN OLD MAN

CHORUS OF TRACHINIAN MAIDENS

*At Trachis before the house of Heracles Enter  
DEJANEIRA from the house accompanied by the  
NURSE*

*Deianeira* There is a saying among men put forth of old that thou canst not rightly judge whether a mortal's lot is good or evil ere he die But I even before I have passed to the world of death know well that my life is sorrowful and bitter I who in the house of my father Oeneus while yet I dwelt at Pleuron had such fear of bridal as never vexed any maiden of Aetolia For my nover was a river god Achelous who in three shapes was ever assailing me from my sire—coming now as a bull in bodily form now as a serpent with sheeny coils now with trunk of man and front of ox while from a shaggy beard the streams of fountain water flowed abroad With the fear of such a suitor before mine eyes I was always praying in my wretchedness that I might die or ever I should come near to such a bed

But at last to my joy came the glorious son of Zeus and Alcmene who closed with him in combat and delivered me How the fight was waged I can not clearly tell I know not if there be any one who watched that sight without terror such might speak I as I sat there was distraught with dread lest beauty should bring me sorrow at the last But finally the Zeus of battles ordained well—if well indeed it be for since I have been joined to Heracles as his chosen bride fear after fear hath haunted me on his account one night brings a trouble and the next night in turn drives it out And then children were born to us whom he has seen only as the husband man sees his distant field which he visits at seed time and once again at harvest Such was the life that kept him journeying to and fro in the service of a certain master

But now when he hath risen above those trials now it is that my anguish is sorest Ever since he slew the valiant Iphitus we have been dwelling here in Trachis exiles from our home and the guests of a stranger but where he is no one knows I only know that he is gone and hath pierced my heart with cruel pains for him I am almost sure that some evil hath befallen him it is no short space that hath passed but ten long months and then five more—and still no message from him Yes there has been some dread mischance witness that tablet which he left with me ere he went forth oft do I pray to the

gods that I may not have received it for my sorrow  
*Nurse* Deianeira my mistress many a time have I marked thy bitter tears and lamentations as thou bewailedst the going forth of Heracles but now—if it be meet to school the free born with the counsels of a slave and if I must say what behoves thee—why when thou art so rich in sons dost thou send no one of them to seek thy lord Hyllus before all who might well go on that errand if he cared that there should be tidings of his father's welfare? Lo! there he comes speeding towards the house with timely step if then thou deemest that I speak in season thou canst use at once my counsel and the man

*Enter HYLLUS*

*De* My child my son wise words may fall, it seems from humble lips this woman is a slave but hath spoken in the spirit of the free

*Hyllus* How mother? Tell me if it may be told

*De* It brings thee shame she saith that when thy father hath been so long a stranger thou hast not sought to learn where he is

*Hyllus* Nay I know—if rumour can be trusted

*De* And in what region my child doth rumour place him?

*Hyllus* Last year they say through all the months he toiled as bondman to a Lydian woman

*De* If he bore that then no tidings can surprise

*Hyllus* Well he has been delivered from that as I hear

*De* Where then is he reported to be now—alive or dead?

*Hyllus* He is waging or planning a war they say upon Euboea the realm of Eurystus

*De* Knowest thou my son that he hath left with me sure oracles touching that land?

*Hyllus* What are they mother? I know not whereof thou speakest

*De* That either he shall meet his death or have achieved this task shall have rest thenceforth for all his days to come

So my child when his fate is thus trembling in the scale wilt thou not go to succour him? For we are saved if he find safety or we perish with him

*Hyllus* Ay I will go my mother and had I known the import of these prophecies I had been there long since but as it was my father's wonted fate I suffered me not to feel fear for him or to be anxious overmuch Now that I have the knowledge



smuter of deer goddess of the twofold torch and to the Nymphs her neighbours!

My spirit soars I will not reject the wooing of the flute O thou sovereign of my soul! Lo the ivy's spell begins to work upon me! Euoe! even now it moves me to whirl in the swift dance of Bacchanals!

Praise praise unto the Healer! See dear lady see! Behold these tidings are taking shape before thy gaze

De I see it dear maidens my watching eyes had not failed to note yon company (*Enter LICHAS followed by Captive Maidens*) All hail to the herald whose coming hath been so long delayed! if indeed thou bringest aught than can give joy

Lichas We are happy in our return and happy in thy greeting lady which befits the deed achieved for when a man hath fair fortune he needs must win good welcome

De O best of friends tell me first what first I would know—shall I receive Heracles alive?

Ls I certainly left him alive and well—in vigorous health unburdened by disease

De Where tell me—at home or on foreign soil?

Ls There is a headland of Euboea where to Ceanean Zeus he consecrates altars and the tribute of fruitful ground

De In payment of a vow or at the bidding of an oracle?

Ls For a vow made when he was seeking to conquer and despoil the country of these women who are before thee

De And these—who are they I pray thee and whose daughters? They deserve pity unless their plight deceives me

Ls These are captives whom he chose out for himself and for the gods when he sacked the city of Eurytus

De Was it the war against that city which kept him away so long beyond all forecast past all count of days?

Ls Not so the greater part of the time he was detained in Lydia—no free man as he declares but sold into bondage No offence should attend on the word lady when the deed is found to be of Zeus So he passed a whole year as he himself avows in thralldom to Omphale the barbarian And so stung was he by that reproach he bound himself by a solemn oath that he would one day enslave with wife and child the man who had brought that calamity upon him Nor did he speak the word in vain but when he had been purged gathered an alien host and went against the city of Eurytus That man he said alone of mortals had a share in causing his misfortune For when Heracles an old friend came to his house and hearth Eurytus heaped on him the taunts of a bitter tongue and spiteful soul saying Thou hast unerring arrows in thy hands and yet my sons surpass thee in the trial of archery Thou art a slave he cried a free man's broken thrall and at a banquet when his guest was full of wine he thrust him from his doors

Wroth thereat when afterward Iphitus came to the hull of Tityus in search for horses that had strayed Heracles seized a moment when the man's wandering thoughts went not with his wandering gaze and hurled him from a tower like summit But in anger at that deed Zeus our lord Olympian sire of all sent him forth into bondage and spared not because this once he had taken a life by guile Had he wreaked his vengeance openly Zeus would surely have pardoned him the righteous triumph for the gods too love not insolence

So those men who waxed so proud with bitter speech are themselves in the mansions of the dead all of them and their city is enslaved while the women whom thou beholdest fallen from happiness to misery come here to thee for such was thy lord's command which I his faithful servant perform He himself thou mayest be sure—so soon as he shall have offered holy sacrifice for his victory to Zeus from whom he sprang—will be with thee After all the fair tidings that have been told thee indeed is the sweetest word to hear

Ch Now O Queen thy joy is assured part is with thee and thou hast promise of the rest

De Yea have I not the fullest reason to rejoice at these tidings of my lord's happy fortune? To such fortune such joy must needs respond And yet a prudent mind can see room for misgiving lest he who prospers should one day suffer reverse A strange pity hath come over me friends at the sight of these ill-fated evils homeless and fatherless in a foreign land once the daughters per chance of free-born sires but now doomed to the life of slaves O Zeus who turnest the tide of battle never may I see child of mine thus visited by thy hand nay if such visitation is to be may it not fall while Deira lives! Such dread do I feel beholding these

(To LICHAS) Ah hapless girl say who art thou? A maiden or a mother? To judge by thine aspect an innocent maiden and of a noble race Lichas who e daughter is this stranger? Who is her mother who her sire? Speak I pity her more than all the rest when I behold her as she alone shows a due feeling for her plight

Ls How should I know? Why shouldst thou ask me? Perchance the offspring of not the meanest in yonder land

De Can she be of royal race? Had Eurytus a daughter?

Ls I know not indeed I asked not many questions

De And thou hast not heard her name from any of her companions?

Ls No indeed I went through my task in silence

De Unhappy girl let me at least hear it from thine own mouth It is indeed distressing not to know thy name

Ls It will be unlike her former behaviour then I can tell thee if she opens her lips for she hath not uttered one word but hath ever been travelling with the burden of her sorrow and weeping bitterly poor girl since she left her wind-swept home

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Such a state is grievous for herself, but claims our forbearance.

De Then let her be left in peace, and pass under our roof as she wishes: her present woes must not be crowned with fresh pains at my hands: she hath enough to endure. Now let us all go in, that thou mayest start speedily on thy journey while I make all things ready in the house.

(*He has followed by the Cretan women to the house*)

Me (*coming near to DEIANIRA*) Ah! but first tarry here a brief space, that thou mayest learn, apart from yonder folk, whom thou art taking to the hearth, and mayest gain the needful knowledge of things which have not been told to thee. Of these I am in full possession.

De What means this? Why wouldst thou stay in departure?

Me Pray and listen. My former story was worth the hearing, and so will this one be, methinks.

De Shall I call those others back? Or wilt thou speak before me and these maidens?

Me To thee and these I can speak freely: never mind the others.

De Well, then are gone so the story can proceed.

Me Yonder man was not speaking the rough forward truth in what he has just told. He has been false to me now, or else his former report was untrue.

De How is it thou? Explain the whole drift clearly: say far the words are riddles to me.

Me I heard this man declare before many witnesses, that for the maidens' sake Heracles overthrew Erytus and the proud towers of Orchelos. Love, alone of the gods, wrought on him to do those deeds of arms—not the rancorous servitude to Omphale, in which alone the death to which Iphitus was hurried. But now thy herald has thrust his tale out of sight and tells a different tale.

Me When he could not persuade his master to let him the maiden for his paramour, he devised some pretence, and so with a pretext and mad words won her hand—that in which, as he said, this Eurystheus swayed—and with this prize he lured and misled her on. And now a third guest he comes, bringing her to this house not in any civil fashion, but as he takes a prize, and does not of that—I am not likely to be heartily lulled to sleep.

I now tell thee, O Queen, I tell thee all that I had heard from yonder man. My others were left in what I was, the public place where the Trojan hearth was, heard of and were carried on by him. I found a way, and I returned but over his back, not out of the truth.

De Ah, my unhappy lot! what I do I stand? What see I but his I seen of beneath my roof? He says that I am I the same, then, as a boy on my way.

Me I am serious by nature as by birth, he is the son of Eurystheus, and was once called Sophocles. I whose parentage Lichas could say nothing better, forsooth, he asked no questions.

Ch Accursed above other evil doers, be the man whom deeds of treachery dishonour!

De Ah maidens, what am I to do? These latest tidings have bewildered me!

Ch Go and acquire from Lichas perchance he will tell thee the truth, if thou constrain him to answer.

De Well, I will go: thy counsel is not amiss.

Me And I shall I wait here? Or what is thy pleasure?

De Remain here: he comes from the house of his own accord without summons from me.

(*Exit LICHAS*)

Le Lady, what message shall I bear to Heracles? Give me thy commands, for as thou seest, I am gone.

De How hast thou art rushing away when thy visit had been so long delayed—before we have had time for further talk.

Le Nay, if there be aught that thou wouldst ask, I am at thy service.

De Wilt thou indeed give me the honest truth?

Le Yes, be great Zeus my witness, in anything that I know.

De Who is the woman then whom thou hast brought?

Le She is Euboean, but of what birth, I cannot say.

Me Pray, look at me to whom art thou speaking thus, O thou?

Le And thou—what dost thou mean by such a question?

Me Deign to answer me, if thou comprehendest.

Le To the royal Deianira, unless mine eyes deceive me—the daughter of Oeneus, wife of Heracles, and my queen.

Me The very word that I wished to hear from thee: thou sayest that is the queen?

Le Yes, and I found.

Me Well, then, what art thou prepared to suffer if found guilty of falsehood in that I say?

Le Falsehood I dare? What dost I say, O thou?

Me I will go—I was fooming to hear thee so long.

Me No, not till thou hast answered a brief question.

Le Ask what thou wilt: thou art not taciturn.

Me That citizen whom thou hast brought home—thou knowest whom I mean?

Le Yes, but why dost thou ask?

Me I said, thou art that thy prisoner—the one whom thou gaze now turns so vacantly—was told that he of Eurystheus?

Le And to whom? Who and where is the man that I should be thy witness to hear this from me?

Me To me, O my own folk, thou saidst it in the public gathering of Trachinians, a great crowd bent the neck from thence.

Le And the heard but as one thing to report finer and to thee to make the road good.

Me I fear! Darest thou sit on this with that thou wast brought as a bride for Heracles?

Le I bring a bride? In the name of the gods, dear mistress, tell me who this strange man may be?

*Me* One who heard from thine own lips that the conquest of the whole city was due to love for this girl the Lydian woman was not its destroyer but the passion which this maid has kindled

*Li* Lady let this fellow withdraw to prate with the brainsick befits not a sane man

*De* Nay I implore thee by Zeus whose lightnings go forth over the high glens of Oeta do not cheat me of the truth! For she to whom thou wilt speak is not ungenerous nor hath she yet to learn that the human heart is inconsistent to its joys. They are not wise then who stand forth to buffet against Love for Love rules the gods as he will and me and why not another woman such as I am? So I am mad in deed if I blame my husband because that distemper hath seized him or this woman his partner in a thing which is no shame to them and no wrong to me. Impossible! No if he taught thee to speak falsely us not a noble lesson that thou art learning or if thou art thine own teacher in this thou wilt be found cruel when it is thy wish to prove kind. Nay tell me the whole truth. To a free born man the name of liar cleaves as a deadly brand. If thy hope is to escape detection that too is vain there are many to whom thou hast spoken who will tell me

And if thou art afraid thy fear is mistaken. Not to learn the truth that indeed would pain me but to know it—what is there terrible in that? Hath not Hercules wedded others ere now—ay more than living man—and no one of them hath had harsh word or taunt from me nor shall this girl though her whole being should be absorbed in her passion for indeed I felt a profound pity when I beheld her because her beauty hath wrecked her life and she hapless one all innocent hath brought her fatherland to ruin and to bondage

Well those things must go with wind and stream. To thee I say—deceive whom thou wilt but ever speak the truth to me

*Ch* Harken to her good counsel and hereafter thou shalt have no cause to complain of this lady our thanks too will be thine

*Li* Nay then dear mistress—since I see that thou thinkest as mortals should think and canst allow for weakness—I will tell thee the whole truth and hide it not. Yes it is even as you man saith. This girl inspired that overmastering love which long ago smote through the soul of Hercules for this girl's sake the desolate Oechalia her home was made the prey of his spear. And he—it is just to him to say so—never denied this never told me to conceal it. But I lady fearing to wound thy heart by such tidings have sinned if thou count this in any sort a sin

Now however that thou knowest the whole story for both your sakes—for his and not less for thine own—bear with the woman and be content that thy words which thou hast spoken regarding her should bind thee still. For he whose strength is victorious in all else hath been utterly vanquished by his passion for this girl

*De* Indeed mine own thoughts move me to act thus. Trust me I will not add a new affliction to my

burdens by waging a fruitless fight against the gods.

But let us go into the house that thou mayest receive my messages and since gifts should be metely recompensed with gifts that thou mayest take these also. It is not right that thou shouldst go back with empty hands after coming with such a goodly train

*Exit MESSENGER as LICHAS and DEIANEIRA go into the house*

*Ch* Great and mighty is the victory which the Cyprian queen ever bears away. I stay not now to speak of the gods. I spare to tell how she beguiled the son of Cronus and Hades the lord of darkness or Poseidon shaker of the earth

But when this bride was to be won who were the valiant rivals that entered the contest for her hand? Who went forth to the ordeal of battle to the fierce blows and the blinding dust?

One was a mighty river god the dread form of a horned and four legged bull Achelous from Oenia dae the other came from Thebe dear to Bacchus with curved bow and spears and brandished club the son of Zeus who then met in combat slain to win a bride and the Cyprian goddess of nuptial joy was there with them sole umpire of their strife

Then was there clatter of fists and clang of bow and the noise of a bull's horns therewith then were there close locked grapplings and deadly blows from the forehead and loud deep cries from both

Meanwhile she in her delicate beauty sat on the side of a hill that could be seen afar awaiting the husband that should be hers

[So the brittle rages] as I have told but the fair bride who is the prize of the strife abides the end in piteous anguish. And suddenly she is parted from her mother as when a heifer is taken from its dam

*DEIANEIRA enters from the house alone carrying in her arms a casket containing a robe*

*De* Dear friends while our visitor is saying his farewell to the captive girls in the house I have stolen forth to you—partly to tell you what these hands have devised and partly to crave your sympathy with my sorrow

A maiden—or methinks no longer a maiden but a mistress—hath found her way into my house as a freight comes to a mariner a merchandise to make shipwreck of my peace. And now we two are to share the same marriage bed the same embrace. Such is the reward that Hercules hath sent me—he whom I called true and loyal—for guarding his home through all that weary time I have no thought of an end against him often as he is vexed with this distemper. But then to live with her sharing the same union—what woman could endure it? For I see that the flower of her age is blossoming while mine is fading and the eyes of men love to cull the bloom of youth but they turn aside from the old. Thus then is my fear—lest Hercules in name my spouse should be the younger's mate

But as I said anger ill befits a woman of understanding. I will tell you friends the way by which I hope to find deliverance and relief. I had a gift given to me long ago by a monster of olden time

and stored in an urn of bronze a gift which he, while  
 a girl, I took up from the shaft of a broken vessel—  
 from his life blood as he laid it. Venus,  
 who used to carry men in his arms for her across  
 the deep waters of the Egeus, was no one to waste  
 them on our soil. She p

I too, was carried on his shoulders—when by my  
 father's side. I first went forth with Helen as  
 his wife and when I was married I came he touched  
 me with his wanton hands. I then led the son of Zeus  
 I married quickly—found and shot a frith red arrow  
 I whizzed through his breast to the lungs and in  
 his mortal faintness, thus in the Centaur path.

Child of aed Oeneus, thou shalt have a less  
 the profit of my service—if thou wilt heark—  
 because thou wast the last whom I came to ed. If  
 thou gatherest with thy hands the blood I shed  
 round my wound—the place where the Hecate  
 Lerna's monstrous growth hath risen and the  
 (black gall) thou shalt be to thee a charm for the  
 soul. If Hera too, so that he shall ever look upon  
 an woman to cherish than thee.

I be thou for me, for I am for not—after his  
 death I had kept it carefully locked up. A we  
 place and I have it to thee. He did  
 the to it a he enjoyed while he lived. The work  
 is finished. May deeds I worked during be ever far  
 from my thoughts, and from my knowledge—  
 I bid the women who it might be my B. I am  
 a woman p. always thus. I bid I sell  
 I have used on Hecates, the mean I that end a  
 end unless, indeed I seem to be a  
 so. I bid I that it.

Child—these measures give any growth of  
 of itself. I think that the design is a man.

Do it, the good and the bad—the same  
 p. muse buy I have in it. I have the proof.

Child—knowned a man in the  
 thou can it be a test which is not false. I bid  
 b. trial.

Do will we shall know presently for the  
 L. man already the doors and he will soon be  
 gone. Ours may be secret be well kept. I bid  
 What thy deed hides ever though they be  
 the mind thou wilt ever be brought to harm.

E. O. C. S.  
 L. What thy command? G. men change  
 d. here (Oeneus so already I have tarried on  
 long.

Do I bid I have a secret seeing to the  
 there. L. has, what thou wast speaking of. I bid  
 that in the house that thou shouldst take  
 in the robe woven by my hand a gift  
 to me. I bid I do.

A. d. then thou givest a change in that and  
 h. shall be the first to wear it that I bid  
 I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid  
 p. e. n. e. r. s. by the fire. I bid I bid I bid I bid  
 stand forth on various beds. I bid I bid I bid  
 the gods on the white b. I bid I bid I bid I bid

F. thus had I bid that if I should ever see or  
 hear that I had come safely home I would duly

clothe him in this robe and so present him to the  
 gods, new radiant as their altar in new garb.

As proof thou shalt carry a token which he will  
 go gladly receive with the circle of his seal.

I go this way and first remember the rule  
 that messengers should not be meddling next so  
 bear thee that my thanks may be joined to his.  
 I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid

L. I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid  
 any surety. I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid  
 I will not fail to do it. I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid

De Thou must be gone now for thou know  
 est well how thy horse are with us in the house.

L. I know and will report that all hath prospered.

D. And then thou hast seen the greeting given  
 to the stranger maiden—thou knowest how I well  
 come her?

L. So that my heart was filled with wondering joy.

D. What more shall I there for thee to tell? I  
 am afraid that it would be too soon the peak of the  
 long journey past before we know if I am longed  
 for there.

LICH S. dearest, as the casket DELANEIR returns  
 to the house.

### Chorus

O ye who dwell by the warm springs between  
 the sea and earth and by Oeta's hills O daughters  
 by the land locked waters of the Helian sea on the  
 hills sacred to the goddess of the golden  
 shafts, where the Gaea meet a famous council at  
 the Grotto.

Soon shall the glorious one of the flute go up for  
 you again, a mountain with no harsh strain of grief  
 but with such music that it maketh to the god I  
 bid the son who in Helian's bow to Zeus hasten  
 homeward with the trophies of all powers.

He was lost first to our land, wanders far  
 sea what we wasted thro' his race a long moan this,  
 and known to the goddess his wife sad dweller  
 with sad thoughts, was ever in mind his tears.  
 Bid on the War god roused to fury hath done  
 I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid

What he come may become! Pause not thy man  
 on ed ship that is a man. I bid I bid I bid I bid  
 this town leaving the land altar where a rumour  
 saith he is sacred to us! Thence may he come full of  
 death steeped in the by the specter of the  
 robe in which Persuasion hath spread her so evil  
 harm!

D. M. E. R. comes us of the house in agitation.

D. For I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid  
 for I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid

Child—what hath happened? I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid

De I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid I bid  
 presently be found to have wrought a great mis-  
 fortune to the house of the father.



*Ch* It is nothing surely that concerns thy gift to Heracles?

*De* Yea even so And henceforth I would say to all act not with zeal if ye act without light

*Ch* Tell us the cause of thy fear if it may be told

*De* A thing hath come to pass my friends such that if I declare it ye will hear a marvel whereof none could have dreamed

That with which I was lately anointing the festal robe—a white tuft of fleecy sheep's wool—hath disappeared—not consumed by anything in the house but self devoured and self destroyed as it crumbled down from the surface of a stone But I must tell the story more at length that thou mayest know exactly how this thing befell

I neglected no part of the precepts which the savage Centaur gave me when the bitter barb was ranking in his side they were in my memory like the graven words which no hand may wash from a tablet of bronze Now these were his orders and I obeyed them to keep this unguent in a secret place always remote from fire and from the sun's warm ray until I should apply it newly spread where I wished So had I done And now when the moment for action had come I performed the anointing privily in the house with a tuft of soft wool which I had plucked from a sheep of our homestead then I folded up my gift and laid it unvisited by sunlight within its casket as ye saw

But I was going back into the house I beheld a thing too wondrous for words and passing the wit of man to understand I happened to have thrown the shred of wool with which I had been preparing the robe into the full blaze of the sunshine As it grew warm it shrivelled all away and quickly crumbled to powder on the ground like nothing so much as the dust shed from a saw's teeth where men work timber In such a state it lies as it fell And from the earth where it was strewn clots of foam seethed up as when the rich juice of the blue fruit from the vine of Bacchus is poured upon the ground

So I know not hapless one whither to turn my thoughts I only see that I have done a fearful deed Why or wherefore should the monster in his death throes have shown good will to me on whose account he was dying? Impossible! No he was cajoling me in order to slay the man who had smitten him and I gain the knowledge of this too late when it avails no more Yes I alone—unless my foreboding prove false—I wretched one must destroy him! For I know that the arrow which made the wound did scathe even to the god Cheiron and in kills all beasts that it touches And since 'tis this same black venom in the blood that hath passed out through the wound of Nessus must it not kill my lord also? I ween it must

Howbeit I am resolved that if he is to fall at the same time I also shall be swept from life for no woman could bear to live with an evil name if she rejoices that her nature is not evil

*Ch* Mischief must needs be feared but it is not well to doom our hope before the event

*De* Unwise counsels leave no room even for a hope which can lend courage

*Ch* Yet towards those who have erred unwittingly men's anger is softened and so it should be towards thee

*De* Nay such words are not for one who has borne a part in the ill deed but only for him who has no trouble at his own door

*Ch* Twere well to refrain from further speech unless thou wouldst tell aught to thine own son for he is at hand who went erewhile to seek his sire

Enter NYLLUS

*Hy* O mother would that one of three things had befallen thee! Would that thou wert dead—or if living no mother of mine or that some new and better spirit had passed into thy bosom

*De* Ah my son what cause have I given thee to abhor me?

*Hy* I tell thee that thy husband—yea my sire—hath been done to death by thee this day!

*De* Oh what word hath passed thy lips my child!

*Hy* A word that shall not fail of fulfilment for who may undo that which hath come to pass?

*De* What saidst thou my son? Who is thy warranty for charging me with a deed so terrible?

*Hy* I have seen my father's grievous fate with mine own eyes I speak not from hearsay

*De* And where didst thou find him—where didst thou stand at his side?

*Hy* If thou art to hear it then must all be told After sacking the famous town of Eurystus he went his way with the trophies and first fruits of victory There is a sea washed headland of Euboea Cape Ceneaeum where he dedicated altars and a sacred grove to the Zeus of his fathers and there I first beheld him with the joy of yearning love

He was about to celebrate a great sacrifice when his own herald Lichas came to him from home bearing thy gift the deadly robe which he put on according to thy precept and then began his offering with twelve bulls free from blemish the firstlings of the spoil but also, either he brought a hundred victims great or small to the altar

At first hapless one he prayed with serene soul rejoicing in his comely garb But when the blood-fed flame began to blaze from the holy offerings and from the resinous pine a sweat broke forth upon his flesh and the tunic clung to his sides at every joint close glued as if by a craftsman's hand there came a biting pain that racked his bones and then the venom as of some deadly cruel viper began to devour him

Thereupon he shouted for the unhappy Lichas—in no wise to blame for thy crime—asking what treason had moved him to bring that robe but he all unknowing hapless one said that he had brought the gift from thee alone as it had been sent When his master heard it as a piercing spasm clutched his lungs he caught him by the foot where the ankle turns in the socket and hurled him at a surf-beaten rock in the sea and he made the white brain to ooze

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from th' hair as the skull was dashed to splinters,  
and blood scattered therewith.

But all th' people lifted up a cry of awe struck  
erf, see, g that or was frenzied and the other  
s. a. r. and no one dared to come bef' re the man. For  
th' pain dragg'd him to earth, or made him leap  
into th' air w' th' vells and hveks, till the cliffs o'  
round steep headlands of Locris and Euboean  
capes.

B. r when he was pent with oft throwing himself  
on th' ground in his angu' h and oft makin' loud  
lament—curs' g his fatal marriage with thee the  
ile one and his allance with Oeneas, saying how  
h had found in t the ruin of his life—then from  
out f the shrouding afar smole, f e lifted up his  
wildly rollin' eyes, and saw me in the great crowd  
weeping. He turned his gaz' on me and called me  
O son draw nea—do not fly from my trouble,  
e en thou h thou mu' t shar' my death. Come, bear  
me forth and set m' if thou canst n a place where  
no man shall see m' r f th' pity f' r d that t  
least coo' y me with all peed out f this land and  
let me or die where I am.

That command sufficed we laid him n mud ship  
nd b' ought him—but hardly brought him—to this  
shore moorin' in his to me is. And ye shall pres-  
ent beh' ld him, al e or lately dead.

Such m' ther' re the denigs and deeds g just  
my ere whereof thou ha' t been found guilty. May  
engin' ju' tic and the Erinyes sat thee for them!  
Yes, if t be n' hit that is my prayer and right it s  
—for I ha' e seen thee tramp on the n' ht, by day,  
ing the blest man in all th' world whose like  
thou shalt see nev' sm' rel!

DELA. r. r. moves t. ards the Po se

Ch. (to DEL. r. r.) Why dost thou depart in a  
len? knowest thou not that such al' ope pleads  
for thine' cuser?

D. r. r. goe' moeth ho se

He Let her depart. A fa' wind peed her far from  
m' ght. Why should the nam' of mother brin'  
be remblan' s f' respect when she is? Unlik' a  
m' th' bet' d' d? No, f' t be go—fa' w' ll to  
be and may such y as she g' es my are become  
her own!

Chorus

See ma d' na, how suddenly the divine w' nd of  
th' old p' phet hath com' upon z, which said  
that w' th' twelfth year should b' run throu' h  
t f' ll' tal f' m' ths, t sh' u' d e d th' t' es of  
tools for th' tru' born so f' Zeus! And that p' m  
ne is waf' ed w' l s f' f' m' ment. For how hall  
b' h behold t' th' light ha' e toilsom serv'  
rud any mo' beyond th' gr' e?

If loud f' death is round him, and th' doom  
w' ng' b' ch' Centaur s' c' f' it is n' m' his sides,  
br' lea' e th' enom' wh' ch' Thanatos begat and  
th' gleam' serpent p' oush'd how ca' he look  
upon to-morrow sun—when th' spallin' Hydra  
scape holds him t' its grip and those murderous

gonds prepared by the wily words of black haired  
Nessus, ha' e started into fury ven' g him w' th tu  
multuous pain?

Of such things th' hapless lady had no forebod-  
ing but she saw a great mischief swiftly coming on  
her hom' from the new marriage. Her own hand  
applied the remedy but for the issues of a stranger s  
counsel g' en at a fatal meeti' g—for these I ween,  
she makes d-spawn lament shedd' g the tender  
dew of plenteous tears. And the coming fate fore  
shadows a great misfortune n' n' n' ed by guile.

Our streaming tears break forth alas, a plague it  
upo' him more piteous than any sufferin' that foe  
men ever brought upon that plonious hero.

Ah, thou dark steel of th' spear foremost in bat-  
tle by whose might t' o' der bride was lately borne  
so swiftly fr' m' Oechalia s' her bis! But the Cyprian  
goddess, ministerin' in silence hath been plainly  
pro' d the doer of these deeds.

First Semi Chorus Is it fancy or do I hear some  
cry of grief just passing through the house? What is  
this?

Second Semi Ch. No uncertain sound but a wa' l  
of anguish from within the house hath some new  
trouble.

Ch. And mark how sadly with what a cloud upon  
her brow that aged woman s' roaches, to g' e us  
tidings.

Enter CLY. z. from the h' use

Ante Ah, my daughters, great indeed were the  
sorrows that we were to reap from the gift sent to  
H' racles!

Ch. Aged woman what new mischance hast thou  
to tell?

A. Deianira hath d' parted on the last of all her  
journeys, departed w' thout sturn' foot.

Ch. Thou speakest not f' death?

A. My tale is t' ld.

Ch. Dead hapless on?

A. Again thou hearest it.

Ch. Hapless, lost one! Say what was the manner  
of h' r death?

A. Oh a cruel deed was the e!

Ch. Speak, woman, how hath she met h' r doom?

A. By h' r wn hand bath she d' ed.

Ch. What f' ry harp' g' of frenz' ha' cut her  
off by th' red e of dire weapo' ? How contr' ed  
h' this death, f' flowing death—all wrought by her  
alone?

A. By the stroke of the sword that makes so  
row.

Ch. Sawest thou that violent deed poor hapless  
one?

A. I saw t' r' e I wa' standin' near.

Ch. Whence came it? How was t' d? ? Oh speak!

A. 'Twas the work of her own mind and her own  
hand.

Ch. What dost thou tell us?

A. Th' sure truth.

*Ch* It is nothing surely that concerns thy gift to Heracles?

*De* Ye even so And henceforth I would say to all act not with zeal if ye act without light

*Ch* Tell us the cause of thy fear if it may be told

*De* A thing hath come to pass my friends such that if I declare it ye will hear a marvel whereof none could have dreamed

That with which I was lately anointing the festal robe—a white tuft of fleecy sheep's wool—hath dis appeared—not consumed by anything in the house but self devoured and self-destroyed as it crumbled down from the surface of a stone But I must tell the story more at length that thou mayest know exactly how this thing befell

I neglected no part of the precepts which the savage Centaur gave me when the bitter barb was ranking in his side they were in my memory like the graven words which no hand may wash from a tablet of bronze Now these were his orders and I obeyed them to keep this unguent in a secret place always remote from fire and from the sun's warm ray until I should apply it newly spread where I wished So had I done And now when the moment for action had come I performed the anointing privily in the house with a tuft of soft wool which I had plucked from a sheep of our homestead then I folded up my gift and laid it unvisited by sunlight within its casket as ye saw

But as I was going back into the house I beheld a thing too wondrous for words and passing the wit of man to understand I happened to have thrown the shred of wool with which I had been preparing the robe into the full blaze of the sunshine As it grew warm it shrivelled all away and quickly crumbled to powder on the ground like nothing so much as the dust shed from a saw's teeth where men work timber In such a state it lies as it fell And from the earth where it was strewn clots of foam seethed up as when the rich juice of the blue fruit from the vine of Bacchus is poured upon the ground

So I know not hapless one whither to turn my thoughts I only see that I have done a fearful deed Why or wherefore should the monster in his death throes have shown good will to me on whose account he was dying? Impossible! No he was cajoling me in order to slay the man who had smitten him and I gain the knowledge of this too late when it avails no more Yes I alone—unless my foreboding prove false—I wretched one must destroy him! For I know that the arrow which made the wound did scathe even to the god Cheiron and it kills all beasts that it touches And since 'tis thus same black venom in the blood that hath passed out through the wound of Nessus must it not kill my lord also? I ween it must

Howbeit I am resolved that if he is to fall at the same time I also shall be swept from life for no woman could bear to live with an evil name if she rejoices that her nature is not evil

*Ch* Mischief must needs be feared but it is not well to doom our hope before the event

*De* Unwise counsels leave no room even for a hope which can lend courage

*Ch* Yet towards those who have erred unwittingly men's anger is softened and so it should be towards thee

*De* Nay such words are not for one who has borne a part in the ill deed but only for him who has no trouble at his own door

*Ch* 'Twere well to refrain from further speech unless thou wouldst tell aught to thine own son for he is at hand who went erstwhile to seek his sire

*Enter HYLLUS*

*Hy* O mother would that one of three things had befallen thee! Would that thou wert dead—or if living no mother of mine or that some new and better spirit had passed into thy bosom

*De* Ah my son what cause have I given thee to abhor me?

*Hy* I tell thee that thy husband—yea my sire—hath been done to death by thee this day!

*De* Oh what word hath passed thy lips, my child!

*Hy* A word that shall not fail of fulfilment for who may undo that which hath come to pass?

*De* What saidst thou my son? Who is thy warranty for charging me with a deed so terrible?

*Hy* I have seen my father's grievous fate with mine own eyes I speak not from hearsay

*De* And where didst thou find him—where didst thou stand at his side?

*Hy* If thou art to hear it then must all be told

After sacking the famous town of Eurytus he went his way with the trophies and first fruits of victory There is a sea washed headland of Euboea Cape Ceneaeum where he dedicated altars and a sacred grove to the Zeus of his fathers and there I first beheld him with the joy of yearning love

He was about to celebrate a great sacrifice when his own herald Lichas came to him from home bearing thy gift the deadly robe which he put on according to thy precept and then began his offering with twelve bulls free from blemish the first lungs of the spoil but altogether he brought a hundred victims great or small to the altar

At first hapless one he prayed with serene soul rejoicing in his comely garb But when the blood fed flame began to blaze from the holy offerings and from the resinous pine a sweat broke forth upon his flesh and the tunic clung to his sides at every joint close glued as if by a craftsman's hand there came a biting pain that racked his bones and then the venom as of some deadly cruel viper began to devour him

Thereupon he shouted for the unhappy Lichas—in no wise to blame for thy crime—asking what treason had moved him to bring that robe but he, all unknowing hapless one said that he had brought the gift from thee alone as it had been sent When his master heard it as a piercing spasm clutched his lungs he caught him by the foot where the ankle turns in the socket and hurled him at a surf beaten rock in the sea and he made the white brain to ooze

from the hair as the skull was dashed to splinters  
and blood scattered thence with

But all the people lifted up cry of awe struck  
 grief, when that one was frenzied and the other  
 slain, and no one dared to come before the man. For  
 the pain drove him to earth or made him leap  
 into the air with yells and shrieks, till the cliffs ran  
 around steep headlands of Locres, and Euboean  
 capes.

When he was spent with fighting himself  
 on the ground in his anguish, and oft making loud  
 lament—cursing his fatal marriage with thee the  
 vile one, and his alliance with Oeneus, musing how  
 he had found in it the ruin of his life—then from  
 out of the shroud in altar smoke, he lifted up his  
 wild eyes, and saw in the great crowd  
 weeping. He turned his gaze on me and called me.  
 O son, draw near do not flee from my trouble,  
 even thou if thou must have my death. Come bear  
 me forth and set me free, for I am in a place where  
 no man shall see me, or if the pity bids that at  
 least to vex me with all speed out of this land and  
 let me not dwell where I am.

That command sufficed me, laid him in my  
 arms and brought him—but hardly brot him—to this  
 shore moaning in his torments. And ye shall pre-  
 sently behold him, as I lately did.

Such, mother as the deceptions and deeds gain to  
 my ire hereof thou hast been found guilty. May  
 a cruel Justice and the Erin punish thee for them!  
 Yet, if I be right, that is my prayer, and night is  
—if I have seen thee trample on the right, by slay-  
 ing the noblest man in the world whose like  
 thou shalt see nevermore!

DETERMINED TO ARREST HER  
CH. (To the woman) Why dost thou depart in  
 silence? Knowest thou that such silence pleads  
 for thine accuser?

DETERMINED TO ARREST HER  
HY. Let her depart. A fair wind speed her far from  
 me tonight! Why should the name of mother bring  
 her semblance of respect, when she is all unlike  
 mother in her deeds? No, let her go—let her  
 to her dear ones, as she goes, my sure betrayer.

CHORUS  
See madmen, how sudden the divine word of  
 the prophetic hath come upon us, which said  
 that he himself should have run through  
 the walls of the town, and he has done so. I  
 toils for the true-born son of Zeus! And that per-  
 me is wasted, as the child of the Fates shall  
 be to behold, or the light has toilsome serv-  
 tude as more beyond the grave?

If I had seen death found him and the doom  
 wrought by the Centaur, I might have seen his side,  
 I might have seen him as Thanatos begat and  
 the gleams of the sword had been in his hand, he  
 upon to-morrow's sun—when that pulling Hades  
 would hold him in its grip and those enormous

goads prepared by the wily words of black-haired  
 Nessus, have started into fury within him with tu-  
 multuous pain?

Of such things this hapless lady had no forebod-  
 ing, but she saw a great evil mischief swiftly coming upon  
 her home from the new marriage. Her own hand  
 applied the remedy, but for the issues of a stranger's  
 counsel, given at a fatal meeting—for these I ween  
 she makes despondent, lament, shedding the tender  
 dew of piteous tears. And the coming fate fore-  
 shadows a great misfortune contrived by guile.

Our streaming tears break forth, alas, a plague is  
 upon him more precious than my life, that for  
 men's brotherhood upon that glorious hero.

Ah, thou dark steel of the spear's remotest in bat-  
 tle by whose might wonder he was lately borne  
 so swiftly from Oechalia's heights! But the Cyprian  
 goddess, Minerva, in vengeance, hath been plainly  
 proved the doer of these deeds.

FIRST SONG CHORUS I fancy I do hear some  
 cry of grief just passing through the house? What is  
 that?

SECOND SONG CH. No uncertain sound, but a wail  
 of a wail from within the house, hath some new  
 trouble.

CH. And mark how sadly, with what a cloud upon  
 her brow, that a wretched woman approaches, to grieve us  
 tidings.

ENTER THE WOMAN, FROM THE HOUSE  
AURIE. Ah, my daughters, rest indeed were the  
 sorrows that we were to reap from the gift sent to  
 Heracles!

CH. Aged woman, what new mischance hast thou  
 to tell?

AU. Deaneira hath departed on the last of all her  
 journeys, departed without stirring foot.

CH. Thou speakest not of death?

AU. Alas, it is so!

CH. Dead hapless one?

AU. Again thou hearest it.

CH. Hapless, lost one! Say what was the manner  
 of her death?

AU. Oh, a cruel deed was there!

CH. Speak, woman, how hath she met her doom?

AU. By her own hand hath she died.

CH. What fury what pains of frenzy have cut her  
 off by the edge of the sword? How contrived  
 she this death following death—all wrought by her  
 alone?

AU. By the stroke of the sword that makes sor-  
 row.

CH. Sawest thou that violent deed poor hapless  
 one?

AU. I saw it, yet I was standing near.

CH. Whence came that? How was it done? Oh speak!

AU. 'Twas the work of her own mind and her own  
 hand.

CH. What dost thou tell us?

AU. The sad truth.

*Ch* The first born the first born of that new bride is a dread Erinyes for this house!

*An* Too true and hadst thou been an eye witness of the action verily thy pity would have been yet deeper

*Ch* And could a woman's hand dare to do such deeds?

*An* Yes with dread daring thou shalt hear and then thou wilt bear me witness

When she came alone into the house and saw her son preparing a deep litter in the court that he might go back with it to meet his ire then she hid herself where none might see and falling before the altars she waited aloud that they were left desolate and when she touched any household thing that she had been wont to use poor lady in the past her tears would flow when roaring hither and thither through the house she beheld the form of any well loved servant she wept hapless one at that sight crying aloud upon her own fate and that of the household which would thenceforth be in the power of others

But when she ceased from this suddenly I beheld her rush into the chamber of Heracles From a secret place of espial I watched her and saw her spreading coverings on the couch of her lord When she had done this she sprang thereon and sat in the middle of the bed her tears burst forth in burning streams and thus she spake Ah bridal bed and bridal chamber mine farewell now and for ever never more shall ye receive me to rest upon this couch She said no more but with a vehement hand loosed her robe where the gold wrought brooch lay above her breast baring all her left side and arm Then I ran with all my strength and warned her son of her intent But lo in the space between my going and our return she had driven a two edged sword through her side to the heart

At that sight her son uttered a great cry for he knew alas that in his anger he had driven her to that deed and he had learned too late from the servants in the house that she had acted without knowledge by the prompting of the Centaur And now the youth in his misery bewailed her with all passionate lament he knelt and showered kisses on her lips he threw himself at her side upon the ground bitterly crying that he had rashly smitten her with a slander weeping that he must now live bereaved of both alike — of mother and of sire

Such are the fortunes of this house Rash indeed is he who reckons on the morrow or haply on days beyond it for to morrow is not until to day is safely past

*Ch* Which woe shall I bewail first which misery is the greater? Alas too hard for me to tell

One sorrow may be seen in the house for one we wait with foreboding and suspense hath a kinship with pain

Oh that some strong breeze might come with wafting power unto our hearth to bear me far from this land lest I die of terror when I look but once upon the mighty son of Zeus!

For they say that he is approaching the house in torments from which there is no deliverance a wonder of unutterable woe

Ah it was not far off but close to us that woe of which my lament gave warning like the nightingale's piercing note!

Men of an alien race are coming yonder And how then are they bringing him? In sorrow as for some loved one they move on their mournful noiseless march

Alas he is brought in silence! What are we to think that he is dead or sleeping?

*Enter HYLLUS and an OLD MAN with a attendant bearing HERACLES upon a litter*

*Hy* Woe is me for thee my father woe is me for thee Iretched that I am! Whither shall I turn? What can I do? Ah me!

*Old Man (uhspering)* Hush my son! Rouse not the cruel pain that infuriates thy soul! He lives, though prostrated Oh put a stern restraint upon thy lips!

*Hy* How sayest thou old man—is he alive?

*O M (uhspering)* Thou must not awake the slumberer! Thou must not rouse and revive the dread frenzy that visits him my son!

*Hy* Nay I am crushed with this weight of misery—there is madness in my heart!

*Heracles (auaking)* O Zeus to what land have I come? Who are these among whom I lie tortured with unending agonies? Wretched wretched that I am! Oh that dire pest is gnawing me once more!

*O M (to HYLLUS)* Knew I not how much better it was that thou shouldst keep silence instead of scaring slumber from his brain and eyes?

*Hy* Nay I cannot be patient when I behold this misery

*He* O thou Centaean rock whereon mine altars rose what a cruel reward hast thou won me for thee a fair offering—be Zeus my witness! Ah to what ruin hast thou brought me to what ruin! Would that I had never beheld thee for thy sorrow! Then had I never come face to face with this fiery madness which no spell can soothe! Where is the charm that shall quell this plague to rest? I should marvel if he ever came within my ken!

Ah!

Leave me hapless one to my rest—leave me to my last rest!

Where art thou touching me? Whither wouldst thou turn me? Thou wilt kill me thou wilt kill me! If there be any pang that slumbers thou hast aroused it!

It hath seized me oh the pest comes again! Where are ye most ungrateful of all the Greeks? I wore out my troublous days in ridding Crece of pests, on the deep and in all forests and now when I am stricken will no man succour me with merciful fire or sword?

Oh will no one come and sever the head at one fierce stroke from this wretched body? Woe woe is me!

O W Son of Heracle th stask exceeds my strength  
—h'p thou—f r st engh i at thv m mma d too  
h gelyt need my a d in husrel f

Hy My hands are helping but n resource in  
myself or from an th r a als me to make h s life  
f rget m anoush such is the doom appo nted by  
Zeus!

H O my son whe e a t thou! Ra se m —take  
hold f me—thus, thus! Alas, my destiny!

Again again the cruel pest leaps f rth to rend me  
the h sce plaw with wh ch n ne may cooel

O P llas, Pall s, it t rures me again! Ala mv  
so pte thv sur —d aw a blameless sword d  
mut beneath my colla bone and heal thv pa n  
wh en th thy godless m ther hath made me wild!  
So may I see her fall,—thus, e n thv s she hath  
destroyed me! Sweet H des b other of Zeus sve  
me rest g v me rest end my woe by a swiftly ped  
doom!

Ch I shudder fr ends to hear these sor ons of  
our lord what a man m here and what m rments  
affl thum!

He Ah fierce f ll of a d g ev us not in name  
alo e ha e b en th labours of these hands the  
be d s borne upo these l vde s! But or l  
e er laid on me by the wife f Zeus r by the hate  
f l! Every thren v s lke unto thv sh g wh ch the  
da ght of Q u f and false hath fasten d  
po my be k—thv n n t of the F res, in  
which I per h l Gid d to nys de t hath eat n my  
fle h t mo t part it e n with me suck ng  
th ba n s of mv b eath already it hath drained  
my flesh l f blood a d m wh le body is na ted  
capt e to these nurt r bl bonds

N th war on th batl f l d n t the Gid m  
ex th n host n r th might f sa age bea s  
hath e e do unto m thv —t Hellas no the  
land of the al m m land to which I h come  
a del e r s no a oma s weak woman born  
n t o these gth fma flal ne hath nju bed  
m n th t k (sword)

Son hor thy self mv s and ed and don t thou  
m most cast b e s e s b n so th the  
oman that ba e the and gi e he n th n e ou  
ba d n mv hand that I may know of tr th  
hu h f g s thee most—mv r tu ed frame,  
or h is wh he suff sh r ght up doom!

G my son h h n t—nd hom thy r ty for  
me h ma v m d d m p t l f m moan  
t g d weep ng l h g l a d th mv h e o  
bo a sa that he ev saw med thv l f s o  
without ompla n I d t h th m n e f  
lo r n led B t m alas, th t g m n hath  
be sou d w man

Approa h s a d near th nd e h r a face  
r thre hach b ght m e thus pass f r m l h f  
th l Beh ld! Look ll f you thus m rbl  
bod se h w w rched bo v fte us as my pl ght!  
Ah x m l

The f r g th oe f torn m is there n w st  
da t th ough my de —f m r wrestle once more  
w th th t l de g plagu!

O thou l rd of the dark ceal ce e riel Smit  
m O fire f Zeus! Hurl down thy thunderbolt O  
king s nd it O father upon my head! For again  
the pest is con uming me t hath blazed forth m  
hath started into fu y! O hands, my hands O shoul  
der and breast and tru ty arms ye now in th s  
pl ght are the same whose force of eld subdued the  
dweller in N mea the scourge of herdsmen the  
l n creature that a man m ght approach ar con  
front yet med the Lernaean Hydra and that m n  
strous host of double form man jo ned to steed a  
rac w th whom n ne may commune violent law  
less of surpa s ng m ght ye tamed the Eryman  
tian bea t and the l see headed whelp of Hades  
underground a restless terror offspring of the dread  
Fch d n ye tamed the dragon that guarded t e  
golden seat t the utmost places of the earth

These to l nd c unless others have I pro ed  
nor hath any mo vaunted triumpho e r n v pro  
e s But now n th jo nts unh nged and with flesh  
torn to shreds I have bec me the miserabl rrev of  
an unseen destroyer—I who am called t m son of  
n blest m ther l whose reputed s re is Zeus lord  
of the starry sky

But ye may be sure f one thing t ough I am as  
nought thou h l s nat m n e a step yet she who  
h th d ne th deed shall f l my bea y ba d even  
now let her b t come and she shall learn to pro  
claim th s m eiss e unto all that in n y death as in  
my life I char sed th w ched!

Ch Ah hapi s Gve e what mourning do I fore  
se for he if she mu e lose th s man!

Hy Father s nce thy pause permits an answer  
hear t e afflicted th ough thou art I will ask thee  
for no m e than is my due Acc pt my counsels,  
a calmer mood th that to which this n er st ngs  
th e else thou car t n learn how vain s t v des e  
f e e geat n and l ca seless thy resentment

He b y what th v wilt and ce n e n thv rry  
paul I understa d nought of all thy r dling or la

Hy I e me t tell thee of my mother—how it is  
n w w th h t and h w she n n ed unwitt ngly

H Villa n! What—ha t tho dared t b eath e  
her man again m my hea ng the name f the  
moth r who hath sla n thv n e?

Hy Yea such t ter t e that let ce n unmeet

H Unme t ruly n ew h rpa t e me

Hy And also f t e deeds thus day—as thou w r

o n

He Speak—but g v e heed th t t u be n r f und

at r t s

Hy Thes are my t d ngs St is lead lat lyl n

He By whose hand? A nd ous ness ge from

ap oph t fill-omened, cel

Hy By heron hand s d n o t ang r s

H Alas, she d ed by n e a be deser d!

Hy Even thy wrath would be turn d couldst

thou hear ll

He Astr nge p eamble h it unfold thy mean

Hy Th um s th s b e red th a good intent

He I t good deed tho wretch to ha e slain

thy ure?

*Ch* The first born the first born of that new bride  
 ■ a dread Eriny's for this house!

*Nu* Too true and hadst thou been an eye  
 witness of the action verily thy pity would have  
 been yet deeper

*Ch* And could a woman's hand dare to do such  
 deeds?

*Nu* Yea with dread daring thou shalt hear and  
 th n thou wilt bear me witness

When she came alone into the house and saw her  
 son preparing a deep litter in the court that he  
 might go back with it to meet his sire then she hid  
 herself where none might see and falling before  
 the altars she wailed aloud that they were left des-  
 olate and when she touched any household thing  
 that she had been wont to use poor lady in the  
 past her tears would flow or when roaming hither  
 and thither through the house she beheld the form  
 of any well loved servant she wept hapless one at  
 that sight crying aloud upon her own fate and that  
 of the household which would thenceforth be in the  
 power of others

But when she ceased from this suddenly I beheld  
 her rush into the chamber of Heracles From a se-  
 cret place of espial I watched her and saw her spread-  
 ing coverings on the couch of her lord When she  
 had done this she sprang thereon and sat in the  
 middle of the bed her tears burst forth in burning  
 streams and thus she spake Ah bridal bed and  
 bridal chamber mine farewell now and for ever  
 never more shall ye receive me to rest upon this  
 couch She said no more but with a vehement  
 hand loosed her robe where the gold wrought brooch  
 lay above her breast baring all her left side and arm  
 Then I ran with all my strength and warned her  
 son of her intent But lo in the space between my  
 going and our return she had driven a two edged  
 sword through her side to the heart

At that sight her son uttered a great cry for he  
 knew alas that in his anger he had driven her to  
 that deed and he had learned too late from the  
 servants in the house that she had acted without  
 knowledge by the prompting of the Centaur And  
 now the youth in his misery bewailed her with all  
 passionate lament he knelt and showered kisses  
 on her lips he threw himself at her side upon the ground  
 bitterly crying that he had rashly smitten her with  
 a slander weeping that he must now live bereaved  
 of both alike—of mother and of sire

Such are the fortunes of this house Rash indeed  
 is he who reckons on the morrow or haply on days  
 beyond it for to morrow is not until to-day is safe-  
 ly past

*Ch* Which woe shall I bewail first which misery  
 is the greater? Alas tis hard for me to tell

One sorrow may be seen in the house for one we  
 wait with foreboding and suspense hath a kinship  
 with pain

Oh that some strong breeze might come with waft-  
 ing power unto our hearth to bear me far from this  
 land lest I die of terror when I look but once upon  
 the mighty son of Zeus!

For they say that he is approaching the house in  
 torments from which there is no deliverance a won-  
 der of unutterable woe

Ah it was not far off but close to us that woe of  
 which my lament gave warning like the nightingale's  
 piercing note!

Men of an alien race are coming yonder And  
 how then are they bringing him? In sorrow as for  
 some loved one they move on their mournful noise-  
 less march

Alas he is brought in silence! What are we to  
 think that he is dead or sleeping?

*Enter HYLUS and an OLD MAN with a cadent  
 bearing HERACLES upon a litter*

*H* Woe is me for thee my father woe is me for  
 thee wretched that I am! Whither shall I turn?  
 What can I do? Ah me!

*Old Man (a huperring)* Hush my son! Rouse not  
 the cruel pain that infuriates thy sire! He lives,  
 though prostrated Oh put a stern restraint upon  
 thy lips!

*H* How sayest thou old man—is he alive?

*O M (a huperring)* Thou must not awake the slum-  
 berer! Thou must not rouse and revive the dread  
 frenzy that visits him my son!

*H* Nay I am crushed with this weight of misery  
 —there is madness in my heart!

*Heracles (au asking)* O Zeus to what land have I  
 come? Who are these among whom I lie tortured  
 with unending agonies? Wretched wretched that I  
 am! Oh that dire pest is gnawing me once more!

*O M (to HYLUS)* I knew I not how much better  
 it was that thou shouldst keep silence instead of  
 scarst slumber from his brain and eyes?

*H* Nay I cannot be patient when I behold this  
 misery

*He* O thou Cenean rock whereon mine altars  
 rose what a cruel rev and hast thou won me for  
 those fair offerings—be Zeus my witness! Ah to  
 what ruin hast thou brought me to what ruin! Would  
 that I had never beheld thee for thy sorrow! Then  
 had I never come face to face with this fiery mad-  
 ness which no spell can soothe! Where is the charm-  
 er where is the cunning healer save Zeus alone  
 that shall lull this plague to rest I should marvel  
 if he ever came within my ken!

Ah!

Leave me hapless one to my rest—leave me to  
 my last rest!

Where art thou touching me? Whither wouldst  
 thou turn me? Thou wilt kill me thou wilt kill me!  
 If there be any pang that slumbers thou hast aroused  
 it!

It hath seized me oh the pest comes again! Where  
 are ye most ungrateful of all the Greeks? I wore out  
 my troublous days in ridding Greece of pests on  
 the deep and in all forests and now when I am  
 stricken will no man succour me with merciful fire  
 or sword?

Oh will no one come and sever the head at one  
 fierce stroke from this wretched body? Woe woe is  
 me!

*Hy* Ah thou wilt soon show m' thanks, how distressed thou art!

*He* Yea, for thou art breaking the slumber of my plague.

*Hy* hapless that I am! What perplexities surround me!

*He* Yea, since thou deignest not to hear thy sire.

*Hy* But must I learn then to be impious, my father?

*H* 'Tis not unpier if thou shalt gladden my heart.

*Hy* Dost thou command me, then to do this deed, as a duty?

*He* I command thee—the gods bear me witness!

*Hy* Then will I do it and refuse not—call upon the god to witness this deed! I cannot be condemned for loyalty to thee, my father.

*He* Thou eodest well and to these words, my son, quickly add the gracious deed that thou mayest lay me on the pyre before any pain returns to rend or sting me.

Come, make haste and lift me! Thus, in truth, as rest from troubles this is the end and the last end [Heraclius]

*Hy* Noth'g indeed hinders the fulfilment of thy wish since thy command constrains us, my father.

*H* Come then ere thou arouse this plague. O my stubborn soul, give me a curb as of steel on lips set like stones to stone, and let no cry escape them seeing that the deed which thou art to do, though done perforce, is yet worthy of thy joy!

*Hy* Lift him! [flowers] And grant me full success for this but mark the great cruelty of the god in the deeds that are being done. They begot children they are hailed as fathers, and yet they can look upon such sufferings.

*Th. attendants* raise their eyes on the light and move slowly off as HYLLUS exits to the Chorus in the closing lines.

No man so sees the future but the present is fraught with mourning for us, and with shame for the powers above and only with anguish beyond compare for him who endures this doom.

Alas, can ye also, nor live at the house ye who have lately seen a dead death, with sorrows manifold and strange and in all this there is naught but Zeus.



*Hy* Nay she thought to use a love charm for thy heart when she saw the new bride in the house but missed her aim

*He* And what Trachinian deals in spells so potent?

*Hy* Nessus the Centaur persuaded her of old to inflame thy desire with such a charm

*He* Alas alas miserable that I am! Woe is me I am lost—undone undone! No more for me the light of day! Alas now I see in what a plight I stand! Go my son—for thy father's end hath come—summon I pray thee all thy brethren summon too the hapless Al mena in vain the bride of Zeus that ye may learn from my dying lips what oracles I know

*Hy* Nay thy mother is not here as it chances she hath her abode at Tryns by the sea Some of thy children she hath taken to live with her there and others thou wilt find are dwelling in Thebes town But we who are with thee my father will render all service that is needed at thy bidding

*He* Hear then thy task now is the time to show what stuff is in thee who art called my son

It was foreshown to me by my Sire of old that I should perish by no creature that had the breath of life but by one that had passed to dwell with Hades So I have been slain by this savage Centaur the living by the dead even as the divine will had been foretold

And I will show thee how later oracles tally there with confirming the old prophecy I wrote them down in the grove of the Selvi dwellers on the hills whose couch is on the ground they were given by my Father's oak of many tongues which said that at the time which liveth and now is my release from the toils laid upon me should be accomplished And I looked for prosperous days but the meaning it seems was only that I should die for toil comes no more to the dead

Since then my son those words are clearly finding their fulfilment thou on thy part must lend me thine aid Thou must not delay and so provoke me to bitter speech thou must consent and help with a good grace as one who hath learned that best of laws obedience to a sire

*Hy* Yea father—though I fear the issue to which our talk hath brought me—I will do thy good pleasure

*He* First of all lay thy right hand in mine

*Hy* For what purpose dost thou insist upon this pledge?

*He* Give thy hand at once—disobey me not!

*Hy* Lo there it is—thou shalt not be gainsaid

*He* Now swear by the head of Zeus my sire!

*Hy* To do what deed? May this also be told?

*He* To perform for me the task that I shall enjoin

*Hy* I swear it with Zeus for witness of the oath

*He* And pray that if thou break this oath thou mayest suffer

*Hy* I shall not suffer for I shall keep it yet so I pray

*He* Well, thou knowest the summit of Oeta—acred to Zeus!

*Hy* Ay I have often stood at his altar on that height

*He* Thither then thou must carry me up with thine own hands aided by what friends thou wilt thou shalt lop many a branch from the deep-rooted oak and hew many a fagot also from the sturdy stock of the wild olive thou shalt lay my body thereupon and kindle it with flaming pine torch

And let no tear of mourning be seen there no do this without lament and without weeping if thou art indeed my son But if thou do it not even from the world below my curse and my wrath shall wait on thee for ever

*Hy* Alas my father what hast thou spok'n? How hast thou dealt with me!

*He* I have spoken that which thou must perform if thou wilt not then get thee some other sire and be called my son no more!

*Hy* Woe woe is me! What a deed dost thou require of me my father—that I should become thy murderer guilty of thy blood!

*He* Not so in truth but healer of my sufferings, sole physician of my pain!

*Hy* And how by enkindling thy body shall I heal it?

*He* Nay if that thought dismay thee at least perform the rest

*Hy* The service of carrying thee shall not be refused

*He* And the heaping of the pyre as I have bidden?

*Hy* Yea save that I will not touch it with mine own hand All else will I do and thou shalt have no hindrance on my part

*He* Well so much shall be enough But add one small boon to thy large benefits

*Hy* Be the boon never so large it shall be granted

*He* Knowest thou then the girl whose sire was Eurystus?

*Hy* It is of Iole that thou speakest if I mistake not

*He* Even so This in brief is the charge that I gave thee my son When I am dead if thou wouldst show a pious remembrance of thine oath unto thy father disobey me not but take this woman to be thy wife Let no other espouse her who hath bin at my side but do thou O my son make that marriage bond thine own Consent after loyalty in great matters to rebel in less is to cancel the grace that had been won

*Hy* Ah me it is not well to be angry with a sick man but who could bear to see him in such a mind?

*He* Thy words show no desire to do my bidding

*Hy* What! When she alone is to blame for my mother's death and for thy present plight besides? Lives there the man who would make such a choice unless he were maddened by avenging fiend?

Better were it father that I too should die rather than live united to the worst of our foes!

*He* He will render no reverence it seems to my dying prayer Nay be sure that the curse of the gods will attend thee for disobedience to my voice

6-12

were my doom. No is this that must be  
perish and this how thou canst be was the  
soul's own. I will know my son, that  
I cannot thou art to a letter or converse with  
I will see that thou is a sweet prize to  
gladly head I will then our horses shall be  
shown forth another time. But now lead thine self to  
me for or little thou shalt do and then through all  
the days to come, be called the most in the eyes of  
men.

When comes a pain to eat son of Laertes,  
Lionel who to lead them with my hand. It is not in  
me nature to oppress but b evil arts, no was it,  
as men say in the sea. But I am ready to take the  
man's force not by fraud for he is the one of  
our foot and I cannot prevail in fight against us  
so as to many. And I have been sent to act  
with thee I am both to be called traitor. But I say  
no. O King is to do right and miss in aim, rather  
than succeed b evil ways.

So of by a cure time was when I too, in my  
youth, had a low corner and a road hand but  
now I come forth to the proof. I see that  
words no deeds, yet at the matters among men.

What then, is the command? What, but that  
I should.

Oh I see that thou art to take Philoctetes by  
guile.

And what b guile rather than b persuasion?

Oh I will never let on and b force thou canst  
not take him.

Hadst thou such dread strength to make him  
bold.

Oh that men could and wound with death.

Now men dare then, even to approach that  
foe?

Oh how would thou take him b guile as I see.

Thou thinkest it no shame, then, to speak  
falsehood.

Oh how if falsehood brings delusion.

And how shall one be able to face to speak  
those words.

Oh when the dread promises gain, no manner to  
dread.

And that gain is it for me that he should  
come Troy.

Oh what more and a more can Troy be taken.

Then I am not to be conqueror as said?

Oh neither thou art from there nor these I can  
lose.

Then I see that we must try to win them,  
if I may win.

Oh know that, if thou dost this then two prizes  
are thine.

What is it? Troy and I will not refuse  
to lead.

Oh thou wilt be called at once wise and brave.

Oh how what may I do to lead and cast? And  
win.

Oh art thou minded then of the counsels that  
I give?

A Be sure of thy own nature. The concern of

Oh Do thou then stay here in wait for him,  
but I will go away. For I be tired with thee and  
will send our watcher back to the ship. And if he  
seem to be a traitor at all beyond the due time,  
I will send that same man hither again, disguised as  
the captain of a merchant ship, that secretly may  
aid us and then, my son, shall tell his artful story  
take such him as may help thee from the stroke of  
his words.

Now I will go to the ship, having left this charge  
with thee and may speed. Hermes, the lord of  
strategy, lead us on, and Victory even Athena  
Polus, who is ever our aid.

Enter messengers on the occasion left  
The chorus enters and changes the following lines  
with the previous ones accordingly.

Chorus A stranger in a strange land, what am I  
to bid what am I to speak? O Master before a man  
who will be swayed I think not? Be thou my guide  
his skill excels all other skill, he counsel both no  
peer with whom is the way of the godlike sceptre  
given by Zeus. And to thee my son, that sovereign  
power hath descended from of old tell me thy re-  
fore where I am to serve thee.

Ye For the present—as happy thou wouldst be  
hold the place where he shades on ocean's wave—  
survive I fear, even but when the dread waters  
who hath left this dwelling shall return, come for-  
ward I my back from time to time, and try to help  
with more to me require.

Oh Lion he is I been careful of that care my  
prince that man eye should be was chival for thy  
good before all else. And now tell me, in what man-  
ner of better hath he made his abode? In what re-  
gion is he? Two are not unreasonable for me to learn,  
from his surprise in some quarter. What is the  
place of his wandering or his rest? Who plans  
eth he his stern, within his dwelling, or abroad?

Ye Here thou seest his home with its two por-  
tals—his rock cell.

Oh And is he less inmate—whether is he gone?

Ye I doubt no but he is wandering, his painful steps  
somewhere near this spot in quest of food. For ru-  
mour with that in this fashion he, ex, seeking prey  
with his wandering ways, and wretched that he is and  
no healer of his woes draws nigh unto him.

Oh I pity him, I think how with no man to  
eat for him, and seen no companion's face, suf-  
fering, lonely in misery he is vexed by frost dis-  
ease, and how hearted he each want as it arises. How  
how doth he endure in his misery? Alas, the dark  
dealings of the gods! Alas, hapless races of men,  
whose destinies exceed due measure!

This man—not per chance, as any woman of the  
nobles house—fit of all life gifts, lies to  
away from his fellows, with the daimon or his  
beasts I will bid, he comes awake in his torments and  
his hammer beats a path that find no use while  
the more than a myth but he has a pearl  
and makes answer to his sufferings.

Ye Not fit of this marvelled me. But he can only  
endureance if such I may judge these first suffer

## PHILOCTETES

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ODYSSEUS

NEOPTOLEMUS

PHILOCTETES

MERCHANT *a follower of Neoptolemus in disguise*

HERACLES

CHORUS OF SAILORS *belonging to the ship of  
Neoptolemus*

*On the north east coast of Lemnos near the promontory of Mount Hermaeum A rocky cliff rises steeply from the sea shore in it is seen the cave of Philoctetes ODYSSEUS NEOPTOLEMUS and an attendant enter*

*Odysseus* This is the shore of the sea girt land of Lemnos untrodden of men and desolate O thou whose sire was the noblest of the Greeks true bred son of Achilles Neoptolemus here long ago I put ashore the Malian the son of Pocus (having charge from my chiefs so to do) his foot all ulcerous with a gnawing sore when neither drink offering nor sacrifice could be attempted by us in peace but with his fierce ill omened cries he filled the whole camp continually shrieking moaning But what need to speak of that? 'Tis no time for many words lest he learn that I am here and I waste the whole plan whereby I think to take him anon

Come to work! 'tis for thee my help in what remains and to seek where in this region is a cave with twofold mouth such that in cold weather either front offers a sunny seat but in summer a breeze wafts sleep through the tunnelled grot And a little below on the left hand perchance thou wilt see a spring if it hath not failed

Move thither silently and signify to me whether he still dwells in this same place or is to be sought elsewhere—that so our further course may be explained by me, and heard by thee and sped by the joint work of both

*Neoptolemus* King Odysseus the task that thou settest lies not far off methinks I see such a cave as thou hast described

*Od* Above thee or below? I perceive it not

*Ne* Here high up and of footsteps not a sound

*Od* Look that he be not lodged there asleep

*Ne* I see an empty chamber—no man therein

*Od* And no provision in it for man's abode?

*Ne* Aye, a mattress of leaves as if for some one who makes his lodging here

*Od* And all else is bare? Nought else beneath the roof?

*Ne* Just a rude cup of wood the work of a sorry craftsman and this tinder stuff therewith

*Od* His is the household store whereof thou tellest

*Ne* Hal! Yes and here are some rays withal drying in the sun—stained with matter from some grievous sore

*Od* The man dwells in these regions clearly and is somewhere not far off how could one go far afield with foot maimed by that inveterate plague? No he hath gone forth in quest of food or of some soothing herb haply that he hath noted somewhere Send thine attendant therefore to keep watch lest the foe come on me unawares for he would rather take me than all the Greeks beside

*Ne* Enough the man is going and the path shall be watched And now if thou wouldst say more proceed *Exit Attendant on the spectators left*

*Od* Son of Achilles thou must be loyal to thy mission—and not with thy body alone Shouldst thou hear some new thing some plan unknown to thee till now thou must help it for to help is thy part here

*Ne* What is thy bidding?

*Od* Thou must beguile the mind of Philoctetes by a story told in thy converse with him When he asks thee who and whence thou art say the son of Achilles—there must be no deception touchin that but thou art homeward bound—thou hast left the fleet of the Achaean warriors and hast conceived a deadly hatred for them who when they had moved thee by their prayers to come from home (sun as this was their only hope of taking Ilum) deemed thee not worthy of the arms of Achilles designed not to give them to thee when thou earnest and didst claim them by right but made them over to Odysseus Of me say what thou wilt the vilest of vile reproaches thou wilt cost me no pang by that but if thou fail to do this deed thou wilt bring sorrow on all our host For if yon man's bow is not to be taken never canst thou sack the realm of Dardanians

And mark why thine intercourse with him may be free from mistrust or danger while mine cannot Thou hast come to Troy under no oath to any man and by no constraint nor hadst thou part in the earlier voyage but none of these things can I deny And so if he shall perceive me while he is still master of his bow I am lost and thou as my comrade



ings came on him from relentless Chryse and the woes that now he bears with none to tend him surely he bears by the providence of some god that so he should not bend against Troy the resistless shafts divine till the time be fulfilled when as men say Troy is fated by those shafts to fall

Ch Hush peace my son!

Ne What now?

Ch A sound rose on the air such as might haunt the lips of a man in weary pain From this point it came I think—or this it smites it smites indeed upon my ear—the voice of one who creeps painfully on his way I cannot mistake that grievous cry of human anguish from afar—its accents are too clear

Then turn thee O my son—

Ne Say whither?

Ch—to new counsels for the man is not far off but near not with music of the reed he cometh like shepherd in the pastures—no but with far sound ing moan as he stumbles perchance from stress of pain or as he gazes on the haven that hath no ship for guest loud in his cry and dread

Enter PHILOCTETES on the spectators' right

Philoctetes O strangers!

Who may ye be and from what country have ye put into this land that is harbourless and desolate? What should I deem to be your city or your race?

The fashion of your garb is Greek—most welcome to my sight—but I fain would hear your speech and do not shrink from me in fear or be scared by my wild looks nay in pity for one so wretched and so lonely for a sufferer so desolate and so friendless speak to me if indeed ye have come as friends Oh answer! 'Tis not meet that I should fail of this at least from you or ye from me

Ne Then know this first good Sir that we are Greeks—since thou art fain to learn that

Ph O well loved sound! Ah that I should indeed be greeted by such a man after so long a time! What quest my son hath drawn thee towards these shores and to this spot? What enterprise? What kindest of winds? Speak tell me all that I may know who thou art

Ne My birthplace is the sea girt Scyros I am sailing homeward Achilles was my sire my name is Neoptolemus thou know'st all

Ph O son of wretched father and dear land foster child of aged Lycomedes on what errand hast thou touched this coast? Whence art thou sailing?

Ne Well it is from Ilium that I hold my present course

Ph What? Thou wast not certainly our shipmate at the beginning of the voyage to Ilium

Ne Hadst thou indeed a part in that emprise?

Ph O my son then thou know'st not who is before thee?

Ne How should I know one whom I have never seen before?

Ph Then thou hast not even heard my name or any rumour of those miseries by which I was perishing?

Ne Be assured that I know nothing of what thou askest

Ph O wretched indeed that I am O abhorred of heaven that no word of this my plight should have won its way to my home or to any home of Greeks! No the men who wickedly cast me out keep their secret and laugh while my plague still rejoices in its strength and grows to more!

O my son O boy whose father was Achilles be hold I am he of whom haply thou hast heard as lord of the bow of Heracles—I am the son of Peas Philoctetes whom the two chieftains and the Cephallean king foully cast upon this solitude when I was wasting with a fierce disease stricken down by the furious bite of the destroying serpent with that plague for sole companion O my son those men put me out here and were gone when from sea girt Chryse they touched at this coast with their fleet. Clad then when they saw me asleep—after much tossing on the waves—in the shelter of a cave upon the shore they abandoned me—first putting out a few rags good enough for such a wretch and a scanty dole of food withal may Heaven give them the like!

Think now my son think what a waking was mine when they had gone and I rose from sleep that day! What bitter tears started from mine eyes what miseries were those that I bewailed when I saw that the ships with which I had sailed were all gone and that there was no man in the place not one to help not one to ease the burden of the sickness that vexed me when looking all around I could find no provision save for anguish—but of that a plentiful store my son!

So time went on for me season by season and alone in this narrow house I was fain to meet each want by mine own service For hunger's needs this bow provided bringing down the winged doves and whatever my string sped shaft might strike I hapless one would crawl to it myself trailing my wretched foot just so far or if again water had to be fetched—or if (when the frost was out perchance as oft in winter) a bit of fire wood had to be broken I would creep forth poor wretch and man a e it Then fire would be lacking but by rubbing stone on stone I would at last draw forth the hidden spark and this it is that keeps life in me from day to day Indeed a roof over my head and fire there with gives all that I want—save release from my disease

Come now my son thou must learn what manner of isle this is No mariner approaches it by choice there is no anchorage there is no sea port where he can find a gainful market or a kindly welcome This is not a place to which prudent men make voyages Well suppose that some one has put in against his will such things may oft happen in the long course of a man's life These visitors when they come ha a compassionate words for me and perchance moved by pity they give me a little food or some raiment but there is one thing that no one will do when I speak of it—take me safe home no this is now the tenth year that I am wearing out my wretched days

399-399

a of thy crew I resolved not to go on my voyage  
in silence without first giving thee my news, and  
returning thee due. Thou knowest nothing I sus-  
pect, of thine own affairs—the new designs that the  
Greeks have in regard thee may not design mere  
but thy death in port, and no longer return.

A Trul'st the grace shown me by thy fore-  
thought that I be a unorth shall be an my  
grateful thou art. But I'll me just what it is what re-  
(thou hast spoken)—that I may learn what strain  
design on the part of the Greeks thou announcest  
to me.

M Pursuers have started in quest of thee with  
ships—the red Phoenix and the sons of Theseus.

A To bring me back by force, or by fair means?

M I know not but I have come to tell thee  
that I have heard.

A Can Phoenix and his comrades be shown  
much zeal on such an errand to please the Atreidae?

M The errand is being done, I can assure thee  
and shout day.

M When then, was not Odysseus read to suffer  
thy purpose and to bid in thy messengers himself? Or  
did some fear restrain him?

M Oh, he and the sons of Tydeus were set out  
forth pursuit of another man as I was leaving  
port.

A Who as thou hast in quest of whom Odysseus  
was himself a sailor?

M There was a man. But I'll me first what that  
is—order—and what ever thou sayest speak not  
loud.

A So thou seest the enowned Philoctetes.

M Ask him in my name that he bid thyself  
with all speed out of this land.

M What is his name? and son? Why is it so late  
travelling with thee about me in these dark whis-  
pers?

A I know not his meaning yet but whatever he  
would say he must say openly to thee and me and  
these.

M Send I a hither, do or accuse me to thine  
men in what I should not I receive many  
be fit from them for my services—as a poor man  
am.

A I am the foe of the Atreidae, and this man is  
my best friend because he hates them. Since thou  
hast come to me with a kindly purpose towards me  
hither, or keep from us by part of the tidings  
that thou hast heard.

M See that thou doest me son.

A I am a son.

M I'll hold thee a coward.

A Do so, but speak.

M I obey. This is a quest of this man that thou  
the sailor whom I named to thee—the son of  
Tydeus and the hero Odysseus—worn to bring him  
out. It was a word or by command of  
him that the Achaeans heard this plan from Odysseus  
for his confidence of success was higher than  
his own.

M And wherefore fear so long a time did thou

Atreidae turn their backs towards this man  
whom thou since thou hadst forth? What was the  
yearn in that came to them—what compulsion or  
what vain chance from gods who require great  
deeds?

M I can expound all that to thee—since it seems  
that thou hast not heard it. There was a secret  
in the birth of a son of Priam by name Hecubus, with  
this man, going to the city of Troy—this guileful Odysseus,  
of whom it shameful and dishonouring words  
were spoken—made his prisoner and leading him in  
bonds, showed him publicly to the Achaeans, a  
good prize who then proffered to them whatso-  
ever they asked and that they should never check the  
town of Troy unless by winning words they should  
bring this man from the island where soon he now  
dwells.

And the son of Laertes, when he heard the secret  
spoke thus, straightway promised that he would  
bring this man and show him to the Achaeans—  
more likely he thought a willing captive but if  
reluctant, then by force adding that should he fail  
in this, whose was shed my father's head. Thou  
hast heard all, my son and I commend speed to thee  
and to any man for whom thou carest.

M Happen that I am! Hath he that utter pest  
power to bring me by persuasion to the Achaeans?  
As soon shall I be persuaded when I am dead to  
come up from Hades to the light of the sun and earth.

M I know a thing about that but I must go to  
ship and may Heaven be with you both for all  
good.

M Now is of this wondrous, my son that the  
offer of Laertes should have been repudiated by means  
of soft words, to lead me forth from his ship and  
how are amid the Greeks? No! sooner would I  
hearken to that deadliest of my foes, the snake  
which made me the cripple that I am! But there is  
nothing that he would not say to dare and now I  
know that he will be here. Come, my son! let us be  
moored in that safe sea may part us from the ship  
of Odysseus. Let us in good speed in good season  
begin our keep and rest, when told us so.

M We will sail, then as soon as the head wind  
fall at present to aid us.

M This ever fair sailing when thou fleest from  
evil.

M Not but the weather serves them also.

M No word comes amiss to pirates, when there is  
a chance to steal, or to rob by force.

M Well, let us be gone if thou wilt—when thou  
hast taken from within what ever thou needest or  
desirest most.

M As there are some things that I need—  
though the force is not large.

M What is there that will not be found on board  
my ship?

M I keep by me a certain herb wherewith I can  
best cure this wound till it is wholly  
soothed.

M I'll get it, then. Now what else wouldst thou  
take?

*Ne* A clever wrestler he but even clever schemes  
Philoctetes are often tripped up

*Ph* Now tell me I pray thee where was Patroclus  
in this thy need—he whom thy father loved so well?

*Ne* He too was dead And to be brief I would  
tell thee this—war takes no evil man by choice but  
good men always

*Ph* I bear thee witness and for that same reason  
I will ask thee how fares a man of little worth but  
shrewd of tongue and clever—

*Ne* Surely this will be no one but Odysseus?

*Ph* I meant not him but there was one Theristes  
who could never be content with brief speech though  
all men chafed know st thou if he is alive?

*Ne* I saw him not but heard that he still lives

*Ph* It was his due No evil thing has been known  
to perish no the gods take tender care of such and  
have a strange joy in turning back from Hades all  
things villainous and knavish while they are ever  
sending the just and the good out of life How am I  
to deem of these things or wherein shall I praise  
them when praising the ways of the gods I find  
that the gods are evil?

*Ne* Son of Oetean sire I at least shall be on my  
guard henceforth against Ilum and the Atreidae  
nor look on them save from afar and where the  
worse man is stronger than the good—where hon-  
esty fails and the dastard bears sway—among such  
men will I never make my friends No rocky Scyros  
shall suffice for me henceforth nor shall I ask a  
better home

Now to my ship! And thou son of Poëas farewell  
—heartily farewell and the gods deliver thee from  
thy sickness even as thou wouldst! But we must be  
going so that we may set forth whenever the god  
permits our voyage

*Ph* Do ye start now my son?

*Ne* Aye prudence bids us watch the weather  
near our ship rather than from afar

*Ph* Now by thy father and by thy mother my  
son—by all that is dear to thee in thy home—  
solemnly I implore thee, leave me not thus forlorn  
helpless amid these miseries in which I live such as  
thou seest and many as thou hast heard! Nay spare  
a passing thought to me Great is the discomfort I  
well know of such a freight yet bear with it to  
noble minds baseness is hateful and a good deed is  
glorious Forsake this task and thy fair name is sul-  
lied perform it my son and a rich meed of glory  
will be thine if I return alive to Oeta's land Come  
the trouble lasts not one whole day make the effort  
—take and thrust me where thou wilt in hold in  
prow in stern wherever I shall least annoy my ship-  
mates

O consent by the great Zeus of suppliants my  
son—be persuaded! I supplicate thee on my knees  
infirm as I am poor wretch and maimed! Nay  
leave me not thus desolate far from the steps of  
men! Nay bring me safely to thine own home or  
to Euboea Chalcodon's seat and thence it will be  
no long journey for me to Oeta and the Trachinian  
heights and the fur flowing Spercheus that thou

mayest show me to my beloved sire of whom I have  
long feared that he may have gone from me For  
often did I summon him by those who came with  
imploping prayers that he would himself send a ship  
and fetch me home But either he is dead or else  
methinks my messengers—as was likely—made  
small account of my concerns and hastened on their  
homeward voyage

Now however—since I have found ere  
who can carry at once my message and myself—do  
thou save me do thou show me mercy seen be  
all human destiny is full of the fear and the peril  
that good fortune may be followed by evil He who  
stands clear of trouble should beware of dangers  
and when a man lives at ease then it is that he  
should look most closely to his life lest ruin come  
on it by stealth

*Ch* Have pity O king he hath told of a struggle  
with sufferings manifold and grievous may the like  
befall no friend of mine! And if my prince thou  
hatest the hateful Atreidae then turn their rus-  
saged to this man's gain I would wait him in this  
good swift ship to the home for which he yearns  
that so thou flee the just wrath of Heaven

*Ne* Beware lest thou now as a spectator thou  
art pliant yet when wearied of his malady by con-  
sulting with it thou be found no longer constant to  
these words

*Ch* No verily never shalt thou have cause to  
utter that reproach against me!

*Ne* Nay then it were shame that the stranger  
should find me less prompt than thou art to serve  
him at his need Come if it please you let us sail  
let the man set forth at once our ship for her part  
will carry him and will not refuse Only may the  
gods convey me safely out of this land and hence to  
our haven wheresoever it be!

*Ph* O most joyful day! O kindest friend—a dæ-  
mon good sailors—would that I could prove to you in  
deeds what love ye have won from me! Let us be  
going my son when thou and I have made a solemn  
farewell to the homeless home within—that thou  
mayest even learn by what means I sustained life,  
and how stout a heart hath been mine For I be-  
lieve that the bare sight would have deterred any  
other man from enduring such a lot but I have been  
slowly schooled by necessity to patience  
(NEOPTOLEMUS is about to follow PHILOCTETES in a  
the cave)

*Ch* Stay let us give heed two men are coming  
one a seaman of thy ship the other a stranger ye  
should hear their tidings before ye go in

Enter MERCHANT on the spectators left accom-  
panied by a Sailor

*Merchant* Son of Achilles I asked my companion  
here—who with two others, was guarding thy ship  
—to tell me where thou mightest be since I have  
fallen in with thee when I did not expect it by the  
chance of coming to anchor off the same coast Sail-  
ing in trader's wise with no great company hom-  
eward bound from Ilum to Peperethus with its clus-  
tered laden vines when I heard that the sailors were

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Let us bow withingle or unwilling I thou art  
no this bow to them—lest thou bring destruction  
at once on thyself and on me who am thy friend.

Alas! I am no faint as to my caution. The bow shall  
pass in no hands but thine and mine. Give it to  
me and my good luck come with it!

There I am, my son, and pray the jealous gods  
that I may not bring thee troubles such as it  
brings to me and to him who was so kind before-  
me.

O ye gods, grant this to us twins! Grant us a  
more prosperous and safer, whithersoever the wind  
blows in and our purpose leads!

For my son, I fear that thy prayers are vain  
for in one more the dark blood oozes drop by drop  
from thy death, and I look for worse to come. Ah  
me, oh, oh! Thou hast less foot, what torment wilt  
thou work for me! It creeps on me, it is drawn-  
out. Noe worse is it! I know I now see not I  
pray you.

O Cretan friend, would that this sword  
might cleave me and transfer thy breast! Ah  
me! Ah me! O Christians twain! A lamentation.  
Nevertheless, would this be instead of me in his  
last earthly vision, and for as long! Ah me! Ah  
me! O Death, Death, when I am thus ever coming  
thou dost bring death which thou never come! O  
my son, generous youth, come seize me, burn me  
—true-hearted friend in wonder fire, fared as  
Lemnos! I, too, once deemed it lawful to do the  
deed that the son of Zeus, for the sword of Love  
some arms, which are now in thy keeping. What  
is it thou, boy, what is yet Love? Why art thou  
here? Where are thy Lovers, my son?

Alas! long been given me as heart for thy  
load of pain.

Alas! my son, be good here whilst I  
may comfort family but goes quickly. Only I  
hesitate were less in not doing.

Fear not, we will remain.

Alas! Thou art, my son.

Alas! Be not of it.

Alas! I do not ask to put thee on Love earth,  
O son.

Alas! Rest satisfied, no not lawful for me to go  
thou art here.

Alas! The hand for good—

Alas! I go, I go.

Alas! Now take me under wonder—

Alas! I shall remain, thou

Alas! I go, under—

Alas! What is this? Why grieve? Why grieve then on

Alas! Now is

Alas! Let me go, let me go!

Alas! What—

Alas! Let me go, I am!

Alas! I will not.

Alas! Thou wilt kill me, if thou touch me.

Alas! Then—I release thee, since thou art

Alas! Now

Alas! O Earth, receive me as I die here and now!

This pain no longer suffers me to stand even!

Alas! Methinks sleep will come to him ere long  
see his head sink backward, yes, a sweat is bathing  
his whole body, and a thin stream of dark blood  
has brown forth from his head.

Come, friends, let us let him in quietness, that  
he may fall on slumber.

Alas! O stranger, to anguish, painless sleep  
comes at our prayer with gentle breath, come with  
benediction. O King and keep before his eyes such I hit  
as is read before them now, come I pray thee  
come with power! Heall!

O son, bethink thee with re thou wast stand and  
to what counsels thou wilt next turn our course.  
Thou seest how it now! Why should we dally to  
act? O opportunity, artist of all actions, oft wait a  
great victory by one swift stroke.

Alas! Thou hast heard nothing. I see that in  
vain has we made this bow our prize, if we sail  
without him. His must be the crown, is it that  
thou dost bid us bring? Twere a foul shame for us  
to boast of deeds in which failure hath waited on  
us all.

Alas! My son, the god will look to that. But  
when thou answerest me again, softly, softly, whisper  
thy words, my son, for such men's restless sleep  
is ever quick of woe.

But I, I pray thee use these most care to win  
that prize that great prize by stealth. For if thou  
maintain the present purpose toward this man—  
thou knowest of what purpose. I speak—a prudent  
mind can foresee trouble is most grievous.

Now my son, now the wind is fair for thee, night  
less and help'less, the man lies stretched in darkness  
—sleep in the heat is sound—with no command of  
hand or foot, but it of all his powers, has unto one  
who rests with Hades.

Take heed, look if thy counsels be reasonable, so  
far as my thou, his can sense the truth, my son, the  
best strategy is that which gives no alarm.

Alas! Hark I say and let not your wits forsake you  
you can open his eyes, and lift his head.

Alas! Alas, but follow me on weep, alas, I friendly  
with thee, and armed I by my hopes! Alas! My  
son, could I have dared to look for this—that thou  
shouldst hit me in patience to wait so tenderly upon  
me, my son, I have been told to do so.  
Alas! The Alas is really thou, alas!  
Alas! I have had to hear to hear that hard to so  
L. 1. J. B. the nature my son, is not and of  
not friend and in thou has I had little of all this,  
thou hast loved ones and precious odours scented thy  
senses.

Alas! Now since the pain seems to allow me a  
space of forgiveness and peace at last, raise me thy  
self, my son, set me on my feet so that when thy  
business shall at length be done, we may set forth  
to the city and deliver not to sail.

Alas! But had I to see thee beyond my home  
L. 2. and breathe free from pain for judged by  
sufferings that afflict thee, thy symptoms seemed  
to speak of death. But now lift thyself up, if thou  
prize it, these men will carry thee the trouble.



*Ph* Any of these arrows that may have been for gotten and may have slipped away from me—lest I leave it to be another's prize

*Ne* Is that indeed the famous bow which thou art holding?

*Ph* This and no other that I carry in my hand

*Ne* Is it lawful for me to have a nearer view of it—to handle it and to salute it as a god?

*Ph* To thee my son this shall be granted and anything else in my power that is for thy good

*Ne* I certainly long to touch it but my longing is on this wise if it be lawful I should be glad if not think no more of it

*Ph* Thy words are reverent and thy wish my son is lawful for thou alone hast given to mine eyes the light of life—the hope to see the Ocean land to see mine aged father and my friends—thou who when I lay beneath the feet of my foes hast lifted me beyond their reach Be of good cheer the bow shall be thine to handle and to return to the hand that gave it thou shalt be able to vaunt that in reward of thy kindness thou alone of mortals hast touched it for twas by a good deed that I myself won it

*Ne* I rejoice to have found thee and to have gained thy friendship for whosoever knows how to render benefit for benefit must prove a friend above price Go in I pray thee

*Ph* Yes and I will lead thee in for my sick estate craves the comfort of thy presence

*They enter the cave*

#### *Chorus*

I have heard in story but seen not with mine eyes how he who once came near the bed of Zeus was bound upon a swift wheel by the almighty son of Cronus but of no other mortal know I by hear say or by sight that hath encountered a doom so dreadful as this man's who though he had wronged none by force or fraud but lived at peace with his fellow men was left to perish thus cruelly

Verily I marvel how as he listened in his solitude to the surges that beat around him he kept his hold upon a life so full of woe

where he was neighbour to himself alone—power less to walk—with no one in the land to be near him while he suffered in whose ear he could pour forth the lament awaking response for the plague that gnawed his flesh and drained his blood no one to assuage the burning flux oozing from the ulcers of his envenomed foot with healing herbs gathered from the bounteous earth so often as the torment came upon him

Then would he creep this way or that with painful steps like a child without kindly nurse to any place whence his need might be supplied whenever the devouring anguish abated

gathering not for food the fruit of holy Earth nor aught else that we mortals gain by toil save when haply he found wherewith to stay his hunger

by winged shafts from his swift smiting bow Ah joyless was his life who for ten years never knew the gladness of the wine cup but still bent his way towards any stagnant pool that he could descrie as he gazed around him

But now after those troubles he shall be happy and mighty at the last for he hath met with the son of a noble race who in the fulness of many months bears him on sea cleaving ship to his home haunt of Malian nymphs and to the banks of the Spercheus where above Oeta's heights the lord of the brazen shield drew near to the gods amid the splendour of the lightnings of his sire

*NEOPTOLEMUS and PHILOCTETES enter from the cave*

*Ne* I pray thee come on Why art thou so silent? Why dost thou halt as if dismayed without a cause?

*Ph* Alas alas!

*Ne* What is the matter?

*Ph* Nothing serious—go on my son

*Ne* Art thou in pain from the disease that vexes thee?

*Ph* No indeed—no I think I am better just now Ye gods!

*Ne* Why groanest thou thus and callest on the gods?

*Ph* That they may come to us with power to save and soothe Ah me! ah me!

*Ne* What ails thee? Speak—persist not in this silence tis plain that something is amiss with thee

*Ph* I am lost my son—I can never hide my trouble from you ah it pierces me it pierces! O misery O wretched that I am! I am undone my son—it devours me Oh for the gods' love if thou hast a sword ready to thy hand strike at my heel shear it off straightway—heed not my life! Quick quick my son!

*Ne* And what new thing hath come on thee so suddenly that thou bewailest thyself with such loud laments?

*Ph* Thou knowest my son

*Ne* What is it?

*Ph* Thou knowest boy

*Ne* What is the matter with thee? I know not

*Ph* How canst thou help knowing? Oh oh!

*Ne* Dread indeed is the burden of the malady

*Ph* Ave dread beyond telling Oh pity me!

*Ne* What shall I do?

*Ph* Forsake me not in fear This visitant comes but now and then—when she hath been sated happily with her roamings

*Ne* Ah hapless one! Hapless indeed art thou found in all manner of woe! Shall I take hold of thee or lend thee a helping hand?

*Ph* No no but take this bow of mine I pray thee—as thou didst ask of me just now—and keep it safe till this present access of my disease is past For indeed sleep falls on me when this plague is passing away nor can the pain cease sooner but ye must allow me to slumber in peace And if mean while those men come I charge thee by Heaven



would not be grudged since thou and I are of one mind

*Ph* Thanks my son—and help me to rise as thou sayest but do not trouble these men that they may not suffer from the noisome smell before the time. It will be trial enough for them to live on board with me

*Ne* So be it. Now stand up and take hold of me thyself

*Ph* Fear not the old habit will help me to my feet  
*Ne* Alack! What am I to do next!

*Ph* What is the matter my son? Whither strays thy speech?

*Ne* I know not how I should turn my faltering words

*Ph* Faltering? Wherefore? Say not so my son

*Ne* Indeed perplexity has now brought me to that pass

*Ph* It cannot be that the offence of my disease hath changed thy purpose of receiving me in thy ship?

*Ne* All is offence when a man hath forsaken his true nature and is doing what doth not befit him

*Ph* Nay thou at least art not departing from thy sire's example in word or deed by helping one who deserves it

*Ne* I shall be found base this is the thought that torments me

*Ph* Not in thy present deeds but the presage of thy words disquiets me

*Ne* O Zeus what shall I do? Must I be found twice a villain—by disloyal silence as well as by shameful speech?

*Ph* If my judgment errs not yon man means to betray me and forsake me and go his way!

*Ne* Forsake thee—no but take thee perchance on a bitter voyage—that is the pain that haunts me

*Ph* What meanest thou my son? I understand not

*Ne* I will tell thee all. Thou must sail to Troy to the Achaeans and the host of the Atreidae

*Ph* Oh what hast thou said?

*Ne* Lament not till thou learn—

*Ph* Learn what? What wouldst thou do to me?

*Ne* Save thee first from this misery—then go and ravage Troy's plains with thee

*Ph* And this is indeed thy purpose?

*Ne* A stern necessity ordains it be not wroth to hear it

*Ph* I am lost hapless one—betrayed! What hast thou done unto me stranger? Restore my bow at once!

*Ne* Nay I cannot duty and policy alike constrain me to obey my chiefs

*Ph* Thou fire thou utter monster thou hateful masterpiece of subtle villains—how hast thou dealt with me how hast thou deceived me! And thou art not ashamed to look upon me thou wretch—the suppliant who turned to thee for pity? In taking my bow thou hast despoiled me of my life. Restore it I beseech thee—restore it I implore thee my son! By the gods of thy fathers do not rob me of my

life! Ah me! No—he speaks to me no more he looks away—he will not give it up!

O ye creeks and headlands O ye wild creatures of the hills with whom I dwell O ye steep cliffs to you—for to whom else can I speak?—to you my wonted listeners I bewail my treatment by the son of Achilles he swore to convey me home—to Troy he carries me he clunched his word with the pledge of his right hand—yet hath he taken my bow—the sacred bow once borne by Hercules son of Zeus—and keeps it and would fain show it to the Argives as his own

He drags me away as if he had captured a strong man and sees not that he is slaying a corpse the shadow of a vapour a mere phantom. In my strength he would not have taken me—no nor as I am save by guile. But now I have been tricked unhappy that I am. What shall I do? Nay give it back—te turn even now to thy true self! What savest thou? Silent? Woe is me I am lost!

Ah thou cave with twofold entrance familiar to mine eyes once more must I return to thee—but disarmed and without the means to live. Yet in yon chamber my lonely life shall fade away my winged bird no beast that roams the hills shall I slay with yonder bow rather I myself wretched one shall make a feast for those who fed me and become a prey to those on whom I preyed alas I shall render my life blood for the blood which I have shed—the victim of a man who seemed innocent of evil. Perish! no not yet till I see if thou wilt still change thy purpose if thou wilt not mayest thou die accurs'd!

Oh What shall we do? It now rests with thee O prince whether we sail or hearken in yon man's prayer

*Ne* A strange pity for him hath smitten my heart—and not now for the first time but long ago

*Ph* Show mercy my son for the love of the gods and do not give men cause to reproach thee for having ensnared me

*Ne* Ah me what shall I do? Would I had never left Scyros so grievous is my plight

*Ph* Thou art no villain but thou seemest to have come hither as one schooled by villains to a base part. Now leave that part to others whom it befits and sail hence—when thou hast given me back mine arms

*Ne* What shall we do friends?

ODYSSEUS appears suddenly from behind the cave  
*Od* Wretch what art thou doing? Back with thee—and give up this bow to me!

*Ph* Ah who is this? Do I hear Odysseus?

*Od* Odysseus be sure of it—me whom thou be holdest

*Ph* Ah me I am betrayed—lost! He it was that entraped me and robbed me of mine arms

*Od* I surely and no other I know it

*Ph* Give back my bow—give it my son  
*Od* That shall he never do even if he would. And moreover thou must come along with it or they will bring thee by force

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Od What wilt thou do? A strange fear comes over me.

Ne From whom I took th' bow I have again—  
Od Zeus! what would it thou say? Thou wilt not go back?

Ne Yea I have given it base and without right  
Od In the name of the gods, sayest thou this to mock me?

Ne If I be mockery to speak the truth  
Od What meanest thou, son of Achilles? What hast thou said?

Ne Must I repeat the same words twice and thrice?  
Od I should have wished not to hear them at all  
Ne Rest assured that I have nothing more to say  
Od There is a power I tell thee that shall prevent this deed

Ne What meanest thou? Who is it hinders me in this?

Od The whole host of the Achaeans—and I for one.

Ne Wise though thou be, thy words are void of wisdom.

Od Thy speech is vain and not yet thy purpose  
Ne But if just that is better than wise  
Od And how is it just to go on what thou hast won by my counsels?

Ne My fault hath been shameful, and I must seek to atone it.

Od If it thou no fear of the Achaean host, no doing this

Ne With justice on my side I do not fear thy terrors.

Od But I will compel thee  
Ne Nay, not even to thy face do I yield obedience.

Od Then we shall fight, not with the Trojans, but with thee.

Ne Come then what must  
Od Seest thou my little band on my sword hilt?

Ne No, thou shalt see me doing the same and that promptly.

Od If I will take no heed of thee but will go and tell this to all the host and by them thou shalt be punished.

Ne Thou hast come to thy senses and if thou art thus proud of being forth, perchance thou mayest keep close to thyoubt.

But thou, O son of Poseidon, Philoctetes, come forth, leave the shelter of thy rocky home!

Ph (Ne) What means this noise of oars near me?—howe'er my ears be?

Why do you call me forth? What wouldst thou have of me? (He peers at the mouth of the cave and is appalled.) Ah! methinks the borders of good can yet have come as herald of new woes to me to-morrow!

Ph Fear is mine, but hearken to the words that I bring.

Ph I am afraid. Fair words bring but me ill for I have believed thy promises.

And I shall overcome then for repentance?

Ph Even such wast thou in speech when seeking

to steal my bow—a trusty friend with treason in his heart.

Ne But not so now and if I should learn whether thy resolve is to abide here and endure, or to sail with us.

Ph Stop, speak no more! All that thou canst say will be said in vain.

Ne Thou art resolved?

Ph I firmly believe more than perchance tell.

Ne Well, I could have wished that thou hadst listened to my words but if I speak not in season I have done.

Ph Alas, thou wilt say all in vain.  
Never canst thou win the amity of my soul, thou who hast taken the sway of my life by fraud and robbed me of it— and then hast come here to give me counsel—thou most hateful offspring of a noble sire! Perdition be to you all the Atreidae first and next the son of Laertes, and thou also!

Ne Utter no more curses but receive these weapons from my hand.

Ph What sayest thou? Am I being tricked a second time?

Ne No, I swear it by the pure majesty of Zeus most high!

Ph O woe to me!—if thy words be true!

Ne The deed shall soon prove the word to me, stretch forth thy right hand and be master of thy bow!

As he has done so and so Philoctetes  
O woe to me! suddenly a fear

Od But I forbade it—be the gods my witnesses—in the name of the Atreidae and all the host!

Ph If you whose voice was that? Did I hear Odysseus?

O Be sure of it—and thou seest him at thy side who will carry thee to the plains of Troy perforce whether the son of Achilles will or no.

Ph But to thy cost if this artest with straight (Bends his bow)

Ne (seizes his arm) Ah! let the god loathe for bear—launch me in thy shaft!

Ph Lend me, in Heaven's name, dear youth!

Ph I will not.

Ph Alas! why hast thou disappointed me of slaying my hated enemy with my bow!

Ne Nay, it suits our will that thou shouldst not with this.

Ph Well, thou mayest be sure of one thing—that the chief of the host, thy lying herald of the Greeks, the Achaeans, with no doubt, toward night

Ph Good the bow I thank and thou hast no cause of complaint gain me.

Ph I grant it and thou hast shown the race my son, in which thou sprangest—no child thou of Sisyphus, but of Achilles, whose fame was fairest when he was with thy living—as it is now among the dead.

Ne Say it to me in thy praise of my sire and of myself but bear in mind that I am far from winning from thee. Men must needs bear the fortunes given by the gods but when they cling to self-inflicted mis-

will go on their way through the shrill breeze for I can arrest their flight no more

*Ch* 'Tis thou 'tis thou thyself ill fated man that hast so decreed this fortune to which thou art captive comes not from without or from a stronger hand for when it was in thy power to show wisdom thy choice was to reject the better fate and to accept the worse

*Ph* Ah hapless hapless then that I am and broken by suffering who henceforth must dwell here in my misery with no man for companion in the days to come and waste away—woe woe is me—no longer bringing food to my home no longer gaining it with the winged weapons held in my strong hands

But the unsuspected deceptions of a treacherous soul beguiled me Would that I might see him the contriver of this plot doomed to my pangs and for as long a time!

*Ch* Fate heaven appointed fate hath come upon thee in this—not any treachery to which my hand was lent Point not at me thy dread and baneful curse! Fain indeed am I that thou shouldst not reject my friendship

*Ph* Ah me ah me! And sitting I ween on the marge of the white waves he mocks me brandishing the weapon that sustained my hapless life the weapon which no other living man had borne! Ah thou well loved bow ah thou that hast been torn from loving hands surely if thou canst feel thou seest with pity that the comrade of Heracles is now to use thee nevermore! Thou hast found a new and wily master by him art thou wielded foul deceptions thou seest and the face of that abhorred foe by whom countless mischiefs springing from vile arts have been contrived against me—be thou O Zeus my witness!

*Ch* It is the part of a man ever to assert the right but when he hath done so to refrain from stinging with rancorous taunts Odysseus was but the envoy of the host and at their mandate achieved a public benefit for his friends

*Ph* Ah my winged prey and ye tribes of bright eyed beasts that this place holds in its upland pastures start no more in flight from your lairs for I bear not in my hands those shafts which were my strength of old—ah wretched that I now am! Nay roam at large—the place hath now no more terrors for you no more! Now is the moment to take blood for blood to glut yourselves at will on my discoloured flesh! Soon shall I pass out of life for whence shall I find the means to live? Who can feed thus on the winds when he no longer commands aught that life giving earth supplies?

*Ch* For the love of the gods if thou hast any regard for a friend who draws near to thee in all kindness approach him! Nay consider consider well—it is in thine own power to escape from this plague Cruel is it to him on whom it feeds and time cannot teach patience under the countless woes that dwell with it

*Ph* Again again thou hast recalled the old pain to my thoughts—kindest thou, ah thou art of all who

have visited this shore! Why hast thou afflicted me? What hast thou done unto me!

*Ch* How meanest thou?

*Ph* If it was thy hope to take me to that Trojan land which I abhor

*Ch* Nay so I deem it best

*Ph* Leave me then—begone!

*Ch* Welcome is thy word right welcome I am not loth to obey Come let us be going each to his place in the ship! *They beg to move away*

*Ph* By the Zeus who hears men's curses depart not I implore you!

*Ch* Be calm

*Ph* Friends in the gods' name stay!

*Ch* Why dost thou call?

*Ph* Alas alas! My doom my doom! Hapless I am undone! O foot foot what shall I do with thee wretched that I am in the days to come? O friends, return!

*Ch* What wouldst thou have us do different from the purport of thy former bidding?

*Ph* 'Tis no just cause for anger if one who is distraught with stormy pain speaks frantic words

*Ch* Come then unhappy man as we exhort thee.

*Ph* Never never—of that be assured—no thou but the lord of the fiery lightning threaten to wrap me in the blaze of his thunderbolts! Perish I! and the men before its walls who had the heart to spurn me from them thus crippled! But oh my friends, grant me one boon!

*Ch* What wouldst thou ask?

*Ph* A sword if ye can find one or an axe or any weapon—oh bring it to me!

*Ch* What rash deed wouldst thou do?

*Ph* Mangle this body utterly hew lumb from lumb with mine own hand! Death death is my thou hast now—

*Ch* What means this?

*Ph* I would seek my sire—

*Ch* In what land?

*Ph* In the realm of the dead he is in the sunlight no more Ah my home city of my fathers! Would I might behold thee—misguided indeed that I was who left thy sacred stream and went forth to help the Danaï mine enemies! Undone—undone!

*Ch* Long since should I have left thee and should now have been near my ship had I not seen Odysseus approaching and the son of Achilles too coming hither to us

*Enter NEOPTOLEMUS followed by ODYSSEUS*

*Od* Wilt thou not tell me on what errand thou art returning in such hot haste?

*Ne* To undo the fault that I committed before

*Od* A strange saying and what was the fault?

*Ne* When obeying thee and all the host—

*Od* What deed didst thou that became thee not?

*Ne* When I ensnared a man with base fraud and guile

*Od* Whom? Alas!—canst thou be planning some rash act?

*Ne* Rash—no but to the son of Peas—

1273-1273

Od What wilt thou do? A strange fear comes  
over me.

A —from whom I took the bow to turn again—  
Od Zeus! what wouldst thou say? Thou wilt not  
be a back?

Ae Yes I have gotten it basely and without right.  
Od I the name of the gods, saveat thou this to  
mock me?

A If it be mockery to speak the truth.  
Od What meanest thou son of Achilles? What  
hast thou said?

Ae Mu t I repeat the same words twice and thrice?  
Od I should have wished not to hear them at all.  
Ae Perjured that I have nothing more to say.  
Od The reason is a power I tell thee that shall pre-  
vent thy deed.

A What meanest thou? Who is to hinder me in  
this?

Od The whole host of the Achaean,—and I for  
one

Ae Woe thou hast thou be thy word are out of  
reason.

Od Thy speech is not wise nor yet thy purpose.  
A But just that is better than wise.  
Od And how is it just, to go? What thou hast  
won by my counsels.

Ae My fault hath been shameful and I must seek  
to atone it.

Od I know thy fear of the Achaean host in do-  
ing this.

Ae With just reason on my side I do not fear thy  
threats.

Od But I will compel thee.  
A Nay, not even to this I see do I yield obedi-  
ence.

Od Then we shall fight with the Trojans,  
but with thee.

A Come then what must  
Od Seest thou in right hand of my word halt?  
Ae I thou shalt see me doing the same and  
that promptly.

Od Well I will take more heed of thee but  
I will go and tell this to all the host, and by them  
thou shalt be punished.

A Thou hast onsettish senses and if thou seest  
thus proud when forth perchance thou mayest  
keep least of thyself. Exit our men.

Od I thou O son of Peneus Philoctetes, come forth  
lest thou shalt hear the cock crow!

A (When) What meanest thou nose of oxen or  
more than goes to me? What wouldst thou have  
of me? (If a war at the mouth of the cave I  
see a Trojan.) Ah my kinsman, good Can  
st thou turn as I should of the words I use to  
own thyself?

A Fear not but bearken to the word that I  
bid.

Ph I am afraid for word thou hast are a deal for  
me before when I believed thy promises.  
A I there no room, then, for penitence?  
Ph E'en so, waste thou in speech, when seeking

to steal my bow—a trusty friend with treason in  
his heart.

A But not so now and I fain would learn whether  
thy resolve is to abide here and endure, or to sail  
with us.

Ph Stop speak no more! All that thou canst say  
will be said in vain.

Ae Thou art resolved?  
Ph No, I firmly believe me than speech can tell.  
Ae Well I could have wished that thou hadst  
listened to my word but if I speak not in season  
I have done.

Ph Alas thou wilt say all in vain.  
Never canst thou win the armory of my soul thou  
who hast taken the staff of my life by fraud and  
robbed me of it—and then hast come here to give  
me counsel—thou more than fulfillest prayer of a noble  
soul! Perchance thou wilt the Atreidae first and  
next the son of Laertes, and thee!

Ae Utter no more curses but receive these weap-  
ons from my hand.

Ph What sayest thou? Am I being tricked a sec-  
ond time?

Ae No I swear it by the pure majesty of Zeus  
most high!

Ph O welcome word—if thy word be true!

Ae The deed shall soon prove the word come  
stretch forth thy right hand and be master of thy  
bow!

As he takes the bow and arrow. Philoctetes  
sings a song of praise.

Od But I forbade it—be the gods my witnesses—  
in the name of the Atreidae and all the host!

Ph My son, whose voice was that? Did I hear  
Od you?

Od Be sure of it—and thou veriest him at thy side  
who will carry thee to the plains of Troy perforce  
whether the son of Achilles will or no.

Ph But thy cost is the same row thy straight  
(Bend his bow.)

A (Leaving his arm) Ah for the gods so for  
be it—launch not thy shaft!

Ph Land him in the camp name dear youth!  
Ae I will do it.

Ph Alas! why hast thou dappled me of slay-  
ing my kinsman my kinsman's bow!

Ae I am not with my bow nor with  
thee. Exit our men.

Ph Well, thou mayest be sure of one thing—that  
thou shalt be the host thy kinsman of the Greeks,  
thou shalt be with the gods, towards in fight.

A Good the bow! then and thou hast no  
cause of a complaint against me.

Ph I grant it and thou hast it with thee in my  
son for which thou shalt get—no child thou of  
Sisyphus, but of a bull's, whose fame was fairest  
while he was with the living as it is now among the  
dead.

A Sweetest mine thy praise of my son and of  
myself but rather the boon that I shall win from  
thee. Men must needs bear the fruit of gain by  
the gods but when they cling to self-inflicted mis-

will go on their way through the shrill breeze for I can arrest their flight no more

*Ch* 'Tis thou 'tis thou thyself ill fated man that hast so decreed this fortune to which thou art captive comes not from without or from a stronger hand for when it was in thy power to show wisdom thy choice was to reject the better fate and to accept the worse

*Ph* Ah hapless hapless then that I am and broken by suffering who henceforth must dwell here in my misery with no man for companion in the days to come and waste away—woe woe is me—no longer bringing food to my home no longer gaining it with the winged weapons held in my strong hands

But the unsuspected deceits of a treacherous soul beguiled me Would that I might see him the contriver of this plot doomed to my pangs and for as long a time!

*Ch* Fate heaven appointed fate hath come upon thee in this—not any treachery to which my hand was lent Point not at me thy dread and baneful curse! Fain indeed am I that thou shouldst not reject my friendship

*Ph* Ah me ah me! And sitting I ween on the marge of the white waves he mocks me brandish the weapon that sustained my hapless life the weapon which no other living man had borne! Ah thou well loved bow ah thou that hast been torn from loving hands surely if thou canst feel thou seest with pity that the comrade of Heracles is now to use thee nevermore! Thou hast found a new and wily master by him art thou wielded soul deceits thou seest and the face of that abhorred foe by whom countless mischiefs springing from vile arts have been contrived against me—be thou O Zeus my witness!

*Ch* It is the part of a man ever to assert the right but when he hath done so to refrain from stinging with rancorous taunts Odysseus was but the envoy of the host and at their mandate achieved a public benefit for his friends

*Ph* Ah my winged prey and ye tribes of bright eyed beasts that this place holds in its upland pastures start no more in flight from your lairs for I bear not in my hands those shafts which were my strength of old—ah wretched that I now am! Nay roam at large—the place hath now no more terrors for you no more! Now is the moment to take blood for blood to glut yourselves at will on my discoloured flesh! Soon shall I pass out of life for whence shall I find the means to live? Who can feed thus on the winds when he no longer commands aught that life giving earth supplies?

*Ch* For the love of the gods if thou hast any regard for a friend who draws near to thee in all kindness approach him! Nay consider consider well—it is in thine own power to escape from this plague Cruel to him on whom it feeds and time cannot teach patience under the countless woes that dwell with it

*Ph* Again again thou hast recalled the old pain to my thoughts—kindest thou, ah thou art of all who

have visited this shore! Why hast thou afflicted me? What hast thou done unto me!

*Ch* How meanest thou?

*Ph* If it was thy hope to take me to that Trojan land which I abhor

*Ch* Nay so I deem it best

*Ph* Leave me then—begone!

*Ch* Welcome is thy word right welcome I am not loth to obey Come let us be going each to his place in the ship! *They begin to move away*

*Ph* By the Zeus who hears men's curses, depart not I implore you!

*Ch* Be calm

*Ph* Friends in the gods' name stay!

*Ch* Why dost thou call?

*Ph* Alas alas! My doom my doom! Hapless I am undone! O foot foot what shall I do with thee wretched that I am in the days to come? O friends, return!

*Ch* What wouldst thou have us do different from the purport of thy former bidding?

*Ph* 'Tis no just cause for anger if one who is distraught with stormy pain speaks frantic words

*Ch* Come then unhappy man as we exhort thee

*Ph* Never never—of that be assured—no though the lord of the fiery lightning threaten to wrap me in the blaze of his thunderbolts! Perish Ilium and the men before its walls who had the heart to spurn me from them thus crippled! But oh my friends, grant me one boon!

*Ch* What wouldst thou ask?

*Ph* A sword if ye can find one or an axe or any weapon—oh bring it to me!

*Ch* What rash deed wouldst thou do?

*Ph* Mangle this body utterly hew limb from limb with mine own hand! Death death is my thought now—

*Ch* What means this?

*Ph* I would seek my sire—

*Ch* In what land?

*Ph* In the realm of the dead he is in the sunlight no more Ah my home city of my fathers! Would I might behold thee—misguided indeed that I was who left thy sacred stream and went forth to help the Danaï mine enemies! Undone—undone!

*Ch* Long since should I have left thee and should now have been near my ship had I not seen Odysseus approaching and the son of Achilles too coming hither to us

*Enter NEOPTOLEMUS followed by ODYSSEUS*  
*Od* Wilt thou not tell me on what errand thou art returning in such hot haste?

*Ne* To undo the fault that I committed before.

*Od* A strange saying and what is the fault?

*Ne* When obeying thee and all the host—

*Od* What deed didst thou that became thee not?

*Ne* When I ensnared a man with base fraud and guile

*Od* Whom? Alas!—canst thou be planning some rash act?

*Ne* Rash—no but to the son of Peas—

1273-1273

Od. What wilt thou do? A strange fear comes  
on me—

A. —from whom I took this bow to him again—

Od. Zeus! what wouldst thou say? Thou wilt not  
go back?

A. Yes I have gotten it back and without it I  
Od. In the name of the gods, say what thou thinkest  
to mock me?

A. It is to mockery to speak the truth.

Od. What meanest thou, son of Achilles? What  
hast thou said?

A. Must I repeat the same words twice and thrice?  
Od. I should have wished not to hear them at all.

A. Rest assured that I have nothing more to say.

Od. There is a power I tell thee, that shall pre-  
vent thy deed.

A. What meanest thou? Who is to hinder me in  
this?

Od. Th. who? how? of the Achaeans—and I for  
one.

A. Was it though thou be thy words are out of  
wisdom.

Od. This speech is not wise, nor yet thy purpose.

A. It is just that is better than war.

Od. And how is it just, to give up what thou hast  
won by counsel?

A. It is not worth the shame, and I must seek  
to retrieve it.

Od. Hast thou no fear of the Achaean host in do-  
ing this?

A. In justice on my side, I do not fear thy  
terror.

Od. But I will compel thee.

A. Nay, I am not so weak as to yield before  
thee.

Od. Then we shall fight with the Trojans,  
but with thee.

A. Come, then, what must I do?

Od. Seest thou me? I have done no sword-battle?

A. Thou shalt see me doing the same and  
hast promptly.

Od. Well, I will take no more heed of thee but  
I will go and tell this to all the host and by them  
thou shalt be punished.

A. Thou hast won my senses and I thou art  
thus proud henceforth, per chance thou mayest  
keep clear of trouble.

Enter Orestes

B. Thou Orestes (Poeas, Philoctetes, come forth  
to the ship's stern on the rocky shore).

Ph. (Enter) What mean'st thou, Orestes? I am  
not here to be called in?

Wh. O call me forth? What wouldst thou have of  
me?

(H. app. to the ship's stern) I have a good  
thing to show thee.

Ph. (Enter) I have a good thing to show thee.  
I have a good thing to show thee.

A. Fear not to be taken by the words that I  
bring.

Ph. I am afraid that word brought me ill for  
time as before, but I believe thy promises.

A. I think no more of them, for per chance?

Ph. I am sure that thou art in good luck, when seeking

to steal my bow—a trusty friend with treason in  
his heart.

A. But not so now and I fain would learn whether  
thy real end is to abide here and endure, or to sail  
with me.

Ph. Say, speak no more! All that thou canst say  
will be so in vain.

A. Thou art resolved?

Ph. More firmly believe me than speech can tell.

A. Well, I could have said that thou hadst  
listened to my words but I speak not in season  
I have done.

Ph. A. then wilt say all in vain.

A. Yes, I say it thou win the arms of my soul, thou  
who hast taken the stay of my life by fraud and  
robbed me of it—and then hast come here to give  
me counsel—thou must have lost the prize of a noble  
war!

Ph. I will not leave you all the Atreidae first and  
then the men of Laertes and thee!

A. Let no more words be spoken but receive these weapons  
from my hand.

Ph. What sayest thou? Am I being tricked a second  
time?

A. No, I swear it by the pure majesty of Zeus  
most high!

Ph. O well, come words—(thy words be true!)

A. The deed shall soon prove the word come,  
stretch forth thy right hand and be master of thy  
bow!

As the ship's stern and the ship's stern

Od. But I forbidee—the gods my witnesses—  
in the name of the Atreidae and of the house!

Ph. Alas, whose voice was that? Did I hear  
Od. Yes.

Od. Be sure of it—and thou seest him at thy side  
who would carry thee to the ships of Troy perforce  
whether thou wilt or no.

Ph. But in thy cost if thou wilt on this sight.

(Bends to the ship's stern)

A. (Enter) Orestes! Alas, for the gods, I see for  
bear—the ship's stern!

Ph. I have heard it! Hearest thou name dear youth!

A. I will not.

Ph. Alas! he has taken thee up and told me of slaying  
my hated enemy with my bow!

A. Nay, it is not with my bow nor with  
thou.

Ph. Well, thou mayest be sure of one thing—that  
thou shalt have the ship's stern and the ship's stern!

A. Good then, bow, then, and thou hast no  
cause of anger or complaint.

Ph. I grant it, and thou hast shown the race my  
so I am which thou up next—no child thou of  
Sphinx, but of Achilles, whose fame was far east  
when he was the best of men now among the  
dead.

A. See it me, thy prize of my war and of  
myself, I hear the boom that I am fain to win from  
thee. Men must need bear the fates that are  
thou god but when they cling to self-inflicted mis-



will go on their way through the shrill breeze for I can arrest their flight no more

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*Ne* Rash—no but to the son of Peas—



eries as thou dost no one can justly excuse or pity them Thou hast become intractable thou canst tolerate no counsellor and if once I use thee speak in with good will thou hatest him deeming him a foe who wishes thee ill Yet I will speak calling Zeus to witness who hears men's oaths and do thou mark these words and write them in thy heart

Thou sufferest this sore plague by a heaven sent doom because thou didst draw near to Christ's watcher the serpent secret warder of her home that guards her roofless sanctuary And know that relief from this grievous sickness can never be thy portion so long as the sun still rises in the east and sets in the west until thou come of thine own free will to the plains of Troy where thou shalt meet with the sons of Asclepius our comrades and shalt be eased of this malady and with this bow said and mine shalt achieve the capture of the Ilian towers

I will tell thee how I know that these things are so ordained We have a Trojan prisoner Helenus foremost among seers who saith plainly that all this must come to pass and further that this present summer must see the utter overthrow of Troy or else he is willing that his life be forfeit if this his word prove false

Now therefore that thou knowest this yield with a good grace tis a glorious heightening of thy gain to be singled out as bravest of the Greeks—first to come into healing hands then to take the Troy of many tears and so to win a matchless renown

Ph O hateful life why dost thou keep me in the light of day instead of suffering me to seek the world of the dead? Ah me what shall I do How can I be deaf to this man's words who hath counselled me with kindly purpose? But shall I yield then? How after doing that shall I come into men's sight wretched that I am? Who will speak to me? Ye eyes that have beheld all my wrongs how could ye endure to see me consorting with the sons of Atreus who wrought my ruin or with the accursed son of Laertes?

It is not the resentment for the past that stings me—I seem to foresee what I am doomed to suffer from these men in the future for when the mind hath once become a parent of evil it teaches men to be evil thenceforth And in thee too this conduct moves my wonder It behoved thee never to revisit Troy thyself and to hinder me from going thither seeing that those men have done thee outrage by wresting from thee the honours of thy sire they who in their award of thy father's arms adjudged the hapless Ajax inferior to Odysseus after that wilt thou go to fight at their side—and wouldest thou constrain me to do likewise?

Nay do not so my son but rather as thou hast sworn to me convey me home and abiding in Scyros thyself leave those evil men to their evil doom So shalt thou win double thanks from me as from my sire and shalt not seem through helping bad men to be like them in thy nature

Ne There is reason in what thou sayest nevertheless I would have thee put thy trust in the gods and

in my words and sail forth from this land with me thy friend

Ph What! to the plains of Troy and to the abhorred son of Atreus—with this wretched foot?

Ne Nay but to those who will free thee and thine ulcered limb from pain and will heal thy sickness.

Ph Thou giver of due counsel what dost thou mean?

Ne What I see is fraught with the best issue for us both

Ph Hast thou no shame that the gods should hear those words?

Ne Why should a man be ashamed of benefiting his friends?

Ph Is this benefit to the Atreidae or for me?

Ne For thee I ween I am thy friend and speak in friendship

Ph How so when thou wouldst give me up to my foes?

Ne Prithce learn to be less defiant in misfortune

Ph Thou wilt ruin me I know thou wilt with these words

Ne I will not but I say that thou dost not understand

Ph Do I not know that the Atreidae cast me out?

Ne They cast thee out but look if they will not restore thee to welfare

Ph Never—if I must first consent to visit Troy

Ne What am I to do then if my pleading cannot win thee to aught that I urge? The easiest to see for me is that I should cease from speech and that thou shouldst live even as now without deliverance

Ph Let me bear the sufferings that are my portion but the promise which thou madest to me with hand laid in mine—to bring me home—that promise do thou fulfil my son and tarry not nor speak any more of Troy for the measure of my lamentation is full

Ne If thou wilt let us be going

Ph O generous word!

Ne Now plant thy steps firmly

Ph To the utmost of my strength

Ne But how shall I escape blame from the Achaeans?

Ph Heed it not

Ne What if they savage my country?

Ph I will be there—

Ne And what help wilt thou render?

Ph With the shafts of Heracles—

Ne What is thy meaning?

Ph I will keep them afar

Ne Take thy farewell of this land and set forth

*HERACLES appears above them*

Heracles Nay not yet till thou hast hearkened unto my words son of Poëas know that the voice of Heracles soundeth in thine ears and thou lookest upon his face

For thy sake have I come from the heavenly seats to show thee the purposes of Zeus and to stay the journey whereon thou art departing give thou heed unto my counsel

THE PLAYS OF  
EURIPIDES



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

EURIPIDES c. 480-406 B.C.

Existence, the philosopher of the state as his ideal called by the ancients was born of Athenian parents in the land of Salamis. The year of his birth seems to have been a matter of conjecture. One tradition gives the third century around the battle of Salamis in 480 B.C. Aeschylus, for he is in the ranks, Sophocles, and in the plays of Chorus, Euripides was born. Another source associates his birth with Aeschylus' first victory in 484.

Euripides' father Menechmus was merchant to Mithridates, known to have been of every kind of family. Yet for some reason it was a recognized law to the state that he was a merchant and sold for his goods. Despite the riches of the comedies, he was probably of a poor and humble origin. As he poured wealth for the dancers and earned for himself in the first place, who he could not have done had he been of a certain social position. He was called upon for contributions to the city, such as equipping the fleet or in part a man and crew, as covered for Menechmus he was. He had no dependents means. He also possessed a large library which was rare then. He was a poet for a private citizen.

In accordance with the prophecy that he would be a poet, the poet father said that he had him trained for a musical life. He may have thought it a good thing for him to be a poet to be a career for him. It was attributed to him for a long time. Menechmus has times. He is also known to have been friends with the philosopher, Heraclitus. It is said that he had a great deal of success and love for the poet, and he told that Sophocles was the best of the poets. There is a play by Euripides, when he could walk as fast as the Peneus river.

Euripides early dedicated his dramatic gift. He began writing the plays of his time, and in 455 B.C. he was granted honors, that is, he was permitted to compete for the civic prize. In the fifth years his dramatic career was between the and his plays, but he did win a victory in 441. The tenth years of his first dramatic before the public. His fifth and last victory was for his play, "The Suppliants," his death in 407, by his son the poet Euripides. He was in the city, and he was loved and respected by the Athenians, and as he defeated his less poets, he was before the city had acquired great reputation through his

out the Greek world. Plutarch, in his life of Nicias, says that Athenian prisoners in Sicily escaped death and regained their freedom if they could recite passages from the works of Euripides, and that some of them upon returning home expressed their gratitude to the poet. At the same time, the specific structures, such as Euripides' the most tragic of the poets, and Euripides more often quoted by him and by Plato than are Aeschylus and Sophocles.

Of the many plays that have survived the name of Euripides, one the Cyprian is a minor play, and the Rhesus is a fragment, though not always considered spurious. The oldest of the extant plays is the Suppliants, which appeared in 419. The Bacchae is and the Iphigenia at Aulis were probably presented. The other plays that can be approximately dated are the Medea 431, the Hecuba 428, the Troas Women 415, the Helen 412, the Orestes 408.

Unlike Aeschylus and Sophocles, Euripides seems to have taken little part in politics and war. Although there is an allusion to him in Aristotle which seems to imply that he had on one occasion a dramatic post. The ancient thought of Euripides a gloom, recluse who retreated into his room. According to these stories, he wore a long beard, lived much alone, and hated society. He had a crowd of books and did not like women. He had a salary, in a city with two openings and a beautiful sea view, and that he could be seen all day long thinking to himself and writing for the despised Athens that was not great and high.

Toward the end of his life Euripides received honors and distinctions in Macedonia, where like other men of letters, he went at the invitation of his Athenian friends. He spent his last years at the Macedonian court, and he gained the confidence of the king and when he died the king cut off his hair as an expression of his grief.

Euripides died in 406 B.C. a few months before Sophocles, who was mourned for him with a civic competition of that era. The Athenians sent an embassy to Macedonia to bring back his body, but King Philip had refused to grant it. A cenotaph in the memory of Euripides was then erected on the road between Athens and the Peloponnese. The poet's life and his works were honored for a long time of gold by Dionysius of Syracuse who enshrined them in the temple of the Muses.



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## RHESUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHORUS OF TROJAN SENTINELS

HECTOR

E. T. S.

DOLON

MESSEGER &amp; shepherd

RHESUS

ODYSSEUS

DOMESTICS

PARIS

ANTENOR

THE MESSENGER

THE CHORUS OF RHESUS

Before Hector sent at the gates of Troy E. T. S.

*Chor.* To Hector's couch away one of our wakeful squares that tend the place to see if he has any fresh tidings from the wars which were set to guard the wretched hour during the fourth watch of the night (*Chorus from within*) Lift up thy head! Prop thy arm beneath it! Urrah that lours ere from the pose thy wall couch of scattered leaves! O Hector quit! Tis time to hearken. *Enter Hector.* Who goes there? Is it friend who calls? What art thou? Thy watchword? Speak! Who in the dark hours comes nigh my couch must tell me who he is.

*Ch.* Sentinel is we fifth army.

*He.* Why this tumultuous haste?

*Ch.* Be of good courage.

*H.* I think some mad hit ambushade?

*Ch.* No.

*H.* The why dost thou desert thy post and rouse the arm as though some thing of the night? Art aware how the army host we take out to his repose in all our harness clad?

*Ch.* Tis O Hector seek the allies sleep in camp! Bid them awake the spear! Awak them! To the own company despatch friend Saddle and bridle the steeds. Who will to the son of Panthus? Whither Europa's son captain of the Lycian band? Who are they who should inspect the customs? Who be the leaders of the brave armed troops? The Phrygian archers, bring you horn-tipped bows.

*H.* No fear confidence the disguise in parading plainly set forth the cause be that thou in smother the wild flight by the son of Cronos, and let go thy watch therefore dost rouse the host. What means thy noisy summons? What tidings can I say thou bringest? Thy words are many but no plain tale me hast thou made.

*Ch.* The light hit through O Hector the army's heart has killed the dead hit with torch shines the red blood of the army's star. The bold army moves clamorously bright as the for the end is made for before the folk. Where such omens among you sea of sun folk. Where for I was up what may hit happen and come

to the place that thou mayest have occasion to blame me hereafter.

*He.* In good season come to thou, albe it thy things a first sight with terror for those cowards are bent on bringing me the sleep and stealing away from this land in the ships by night their men in hanging nailing comes me of this. Ah! Fortune to rob me in my hour of triumph a lion of his prey ere the first gleam of morn with one swoop had made an end of the cave of round Argive host! I had not the sun's bright lamp with which I had light I had not stayed my Hector's spear ere I had killed these ships and made my way from tent to tent drenching this hand in Achæan gore. Right eager was I to make a night attack and to lead a tribe of the best of the best by the hand sent but those wise secrets of mine who have been seen so that persuaded me to wait the dawn and then let a not one Achæan in the land. But those others aware not the counsel of my soothsayers did turn runaways to heroes. Needs must we now without delay pass the word along the line. Arm arms! from slumber cease! for many a man of them even as he leaps aboard his ship shall be smitten through the back and sprinkle the blood with blood and others shall be fast bound with cord and let us to our Phrygian glories.

*Ch.* Thou hastest Hector before thou knowest clearly what happens for we do not know for certain whether our foes are flying.

*H.* What reason else had the Argive host to kindle fires?

*Ch.* I can not say my soul doth murmur me.

*H.* If thou thou fearest be sure there's nought thou wouldst to fear.

*Ch.* Never aforetime did the enemy kindle such a blaze.

*H.* No more ere before did they offer such shameful retreat and rout.

*Ch.* Thus thou didst achieve look now to what remains to do.

*He.* I have but one word to say. Arm arms against the foe!

*Ch.* Lo! where Æneas comes, a host has he too, as thou hast news to tell his friends.

*Enter Æneas.* Why Hector has the sentinels in terror



nor break my word to thee will I give Achilles  
 team, to add splendour to thy house.

Do I think there is reason in, then? I know I am  
 taken a further gift than any other Phrygian for my  
 brave? I think it needs not to be common count-  
 less joys besides this will glad thy heart in thy king-  
 dom or this land.

Exit Hector.

Oh Great the enterprise, and great the boon thou  
 dostest to receive. Happy art happy wilt thou be  
 if thou succeed, for the fame thy soul shall win. Yet  
 to wed with prince's sister were a distraction high.  
 Oh Helen's decrees let Justice keep her eye! what  
 man can give thou hast, it seems, in full.

Do now will I set forth, and goon within my  
 house will don such garb as suits, and then will hasten  
 to the Argive fleet.

Oh What dress in place of this wilt thou  
 assume?

Do such as suits my task and fortune's steps.

Oh One would ever learn wisdom from the west  
 tell me where with thou wilt drive thy hood.

Do I will fasten a wolf skin about my back, and  
 set in hand pike the bristling javelin, then fit  
 time for feet to my hand and a hand for to  
 my foot I will go on all fours in imitation of its gait  
 to puzzle the enemy when I approach their walls  
 and burners round the ships. But whenever I come  
 to a deserted spot on two feet will I walk as such is  
 the rule I have decided on.

Oh May Hermes, Zeus's child, escort thee safely  
 there and back, prince of tricksters as he is! Thou  
 knowest what thou hast, and good luck is all thou  
 needst now.

Do I shall return in safety and bring thee the  
 head of Old Zeus' hen I have slain him or maybe  
 the son of Tegeus, and with this clear proof before  
 thee thou shalt own that Helen went to the Ar-  
 give fleet for so the dawn a year I will win back  
 home with bloodstained hand.

Exit Dolon.

Oh O Troian, best godhead lord of Thracians  
 and of Deos, who hasten the fate in Lycia coast  
 with as thou appearst to us, and by thy  
 guidance we come! and now with glad faith, and  
 thy Dardan scheme alone by god whose hands in  
 deities are rewarded Troians! Good luck at  
 tend his mission to the ships, may he reach the host  
 of Hellenes and return to thee, may he and reach  
 the shores of his father's house in Ilium!

Great fame won with chariot drawn Phrygian  
 red, who Hector on man's hands asked Achæ-  
 es of those need that the sea god gave to Pelias,  
 son of Egeus, to him and to those his heart drove  
 for home and country to go and spy the navy, sta-  
 tion his tent I admire how few you hearts there  
 be on the sea the stars he does and the city  
 of Troy, the brave Phrygian's habited valiant  
 few and bold hearts in the battle's press, us only  
 Menæseus who scorn us as we are.

Which of the Achæans will their four footed car-  
 d on for sale in their beds, as he crosses the ground,  
 for him to be a beast? May he be Menelaus' low or

slay a smitman and bring his head to Helen's  
 hands, or bring her to lament her end, hansom who  
 hath come against my eye against the land of Troy  
 with his countless host of thine.

Dolon's manners disguised and dreams for the  
 Greek camp's enterprise.

Menæseus (a Spartan) Great king ever in days  
 to come be it mine to bring my mast as such news  
 as I am bearing now on a thine ear.

Exit Hector.

He Full of the rustic mind is afflicted with dul-  
 ness so thou, as like as not art come to this ill suited  
 place to tell the master that his flocks are bearing  
 well. Knowest thou not my palace or my father's  
 throne? Thunder thou shouldst carry thy tale when  
 thou hast proceeded with thy flocks.

We Dull we herdsmen are I do not gaze on thee.  
 But none the less I bring thee joyful news.

He A trace to the tale of how the sheep-fold  
 fires I have battles to fight and spears to wield.

We The rest of which I too, can to tell  
 thee for a champion of countless host is on his way  
 to join thee, thy friend and to champion this land.

He His country and the home that he hath left.

We His country Thracian men call his father  
 Simon.

He Didst thou that Rhesus was setting foot in  
 Troy?

We Thou hast it and wast in half my speech.

He How is it that he comes to Ida's meadows,  
 wandering from the broad wagon track across the  
 plain?

We I cannot say for certain, though I know his guests.

To make his entry by night is no idle scheme, when  
 he hears that the plains are packed with former's  
 troops. But he has listened to rust, hands who dwell  
 alone, the sons of Ida, the earliest settlement in  
 the land, as he came by night through yon wood  
 where wild beasts couch. On turned the tide of  
 Thracian warriors with loud shouts whereat in wild  
 amazement we drove our flocks into the hills, for  
 fear that some Argives were coming to plunder and  
 harry the roadside till that we caught the sound of  
 a voice other than Greek and ceased to on our alarm.  
 Then went I forth questioned in the Thracian tongue  
 those who were crooping in the road, who it was  
 that led them, and whose he owed him to be  
 that carried us out to the Illyrian sons of Phrygia. And  
 when I had heard all I wished to learn, I stood still  
 while and lo I see Rhesus mounted like a god  
 upon his Thracian chariot. Of gold was the pole  
 that linked the necks of his steeds whiter than the  
 snow and on his shoulders flashed his targe with  
 figures of gold while a weapon of bronze like  
 that which comes from the Argives, the goddness was  
 bound round the front of his horses, so that  
 its noise of fear with many a bell. The number of his  
 host thou couldst not reckon to a sum exact, for it  
 was beyond our comprehension in many a kno it  
 was there, and served ranks of targeteers, and archers

made their way through the host to thy couch to hold a midnight conclave and disturb the army?

*He* Case thee in thy coat of mail *Aeneas*

*Æn* How now? are tidings come of some secret stratagem set on foot during the night by the foe?

*He* They are flying these foes of ours and going aboard their ships

*Æn* What sure proof canst thou give of this?

*He* The livelong night they are kindling blazing torches methinks they will not wait for the morrow but after lighting brands upon their ships decks will leave this land and fly to their homes

*Æn* And thou wherefore dost thou gird thee with thy sword?

*He* With my spear will I stop them even as they fly and leap aboard their ships and my hand shall be heavy upon them for shameful it were in us aye and cowardly as well as shameful when God gives them into our hands to let our foes escape without a blow after all the injuries they have done us

*Æn* Would thou wert as sage as thou art bold! But lo! among mortals the same man is not dowered by nature with universal knowledge each hath his special gift appointed him thine is arms another's is sage counsel Thou hearest their torches are blazing and art fired with the hope that the Achæans are flying and wouldst lead on our troops across the trenches in the calm still night Now after crossing the deep yawning trench supposing thou shouldst find the enemy are not flying from the land but are awaiting thy onset beware lest thou suffer defeat and so never reach this city again for how wilt thou pass the palisades in a rout? And how shall thy charioteers cross the bridges without dashing the wheels of their cars to pieces? And if victorious thou hast next the son of Peleus to engage he will ne'er suffer thee to cast the firebrand on the fleet no nor to harry the Achæans as thou dost fondly fancy Nay for yon man as fierce as fire a very tower of valourcy Let us rather then leave our men to sleep calmly under arms after the weariness of battle while we send I advise whomever will volunteer to spy upon the enemy and if they really are preparing to fly let us arise and fall upon the Argive host but if this signalling is a trap to catch us we shall discover from the spy the enemy's designs and take our measures such is my advice O King

*Ch* It likes me well so change thy mind and adopt this counsel I love not hazardous commands in generals What better scheme could be than for a fleet spy to approach the ships and learn why our foes are lighting fires in front of their naval station?

*He* Since this finds favour with you all prevail (To *ÆNEAS*) Go thou and marshal our allies may hap the host hearing of our midnight council is disturbed Mine shall it be to send one forth to spy upon the foe And if I discover any plot amongst them thou shalt fully hear thereof and at the council board shalt learn our will but in case they be starting off in flight with eager ear await the trumpet's call for then I will not stay but will this very

night engage the Argive host there where their ships are hauled up

*Æn* Send out the spy forthwith there's safety in thy counsels now And thou shalt find me steadfast at thy side whenever occasion call *Exit ÆNEAS*

*He* What Trojan now of all our company doth volunteer to go and spy the Argive fleet? Who will be that patriot? Who saith I will? Myself cannot at every point serve my country and my friends in arms

*Dolon (Comes from the rear)* I for my country will gladly run this risk and go to spy the Argive fleet and when I have learnt fully all that the Achæans plot I will return Hear the conditions on which I undertake this toil

*He* True to his name in sooth his country's friend is Dolon Thy father's house was famed of yore but thou hast made it doubly so

*Do* So must I toil but for my pains I meet reward should I receive For set a price on any deed and then and there it gives to it a double grace

*He* Yea that is but fair I cannot gainsay it Name any prize for thyself save the sway I bear

*Do* I covet not thy toilsome sovereignty

*He* Well then marry a daughter of Priam and become my good brother

*Do* Nay I care not to wed amongst those beyond my station

*He* There's gold if this thou wilt claim as thy guerdon

*Do* Gold have I in my home no sustenance lack I *He* What then is thy desire of all that Ilion stores within her?

*Do* Promise me my gift when thou dost conquer the Achæans

*He* I will give it thee do thou ask anything except the captains of the fleet

*Do* Slay them I do not ask thee to keep thy hand off Menelaus

*He* Is it the son of Oileus thou wouldst ask me for?

*Do* Ill hands to dig and delve are those mid luxury nursed

*He* Whom then of the Achæans wilt thou have alive to hold to ransom?

*Do* I told thee before my house is stored with gold

*He* Why then thou shalt come and with thine own hands choose out some spoil

*Do* Nail up the spoils for the god on their temple walls

*He* Pruthee what higher prize than these wilt ask me for?

*Do* Achilles' courser Needs must the prize be worth the toil when one stakes one's life on Fortune's die

*He* Ah! but thy wishes clash with mine anent those steeds for of immortal stock they and their sires before them are those horses that bear the son of Peleus on his headlong course Them did King Poseidon ocean's god break and give to Peleus so runs the legend—yet for I did urge thee on I will

and appointed the yearly tribute they should pay  
in house I crossed the fifth a d I am here on  
foot I traversed all the borders that remained to  
pass, not as thou in thy jeers at those carousals of in-  
conceivable merriment n r sleep in soft in gilded pas-  
sages, but amid the fierce hues of that ex-  
Thracian man and the Paeonian soldiers, learning as  
I lay awake what sufferings this soldier's cloak my  
only wrap True my comrade hath tarried but I  
am in him ten I n years already hast thou been  
at the fray and now he a accomplished yet day in  
day out thou riskest all in this game of war with  
Arms. While I will be content once to see the sun  
go down, and suck votive tokens and fill upon their  
anchored fleet and slay the Achaeans and on the  
morrow home from I m will I go, at one stroke  
ending I thy toil. Let one of you lay hand  
upon to lift I f I for all my late arrival will with  
me I a e m he utter ha oc of the ye aunts g  
Achaeans

Ch. I y sweet champion sent by Zeus! Only  
ma Zeus, throned on high, keep jealousy real, less  
for I m thee for thy presumptuous words! I on-  
fleet I ships from Argos sent ne er brought nor  
I merely nor now among all is warm is a bra-  
ter thee how I would will Achilles, how will Ajax  
tend the onset I th spear? Oh! to I e to see that  
happy day my prince that thou mayest wreak ven-  
geance on them, grasping thy I a in thy death  
desiring hands!

Rh Such exploits am I ready to achieve to atone  
fre m I n been e (with due submission to I am-  
ous I m this) then where we have cleared this city  
of its foes and thou hast chosen our firstfruits for the  
gods, I am would ma h n th thee against the Ar-  
ges country a d among thither lay H I la taste  
with war that they in turn may know the taste I all.

H If thou couldst rid the city of this present  
vice and evil I t it is I security rare I should  
feel deep gratitude towards her. But so soon  
m Argos and the fertile lands of H I la, as thou  
art I m no easy task.

Rh Aow they I that hither came the choicest  
chiefs of H I la!

H A and I warn them not enough h I a e I to  
d a d n in them way

Rh Well I we say these our task is fully done

H Lea not th present need nor look to dis-  
tast schemes.

Rh Too art it seems, content to suffer tamely  
and make no turn

H I rid an empire and enough even thou h I  
h bide B t on th I f I win o th right or in  
th centre of the allies thou may plant thy shield  
and marshal th troops.

Rh Alone will I face the foe Hector B t I thou  
art ashamed for all thy previous toil to have  
share I him the happy prowess, please m f I t  
fac Ilea I with A bullets and his host

H I cannot humbly ca sit not can thy ex-  
pres

Rh Why I was surely said he sailed to Ilum

He sailed and a com h ther but he is wroth  
and I a es no part in th the other chieftains in the  
fray

Rh Who next to him hath won a name in their  
host?

H Ajax and the son of Tydorus are I take it no  
whit less inferiors th re is Odysseus too, a noisy  
kna e to talk b t bold enough withal I I men he  
hath wrought most outrage in th country. For he  
came by night to Athena's shrine and stole her image  
and took I to the A g e th p nest he made his  
way inside our battlements, clad as a I a n t in a  
ber as I garb and loudly did he curse the Arg e-  
sent as a spy to Ilum and then sneaked out again  
when he had slain the sentinels and warriors in the  
gate. Hence I t be found I king a ambush about  
the altar of Thetis, Apollo's birth city in him  
we ha e a troublous pest I wrestle with

■ No brave man dares I sm t e lu foe in secret  
b t I meet him face to face I I can catch this  
kna e ali e who, as thou worst skilful I ealthy  
ambuscade and flouts his m ehu I I m d impale him  
at th outlet of e gates and set h m up for vultures  
of the s r to make their meal upon This is th death  
beou h t to d e pirate and temple robber that he is.

He To your quarters now for n h t draws o  
For thee I will myself point out a spot where thy  
host can watch th night apart from our area. Our  
watchword is Phoebeus, if haply there be need there  
of heat and mark it well and tell it to the Thracian  
m I e m t ad ance m fro t of our r nks and  
keep a z chid guard and so receive I do! on who  
went to spy th traps for he if safe he is, is m  
now p f each the camp of T o n

Exeunt Hector a d a s  
Ch Whose watch I t who relieves me? n ght's  
watch wars are on the wane and th w m Pleads  
mount th sky adward the firmament the eagle  
beats. Rouse ye why delay? Up from your beds to  
the watch! See ye not the moon's pale beam? Dawn  
is near day's coming and lo! a star that heralds it.

Ser Chorus Who was told off to the first watch?

The son of Mideon, whom men call Corneus.

Who I t I am?

The Paeonian contingent roused the Calyceans

And th Mysian us.

I t not then by h m we went and roused the  
Lycian for the fifth watch, as the lot decided?

Ch Ha k! hark! a sound as the n hum-mal that  
slew h child n m where as m upon her blood-  
stained nest by Sams the p treous pla I swart  
a e of the many trails already along I da's slopes  
th are pa running the rocks, and o'er the night I  
car h th shrill pipe's note sleep on my closing eye-  
lids softly steals, th sweetest sleep that comes at  
dawn to tired eyes.

Ser Ch Why I th not our scout draw near  
whom Hector sent to spy the fleet?

It is so long away I ha e my fears.

Is it possible he hath plunged into a hidden am-  
bush and been slain?

Soon must we know

not a few with countless swarms of light armed troops in Thracian garb arrayed to bear them company. Such the ally who comes to Troy's assistance him the son of Peleus will ne'er escape or if he fly or meet him spear to spear.

*Ch* Whens the gods stand by the burghers staunch and true the tide of fortune slides with easy flow to a successful goal.

*He* I shall find a host of friends now that fortune smiles upon my warring and Zeus is on my side. But no need have we of those who shared not our toils of erst what time the War god driving all before him was rending the sails of our ship of state with his tempestuous blast. Rhesus hath shown the friendship he then bore to Troy for he cometh to the feast albeit he was not with the hunters when they took the prey nor joined his spear with theirs.

*Ch* Thou art right to scorn and blame such friends yet welcome those who fain would help the state.

*He* Sufficient we who long have kept Ilum safe.

*Ch* Art so sure thou hast already caught the foe?

*He* Quite sure I am to-morrow's light will make that plain.

*Ch* Beware of what may chance full oft doth for tune veer.

*He* I loathe the friend who brings us help too late.

*We* O prince to turn away allies earns hatred. His mere appearing would cause a panic amongst the foe.

*Ch* Let him at least since he is come approach thy genial board as guest if not ally for the gratitude of Priam's sons is forfeit in his case.

*He* Thou counsellor aught thou too dost take the proper view. Let Rhesus in his gilded mail join the allies of this land thanks to the messenger's report.

*Exit the MESSENGER and HECTOR.*

*Ch* May Nemesis daughter of Zeus check the word that may offend for lo! I will utter all that my soul fain would say. Thou art come O son of the river god art come thrice welcome in thy advent to the halls of Phrygia late in time thy Pierian mother and Strymon thy sire that stream with bridges fair are sending thee to us—Strymon who begat thee his strong young son that day his swirling waters found a refuge in the tuneful Muse's virgin bosom. Thou art my Zeus my god of light as thou comest driving thy dappled steeds. Now O Phrygia O my country now mayst thou by God's grace address thy saviour Zeus! Shall old Troy once more at last spend the live-long day in drinking toasts and singing love's praise while the wildering wine cup sends a friendly challenge round as o'er the sea for Sparta bound the sons of Atreus quit the Ilian strand? Ah! best of friends with thy strong arm and spear mayst thou this service do me then safe return home can appear brandish that shield of gold full in Achilles' face as it assails along the chariot's branching rail urging on thy steed the while and shaking thy lance with double point. For none after facing thee will ever join the dance on the lawns of Argive Hera no but he shall die by

Thracians slain and this land shall bear the burden of his corpse and be glad.

*Enter RHESUS.*

Hail all hail! O mighty prince! Fair the scion thou hast bred O Thrace a ruler in his every look. Mark his stalwart frame cased in golden corslet! Hark to the ringing bells that peal so proudly from his targ handle hung. A god O Troy a god a very Ares a scion of Strymon's stream and of the tuneful Mus breathes courage into thee.

*Re-enter the TROJANS.*

*Rhesus* Brave son of sire as brave Hector prince of this land all hail! After many a long day I greet thee. Right glad am I of thy success to see thee camped hard on the foemen's towers. I come to help thee raze their walls and fire their fleet of ships.

*He* Son of that tuneful mother one of the Muses nine and of Thracian Strymon's stream I ever love to speak plain truth nature gave me not a double tongue. Long long ago shouldst thou have come and shared the labours of this land nor suffered Troy for any help of thine to fall or thrown by hostile Argive spears. Thou canst not say 'twas any want of invitation that kept thee from coming with thy help to visit us. How oft came heralds and embassies from Phrygia urgently requiring thine aid for our city? What sumptuous presents did we not send to thee? But thou brother barbarian though thou wert didst pledge away to Hellenes us thy barbarian brethren for all the help thou gavest. Yet 'twas I with this strong arm that raised thee from thy paltry princedom to high lordship over Thrace that day I fell upon the Thracian chieftains face to face around Pangæus in Pæonia's land and broke their serried ranks and gave their people up to thee with the yoke upon their necks but thou hast trampled on this great favour done thee and comest with a hard step to give thine aid when friends are in distress. While they whom no natural tie of kin constrains have long been here and some are dead and in their graves beneath the heaped up cairn no mean proof of loyalty to the city and others in harness clad and mounted on their cars with steadfast soul endure the blast and parching heat of the sun not plying in another as thou art wont in long deep draughts on couches soft. This is the charge I bring against thee and utter to thy face that thou mayst know how frank is Hector's tongue.

*Rh* I too am such another as thyself straight to the point I cut my way no shuffling nature mine. My heart was wrung with sorer anguish this eve thine was at my absence from this land. I fumed and chafed but Scythian folk whose borders march with mine made war on me on the very eve of my departure for Ilum already had I reached the strand of the Euxine sea there to transport my Thracian army. Then did my spear pour out o'er Scythia's soil great drops of bloody rain and Thrace too shared in the mingled slaughter. This then was what did chance to keep me from coming to the land of Troy and joining thy standard. But soon as I had conquered these and taken their children as hostages

O son of Laertes, I bid you shun the whetted  
swords, ye warriors all too keen for dead before you  
lest the Thracian chief his steeds are captived but  
the foe have and there find are coming forth  
again, and fly with all speed to the ships, and you  
why did I save your lives when the foemen  
saw you just burst on you?

Then on our strike lay on lay and deal  
death in every blow!

Son Ch What goes there?

Look you that man I mean. There are the three  
which in the gloom disturbed this host. Hither come  
hither the brave man of you! I have them—! he  
clutched them fast.

What is the watchword? Where came you from?  
Tell me now?

Od This not for thee to know.

Son Ch Speak or thou dost a deal traitor this  
day.

Will not the watchword declare ere my sword  
finds its way to thy heart?

Od What! hast thou slain Rhesus?

Son Ch Nay I am a king there about him who  
can I slay us.

Od B of good heart approach.

Son Ch Strike every man of you strike strike  
home!

Od Lay on my man of you!

Son Ch No not for us!

Od Ah! say not so!

Son Ch What is the watchword then?

Od Phoebe.

Son Ch Phoebe! lay on my man his spear!

Dost know what these those men are gone?

Od Some here he has slain a night of them.

Son Ch Close on the track, he a man of you or  
else must we have lost it.

O! A virtue conduct straight to disturb our  
finds with wild alarms by him.

Enter Orestes and his brothers

Ch What was that man who slipped a staff? What  
was that loudly boastful daring escape?  
How bold! catch him now! to whom has he gone?  
Oh how he came by his with ten less step  
among the bushes and the ground we set like a  
Thracian eagle. He is now in the town of  
Larissa, he has been heard the scattered islands  
of the main? Who has he done? he came by?  
What is his fatherland? What god doth he adore?  
What is his name?

Son Ch Whose name is that? is it the deed of  
Odysseus?

If he may conjecture from his finer acts of  
course is.

Dost think so easily? Why of course.

He bold fool is us.

Whom whom it thurs up for valance?

Od yes.

Pray with crafty weapons that a better uses.

Ch O be careful be careful to this  
summon blows yes, in my sword I have  
sword hid in my cloak. And like some

menial he slunk about begging his board his hands  
all you led and matted with filth and many a bitter  
curse he uttered against the royal house of the Atreides  
as though forsooth he were to those chiefs op-  
posed would oh! would he had perished as was his  
due or else he set foot on Phrygia's soil?

Son Ch Whether it were really Odysseus or not,  
I am afraid.

As surely for Hector will blame us sentinels.

What can he allege?

He will say peace.

What have we done? why art afraid?

By word of guess—

Well, who?

They who this night came to the Phrygian host.

Enter the sisters.

Charmion O cruel stroke of fate! Woe woe!

Ch Hush! be silent! crouch low for maybe

there comes someone into the snare.

Ch Oh oh! dire mishap to the Thracian allies.

Ch Who is he that groans?

Ch Alack! alack! woe is me and woe is thee O  
king of Thrace! How curst the sight of Troy to thee!  
how woe the blow that closed thy life!

Ch Who art thou? an ally? which? might a gloom  
hath dulled these eyes I cannot clearly recognize  
thee.

Ch Where can I find some Trojan chief? Where  
doth Hector take his rest under arms? Alack and  
woe to-day! To which of the captains of the host am  
I to tell my tale? What sufferings ours! What dire  
deeds! someone hath wrought on us and gone his  
way when he had wound up a clew of sorrow man-  
ifest to every Thracian!

Ch From what I gather of this man's words, some  
calamity it seems, is befalling the Thracian host.

Ch Lost is all our host, our prince is dead, slain  
by a treacherous blow! Woe worth the hour! woe  
worth the day! O the cruel anguish of this bloody  
wound that only racks my frame! Would I were dead!  
Woe to the day this inglorious death that Rhesus and I  
did come to Troy?

Ch This is plain language, no riddles he de-  
clares the disaster all too clearly he asserts our  
finds destruction.

Ch A sorry deed it was and more than it at a  
deed most foul yet to me it doubly bad to die  
with glory if I die must I bitter ess eno! I  
trow I am wretched assuredly it is though to the  
likeness of all duty and honour for their house.  
But we like fools, have died a death of shame. Now  
had I given Hector given us our quarters and  
told us the way hither that we had us do not leap  
upon the ground overcome by weariness. No guard  
on my set to wait by night. Our arms we set  
not in array now we are the whips hung ready in the  
likeness of jokes, for us peace was told that you were  
men of reason and had encamped hard on their hips  
so easily we threw us down to leap. Now I in  
thoughtful mind awake from my slumber and with  
a grudging hand I do measure out the hours  
expect to harness them at dawn unto the fray



My counsel is we go and rouse the Lycians to the fifth watch *as* the lot ordained

*Exit SEMI CHORUS Enter DIOMEDES and ODYSSEUS cautiously with drawn swords*

*Odysseus* Didst not hear *O Diomedes* the clash of arms? or is it an idle noise that rings in my ears?

*Diomedes* Nay 'tis the rattle of steel harness on the chariot rails me too did fear assail till I perceived 'twas but the clang of horses chains

*Od* Beware thou stumble not upon the guard in the darkness

*Di* I will take good care how I advance even in this gloom

*Od* If however thou shouldst rouse them dost know their watchword?

*Di* Yea 'tis Phœbus I heard Dolon use it

*They enter the tent then return*

*Od* Hal! the foe I see have left this bivouac

*Di* Yet Dolon surely said that here was Hector's couch against whom this sword of mine is drawn

*Od* What can it mean? Is his company withdrawn elsewhere?

*Di* Perhaps to form some stratagem against us

*Od* Like enough for Hector now is grown quite bold by reason of his victory

*Di* What then are we to do *Odysseus*? we have not found our man asleep our hopes are dashed

*Od* Let us to the fleet with what speed we may Some god whiche'er it be that gives him his good luck is preserving him against fate we must not strive

*Di* Well we twain must go against *Aeneas* or *Paris* most hateful of *Phrygians* and without swords cut off their heads

*Od* How pray in the darkness canst thou find them amid a hostile army and slay them without risk?

*Di* Yet 'twere base to go unto the *Argive* ships if we have worked the enemy no harm

*Od* What! no harm! Have we not slain Dolon who spied upon the anchored fleet and have we not his spoils safe here? Dost thou expect to sack the entire camp? Be led by me let us return and good luck go with us!

*ATHENA appears*

*Athena* Whither away from the Trojan ranks with sorrow gnawing at your hearts because fortune granteth not you twain to slay Hector or *Paris*? Have ye not heard that *Rhesus* is come to succour Troy in no mean sort? If he survive this night until to-morrow's dawn neither *Achilles* nor *Aias* stout spearman can stay him from utterly destroying the *Argive* fleet razing its palisades and carrying the onslaught of his lance far and wide within the gates slay him and all 'neath let Hector sleep alone nor hope to leave him a weltering trunk for he shall find death at another hand

*Od* Queen *Athena* 'tis the well known accent of thy voice I hear for thou art ever at my side to help me in my toil Tell us where the warrior lies asleep in what part of the barbarian army he is stationed

*Ath* Here lies he close at hand not marshalled with the other troops but outside the ranks hath Hector given him quarters till night gives place to day And night him are tethered his white steeds to his Thracian chariot easy to see in the darkness glossy white are they like to the plumage of a river swan Slay their master and bear them off a glorious prize to any home for nowhere else in all the world is such a splendid team to be found

*Od* *Diomedes* either do thou slay the Thracian folk or leave that to me while thy care must be the horses

*Di* I will do the killing and do thou look to the steeds For thou art well versed in clever tricks, and hast a ready wit And 'tis right 'I allot a man to the work he can best perform

*Ath* Lo! yonder I see *Paris* coming towards us he hath heard may be from the guard a rumour vague that foes are near

*Di* Are others with him or cometh he alone?

*Ath* Alone to Hector's couch he seems to wend his way to announce to him that spies are in the camp

*Di* Ought not he to head the list of slain?

*Ath* Thou canst not overreach Destiny And it is not decreed that he should fall by thy hand but hasten on thy mission of slaughter fore ordained (*execute ODYSSEUS and DIOMEDES*) while I feigning to be *Cypris* his ally and to aid him in his efforts will answer thy foe with cheating words Thus much I have told you but the fated victim knoweth not nor hath he heard one word for all he is so near

*Enter F 214*

*Paris* To thee I call general and brother Hector! Sleep'st thou? shouldst not thou awake? Some foe man drags anguish our host or thieves maybe or spies

*Ath* Courage! lo! *Cypris* watches near thee in grievous mood Thy warfare is my care for I do not forget the honour thou once didst me and I thank thee for thy good service And now when the host of Troy 's triumphant am I come bringing to thee a powerful friend the Thracian child of the Muse the heavenly songstress whose father's name is *Strymon*

*Pa* Ever unto this city and to me a kind friend art thou and I am sure that decision I then made conferred upon this city the highest treasure life all fords in thy person I heard a vague report and so I came for there prevailed amongst the guard a rumour that *Achæan* spies are here One man that saw them not saith so while another that saw them come cannot describe them and so I am on my way to Hector's tent

*Ath* Fear naught all is quiet in the host and Hector is gone to assign a sleeping place in the Thracian army

*Pa* Thou dost persuade me and I believe thy words and will go to guard my post free of fear

*Ath* Go for 'tis my pleasure ever to watch thy interests that so I may see my allies prosperous Yea and thou too shalt recognize my zeal *Exit PARIS*

*Enter ODYSSEUS and DIOMEDES*

Mine one of the sisters mine that have honour  
among the wise, and here has long seen the pitious  
death his sons has dealt my darling son. Yet shall  
th crafty Odysseus, that stole him — day here  
after pay a bitter penalty. O my son th in there's  
grief, I mourn for thee as self thou hast strain of woe!  
When a journey thou didst make to Teu — a cruel  
path of woe and sorrow's starting spate of all my  
warnings and thy father's earnest prayers, in dishonour  
of us, Woe is now for thee my dear dear son!  
Ah, woe's mine son, my son!

Oh I too, bewail and mourn thy son as far as I  
can who hath no companion in (him).

Woe Curses on the son of Ceneus! Curses on  
Larides child! who hath left me of my dear son and  
made me childless! and on that woman too, that  
left her home in Helas, and wail'd with her  
Phrygian paramour bring'd death to the my  
dear son, and his wife's alas, and stripes. —  
his cries of their loss has been — Deep deep the  
wails, son of Phalamoon, hast thou reflected on  
my heart in life nor less in Hades halls. Yea, for  
now the prod thy own undoing and thy ally  
with us Muses that made me brother of this poor  
son of mine. For as I crossed the river streams I  
came too near to Styxion's fruitful couch, that day  
we Muses came unto the brow of Mount Parnassus  
with a seal of gold with all our muses' hands bed  
forth for one great trial of muses. I shall with thee  
cleave the canyons and him we left in his even  
Tham was the man who first shed our craft. For  
when I gave birth to thee, because I felt shame of  
my sisters and my maidenhood, I sent thee to the  
rivers stream of the river god and Styx  
moor did not entrust thee to return to mortal hands,  
but to the torments of a nap. There was thou raised  
most foul by the man in a man's, and didst rule  
or there a leader most in a man's child. So  
long as thou didst — an earthly nation land of  
blood deeds of foes I feared not for thy death,  
but I had thee set us for I to do so  
well I knew thy doom but Hector came, my  
thou, countless embassies were sent thee to go and help  
us to fight. This as thou dost, Athens thou alone  
art to blame for his death, neither Odysseus nor  
thou if I deus had right to do with thee I think not  
both escaped ruin ever. And I — sister Muses of  
mortal honour! thence in the land we left his humi-  
lity, and Orpheus, my cousin of the dead whom  
thou hast slain didst for her wife in those dark mis-  
eries with thee for her price — no — Meneus, too, thy

body even of all men most advanced in lore him  
didst Phobos with his sisters train. And here is my re-  
ward for this dead in my arms I hold my child and  
mourn for him. Henceforth no other learned man  
I'll bring to thee.

Oh! vainly it seems the Thracian charioteer re-  
solved with plotting thine man's murder Hector.

He knew it as it need no secret to say that he had  
perished by the arts of Odysseus. Now I when I saw  
th Hellenes host camped in my land of course would  
not hesitate to send heralds to my friends, bidding  
them come and help my country and so I sent and  
be as in duty bound came my kinsmen to share. It grieves  
me sorely to see him dead and now am I ready to  
raise a tomb for him and burn at his pyre great store  
of finery, for he came as a friend and in sorrow  
with grief hence.

Well He shall not descend into earth's darksome  
soil so earnest a prayer will I address to the bride of  
the north who led the day hither of the god's De-  
meter — her — I incense to release his soul and  
dignity — she is to my show that she honours the  
friends of Orpheus. Yet from henceforth will he be  
to me as one dead that seeth not the light for never  
again will he meet me or see his mother's face but  
will lurk hidden in a cavern of the land with cries  
of woe restored — life no sooner man but god  
even as the prophetic — Boreas did dwell in a grotto  
neath Parnassus, a god whom his votaries honoured  
long ago shall I feel the grief of the sea god Poseidon,  
for her son too must die first then I see thee we  
sisters must chaunt our dirge and then for Achilles  
when Thetis mourns some day. He shall not Pallas,  
thy slayer have so true the shaft Leto's keeps in  
hagwallow for him. Ah me! the sorrows that a mother  
feels! the troubles of mortals! how little reckons  
you up a little and die a cruel man and will  
have no children's bury. Thus a dirge.

Oh! he who her now must we to thine her son's  
brawl but for thee Hector if thou wilt carry out  
a scheme now is the time for the dawning.

Oh! Go, bid our comrades — at once take the  
barnes for his hands — must wait the blast of the  
Etrurian trumpet for I home with thy day's mount  
in sun to pass be good their lives and wills and fi-  
th — of the dead a woman's freedom's — his  
once more to Troy.

Oh! Obey once to a prince! let us obey our  
ad as in mine — ad forth and these orders I'll to  
you all, and haply the god who is on our side will  
grant us a tort.

Achilles.

Trides, father of Diomedes.  
Phaenon.

when lo! through the thick gloom two men I see  
 roaming around our army But when I roused my  
 self they fled away and were gone once more and I  
 called out to them to keep away from our army for  
 I thought they might be thieves from our allies No  
 answer made they so I too said no more but came  
 back to my couch and slept again And lo! as I slept  
 came a strange fancy *mer me* I saw methought as  
 in a dream those steeds that I had groomed and  
 used to drive stationed at Rhesus side with wolves  
 mounted on their backs and these with their tails  
 did lash the horses flanks and urge them on while  
 they did snort and breathe fury from their nostrils  
 striving in terror to unseat their riders Up I sprang  
 to defend the horses from the brutes for the horror  
 of the night scared me Then *mer me* I raised my head I  
 heard the groans of dying men and a warm stream  
 of new shed blood bespattered me where I lay close  
 to my murdered master as he gave up the ghost To  
 my feet I start but all unarmed and as I peer about  
 and grope to find my sword a stalwart hand from  
 somewhere nigh dealt me a sword thrust beneath the  
 ribs I know the sword that dealt that blow from  
 the deep gaping wound it gave me Down on my  
 face I fell while they fled clean away with steeds  
 and chariot Alack alack! Tortured with pain too  
 weak to stand a piteous object! I know what hap-  
 pened for I saw it but how the victims met their  
 death I cannot say nor whose the hand that smote  
 them but I can well surmise we have our friends to  
 thank for this mischance

*Ch* O charioteer of Thrace's hapless king never  
 suspect that any but foes have had a hand in this  
 Lo! Hector himself is here apprized of thy mis-  
 chance he sympathizes as he should with thy hard  
 fate

*Enter HECTOR*

*He* Ye villains who have caused this mischief dire  
 how came the foemen's spies without your knowl-  
 edge to your shame and spread destruction through  
 the host and you drove them not away as they  
 passed in or out? Who but you shall pay the penalty  
 for this? You I say were stationed here to guard  
 the host But they are gone without a wound with  
 many a scoff at Phrygian cowardice and at me their  
 leader Nor mark ye this—by father Zeus I swear—  
 at least the scourge if not the headsman's axe awaits  
 such conduct else count Hector a thing of naught  
 a mere coward

*Ch* Woe woe *mer me*! A grievous grievous woe  
 came on me I can see great lord of my city in the  
 hour that I brought my news to thee that the Ar-  
 give host was kindling fires about the ships for by  
 the springs of Simois I vow my eye kept sleepless  
 watch by night nor did I slumber or sleep O be not  
 angered with me my lord I am guiltless of all yet  
 if hereafter thou find that I in word or deed have  
 done amiss bury me alive beneath the earth I ask  
 no mercy

*Ch* Why threaten there? Why try to undermine  
 my poor barbarian wit by crafty words barbarian  
 thou thyself? Thou didst this deed nor they who  
 have suffered all nor we by wounds disabled will

believe it was any other A long and subtle speech  
 thou it need to prove to me thou didst not slay thy  
 friends because thou didst covet the ho *s.s* and to  
 gain them didst murder thine own allies after bid-  
 ding them come so straitly They came and they are  
 dead Why Paris found more decent means to shame  
 the rights of hospitality than thou with thy  
 slaughter of thy allies Never tell me some Argive  
 came and slaughtered us Who could have passed  
 the Trojan lines and come against us without detec-  
 tion? Thou and thy Phrygian troops were camped  
 in front of us Who was wounded who was slain  
 amongst thy friends when that foe thou speak of  
 came? 'Twas we were wounded while some have  
 met a sterner fate and said farewell to heaven's light  
 Briefly then no Achaean do I blame For what en-  
 emy could have come and found the lowly bed of  
 Rhesus in the dark unless some deity were guiding  
 the murderers' steps? They did not so much as know  
 of his arrival No tis thy plot this!

*He* Tis many a long year now since I have had to  
 do with allies aye ever since Achæa's host settled  
 in this land and never an ill word have I known  
 them say of me but with thee I am to make a be-  
 ginning Never may such longing for horses cease me  
 that I should slay my friends! This is the work of  
 Odysseus Who of all th' Argives but he would have  
 devised or carried out such a deed? I fear him much  
 and somewhat my mind misgives me lest he be  
 met and slain Dolon as well for tis long since he  
 yet out nor yet appears

*Ch* I know not this Odysseus of whom thou  
 speakest 'Twas no foe's hand that smote me

*He* Well keep that opinion for thyself if it please  
 thee

*Ch* O land of my fathers would I might die in  
 thee!

*He* Die! Not Enough are those already dead

*Ch* Where am I to turn I ask thee rest of my  
 master now?

*He* My house shall shelter thee and cure thee of  
 thy hurt

*Ch* How shall murderers' hands care for me?

*He* This fellow will never have done repeating  
 the same story

*Ch* Curses on the doer of this deed! On thee my  
 tongue doth fix no charge as thou complainest but  
 justice is over all

*He* Hail take him hence! Carry him to my palace  
 and tend him carefully that he may have no fault  
 to find And you must go to those upon the walls  
 to Præm and his aged councillors and tell them to  
 give orders for the burial of the dead at the place  
 where folk turn from the road to rest

*CHARIOTEER IS CARRIED OFF*

*Ch* Why with what intent doth fortune change  
 and bring Troy once again to mourning after her  
 famous victory? See see! O look! What goddess O  
 king is hovering o'er our heads bearing in her hands  
 as on a bier the warrior slain but now? I shudder at  
 this sight of woe

*THE MUSE APPEARS*

*The Muse* Behold me sons of Troy! Lo! I the

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towards you? Perdition catch him, but not he as my mas or sully yet is he proved a very traitor to his nearest and dearest

4. And wh moon-st men is not? Art learn only now that every single man cares for himself more than for his neibour some from honest motives others for mere gain's sake? woe that to and she has passion their father has ceased to love these children.

1. Go, children, within the house all will be as I. Do thou keep them as far away as may be and bring them not near their mother in her evil hour. For ere this ha e I seen her e ring them so rarely as thou. She were murdered if I do them some hurt and well I know she will not cease from her fury till she ha pounced on some victim. At least may she ruin her hand against her foes, and not against her friends.

Medea (H.E.L.) Ah me! a wretched suffering woman! O would that I could die!

1. 'Tis as I said my dear child no wild fancies stir your mother's heart wild fury goods bet on. I to the house without delay come not ear her eye approach her not, beware her as age mood the ill import of her reckless heart. In, in with what speed e ma. For us plain she will soon redouble her fury that is but the herald of the gathering storm-cloud whose lightning soon will flash what will be proud renders soul, in the anguish of despair be guilty of?

Enter attendants with the children

Med (H.E.L.) Ah me! the agony I ha e suffered deep enough to call for these laments! Curse you and your father too ye children damned ones of a doomed mother! Ruin seize the whole family!

1. Ah me! ah me! the pity of it! Why pray do thy children share their father's crime? Why hatest thou them? Woe is you poor children how do I grieve for you let y suffer some outrage! Strange are the tempers of princes, and may be because they seldom ha e to be ad mously lord t er oth rs, change th their mood with difficulty 'Tis better then to ha been treated to li on equal terms. Be t min t e h old age not in proud pomp, but in security Moderation wins the day first as a better word for m n t use and likewise t is far th best course for them t pursue but greatness that doth eret h itself brings a blessing to mortal men but pa s a penalty f g eases ruin whenever fortune is wroth w th family

Enter two or three common women

Chor 1 heard th woe uplified loud of our poor Cornelia had not yet us qui t speak a word done for I stood b the house with double gates I heard a of weeping from within and I do grieve had for the sorrows f this house for t bath woe m kn

1. 'Tis house no more all that is passed away long ago a royal bird keeps Jason t he woe, a mistress pe et w is h better finding no comfort for her soul in surbit her friends can say Med. (H.E.L.) Oh, oh! Would that Hec en let a

bole would cleave this head in twain! What gain is life to me? Woe woe is me! O to die and win release quit this loathed ex tence!

Ch. Didst hear O Zeus, thou earth and thou O is he the piteous note of woe the hapless wife is uttering? How shall a yestman for that inhuman resting place ever hasten for thee poor reckless o e the end that death alone can bring? Yet e pray for that. And if thy lord prefers a fresh lo e be not angered with him for that Zeus will judge twixt thee and him he can Then mourn not for th husband's loss too much nor waste th self away

Med (H.E.L.) Great Thetis, and husband of Thetis, behold what I am suffering now though I did bind that cursed oar my husband by strong oaths to me? O t see him and his bride some day b on ht to utter destruction, they and their house with them, for that they presume to wrong me thus unprovoked O my father my country that I ha e left to my shame after sla g my own brother

As Do ye hear h words, how loudly she adjures Thetis, oft invoked and Zeus, whose even regard as keeper of their oaths? On no m r trill surely will our mistress spend her rage

Ch. Would that it would come forth for us to see, and listen to the words of counsel we may be p e d haply the night lay aside the fierce fury of her wrath and her temper stern Never be my zeal at any rate denied my friends! I t go thou and bring her hither outside the house and tell her thus our friendly thou ht haste thee ere she do some much f to those inside the house, for this sorrow of hers is mounting b h

1. Thus will I do but I ha e my doubts whether I shall persuade my mistress still w in h a ll I undertake this trouble for you albeit she gl es upon her servants with th look of a lioness with cub, wh-so an one draws n h e speak to her Woe then to call the men of old time rude uneducated bores thou wouldst not err seeing that they devised their hymns for festal occasions, for banquets and to grace the board a pleasure to catch the es shed o er our life, but no man hath found a way to allay hated grief by music and the minstrel's uned strain whence arise slaughters and fell strokes of fate to overthrow the homes of men And yet this were surely a gain to heal men's wounds by music's spell b e why run in y their ill song where a rich banquet are spread? for of self doth the rich banquet set before them afford to men delight

Enter chorus

Ch I heard a bitter cry of lamentation! loudly better li sh calls on the traitor of her marriage bed her perfidious spouse by gone ou wron s ppressed sh in oaks Thetis, bride of Zeus, witness of oaths, who brow ht her u to Hellas, th land that fronts the strand of Asia o er the sea by us ht throw h ocean's boundless gate.

Enter Medea

Med From the house I ha e come forth Cornelian had ex for fear lest you be blaming me for well I know that amongst men many by showing

# MEDEA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                                 |            |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| NURSE OF MEDEA                  | CREON      |
| ATTENDANT of her children       | JASON      |
| MEDEA                           | ÆGEUS      |
| CHORUS OF CORINTHIAN WOMEN      | MESSSENGER |
| THE TWO SONS OF JASON AND MEDEA |            |

*Before the Palace of Creon at Corinth Enter NURSE*

*Nurse* Ah! would to Heaven the good ship *Argo* ne'er had sped its course to the *Colchian* land through the misty blue *Symplegades* nor ever in the glens of *Pelion* the pine been felled to furnish with oars the chieftain's hands who went to fetch the golden fleece for *Pelias* for then would my own mistress *Medea* never have sailed to the turrets of *Iolcos* her soul with love for *Jason* smitten nor would she have beguiled the daughters of *Pelias* to slay their father and come to live here in the land of *Corinth* with her husband and children where her exile found favour with the citizens to whose land she had come and in all things of her own accord was she at one with *Jason* the greatest safeguard this when wife and husband do agree but now their love is all turned to hate and tenderness ties are weak For *Jason* hath betrayed his own children and my mistress dear for the love of a royal bride for he hath wedded the daughter of *Creon* lord of this land While *Medea* his hapless wife thus scorned appeals to the oaths he swore recalls the strong pledge his right hand gave and bids heaven be witness what requital she is finding from *Jason* And here she lies fasting yielding her body to her grief wasting away in tears ever since she learnt that she was wronged by her husband never lifting her eye nor raising her face from off the ground and she lends as deaf an ear to her friend's warning as if she were a rock or ocean billow save when she turns her snow white neck aside and softly to herself bemoans her father dear her country and her home which she gave up to come hither with the man who now holds her in dishonour She poor lady hath by sad experience learnt how good a thing it is never to quit one's native land And she hates her children now and feels no joy at seeing them I am afraid she may contrive some toward scheme for her mood is dangerous nor will she brook her cruel treatment full well I know her and I much do dread that she will plunge the keen sword through their heart stealing without a word into the chamber where their marriage couch is spread or else that she will slay the prince and bridegroom too and so find some calamity still more grievous than the present for dreadful is her wrath verily the man that doth incur her

hate will have no easy task to raise o'er her a song of triumph Lo! where her sons come hither from their childish sports little they reck of their mother's woes for the soul of the young is no friend to sorrow

*Enter ATTENDANT with the Children*

*Attendant* Why dost thou so long my lady's own handmaid stand here at the gate alone loudly lamenting to thyself the piteous tale? how comes it that *Medea* will have thee leave her to herself?

*Nu* Old man attendant on the sons of *Jason* our master's fortunes when they go awry make good slaves grieve and touch their hearts Oh! I have come to such a pitch of grief that there stole a yearning wish upon me to come forth hither and proclaim to heaven and earth my mistress's hard fate

*At* What! has not the poor lady ceased yet from her lamentation?

*Nu* Would I were as thou art! the mischief is but now beginning it has not reached its climax yet

*At* O foolish one if I may call my mistress such a name how little she recks of evils yet more recent!

*Nu* What meanst old man? grudge not to tell me

*At* 'Tis naught I do repent me even of the words I have spoken

*Nu* Nay by thy beard I conjure thee hide it not from thy fellow slave I will be silent if need be on that text

*At* I heard one say pretending not to listen as I approached the place where our greybeards sit playing draughts near *Pirene's* sacred spring that *Creon* the ruler of this land is bent on driving these children and their mother from the boundaries of *Corinth* but I know not whether the news is to be relied upon and would fain it were not

*Nu* What! will *Jason* brook such treatment of his sons even though he be at variance with their mother?

*At* Old ties give way to new he bears no longer any love to this family

*Nu* Undone it seems are we if to old woes fresh ones we add ere we have drained the former to the dregs

*At* Hold thou thy peace say not a word of this tis no time for our mistress to learn hereof

*Nu* O children do ye hear how your father feels

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towards you? Perd thou catch him but not he is my master still yet is he proved a very traitor to his nearest and dearest.

A And who monest men is not? Art learning only now that a err sin le man cares for himself more than for his neighbour some from honest motives others for more gain's sake? seeing that to indulge his passion their father has ceased to love these children

N Go, children, within the house all will be well. Do thou keep them as far away as may be and bring them in to near their mother in her cell hour for it thus have I seen her eyes in them savagely as thou she were murthered to do them some hurt and well I know she will not cease from her fury till she have pouned on some victim At least may she turn her hand against her foes, and not against her friends.

At a (Wahs) Ah me! a wretched sufferer woman! O would that I too had it!

A 'Tis as I said my dear children wild fancies stir your mother's heart wild fury goads her on into the house without delay come not near her eye approach her not, beware her in a mood th' sell temper of her reckless heart in, in with what speed ye must For as plain she will soon redouble her fury that cry in but the herald of the gathering storm-cloud whose lightning soon will flash what will her proud restless soul, in the anguish of despair be guilty of?

Exit MEDEA with the children

Med. (Wahs) Ah me! the agony I have suffered deep enough to call for these lament! Curse you and you faith too, ye children damned sons of a doomed mother! Ruin seize the whole family!

A Ah me! ah me! the pite of it! Why pray do thy children share their father's crime? Why hasten thou th' m' woe is you poor h' deen how do I grieve! You fast ye suffer some o' rage! Strange at th' tempers of princes, a d may be because th' y wold m' ha e to obey and mostly lord to roth in, changing their thout moods with difficulty 'Tis better then's have been created in on equal terms. B it m' e to rea hold in on in pr ud pomp but in security! Moderat a wins the day first better word for m' n' use and likewise it is far the best course f' e them to pursue but greatness that doth o' rea h' self brings blessing to mortal men but pays a penalty f' greater ruin where'er so turn is wroth with a family

Enter CHORUS OF CORINTHIANS WOMEN

Chorus I heard the voice uplifted loud of our poor Colchia lady nor yet a sh quiet peak aged dam for as I stood by the house with double gates I heard a voice weeping from within and I do grieve lady for the sorrows of this house, for it hath on my lo e.

A 'Tis a house no more all that is passed away long an a royal brood keeps Jason at h' r side while our m' tress pines away for her lover find no comfort for her soul in aught her friends can say

Med. (Wahs) Oh oh! Would that Heaven's light

bolt would cleave this head in twain! What gain is life to me? Woe woe is me! O to die and leave leaving quiting this loathed existence!

Ch O dost hear O Zeus thou earth and thou light the piteous note of woe the hapless wife is uttering? How shall a yearning for that insatiate resting place ever hasten for thee poor reckless one the end that death alone can bring? Ne'er pay for that And if thy lord prefers a fresh love be not angered with him for that Zeus will judge twixt thee and him here Then mourn not for thy husband's loss too much nor waste thyself away

Med. (Wahs) Great Themis and husband of Themis, behold what I am suffering now though I did know that accursed one my husband by strong oaths to me? O to see him and his bride some day brought to utter destruction they and their house with them for that they presume to wrong me thus unpunished O my father my country that I have left to my shame after slaying my own brother

A Do ye hear her words, how loudly she abuses Themis, oft in oiled and Zeus, whom men regard as keeper of their oaths? On no more trifle surely will our mistresses spend her rage.

Ch Would that she would come forth for us to see and listen to the words of counsel we might give if she might lay aside the fierce fury of her wrath and her temper stern. Never be my zeal at any rate denied my friends! But go thou and bring her hither outside the house and tell her th' our is endly thou hast haste thee ere she do some much of to those; side the house for this sorrow of hers is mounting high.

A This will I do but I have my doubts whether I shall persuade my mistress still willingly will undertake this trouble for you albeit she glares upon her servants with the look of a lioness with cubs, whenso any one draws nigh to speak to her Wert thou to call the men of old time rude uncultured bores thou wouldst not err seeing that they de used their hymns for festive occasions, for banquets, and to grace the board a pleasure to catch the ear shed o'er our lips but no man hath found a way to allay hated grief by music and the minstrel's varied strain whence arise labours and fell strokes of fate to overthrow the homes of men And yet this were surely a gun to heal men's wounds by music's spell but why turn they their dying son where rich banquets are spread? for of itself doth the rich banquet set before them afford to men's light

Exit MEDEA

Ch I heard a better cry of lamentation! lo divinely the call of the traitor of his marriage bed her perfidous spouse by grief's snarls oppressed he in oiled Themis, bride of Zeus, wretch loath who brought him unto Hellas, the land that fronts the strand of Asia o'er the sea by night through ocean's boundless gate.

Enter MEDEA

Med From the house I have come forth Corinthusian ladies, for fear lest you be blaming me for well I know that among men many by showing

pride have gotten them an ill name and a reputation for indifference both those who shun men's gaze and those who move amid the stranger crowd and likewise they who choose a quiet walk in life For there is no just discernment in the eyes of men for they or ever they have surely learnt their neighbour's heart loathe him at first sight though never wronged by him and so a stranger most of all should adopt a city's views nor do I commend that citizen who in the stubbornness of his heart from churlishness resents the city's will

But on me hath fallen this unforeseen disaster and sapped my life ruined I am and long to resign the boon of existence kind friends and die For he who was all the world to me as well thou knowest hath turned out the veriest villain my own husband Of all things that have life and sense we women are the most hapless creatures first must we buy a husband at an exorbitant price and for ourselves a tyrant set which is an evil worse than the first and herein lies the most important issue whether our choice be good or bad For divorce is discreditable to women nor can we disown our lords Next must the wife coming as she does to ways and customs new since she hath not learnt the lesson in her home have a diviner's eye to see how best to treat the partner of her life If haply we perform these tasks with thoroughness and tact and the husband live with us without resenting the yoke our life is a happy one if not 'twere best to die But when a man is vexed with what he finds indoors he goeth forth and rids his soul of its disgust betaking him to some friend or comrade of like age whilst we must needs regard his single self

And yet they say we live secure at home while they are at the wars with their sorry reasoning for I would gladly take my stand in battle array three times over than once give birth But enough! this language suits not thee as it does me thou hast a city here a father's house some joy in life and friends to share thy thoughts but I am destitute without a city and therefore scorned by my husband a captive I from a foreign shore with no mother brother or kinsman in whom to find a new haven of refuge from this calamity Wherefore this one boon and only this I wish to win from thee—thy silence if haply I can some way or means devise to avenge me on my husband for this cruel treatment and on the man who gave to him his daughter and on her who is his wife For though a woman be timorous enough in all else and as regards courage a coward at the mere sight of steel yet in the moment she finds her honour wronged no heart is filled with deadlier thoughts than hers

Ch This will I do for thou wilt be taking a just vengeance on thy husband Medea That thou shouldst mourn thy lot surprises me not But lo! I see Creon king of this land coming hither to announce some new resolve

*Enter CREON*

Creon Hark thee Medea I bid thee take those sullen looks and angry thoughts against thy husband

forth from this land in exile and with thee take both thy children and that without delay for I am judge in this sentence and I will not return unto my house till I banish thee beyond the borders of the land

Med Ah me! now is utter destruction come upon me unhappy that I am! For my enemies are bearing down on me full sail nor have I any landing place to come at in my trouble Yet for all my wretched plight I will ask thee Creon wherefore dost thou drive me from the land?

Cr I fear thee—no longer need I veil my dread naeth words—lest thou devise against my child some careless ill Many things contribute to this fear of mine thou art a witch by nature expert in countless sorceries and thou art chafing for the loss of thy husband's affection I hear too so they tell me that thou dost threaten the father of the bride her husband and herself with some mischief wherefore I will take precautions ere our troubles come For 'tis better for me to incur thy hatred now lady than to soften my heart and bitterly repent it hereafter

Med Alas! this is not now the first time but oft before O Creon hath my reputation injured me and caused some mischief Wherefore whoso is wise in his generation ought never to have his children taught to be too clever for besides the reputation they get for idleness they purchase bitter odium from the citizens For if thou shouldst import new learning amongst dullards thou wilt be thou hit a useless trifler void of knowledge while if thy fame in the city o'ertops that of the pretenders to cunning knowledge thou wilt win their dislike I too myself share in this ill luck Some think me clever and hate me others say I am too reserved and some the very reverse others find me hard to please and not so very clever after all Be that as it may thou dost fear me lest I bring on thee something to mar thy harmony Fear me not Creon my position scarce is such that I should seek to quarrel with princes Why should I for how hast thou injured me? Thou hast betrothed thy daughter where thy fancy prompted thee No 'tis my husband I hate though I doubt not thou hast acted wisely herein And now I grudge not thy prosperity betroth thy child good luck to thee but let me abide in this land for though I have been wronged I will be still and yield to my superiors

Cr Thy words are soft to hear but much I dread lest thou art devising some mischief in thy heart and less than ever do I trust thee now for a cunning woman and man likewise is easier to guard against when quick tempered than when taciturn Nay begone at once! speak me no speeches for this is decreed nor hast thou any art whereby thou shalt abide amongst us since thou hatest me

Med O say not so! by thy knees and by thy daughter newly wed I do implore!

Cr Thou wastest words thou wilt never persuade me

Med What wilt thou banish me and to my prayers no pity yield?

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Or I will, for I lo e not thee above my own fam

Med. O my country! what fond memories I ha e  
of thee so this bou l

Or Ye a for I m self love my city best of all  
the gr a e my children.

Med. Ah me! ah me! to mortal man how dre d a  
scourg is lo e!

Or That I deem is accord g to th turn out  
fortunes tak

Med. O Ze s let not th author of these my  
troubles scape thee

Or Begon thou m ly woman and free me from  
my toid.

Med. The toid is mine no lack of it

Or Soon wilt thou be thrust out forcibly by the  
hand of serva ts.

Med. I wat not that I doe treat thee Creon!

Or Thou wilt cause dust rbanic yet it seems.

Med. I will begon I ask thee n t this born to  
grat

Or Why then thus olence? why dost thou not  
depart?

Med. I suffer me to abide thus un le day and deivre  
some plan t r th mann of my exile and mean of  
livin for m child en since their father cares not  
to provid his babes thereu th Then put them  
thou too hast hidde f th n own thou need  
must ha e kind heart. Fo my own lot I care  
na ght thou h t an vil am but for those babes  
I reep that they should learn what sorrow means.

Or V a natu an thut but hard full oft  
b who in put ha e I suff red h p n eck and now  
albeit I cleart see m error yet shalt thou gain th  
req u it lad but I d to ewar thee f to-mo on s  
na su shal find thee and th ch ld en withi th  
border-s of this land, th udest m word spoke  
nd t ill otie So ow f h de thou mu a  
law or we onl f r m it thou e t sd m f  
th sea f I deed I dread

Or Th poor lad woe is thee! Alas f th so  
rows What' lit th u e n? What p oect  
what born ou tr tose th from th t ou les  
wilt thou bnd? O Medea in what a hopeless sta o  
muster hea n hath plu ed here!

Med. O all sides so ow pe s me n Who shall  
gainsa th? But I ot I jori th nk no so  
dual a th s oubles in t f th cw bnd  
nd for h t r t room h h t to I. Dost think I  
ould ha lawed on yd r a nles to  
gai some nd form sorn schem? I ould  
not so m b as ha poken t hum or toa I d h m  
th m hard B t h has in fact so fa x p p d in  
that th h h my ht ha hecked m pl t by  
bu hu g n I om th lard b h th d w d m to  
bud th da hu b l n B b J m a weath three  
f m en m - rather and h da ht nd my  
husband too? W though I ha man w a to  
ompa th r deaths I m t s f er d huch  
I am try frst shal I set f to h bnd I man  
sorn or pl o e h bected w x l th w h th is  
bea solf read g into th chamber whe e their

couch s spread? Ore thing stands n m a t f f I  
am cau ht rnk m was int the chamber in  
tent on m d m I hall be put to death and cause  
m loes to mock Twere best to tak the worst  
wa - the way we women are most soiled - by  
poison to dest on them Well well s wene them  
dead what city w ll rece e me? What friendh host  
will ge e me a shelter in his land a home secure and  
sa e my soul alive? None So I n l wa t yet a litle  
while in case some tower of d f ce rise up for me  
then will I proceed to this blood deed in crafty  
al nce but if some u expected mischance dis e me  
forth I will w th m a own hand seize the sword  
e en though I d e for it and slay them and go f th  
on my bold path of darrn Bt that d ead queen  
whom I e re before all others and have chosen to  
share m e b b f ficate who dwells within my n  
most lumber not m e of th m shall wound my  
heart and rue it not. B tter and sad will I make their  
marria for them bitter shall be the woeing of it  
bitter my ule from the land l p then Medea  
spa e not th secrets of thi art a plot ng and de  
sur on to the danger Now comes a struggle  
need n courage Dost see what thou art sufferin?  
T s not for thee to be a laughin stock to th race  
of t r p h s by reason of thi weddin of Jason  
prun, a thou a t from a bl are and of the  
n od s rae Thou ha t cunn m and more than  
this, we wom r thou h b natur little apt for vir  
uous dreds, are most expe t to fa lion any much  
ch e!

Or Back to their source the hols m e r t m the  
vide Or! and th un erse t being reversed  
T men whose counsel ar treacherous, whose oath  
b h a m no lon safe Rumour shall bring a  
hap oer my lif brin in it into god sepulre,  
Honour s d wa s breakin for women s se no  
more shall th foul tongue of slander sic upon us.  
Th so g of th poet of old ball ceas, to make our  
sult'ness then theme Phcebus, I rd of m rel  
bat ot implanted n our mind the gift of  
heav n l son he had I sung an n r en in a  
to the r a of males, f tne s l m chap r affords  
ma a th m on their se as a l l as ours. W th  
m nd distrau f r d d tho th lath s howe desert  
on th o r b e t e a n s t w n rock, and on a  
f reign brand thou d l l e t thy bed lest husba d  
less, poor bdy and if thou an ule f om th land dis  
hon u ed persecuted Come t th grac that eatly  
or had Throu h d the brea th of Helas honour  
is found no mor to heaven hath it ped w a T s  
thee o f th s house is open woe m thee! to be a  
haven from the tro blous sto m whil oer th  
h m is set an th q e cu th bride that is p e  
f ed to thee

Enter J son  
Jas It s not n I first remark, but oft rethurs  
how unrol a pest i hard t mve For n tance  
if ou had t thou but put ntl end red the will of  
th upe rs mightest ha e remain d h r n this  
lard and house but now f t th d l w rd wilt  
thou be ha ushd Thi onl renav hitome Ceae



not to call Jason basest of men but for those words thou has spoken against our rulers count it all gain that exile is thy only punishment I ever tried to check the outbursts of the angry monarch and would have had thee stay but thou wouldst not forego thy silly rage always reviling our rulers and so thou wilt be banished Yet even after all this I weary not of my goodwill but am come with thus much forethought lady that thou mayst not be destitute nor want for aught when with thy sons thou art cast out Many an evil doth exile bring in its train with it for even though thou hatest me never will I harbour hard thoughts of thee

*Med* Thou craven villain (for that is the only name my tongue can find for thee a foul reproach on thy unmanliness) comest thou to me thou most hated foe of gods of me and of all mankind? Tis no proof of courage or hardihood to confront thy friends after injuring them but that worst of all human diseases—loss of shame Yet hast thou done well to come for I shall ea my soul by reviling thee and thou wilt be vexed at my recital I will begin at the very beginning I saved thy life as every Hellene knows who sailed with thee aboard the good ship Argo when thou wert sent to tame and yoke fire-breathing bulls and to sow the deadly tilth Yea and I slew the dragon which guarded the golden fleece keeping sleepless watch over it with many a wreathed coil and I raised for thee a beacon of deliverance Father and home of my free will I left and came with thee to Iolcos neath Pelion's hills for my love was stronger than my prudence Next I caused the death of Pelias by a doom most grievous even by his own children's hand beguiling them of all their fear All this have I done for thee thou traitor! and thou hast cast me over taking to thyself another wife though children have been born to us Hadst thou been childless still I could have pardoned thy desire for this new union Gone is now the trust I put in oaths I cannot even understand whether thou thinkest that the gods are old no longer rule or that fresh decrees are now in vogue amongst mankind for thy conscience must tell thee thou hast not kept faith with me Ah! poor right hand which thou didst often grasp These knees thou didst embrace! All in vain I suffered a traitor to touch me! How short of my hopes I am fallen! But come I will deal with thee as though thou wert my friend Yet what kindness can I expect from one so base as thee? but yet I will do it for my questioning will show thee yet more base Whether can I turn me now? to my father's house to my own country which I for thee deserted to come hither? to the hapless daughters of Pelias? A glad welcome I trow would they give me in their home whose father's death I compassed! My case stands even thus I am become the bitter foe to those of mine own home and those whom I need not have wronged I have made mine enemies to pleasure thee Wherefore to reward me for this thou hast made me doubly blest in the eyes of many a wife in Hellas and in thee I own a peerless trusty lord O woe is me if indeed I

am to be cast forth an exile from the land without one friend one lone woman with her babes forlorn! Yea a fine reproach to thee in thy bridal hour that thy children and the wife who saved thy life are beggars and vagabonds! O Zeus! why hast thou granted unto man clear signs to know the sham in gold while on man's brow no brand is stamped whereby to gauge the villain's heart?

*Ch* There is a something terrible and past all cure when quarrels arise twist those who are near and dear

*Ja* Needs must I now it seems turn orator and like a good helmsman on a ship with close reefed sails weather that wearsome tongue of thine Now I believe since thou wilt exaggerate thy favours that to Cyprus alone of gods or men I owe the safety of my voyage Thou hast a subtle wit enough yet were it a hateful thing for me to say that the Love god constrained thee by his restless shaft to save my life However I will not reckon this too nicely 'twas kindly done however thou didst serve me Yet for my safety hast thou received more than ever thou gavest as I will show First thou dwellest in Hellas instead of thy barbarian land and hast learnt what justice means and how to live by law not by the dictates of brute force and all the Hellenes recognize thy cleverness and thou hast gained a name whereas if thou hadst dwelt upon the confines of the earth no tongue had mentioned thee Give me no gold within my halls nor skill to sing a surer strain than ever Orpheus sang unless therewith my fame be spread abroad! So much I say to thee about my own toils for 'twas thou didst challenge me to this retort As for the taunts thou urgest against my marriage with the princess I will prove to thee first that I am prudent herein next chastened in my love and last a powerful friend to thee and to thy sons only hold thy peace Since I have here withdrawn from Iolcos with many a hopeless trouble at my back what happier device could I an exile frame than marriage with the daughter of the king? Tis not because I loathe thee for my wife—the thou hit that rankles in thy heart is not because I am smitten with desire for a new bride nor yet that I am eager to vie with others in begetting many children for those we have are quite enough and I do not complain Nay tis that we—and this is most important—may dwell in comfort instead of suffering want (for well I know that every whom friend avoids the poor) and that I might rear my sons as doth befit my house further that I might be the father of brothers for the children thou hast borne and raise these to the same high rank uniting the family in one—to my lasting bliss Thou in deed hast no need of more children but me it profits to help my present family by that which is to be Have I miscarried here? Not even thou wouldst say so unless a rival's charms rankled in thy bosom No but you women have such strange ideas that you think all is well so long as your married life runs smooth but if some mischance occur to ruffle your love all that was good and lovely erst you reckon

as your foes. Yea men should have begotten child  
from some other source no female race ex it  
thus would no e'er ha e fallen on mankind

Ch. This speech O Jason hast th u with specious  
art arranged b t yet I think—albeit in saying so I  
betrav *indiscreti* n—that thou hast sinned in cast  
ing over thy wife.

Med No doubt I differ from the mass of men on  
many points for to my mind whose hath kill to  
fence with words i an m just cause incur the  
heaviest penalty for such an ne confident that he  
can ca t a dece t eil of words o'er ha injustice  
darest pra t se it d yet he is not so ery clever  
aft rall. So d not thou put f rth thy spec ous pleas  
and jever words to me now f r one wo d of man  
will la thee low Hadst thou not had a villa n s  
bea t, thou shouldst have gained my consent then  
mad this match instead of hiding it from those  
who loved thee

Ja Th u w idst ha e lent me ready aid no  
doubt i this proposal, if I had told thee of my  
marriage seen that o e en now canst thou re  
strain thy soul hot fury

Med Thus as not what restrained thee but  
thi e eye was turned toward old age and a so eign  
f becan to ppear d scied r ble to thee

J Be well assured of this twas not for the  
woman's sake I wedded the king's daughter my  
present wife but a I ha e already i ld thee I  
wished t marry thy sister and to be th father of  
royal son bound by blood to my own children—a  
bul ark t our h use

Med May that prosperity whose end woe ne'er  
be mine, n r such wealth as would ever sting my  
heart!

J Chan e that prayer as I wul teach thee, and  
thou wilt show more wifery n er l t happiness  
ppear in now guise or wh n thy fortune smiles,  
pr tend h frown!

Med Much on thou hast place of r fu e I am  
alone, an evil soon to be

J Th own free choice w a th s blame no neede.

Med What did I d? Marry then betray thee?

J Ago st th kin tho didst n le impious  
curse

Med On thy house too may be I brin th curse.

Ja know this, I will no furth dispute this point  
w h thee m t f thou wilt of my fortune some  
what take f the bidde o thyself to help thy  
evil sa on to i m eady to grant it with un  
grud g hand ea and to send t vents to m fr d  
elsewhere wh hall treat th well if thou t fuse  
this ff n thou wilt do a fool's deed but if thou  
ease from ger th g eat r wul be thy gain.

Med I ill ha no bit to d w th friend of  
thine na a e w d s e e of thee, offer it ot to  
m a illan g firs ch bring a blessing

J At least I cal ch god to w tress, that I am  
eady all the gs t sers iller and thy hold en  
b t thou dost wron my f r ious nd thrustest thy  
friends t bloody away herefn e thy lot will be  
mor b iter still

Exit

Med Away! By lo e for thi soun bride en  
trapped too loo, thou lingerest outside her cham-  
ber go wed for if God w ll thou shalt have such a  
marriage as th u wo ldst fain refuse.

Ch When i excess and past all i muts Love doth  
me he brings not glory or repute to man but if  
the Cypran queen in moderate might approach ro  
goddess i so full of charm as he never O ne er  
lady mine d scharge at me from thi g liden bow a  
shaft in noble a passion a enom dipped On me  
may cha t ty hea ea s fairest gift look with a fa  
ouring eye ne er may Cypris goddess dread fasten  
on me a temper to d spute or restless jealousy  
en ting in soul w th mad desire f r u lawful lo e  
but may the hallow peaceful married life and shrewd  
ly decide whom each of us shall wed O my country  
O my own dear home! God grant I may ne er be an  
outcast from my city lead t that cruel helpless  
life, whose e ery day is misery Ere that may I thi  
life complete and yeld to death av death for th re  
s no misery that d th surpass the loss of Lath riard  
I ha e seen w th mine eyes, nor f om the lips of  
others ha e I the lesson learnt no eny not or e  
friend doth pity thee in this thine awful woe May  
he perish and find no fa our whose hath not in him  
honour for his friends freely unlock g his heart to  
them ne er shall h be friend of mine.

Enter *Ægeus*

Ægeus All hail, Medea! no ma knoweth surer  
griev'd to the g etuin of sin nds than th

Med All had to thee likewise, Ægeus, son of wise  
Pana n. Whence comest thou t this la d?

Æge From Phœbus ancient or cle

Med What took thee on thy travels to the pro-  
phetic centre of th earth?

Æge The wish to ask how I m ght raise up seed  
u to my self.

Med Pray tell m hast thou till now dragg'd on  
a childless life?

Æge I ha e no child owing to the v itation of  
som god

Med H st tho a wife, or hast thou ne er known  
the married state?

Æge I ha e w se join ed to me in wedlock s bond

Med What said Phœbus to thee as to children?

Æge Word too subtle fo man to comp thend

Med Sur ly i ma learn th god's answer?

Æge Most surely i t it ju t thy subtle wit it  
eeds

Med What said the god? peak f I may hear it

Æge He bade me n r loose the wincian s pen  
d at rek.

Med Till when? what must thou do first what  
country at?

Æge Till I to my native hom turn

Med What object ha t thou a sailing t th stand?

Æge O e Truzen s colm is P rtheus king

Med Pelops son a man devout they say

Æge To him I fann w m ld impart the oracle of the  
god

Med The man is brew'd and cersed in such like  
lore.

*Ag* Aye and to me the dearest of all my warrior friends

*Med* Good luck to thee! success to all thy wishes!

*Ag* But why thine downcast eye that wasted cheek?

*Med* O *Ag*eus my husband has proved a monster of iniquity

*Ag* What meanest thou? explain to me clearly the cause of thy despondency

*Med* Jason is wronging me though I have given him no cause

*Ag* What hath he done? tell me more clearly

*Med* He is taking another wife to succeed me as mistress of his house

*Ag* Can he have brought himself to such a dastard deed?

*Med* Be assured thereof I whom he loved of yore am in dishonour now

*Ag* Hath he found a new love? or does he loathe thy bed?

*Med* Much in love is he! A traitor to his friend is he become

*Ag* Enough! if he is a villain as thou savest

*Med* The alliance he is so much enamoured of is with a princess

*Ag* Who gives his daughter to him? go on I pray

*Med* Creon who is lord of this land of Corinth

*Ag* Lady I can well pardon thy grief

*Med* I am undone and more than that am banished from the land

*Ag* By whom? fresh words! this word of thine unfolds

*Med* Creon drives me forth in exile from Corinth

*Ag* Doth Jason allow it? This too I blame him for

*Med* Not in words but he will not stand out against it O I implore thee by this beard and by thy knees in suppliant posture pity O pity my sorrows do not see me cast forth forlorn but receive me in thy country to a seat within thy halls Do may thy wish by heaven's grace be crowned with a full harvest of offspring and may thy life close in happiness! Thou knowest not the rare good luck thou findest here for I will make thy childlessness to cease and cause thee to beget fair issue so potent are the spells I know

*Ag* Lady on many grounds I am most fain to grant thee this thy boon first for the gods sake next for the children whom thou dost promise I hall bow for in respect of this I am completely lost

Tis thus with me if ever thou reach my land I will attempt to champion thee as I am bound to do Only on warning I do give thee first heed I will not from this land bear thee away yet if of thyself thou reach my halls there shalt thou bide in safety and I will never yield thee up to any man But from the land escape without my aid for I have no wish to incur the blame of my allies as well

*Med* It shall be even so but I will let thou pledge this word to this I should in all be well content with thee

*Ag* Surely thou dost trust me? or is there another that troubles thee?

*Med* Thee I trust but Pelias house and Creon are my foes Wherefore if thou art bound by an oath thou wilt not give me up to them when they come to drag me from the land but having entered into a compact and sworn by heaven as well thou wilt become my friend and disregard their offences Weak is any aid of mine whilst they have wealth and a princely house

*Ag* Lady thy words show much foresight so if this is thy will I do not refuse For I shall feel secure and safe if I have some pretext to offer to thy foes and thy cause too the firmer stands Now name thy gods

*Med* Swear by the plain of Earth by Helios my father's sire and in one comprehensive oath by all the race of gods

*Ag* What shall I swear to do from what refrain? tell me that

*Med* Swear that thou wilt never of thyself expel me from thy land nor whilst life is thine permit any other one of my foes may be to hale me thence if so he will

*Ag* By earth I swear by the sun god's holy beam and by all the host of heaven that I will stand fast to the terms I hear thee make

*Med* Tis enough If thou shouldst break this oath what curse dost thou invoke upon thyself?

*Ag* Whatever betides the impious

*Med* Go in peace all is well and I with what speed I may will to thy city come when I have wrought my purpose and obtained my wish

*Exit* *Med*

*Ch* May Maia's princely son go with thee on thy way to bring thee to thy home and mayest thou attain that on which thy soul is set so firmly for to my mind thou seemest a generous man O *E*rus

*Med* O Zeus and Justice child of Zeus and sun god's light now will I triumph over my foes kind friends on victory's road have I set forth good hope have I of wreaking vengeance on those I hate For where we were in most distress this stranger hath appeared to be a haven in my counsels to him will we make fast the cables of our ship when we come to the town and citadel of Pallas But now will I explain to thee my plans in full do not expect to hear a pleasant tale A servant of mine will I to Jason send and crave an interview then when he comes I will address him with soft words say these pities me and that well even the marriage with the princess which my treacherous lord is celebrating and add it suits us both twas well thou hit out then will I entreat that here my children may abide not that I mean to leave them in a hostile land for foes to slout but that I may slay the king's daughter by guile For I will send them with gifts in their hands arriving them unto the bride to save them from banishment a robe of finest wool and a chaplet of gold And if these ornaments she take and put them on miserably shall she die and like wise everyone who touches her with such fell poison

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sons will I wear my girdle. And here I quit this  
 theme but I shudd' at th' deed I must do next  
 for I will slay th' children I ha' e borne there is  
 no shal take them from m' souls and when I  
 ha' e att'ed confounded Jason's house I will lea-  
 e th' land escape g punishment for my dear chil-  
 dren's m' d's af' er m' most unbol' deed For I  
 can end te the t's of enemies, kind friend  
 eou'bol' what rain is life to me? I ha' no country  
 home or refu' e I ft O I did wron' that hour I  
 left m' father's home persuaded by that Hellene's  
 words who now shall pa the penalt' so help me  
 God Ne'er shall I see a son th' children I  
 bore to live nor from his new bride shall he bevet  
 me for sh' must d' a hideous death slayn by my  
 d' m. Let no o' e deem me a poor weak woman  
 who sits w' th folded hands, but of anoth' r should  
 da' sons to folds and well-d' posed to friends for  
 they was the same fame wh' li e their I fele k' m.

§ S e thou hast unrat'ed this design to me  
 I bid thee hold th' hand both from a wish m' serve  
 th' and because I would uphold the law man make  
 M d. It cannot but be so thy words I pardon  
 n. Lou art not in th' same so r' ph' h' that I am.

Ch. O lady wilt thou tel th' self to slay thy  
 children again?

M d. I will, for that will stab my husband's the  
 heart.

Ch. It may but thou wilt be the saddest wife  
 n.

M d. No matter wasted m' every word that comes  
 twist now and then. (Exit M' d.) Ho! thou go  
 call me Jason father so th' I do emp' on every  
 minion of trust. No word d' r' of all m' purpose  
 as thou art to thy mistress's hand b' e use of my sex.

Enter MEDEA and a s.

Ch. Sons of E' echeus, heroes happ' from of  
 ore children f' th' blessed gods, fed on a s' dom  
 glorious food n' hol' land n' g'ula ed b' us  
 foca' e who mo' n' th' pri' h' l' t' p' th' ou' h' a  
 mu' e n' bright and fear w' t' as legend' s lls,  
 t' M' s' n' p' r' na' bo' m' d' s, w' t' b' ou' h' i  
 t' birth b' harmonia with th' golden hair and  
 noot' how C' p' r' draw n' g' w'at' from th' e' eams  
 of lu' bow g' Cep' m' b' eath' e' r the land  
 f' w' b' e' r' f' d' m' a' r' d' s, and c' r' s' the c' r' o' w' n' s  
 b' r' e' s' s' e' s' th' g' o' l' d' f' w' e' r' r' o' s' e' b' o' d' s' e' n' d'  
 f' h' h' Lo' e' s' n' b' w' i' s' d' o' m' s' and to take a  
 p' a' r' t' i' e' r' i' e' s' L' e' n' (Re-ent' r' s' M' d.) How th' e' r'  
 shal th' c' a' t' of s' e' d' s' t' r' e' a' m' s' th' land that w' h' i'  
 o' m' e' s' th' o' r' s' l' o' u' e' s' r' e' c' e' e' h' e' e' t' h' m' d' e' r' e' s' f'  
 th' children th' e' h' o' s' e' p' e' n' e' w' th' th' e' r' s' is  
 p' o' n' a' Th' u' k' o' n' th' m' u' r' d' e' r' f' th' y' children,  
 c' o' m' m' e' n' t' e' r' th' b' l' o' o' d' d' e' e' d' th' t' a' k' e' n' o' n' th' e' e' ' a' t'  
 b' th' k' n' e' r' s' a' n' o' d' a' l' s' f' o' r' e' th' e' e' w' s' n' o' t'  
 h' i' b' o' b' e' s' W' h' e' r' h' a' l' l' h' a' n' d' s' h' e' a' r' t' f' i' n' d' h' a' r' d' h' o' o' d'  
 o' u' h' i' n' w' e' k' n' o' s' u' c' h' s' e' n' s' e' d' e' e' d' u' p' o' n' th'  
 s' o' u' s' H' o' w' w' i' l' l' o' o' k' p' o' n' th' y' b' a' b' e' s' and t' i' l' l'  
 th' o' u' e' a' r' t' u' h' b' l' o' o' d' p' o' s' e' Th' o' u'  
 c' o' u' n' o' t' w' h' e' n' th' e' r' f' a' d' i' t' h' f' e' e' t' i' m' e' s' c' e' l'  
 th' h' e' a' r' t' and d' u' p' i' n' th' s' b' l' o' o' d' th' y' h' a' n' d'

Enter s' o' n' s

Ja I am come at th' biddin' for e' n' though th' y'  
 hate for me is b' t' t' e' r' th' o' u' shal' n' o' t' f' u' l' i' n' th' s' m' a' l' l'  
 boon but I will hear what new request thou hast to  
 make of me lad

M' d' Jason I c' r' a' e' th' y' p' a' r' d' o' n' for the words I  
 spok' e' and w' e' l' l' th' o' u' m' a' y' e' s' t' b' r' o' o' k' m' y' b' u' r' s' t'  
 of p' a' s' s' i' o' n' f' i' z' e' r' e' n' o' w' w' e' t' w' a' h' a' e' s' h' a' r' e' d' m' u' c' h'  
 l' o' n' For I ha' e' r' e' a' s' o' n' e' d' w' i' t' h' m' y' s' o' u' l' and r' a' i' l' e' d'  
 u' p' o' n' me th' u' s' th' i' s' p' o' o' r' h' e' a' r' t' w' h' a' m' I t' h' u' s' d' i' s-  
 t' r' a' u' b' t' w' h' s' o' n' e' r' e' d' g' a' u' t' a' l' l' p' o' o' d' a' d' v' e' c' e'  
 w' h' y' h' a' v' e' I' c' o' m' e' to h' a' t' e' th' e' r' u' l' e' r' s' of th' e' l' a' n' d' m'  
 h' u' s' b' a' n' d' t' o' o' w' h' o' d' o' e' s' th' e' b' e' s' t' for m' e' b' e' c' a' u' s' e'  
 i' n' w' e' d' d' i' n' g' w' i' t' h' a' p' r' i' e' e' s' a' n' d' r' e' a' t' i' n' g' f' o' r' m' y' c' h' i' l' d' r' e' n'  
 n' o' b' l' e' b' r' o' t' h' e' r' s' S' h' a' l' l' I' n' o' t' c' e' a' s' e' to f' r' e' t' W' h' a' t'  
 p' o' s' s' e' s' s' e' s' m' w' h' e' n' h' e' a' n' i' s' t' s' b' e' s' t' d' o' t' h' o' f' f' e' r' H' a' e' I'  
 n' o' t' m' y' c' h' i' l' d' r' e' n' to c' o' n' s' i' d' e' r' d' o' I' s' o' f' i' t' a' t' h' a' t' w' e' a' r' e'  
 f' u' n' u' s' e' s' n' e' e' d' of f' i' e' n' d' W' h' e' n' I' l' a' d' th' o' u' h' i'  
 a' l' l' th' i' s' I' s' a' w' h' o' w' f' o' o' l' i' s' h' I' h' a' d' b' e' e' n' h' o' w' s' e' n' s' e' l' e' s' s'  
 e' a' r' e' d' S' o' n' o' w' I' d' o' c' o' m' m' e' n' d' th' e' e' and th' y' k' i' t' h' e'  
 m' o' s' t' w' i' s' e' i' n' f' o' r' t' u' n' e' th' i' s' c' o' n' s' e' n' s' i' o' n' f' o' r' u' b' u' t' I'  
 w' a' s' r' a' i' d' I' w' h' o' s' h' o' u' d' h' a' e' s' h' a' r' e' d' i' n' th' e' e' d' m' a'  
 h' e' l' p' e' d' o' n' th' y' p' l' a' n' s' and l' e' t' m' y' a' i' d' to b' r' i' n' a' b' o' u' t'  
 th' e' m' a' t' c' h' o' n' l' y' t' o' o' p' l' e' a' s' e' d' to w' a' i' t' u' p' o' n' th' i' s' b' r' i' d' e'  
 B' u' t' t' h' a' t' w' e' a' r' e' w' e' a' r' e' w' e' w' o' m' e' n' e' l' l' w' i' l' l' n' o' t'  
 s' a' y' w' h' e' r' e' f' o' r' e' th' o' u' s' h' o' u' l' d' s' t' n' o' t' s' i' n' k' to o' u' r' s' o' e' r' y'  
 I' v' e' l' n' o' t' w' i' t' h' o' u' r' w' e' a' p' o' n' m' e' e' t' o' u' r' c' h' i' l' d' r' e' n' s'.

I' v' e' l' d' and do c' o' n' f' e' s' s' t' h' a' t' I' w' a' s' w' r' o' n' s' h' e' n' b' u' t'  
 n' o' w' h' a' e' I' c' o' m' e' to a b' e' t' t' e' r' m' i' n' d' C' o' m' f' u' t' h' e' r' m' y'  
 c' h' i' l' d' r' e' n' c' o' m' e' l' e' x' th' e' h' o' u' s' e' s' t' e' p' f' o' r' t' h' and w' i' t' h'  
 m' g' r' e' e' t' and b' i' d' f' a' r' e' w' e' l' l' to y' o' u' r' f' a' t' h' e' r' b' e' r' e' c' o' n-  
 c' i' l' e' d' f' r' o' m' a' l' l' p' a' s' t' b' i' t' t' e' r' n' e' s' s' u' n' o' y' o' u' r' f' r' i' e' n' d' s' a' s'  
 n' o' w' y' o' u' r' m' i' s' t' e' r' i' s' f' o' r' w' e' h' a' e' m' a' d' e' a' t' r' u' c' e' a' n' d'  
 a' n' g' e' r' i' s' n' o' m' o' r' e'.

Enter the Children

Take h' i' s' n' h' e' r' h' a' n' d' a' b' m' i' m' s' a' d' f' a' t' e' l' w' h' e' n' I'  
 r' e' f' l' e' c' t' s' o' n' w' u' n' o' n' th' h' u' d' d' e' n' f' u' t' u' r' e' O' m' y' c' h' i' l-  
 d' r' e' n' s' i' n' c' e' t' h' e' r' e' a' w' a' s' y' o' u' e' v' e' n' th' u' s' a' l' o' n' g'  
 l' i' f' e' s' t' r' e' t' f' o' r' t' h' th' h' a' n' d' t' a' k' e' a' f' o' n' d' f' e' a' r' l' l'  
 A' h' m' e' t' h' o' w' e' e' t' to t' e' a' r' s' a' m' I' h' o' w' f' i' d' o' f' f' e' a' r' l' For  
 n' o' w' th' a' t' I' h' a' a' t' l' a' s' t' r' e' l' e' a' s' e' d' m' e' f' r' o' m' m' y' q' u' a' r' r' e' l'  
 w' i' t' h' o' u' r' f' a' t' h' e' r' I' l' e' t' t' h' e' t' e' a' r' d' r' o' p' s' s' t' r' e' a' m' s' a' d' o' w' n'  
 m' y' t' e' n' d' e' r' c' h' e' e' n'.

Ch From m' eyes too burn' forth the co' our  
 tear O m' a' no greater all th' n' the present e' e' t'  
 b' e' f' a' l'!

I' l' a' d' y' I' p' r' a' i' s' e' th' c' o' n' d' u' c' t' n' o' t' th' a' t' I' b' l' a' m' e'  
 w' h' a' t' i' s' p' a' r' t' f' o' r' t' y' b' u' t' n' a' t' u' r' a' l' to th' s' f' o' u' l' e' s' s' e' x'  
 t' o' c' o' u' t' th' i' s' v' i' c' e' n' e' a' n' a' n' e' a' h' u' s' b' a' n' d' w' h' i' b' t' r' a' f-  
 f' i' k' s' n' o' t' h' e' r' m' a' t' t' e' r' e' b' e' n' e' f' i' t' h' u' o' w' n' B' u' t' th' y'  
 h' e' a' r' t' i' s' c' h' a' r' m' e' d' to m' e' w' h' e' e' e' s' a' n' d' th' o' u' a' t' d' e-  
 t' e' r' m' i' n' e' d' o' n' th' e' b' e' t' t' e' r' c' o' u' r' s' e' l' a' t' th' o' u' h' i' t' b' e'  
 th' i' s' a' t' t' a' k' e' a' w' o' r' m' a' n' f' o' b' e' r' s' e' n' s' e' A' n' d' f' o'  
 o' u' m' y' s' o' n' s' h' a' t' h' o' u' f' a' t' h' e' r' p' r' o' m' i' s' e' d' w' h' a' t' a' l' l'  
 g' o' o' d' h' e' e' d' w' e' r' e' f' b' G' o' d' s' g' r' a' c' e' f' o' r' y' e' I'  
 t' r' o' w' s' h' a' l' w' i' t' h' y' o' u' b' r' o' t' h' e' r' s' h' a' e' h' e' r' e' a' f' t' e' r' th'  
 f' o' r' e' m' o' s' t' e' a' r' k' i' n' th' i' s' C' o' r' i' n' t' h' i' a' n' c' a' m' O' u' l' g' r' o' w'  
 p' f' o' r' a' d' v' a' n' t' a' g' e' o' u' r' a' u' r' e' a' n' d' w' h' o' s' e' f' i' d' e' l' i' t' y' t' o' u' s' i' s' b' e' n' e' f' i' c' i' a' n' t' t' o' p' a' s' s' M' y' I' s' e' e' y' o' u' t' e' a' c' h'  
 m' y' s' u' l' l' e' s' t' a' t' f' o' h' e' r' t' h' b' r' e' a' d' s' of th' o' s' e' I' h' a' t' e'  
 B' e' t' h' o' u' l' a' d' w' h' e' n' t' h' e' f' r' e' s' h' t' e' a' r' s' d' o' t' th' o' u' t' h' i' n'  
 e' l' d' s' w' e' t' i' t' m' a' g' a' y' th' y' w' a' n' c' h' e' c' k' w' i' t' h' n' o'  
 a' l' l' o' m' e' f' o' r' th' e' s' e' m' h' a' p' p' y' u' n' i' o' n' s'?

*Med* 'Tis naught upon these children my thoughts were turned

*Ja* Then take heart for I will see that it is well with them

*Med* I will do so nor will I doubt thy word woman is a weak creature ever given to tears

*Ja* Why prithee unhappy one dost moan o'er these children?

*Med* I gave them birth and when thou didst pray long life for them pity entered into my soul to think that these things must be But the reason of thy coming hither to speak with me is partly told the rest will I now mention Since it is the pleasure of the rulers of the land to banish me and well I know were best for me to stand not in the way of thee or of the rulers by dwelling here enemy as I am thought unto their house forth from this land in exile am I going but these children that they may know thy fostering hand beg Creon to remit their banishment

*Ja* I doubt whether I can persuade him yet must I attempt it

*Med* At least do thou bid thy wife ask her sure this boon to remit the exile of the children from this land

*Ja* Yea that will I and her methinks I shall persuade since she is a woman like the rest

*Med* I too will aid thee in this task for by the children's hand I will send to her gifts that far surpass in beauty I well know ought that now is seen upon women a robe of finest tissue and a chaplet of chased gold But one of my attendants must haste and bring the ornaments hither (*Maid goes*) Happy shall she be not once alone but ten thousandfold for in thee she wins the noblest soul to share her love and gets these gifts as well which on a day my father's sire the Sun god bestowed on his descendants (*Maid returns with casket*) My children take in your hands these wedding gifts and bear them as an offering to the royal maid the happy bride for verily the gifts she shall receive are not to be scorned

*Ja* But why so rashly rob thyself of these gifts? Dost think a royal palace wants for robes or gold? Keep them nor give them to another For well I know that if my lady hold me in esteem she will set my price above all wealth

*Med* Say not so 'tis said that gifts tempt even gods and o'er men's minds gold holds more potent sway than countess words I fortune smiles upon thy bride and heaven now doth swell her triumph youth is hers and princely power yet to save my children from exile I would barter life not dress alone Children when ye are come to the rich palace pray your father's new bride my mistress with suppliant voice to save you from exile offering her these ornaments while for it is most needful that she receive the gifts in her own hand Now go and linger not may ye succeed and to your mother bring back the glad tidings she fain would hear!

*Exit JASON with children*

*Ch* Gone gone is every hope I had that the children yet might live forth to their doom they no v

proceed The hapless bride will take ay take the golden crown that is to be her ruin with her o' a hand will she lift and place upon her golden locks the garniture of death Its grace and sheen divine will tempt her to put on the robe and crown of gold and in that act will she deck herself to be a bride amid the dead Such is the snare whereinto she will fall such is the deadly doom that waits the hapless maid nor shall she from the curse escape And thou poor wretch who to thy sorrow art wedding a king's daughter little thinkest of the doom thou art bringing on thy children's life or of the cruel death that waits thy bride

Woe is thee! how art thou fallen from thy high estate!

Next do I bewail thy sorrows O mother hapless in thy children thou who wilt slay thy babes because thou hast a rival the babes thy husband hath deserted impiously to join him to another bride

*Enter ATTENDANT with child*

*At* Thy children lady are from exile freed and gladly did the royal bride accept thy gifts in her own hands and so thy children made their peace with her

*Med* Ah!

*At* Why art so disquieted in thy prosperous hour? Why turnest thou thy cheek away and hast no welcome for my glad news?

*Med* Ah me!

*At* These groans but ill accord with the news I bring

*Med* Ah me! once more I say

*At* Have I unwittingly announced some evil tidings? Have I erred in thinking my news was good?

*Med* Thy news is as it is I blame thee not

*At* Then why thus downcast eye these floods of tears?

*Med* Old friend needs must I weep for the gods and I with fell intent devised these schemes

*At* Be of good cheer thou too of a surety shalt by thy sons yet be brought home again

*Med* Ere that shall I bring others to their home ah! woe is me!

*At* Thou art not the only mother from thy children reft Bear patiently thy troubles as a mortal must

*Med* I will obey go thou within the house and make the day's provision for the children (*Exit ATTENDANT*) O my babes my babes ye have still a city and a home where far from me and my sad lot you will live your lives reft of your mother for ever while I must to another land in banishment or ever I have had my joy of you or lived to see you happy or ever I have graced your marriage couch your bride your bridal bower or lifted high the wedding torch Ah me! a victim of my own self will So it as all in vain I reared you O my sons in vain did suffer racked with anguish enduring the cruel pangs of childbirth For Heaven I once had hope poor me! high hope of ye that you would nurse me in my age and deck my corpse with loving hands a boon we mortals covet but now in my

sweet fancy dead and gone for I must lose you both  
 and in bitterness and sorrow dra through life. And  
 we shall never see the fond eyes see your mother more,  
 for o'er your life there comes a shadow. Ah me! ah  
 me! why do we look at me so, my children? why  
 call that last sweet smile? Ah no! what am I to  
 do? My heart goes woe when I behold my chil-  
 dren's eyes. O I cannot farewell to all my  
 former schemes I will take the children from the  
 land, the babes I bore. Why should I wound their  
 hearts by wounding them and get me a twofold meas-  
 ure of sorrow? No, no, I will not do it. Farewell my  
 schemes! And yet what am I coming to? Can I  
 consent to let those faces of mine escape from punish-  
 ment, and wait their mockery? I must face this  
 deed. Out upon my craven heart! to think that I  
 should even have let the soft words escape my soul.  
 Into the house, children! (*Enter Children*) And who-  
 so feels it must not be present at my sacrifice, must  
 see to it himself I will not soil my hands with blood.  
 Ah! ah! not my heart, O do not do this deed! Let the  
 children go, unhappy one, spare the babes! For if  
 they live, they will cheer thee to our exile there.  
 Ah! by the hands of heaven, never never will  
 I hand my children over to their foes to mock and  
 scorn. Do they must in any case and since we so,  
 why I the mother who bore them will give the  
 fatal blow. In any case their doom is fixed and there  
 is no escape. Alas! the crown is on her head, the  
 robe is round her and the sword is in the royal hand  
 that I know full well. But now since I have a  
 pious path to tread and yet more pious still the  
 path I send my children on, fain would I say fare-  
 well to them. (*Re-enter Children*) O my babes, my  
 babes, let your mother kiss your hands. Ah! hands  
 I love so well, O lips most dear to me! O nob! forms  
 and features of my children I wish to part but not  
 that other hand I here your father robs you of  
 your home O the sweet embrace, the soft young  
 cheek, the fragrant breath! my children! Go, leave  
 me I cannot bear to look upon ye my sor-  
 rowing daughters. (*Exit Children*) At last I under-  
 stand this awful deed I am not blind but passion, that  
 makes desert o'er this mortal man, hath in judgment  
 set me above thoughts.

O! Off it goes as I pursued subtle schemes  
 and laid my edg'd issues than women's eyes should  
 seek to probe but then as we aspire to culture,  
 which dwells in this to teach us wisdom I see not  
 as for wisdom is the class more women—(one may be  
 that thou find and me)—that is not incapable  
 of culture. And more mortals I do assert that  
 they who are wholly without even sense and have  
 never had children far surpass in happiness those  
 who are parents. The children, because they have  
 never proved whether children grow up to be a  
 blessing or curse to men are removed from all share  
 in man's troubles and those who have a sweet  
 race of children growing up in their houses do wear  
 it as I perceive, their whole life through first

with the thought how they may train them up in  
 virtue next how they shall leave their sons the  
 means to live and after all this as far from clear  
 whether on good or bad children they bestow their  
 toil. But one last crowning woe for every mortal  
 man I now will name suppose that they have found  
 sufficient means to live, and seen their children grow  
 to man's estate and walk in virtue's path still if  
 fortune so befall, comes Death and bears the chil-  
 dren's bodies off to Hades. Can it be any profit to  
 the gods to heap upon us mortal men besides our  
 other woes thus further grief for children lost a grief  
 surpassing all?

Med. Kind friends, long have I waited expectant  
 to know how things would at the palace chance.  
 And lo! I see one of my son's servants coming hither  
 whose hurried gasps for breath proclaim him the  
 bearer of some fresh tidings. (*Enter Messenger*)

Messenger. Fly! Fly! Medea who hast wrought an  
 awful deed transgressed, every law nor leave be-  
 hind me my home bark or car that scours the plains.  
 Med. Why what hath chanced that calls for such  
 a flight of mine?

Men. The princess is dead a moment gone, and  
 Creon too, her sire, slain by those drugs of thine.  
 Med. Tidings most fair are these! Henceforth shall  
 thou be ranked amongst my friends and be a factor.

Men. Hal! What? Art sane? Art not distraught  
 lady, who hearest with joy the outrage to our royal  
 house done, and art not at the horrid tale afraid?

Med. Somewhat have I too, to say in answer to  
 thy words. Be not so hasty friend but tell the man  
 the cause of their death for thou wouldst give me double  
 joy if so they perish miserably.

Men. When the children crain whom thou didst  
 bear came with their father and entered the palace  
 of the bride night glad were we there! who had  
 bared thy griefs, for instantly from ear to ear a  
 rumour spread that thou and thy lord had made up  
 your former quarrel. One kissed thy children's hands,  
 another their golden hair while I for very joy went  
 with them in person to the women's chambers. Our  
 mistress, whom now we do revere in thy room, cast  
 a longing glance at Jason, ere she saw thy children  
 crain but then she veiled her eyes and turned her  
 blanching cheek away dimmed at their coming  
 but thy husband tried to check his young bride's  
 angry humour with these words: "O be not an-  
 tressed against thy friends: cease from wrath and turn once  
 more thy face this way counting as friend whomso  
 thy husband counts, and accept these gifts, and for  
 my sake take they are to cement these children's  
 exile." Soon as she saw the ornaments, no longer he-  
 held out, but yielded to her lord in all and so the  
 father and his woes were far from the palace gone.  
 She took the brodered robe and put it on and set  
 the golden crown about her tresses, arranged her  
 hair at her own mirror with many a happy smile  
 at her breathless counterfeits. Then run from her  
 seat she passed across the chamber tripping lightly  
 on her fair white foot exulting in the gift with  
 many a glance at her uplifted ankle. When lo! a

cene of awful horror did ensue In a moment she turned pale reeled backwards trembling in every limb and sinks upon a seat scarce soon enough to save herself from falling to the ground An aged dame one of her company thinking belike it was a fit from Pan or some god sent raised a cry of prayer till from her mouth she saw the foam flakes issue her eyeballs rolling in their sockets and all the blood her face desert then did she raise a loud scream far different from her former cry Forthwith one hand maid rushed to her father's house another to her new bridegroom to tell his bride's sad fate and the whole house echoed with their running to and fro By this time would a quick walker have made the turn in a course of six plethra and reached the goal when she with one awful shriek awoke poor sufferer from her speechless trance and opened her closed eyes for against her a twofold anguish was waiting The chaplet of gold about her head was sending forth a wondrous stream of ravening flame while the fine raiment thy children's gift was preying on the hapless maiden's fair white flesh and she starts from her seat in a blaze and seeks to fly shaking her hair and head this way and that to cast the crown therefrom but the gold held firm to its fastenings and the flame as she shook her locks blazed forth the more with double fury Then to the earth she sinks by the cruel blow overcome past all recognition now save to a father's eye for her eyes had lost their tranquil gaze her face no more its natural look preserved and from the crown of her head blood and fire in mingled stream ran down and from her bones the flesh kept peeling off beneath the gnawing of those secret drugs even as when the pine tree weeps its tears of pitch a fearsome sight to see And all were afraid to touch the corpse for we were warned by what had chanced Aron came her hapless father unto the house all unwitting of her doom and stumbles over the dead and loud he cried and folding his arms about her kissed her with words like these the while O my poor poor child which of the gods hath destroyed thee thus foully? Who is robbing me of thee old as I am and ripe for death? O my child alas! would I could die with thee! He ceased his sad lament and would have raised his aged frame but found himself held fast by the fine-spun robe as by that clings to the branches of the bay and then ensued a fearful struggle He strove to rise but she still held him back and if ever he pulled with all his might from off his bones his aged flesh he tore At last he gave it up and breathed forth his soul in awful suffering for he could no longer master the pain So there they lie daughter and aged sire dead side by side a grievous sight that calls for tears And as for thee I leave thee out of my consideration for thyself must discover a means to escape punishment Not now for the first time I think this human life a shadow yea and without shrinking I will say that they amongst men who pretend to wisdom and expend deep thought on words do incur a serious charge of folly for amongst mortals no man is happy wealth may pour

in and make one luckier than another but none can happy be

*Ch* This day the deity it seems will mass on Jason as he well deserves a heavy load of evils Woe is thee daughter of Creon! We pity thy sad fate gone as thou art to Hades halls as the price of thy marriage with Jason

*Med* My friends I am resolved upon the deed at once will I slay my children and then leave this land without delaying long enough to hand them over to some more savage hand to butcher Needs must they die in any case and since they must I will slay them—I the mother that bare them O heart of mine steel thyself! Why do I hesitate to do the awful deed that must be done? Come take the sword thou wretched hand of mine! Take it and advance to the post whence starts thy life of sorrow! Away with cowardice! Give not one thought to thy babes how dear they are or how thou art their mother This one brief day forget thy children dear and after that lament for though thou wilt slay them yet they were thy darlings still and I am a lady of sorrows

*Ch* O earth O sun whose beam illumines all look look upon this lost woman ere she stretch forth her murderous hand upon her sons for blood for lo! these are scions of thy own golden seed and the blood of gods is in danger of being shed by man O light from Zeus proceeding stay her hold her hand forth from the house chase this fell bloody fiend by demons led Vainly wasted were the throes thy children cost thee vainly hast thou born it seems sweet babes O thou who hast left behind thee that passage through the blue Symplegades that strangers justly hate Ah! hapless one why dost fierce anger thy soul assail? Why in its place is fell murder growing up? For grievous unto mortal men are pollutions that come of kindred blood poured on the earth woes to suit each crime hurled from heaven on the murderer's house

*1st Son (Wihin)* Ah me what can I do? Whither fly to escape my mother's blows?

*and Son (Wihin)* I know not sweet brother mine we are undone

*Ch* Didst hear didst hear the children's cry? O lady born to sorrow victim of an evil fate! Shall I enter the house? For the children's sake I am resolved to ward off the murder

*1st Son (Wihin)* Yea by heaven I adjure you help your aid is needed

*and Son (Wihin)* Even now the toils of the sword are closing round us

*Ch* O hapless mother surely thou hast a heart of stone or steel to slay the offspring of thy womb by such a murderous doom Of all the wives of yore I know but one who laid her hand upon her children dear even Ino whom the gods did madden in the day that the wife of Zeus drove her wandering from her home But she poor sufferer flung herself into the sea because of the foul murder of her children leaping over the wave-beat cliff and in her death was she united to her children twain Can there be





1391-1403

EURIPIDES

1404-1419

*Med* What god or power divine hears thee breaker  
of oaths and every law of hospitality?

*Ja* Fie upon thee! cursed witch! child murderess!

*Med* To thy house! go bury thy wife

*Ja* I go bereft of both my sons

*Med* Thy grief is yet to come wait till old age is  
with thee too

*Ja* O my dear dear children!

*Med* Dear to their mother not to thee

*Ja* And yet thou didst slay them?

*Med* Yea to vex thy heart

*Ja* One last fond kiss ah me! I fain would on  
their lips imprint

*Med* Embraces now and fond farewells for them  
but then a cold repulse!

*Ja* By heaven I do adjure thee let me touch their  
tender skin

*Med* No no! in vain this word has sped its  
flight

*Ja* O Zeus dost hear how I am driven hence  
dost mark the treatment I receive from this she  
lion fell murderess of her young? Yet so far as I  
may and can I raise for them a dirge and do adjure  
the gods to witness how thou hast slain my sons and  
wilt not suffer me to embrace or bury their dead  
bodies Would I had never begotten them to see  
thee slay them after all!

*Ch* Many a fate doth Zeus dispense high on his  
Olympian throne oft do the gods bring things to  
pass beyond man's expectation that which we  
thought would be is not fulfilled while for the un-  
looked for god finds out a way and such hath been  
the issue of this matter

*Exeunt OMNES*

# HIPPOLYTUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

APHRODITE

HIPPOLYTUS

ATTENDANTS OF HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS OF TROJENIAN WOMEN

DAUGHTER OF PHAEDRA

PHAEDRA

THESEUS

FIRST MESSENGER

SECOND MESSENGER

ARTEMIS

*Before the palace of Theseus at Troezen Enter PHAEDRA*

*Aphrodite* Wilt thou ever man my realm extends, and proud thy name that I the goddess Cypria bear both in heaven's courts and amongst all those who dwell in the limits of the sea and the bounds of Atlas, beholden the son of god's light those that respect my power I will not to him no but bring to him all who haunt his misty zone For ever in the race of god this feeling fits a heart even pleasure in the hour men pay thee And the truth of this I soon will show thee that son of Theseus, born of the Amazon Hippolytus, whom holy Pithu taught alone of all the dwellers in this land of Troezen calls me sister of his duties Love be scor'd, and as for marriage all on it but his misty daughter of Zeus, sister of Phœbus he doth honour owning her the chief of goddesses and ever through the golden attendances of his virgin goddess, he clears his path in wild beasts with his feet bound, enjoy my comradeship of a too high favourial ken. 'Tis on this I grudge him, oh why should I? But for his name in my land is so day to day he wages on Hippolytus I long ago I cleared the ground for him he is so near but I fling soul for he me on day I may the wife of Pithu to me, unless the son may utter and be situated the Pandion land Phœdra his daughter a bit wife can he's he is mad by my doing she's unlovely heart was set on the wild way he came to this Troezenian calm a spirit did she eat to Cyprus hard by the rock of Pithu she look thus on try for love of thy wish on other land did to wait's he is mad I me he called her his name the temple he had I used for the goddess Now when Theseus the land of Cecrops the poll is of the blood of Pithu's sons, and this was I said to this he, 'tis to trust I shall a year the beggar that I had wife's pine away while I mean go with the eulogy down that never at know that she's her But the passion I bear

to him Europe.

to A. 100

Theseus of Pandion the king of Cecrops, son by Theseus to be king of

must not fail thus No I will discover the matter to Theseus and all shall be laid bare Then will the father slay his child my sister for by curses, for the lord Poseidon granted this doom to Theseus Where whies of the god to ask nor ever a k in vain So Phœdra is to die an honoured death 'tis true but still to die for I will not let her suffering outweigh the payment of such so fast by my foes I shall satisfy my honour But lo! I see the son of Theseus coming by her—Hippolytus fresh from the labours of the chase I will go hence At his back follows a long train of retainers in yon cries of revelry singing and by means of prayer to Artemis his goddess for little he reck's that Death hath opened his gates for him, and that this is his to look upon the light

*Enter POLYUS and ATTENDANTS*

*Hippolytus* Come I with friends, singing to Artemis, daughter of Zeus, throned in the sky whose voice we are

*Attendants* Lady goddess awful queen, daughter of Zeus, I hail child of Latona and of Zeus, peerless and the virgin choir who hast thy dwelling in heaven's domain so at thy noble father's court in the golden house of Zeus

*He* All hail most beautiful Art thou lovely far than all the daughters of Olympus! For thee, O mistress mine I bring this wren wreath culled from upland meadow where no shepherd dares to herd his flock or ever scy the hush mown but over the meadow the bee doth wing its way in spring and with the dew from rivers drawn purity that girds it ends. Such as know no cunning love, yet in whose nature self control made perfect hath a home these may pluck the flowers but not the wicked world for I pray dear mistress mine thou hast from my holy hand to crown thy locks I give I and none other of mortals have the high guard to be with thee with thee converse hearing thy voice though not thy face beholding ng So be it mine to end my life I beg

*At My presence admittance upon the gods, our lord, so while thou live not a finally word I mean me?*

*H* Why that will I tell were I prodded a fool

*At* Dost know the way of the world?

*He* Not I but why before such a question?

*At* It hates reserve which careth not for all men's

*Hi* And rightly too reserve in man is ever galling

*At* But there's a charm in courteous affability?

*Hi* The greatest surely aye and profit too at trifling cost

*At* Dost think the same law holds in heaven as well?

*Hi* I trow it doth since all our laws we men from heaven draw

*At* Why then dost thou neglect to greet an august goddess?

*Hi* Whom speakst thou of? Keep watch upon thy tongue lest it some mischief cause

*At* Cypris I mean whose image is stationed o'er thy gate

*Hi* I greet her from afar preserving still my chastity

*At* Yet is she an august goddess far renowned on earth

*Hi* Amongst gods as well as men we have our several preferences

*At* I wish thee luck and wisdom too so far as thou dost need it

*Hi* No god whose worship craves the night hath charms for me

*At* My son we should avail us of the gifts that gods confer

*Hi* Go in my faithful followers and make ready food within the house a well filled board hath charm after the chase is o'er Rub down my steeds ye must that when I have had my fill I may yoke them to the chariot and give them proper exercise As for thy Queen of Love a long farewell to her

*Exit HIPPOLYTUS*

*At* Meantime I with sober mind for I must not copy my young master do offer up my prayer to thy image lady Cypris in such words as it becomes a slave to use But thou shouldst pardon all who in youth's impetuous heat speak idle words of thee make as though thou hearest not for gods must needs be wiser than the sons of men *Exit*

*Enter CHORUS OF THEBÆAN WOMEN*

*Chorus* A rock there is where as they say the ocean dew distils and from its beetling brow it pours a copious stream for pitchers to be dipped therein 'twas here I had a friend washing robes of purple in the trickling stream and she was spreading them out on the face of a warm sunny rock from her I had the tidings first of all that my mistress was wasting on the bed of sickness pent within her house a thin veil overshadowing her head of golden hair And this is the third day I hear that she hath closed her lovely lips and denied her chaste body all sustenance eager to hide her suffering and reach death's cheerless bourn Maiden thou must be possessed by Pan made frantic or by Hecate or by the Corybantes dread and Cybele the mountain mother Or may be thou hast sinned against Dictynna huntress queen and art wasting for thy guilt in sacrifice unoffered For she doth range o'er lakes expanse and past the bounds of earth upon the ocean's tossing billows Or doth some rival in thy house beguile thy lord the captain of Erechtheus sons that hero

nobly born to secret amours hid from thee? Or hath some mariner sailing hither from Crete reached this port that sailors loathe with evil tidings for our queen and she with sorrow for her grievous fate is to her bed confined? Yea and oft o'er woman's wayward nature settles a feeling of miserable perplexity arising from labour pains or passionate desire I too have felt at times this sharp thrill shoot through me but I would cry to Artemis queen of archery who comes from heaven to aid us in our travail and thanks to heaven's grace she ever comes at my call with welcome help Look! where the aged nurse is bringing her forth from the house before the door while on her brow the cloud of gloom is deepening My soul longs to learn what is her grief the canker that it is wasting our queen's fading charms

*Enter PHAEDRA and NURSE*

*Nurse* O the ills of mortal men! the cruel diseases they endure! What can I do for thee? from what refrain? Here is the bright sun is here the azure sky lo! we have brought thee on thy bed of sickness without the palace for all thy talk was of coming hither but soon back to thy chamber wilt thou hurry Disappointment follows fast with thee thou hast no joy in aught for long the present has no power to please on something absent next thy heart is set Better be sick than tend the sick the first is but a single ill the last unites mental grief with manual toil Man's whole life is full of anguish no respite from his woes he finds but if there is aught to love beyond this life night's dark pill doth wrap it round And so we show our mad love of this life because its light is shed on earth and because we know no other and have naught revealed to us of all our earth may hide and trusting to fables we drift at random

*Phædra* Lift my body raise my head! My limbs are all unstrung kind friends O handmaids lift my arms my shapely arms The tire on my head is too heavy for me to wear away with it and let my tresses o'er my shoulders fall

*Nu* Be of good heart dear child toss not so wildly to and fro Lie still be brave so wilt thou find thy sickness easier to bear suffering for mortals is nature's iron law

*Ph* Ah! would I could draw a draught of water pure from some dew fed spring and lay me down to rest in the grassy meadow beneath the poplar's shade!

*Nu* My child what wild speech is this? O say not such things in public wild whirling words of frenzy bred!

*Ph* Away to the mountain take me! to the wood to the pine trees I will go where hounds pursue the prey hard on the scent of dappled fawns Ye gods! what joy to hark them on to grasp the barbed dart to poise Thessalian hunting spears close to my golden hair then let them fly

*Nu* Why why my child these anxious cares? What hast thou to do with the chase? Why so eager for the flowing spring when hard by these to toss stands a full well watered whence thou mayst freely draw?

F O Artemis, who wast best o'er sea best land  
and the race-course thence. to the horse's  
back would I were upon thy plan, & th' horse  
was dead.

Az He better th' I care in these wild whil  
L words? Now I may well I trust hence to th  
Lands & hunt ad best a d now th' earn  
is to die & th' feed over th' waves & seas.  
Th' need's a cunning woe in what god it is that  
mis Lure from the courts, distraun th' senses.  
Lal.

F Alas! what has be done? What has he  
I in rd. my senses lost? Had mad stricken  
from my senses? Woe is me! Cover my head  
— are Shun Lure for th' world I ha e  
me as hid in Lure from my eyes th' sea-drove  
Lure and Lure are when I turn them w. 'Tis  
pu. I'd count 1000 senses again a d madness  
evil thou. I be has this ad it me that one has  
to knowled of reason on th' shore.

A There thou go or there but when will d-a-h  
but in bad in the race? Man a lesson let th of  
Lure teachin in. Yea, mortal men should fled e  
themselves to moderate speed, hyper not in ch  
to reach the en heart core affection, nor bound  
th' Lure Lure to let them slip or draw them  
Lure. For on poor heart to give for strain, as I do  
for my mistress, a burden woe to bear. Men say  
that to en route, pursuits in Lure more o't cause  
discontentment than plea are and too oft are foes  
to health. What for I'd in Lure searces so much  
in education and with me wise men w'd a re.

O O my dear, faithful nurse of Phedra, our  
Lure. Woe her sorry pl. It be what it is that  
Lure but e cannot succumb, so fair would learn of  
Lure and her th' opinion.

A I question her but am no wise for th' will  
of a woe.

Ch. Now I'll what source thine sorrows ha e?

A The woe answer thou must take for th' in  
dumb on every point.

Ch. How rare and wanted is her body!

A What marvel? Is three days now since she  
has eared food.

Ch I by infatuation or an intent to die?

A To death out such fasts aims at  
end in Lure.

Ch I see no joy in her husband's satisfied?

A Sh' hates him, him's sorrow and only the  
Lure.

Ch Ca b no guess I from her face?

A H is no now his own thou try

Ch I'd it thou insist in this codea out to find  
on her or Lure her crazy mind.

A I ha e tried e plan and all in vain, as  
even now will Lure in tal, that thou too, if  
thou a st me it without in desire as to my un-  
happy mistress. Come come to darling child let  
us long & th' reason I, our former a d be cho-  
ose make something that sudden brow and than

A sea-coast town of Tauron.

the current of the thought and I if in sight  
be one I failed a harbouring thee will let that be  
a d find some better course. If thou art such with  
all th'oa canst not name there be women here to  
help to set thee in hit b e if th' trouble can to  
men's ears be divul ed speak that p'te is my  
promot re on it. Come then, w' so dumb. Thou  
housht r to remain my child but a Lure if I  
speak amiss, or if I give good counsel, old asent  
One word ore for k th' w. I th' ore? Friend, we  
we to our toil to no purpose. we are as far away as  
e or sh' would not relent to m arguments ther  
not s the v Lure now Well, grow more w' born  
than th' to yet be assured of th' that I should est  
thou art a trait or to the children Lure that w'd  
n exultant th' b her sh'is na b that Lure  
I queen th' Amazon who bore a son to lo d it o'er  
e e a ba tard boy but not a ba tard bred, whose  
well thou knowest e en H prod tus.

F Oh! oh!

A H Lure th' that touch th' qu ch?

F Thou Lure undoe m nurse I do adjure by  
th' gods, mention that man no more.

A These now! thou it thyself again but e en  
et ref rest it and th' children and preserve th' v  
Lure.

F My babes I love but there is another form  
that buff e m.

A Dost hter are th' hands from b'oodshed  
pure?

F My hands are pure but on my soul there  
rests a stain.

A The issue of some enemy's secret witchery?

F A friend is my destroyer on unwilling, as  
in self.

A Hath Theseus wronged thee in any wise?

F Never ma I prove untrue to him!

A Th' a what? a m ster is there that  
d's e thee on d?

F O let my sin and m alone! is not gainst  
th' e Lure.

A Never will I and if I fail, I will rest at  
th' door.

Fa. How now? thou wert fore in dis-uis t my  
hand.

A Yes, and I will ne er loose m hand upon th' v  
knee.

F Alas! e're my sorrows, shouldst thou learn  
them, w'd record on thee.

A What kinder grief for me than Lure to win  
th'?

F 'Twill be death to thee thou h to me that  
h'm s crown.

A And dost thou then conceal this boon despite  
m p's en?

F I do, for us out of sham I am placing an  
honour-w'd escape.

A Tell it and th' honour shall the bright  
shine.

F Alas! I do conjure thee loose my hand.

A I will not, for the boon thou shouldst ha e  
granted me is denied.

Ph I will grant it out of reverence for thy holy suppliant touch

Nu Henceforth I hold my peace tis thine to speak from now

Ph Ah! hapless mother! what a love was thine!

Nu Her love for the bull? daughter or what meanest thou?

Ph And woe to thee! my sister's bride of Dio myus

Nu What ails thee child? speaking ill of kith and kin

Ph Myself the third to suffer! how am I undone!

Nu Thou strik'st me dumb! Where will this history end?

Ph That love has been our curse from time long past

Nu I know no more of what I fain would learn

Ph Ah! would thou couldst say for me what I have to tell.

Nu I am no prophetess to unriddle secrets

Ph What is it they mean when they talk of people being in love?

Nu At once the sweetest and the bitterest thing my child

Ph I shall only find the latter half

Nu Hal my child art thou in love?

Ph The Amazon's son whose'er he may be—

Nu Mean'st thou Hippolytus?

Ph 'Twas thou nor I that spoke his name

Nu O heavens! what is this my child! Thou hast ruined me! Outrageous! friends! I will not live and bear it! hateful is life! hateful to mine eyes the light. This body I resign will cast it off and rid me of existence by my death. Farewell my life is over! I fear for the chaste have wicked passions against their will maybe but still they have Cypris it seems is not a goddess after all but something greater far for she hath been the ruin of my lady and of me and our whole family

Ch O too clearly didst thou hear our queen up lift her voice to tell her startling tale of piteous suffering. Come death ere I reach thy state of feeling! loved mistress O horrible! woe for these miserable woe for the sorrows on which mortals feed! Thou art undone! thou hast disclosed thy sin to heaven's light. What hath each passing day and every hour in store for thee? Some strange event will come to pass in this house. For it is no longer uncertain where the star of thy love is setting thou hapless daughter of Crete

Ph Ladies of Træzen who dwell here upon the frontier edge of Pelop's land oft ere now in heedless mood through the long hours of night have I wondered why man's life is spoiled and it seems to me their evil case is not due to any natural fault of judgment for there be many dowered with sense but we must view the matter in this light by teaching and experience we learn the right but neglect it in

†Paph's wife of Menos doted by Aph's vote on a fatal passion for a bull Cf Virg's *Aeneid* v

†Arriad

†Or before thou accomplish thy purpose.

practice some from sloth others from preferring pleasure of some kind or other to duty. Now life has many pleasures protracted talk and leisure that seductive evil likewise there is shame which is of two kinds one a noble quality the other a curse to families but if for each its proper time were clearly known these twin could not have had the selfsame letters to denote them. So then since I had made up my mind on these points was not likely any drug would alter it and make me think the contrary. And I will tell thee too the way my judgment went. When love wounded me I bethought me how I best might bear the smart. So from that day forth I began to hide in silence what I suffered. For I put no faith in counsellors who know well to lecture others for presumption yet themselves have countless troubles of their own. Next I did devise noble endurance of these wanton thoughts striving by continence for victory. And last when I could not succeed in mastering love hereby methought it best to die and none can gainsay my purpose. For fain I would my virtue should to all appear my shame have few to witness it. I knew my sickly passion now to yield to it I saw how infamous and more I learnt to know so well that I was but a woman a thing the world detests. Curses hideous curses on that wife who first did shame her marriage vow for lovers other than her lord! 'Twas from noble families this curse began to spread among our sex. For when the noble countenance disgraced poor folk of course will think that it is right. Those too I hate who make profession of purity though in secret reckless sinners. How can these queen Cypris ocean's child ever look their husbands in the face? do they never feel one guilty thrill that their accomplice night or the chambers of their house will find a voice and speak? That it is that calls on me to die kind friends that so I may never be found to have disgraced my lord or the children I have born nor may they grow up and dwell in glorious Athens free to speak and act heirs to such fair fame as a mother can bequeath. For to know that father or mother have sinned doth rattle the stoutest heart to slavishness. This alone men say can stand the buffets of life's battle a just and virtuous soul in whomsoever found. For time unmasks the villain sooner or later holden up to them a mirror as to some blooming maid. Amongst such may I be never seen!

Ch Now look! how fair is chastity however viewed whose fruit is good repute amongst men

Nu My queen 'tis true thy tale of woe but lately told did for the moment strike me with wild alarm but now I do reflect upon my foolishness second thoughts are often best even with men. Thy fate is no uncommon one nor past one's calculations thou art stricken by the passion Cypris sends. Thou art in love what wonder? so are many more. Wilt thou because thou lovest destroy thyself? 'Tis little gain I trow for those who love or yet may love their fellows if death must be their end for though the Love Queen's onset in her might more than man can bear yet doth she gently visit yielding hearts

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and only when she finds a proud unnatural spent  
 doth she tak and mock it part bels. Her path is in  
 the sk and mid the ocean's surges sh rides from  
 her all nature's woes she sows th seeds of love, un-  
 sports the warm dew to which we sons of earth ad  
 over our bes. Th who has e right to do with  
 book of a great scribes, or themself es engage in  
 staidous pursuit, know how Zeus of Semel was en-  
 maged, how th br hieved god rest of the Dawn  
 once ran. Cephalus to dwell in hea en for the lo e  
 she bor him et these in hea en abide nor shun th  
 gods a reach content, I know to yield their  
 m'prise. W't thou refuse to tell? th sure it  
 seems should be e begotten thee on special terms or  
 w'd differ e ends for masters, if i these laws thou  
 i not acquiesce. How many perishes, men of steel, in  
 sense, when they see their w e unfaithful, make as  
 though they saw i not? How many fathers, when  
 their sons have gone astray assist them in their  
 amon? in part of human wisdom i conceal the  
 end of shame. Nor should man aim at excessive re-  
 fectment in his li. for they cannot with exactness  
 fash e on the roof that covers in a house and how  
 dost thou alre fall into so deep a pit think to  
 escape? Na if thou hast more of good than had  
 thou wilt fare exceede. w ll th human nature  
 consider. O cease my dis an cloud from evil  
 thoughts. I wanton pride be gone for this is nav h't  
 die, this was to rival god in perfection. Face th  
 lov 's hea en and thou shouldst. Ch thou art,  
 return thy s knows to some happy issue. For these  
 charms and mea to soothe the soul surely some  
 cure for th disease will be found. Men, no doubt,  
 might seek i love and let if our women's minds no  
 scheme of rise

Ch. Altho' th she g es ther i thy present need  
 the water counsel, Phaedra etid I praise thee. Still  
 I praise may sound more harsh and jar more cru-  
 ely on L ear than her ad ice

Ph. Ths even this, too plain, a too true, last  
 overflows good governments and boons of men.  
 We would not break to please the ear but point the  
 path that lead to nobl fate.

Na. What means this solemn speech? No need of  
 round-ed phrases but at once must w sound the  
 price of L's turn frankly how it is with thee. Had  
 not th L i such cru omx or wert thou with  
 all conceal endowed ne would I to gaily thy  
 passions be e urged thee i this course but now in  
 ser gle fierce to sa thy life, and therefore less  
 i blame

Ph. Accused proposal! peace woman! never let  
 those shameful word again!

A. Shameful may be yet for thee better than  
 honour's ode. Better thus d'ed, if i shall sa thy  
 li than let come th prod will had thee retain.

Ph. I own, thou go no further for th words  
 are plain; but amon for Loe's a yet love  
 has not undred ed on soul i, i in vicious  
 ord thou dress thy foul suggestion, I shall be be-  
 guiled into the snare from which I am now escapin

Na. If thou art of this mind, were well thou

ne or hadst unred but as it is, hear me for that is  
 the next best course. I in my house have charms to  
 soothe thy love swas but now I thought of them  
 these shall cure thee of thy sickness on no disgraceful  
 terms, thy mind unhurt if thou wilt be but brave.  
 But from him thou lovest we must get some token,  
 a word or fragment of his robe and thereby unite  
 in one love's two-fold stream.

Ph. Is this drin a sal e or poison?

Na. I cannot tell be content my child to profit  
 by it and ask no questions.

Ph. I fear me thou wilt prove too wise for me.

Na. If thou fear this, confess thyself afraid of al  
 but why thy terror?

Ph. Lest thou shouldst breathe a word of this to  
 Theseus son.

Na. Peace, my child! I will do all things well  
 and be thou, queen Cyprus, ocean's child, my part-  
 ner in the work! And for the rest of my purpose it  
 will be enough for me to tell i to our friends within  
 the house. *Exit Na.*

Ch. O Love, Love, that from the eyes diffused  
 soft dewst brin on the souls of those whom  
 thou dost claim against sweet grace, O never in  
 evil mood appears to me nor out of time and tune  
 approach! Nor fire nor meteor hurls a m' hter bolt  
 than Aphrodite's shaft shot by the hand of Love  
 the child of Zeus. Idly ad by the streams of Al-  
 pheus and in the Pithium shrines of Phoebeus, Helas  
 keeps the wau, htered steers while Love we worship  
 not. Lo e, the kin of men, who holds the key to  
 Aphrodite's sweetest bowers—worship not him who,  
 when he comes, le t waste and marks his path to  
 mortal hearts by wide spread woe. There was that  
 maiden in Oechalus a girl unred, that knew no  
 wooer yet nor married joys her did the queen of  
 Love snatch from her home across the sea and ga e  
 unto Alcmena son, mad blood and smoke and mur-  
 derous marriage h' mms, to be to him a frantic friend  
 of hell woe! woe for his wooer!

Ah! holy walls of Thebes, ah! fount of Dirce we  
 could testify what course th Love-Queen follows.  
 For with the blam levin bolt did she cut short the  
 fatal marriage of Semele, mother of Zeus-born Bac-  
 chus. All thence she doth inspire dread goddesses,  
 w-pug her fi h' father and thence like a bee

Ph. Peace, ladies, peace! I am undone.

Ch. What, Phaedra, is this dread e ent w than thy  
 house?

Ph. Hush! let me hear what those within are saying.

Ch. I am silent this is surely the prelude to mis-  
 chief.

Ph. Great gods! how awful are my sufferings!

Ch. What cry was that? what loud alarm! say  
 what sudden terror had'st doth this soul dismay?

Ph. I am undone. Stand here at the door and hear  
 the noise arising within.

Ch. Thou art already by th bolted doors to for  
 there's more th sound that issa from within. And  
 tell me O tell me what mischief I can be on foot.

*Note, daughter of Eurytus, kin of Oechalus.*

*Ph* 'Tis the son of the horse loving Amazon who calls Hippolytus uttering foul curses on my servant

*Ch* I hear a noise but cannot clearly tell which way it comes Ah! 'tis through the door the sound reached thee

*Ph* Yes yes he is calling her plainly enough a go between in vice traitress to her master's honour

*Ch* Woe woe is me! thou art betrayed dear mistress! What counsel shall I give thee? thy secret is out thou art utterly undone

*Ph* Ah me! ah me!

*Ch* Betrayed by friends!

*Ph* She hath ruined me by speaking of my misfortune to as kindly meant but an ill way to cure my malady

*Ch* O what wilt thou do now in thy cruel dilemma?

*Ph* I only know one way one cure for these my woes and that is instant death

*Enter HIPPOLYTUS and NURSE*

*Hi* O mother earth! O sun's unclouded orb! What words unfit for any lips have reached my ears!

*Nu* Peace my son lest some one hear thy outcry

*Hi* I cannot hear such awful words and hold my peace

*Nu* I do implore thee by thy fair right hand

*Hi* Let go my hand touch not my robe

*Nu* O by thy knees I pray destroy me not utterly

*Hi* Why say this if as thou pretendest thy lips are free from blame?

*Nu* My son this is no story to be noised abroad

*Hi* A virtuous tale grows faster told to many

*Nu* Never dishonour thy oath thy son

*Hi* My tongue an oath did take but not my heart

*Nu* My son what wilt thou do? destroy thy friend?

*Hi* Friends indeed! the wicked are no friends of mine

*Nu* O pardon me to err is only human child

*Hi* Great Zeus why didst thou to man's sorrow put woman evil counterfeit to dwell where shines the sun? If thou wert minded that the human race should multiply it was not from women they should have drawn their stock but in thy temples they should have paid gold or iron or ponderous bronze and bought a family each man proportioned to his offering and so in independence dwelt from women free But now as soon as ever we would bring this plague into our home we bring its fortune to the ground 'Tis clear from this how great a curse a woman is the very father that begot and nurtured her to rid him of the mischief gives her a dowry and pays her off while the husband who takes the noxious weed into his home fondly decks his sorry idol in fine raiment and tricks her out in robes squandering by degrees unhappy wight! his house's wealth For he is in this dilemma say his marriage has brought him good connections he is glad then to keep the wife he loathes or if he gets a good wife but useless relations he tries to stifle the bad luck

with the good But it is easiest for him who has settled in his house as wife a mere nobody to escape from simplicity I hate a clever woman never may she set foot in my house who aims at knowing more than women need for in these clever women Cypriote implants a larger store of villainy while the artless woman is by her shallow wit from I wily d'barred! No servant should ever have had access to a wife, but men should put to live with them beasts who b bate nor talk in which case they could not speak to any one nor be answered back by them But as it is the wicked in their chambers plot a checkered, and their servants carry it abroad Even thus vile wretch thou cam'st to make me partner in an outrage on my father's honour wherefore I must wash that stain away in running streams dashing the water into my ears How could I commit so foul a crime when by the very mention of it I feel myself polluted? Be well assured woman 'tis only my religious scruple saves thee For had not I unwares been caught by an oath fore heaven! I would not have refrained from telling all unto my father But now I will from the house away so long as Theseus is abroad and will maintain strict silence But when my father comes I will return and see how thou and thy mistress face him and so shall I learn by experience the extent of thy audacity Perdition seize you both! *(To the audience)* I can never satisfy my hate for women not not even though some say thus I ever my theme for of a truth they always are evil So either let some one prove them chaste or let me still trample on them forever *Exit*

*Ch* O the cruel unhappy fate of women! What arts what arguments have we once we have made a ship to loose by craft the tight-drawn knot?

*Ph* I have met my deserts O earth O light of day! How can I escape the stroke of fate? How may I conceal kind friends? What god will appear to help me what mortal to take my part or help me in unrighteousness? The present calamity of my life admits of no escape Most hapless I of all my sex!

*Ch* Alas alas! the deed is done thy artful schemes have gone awry my queen and all is lost

*Ph* Accursed woman! traitress to thy friends! How hast thou ruined me! May Zeus, my ancestor smite thee with his fiery bolt and uproot thee from thy place Did I not foresee thy purpose did I not bid thee keep silence on the very matter which is now my shame? But thou wouldst not be still wherefore my fair name will not go with me to the tomb But now I must another scheme devise Upon youth in the keenness of his fury will tell his father of my sin and the aged Pittheus of my state and fill the world with stories of my shame I eridition see thee and every meddling fool who by dishonest means would serve unwilling friends!

*Nu* Mistress thou may'st condemn the mischief I have done for sorrow stings our masters thy judgment yet can I answer thee in face of this, if thou wilt hear 'Twas I who nurtured thee I love thee still but in my search for medicine to cure thy sickness I found what least I sought Had I but suc

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ended, I had been counted was, for the credit  
 got for wisdom is measured by our success.

*Ph.* Is it just, is it a sin in you to me that thou  
 shouldst wound me first then hand words with me?

*A.* We dwell on this too long. I was not woe I  
 own to thee there are ways of escape from this trou-  
 ble, ere dead.

*Ph.* Be dumb henceforth, 'till I will was thy first ad-  
 vice to me evil too than them told scheme. Before a deed  
 leave me, look to thyself. I will my own fortunes  
 seek, best array. *(Exit Hippolytus)* Ye noble dau-  
 ghters of Troezen grant me the old boon I crave in  
 silence bury what I here have heard.

*Ca.* By my name Artemis, child of Zeus, I swear I  
 will never divulge aught of thy sorrows.

*Ph.* 'Tis well. But I with all that thou hast can but  
 one way discover out of this calamity, that so I may  
 secure my children's honour and find myself some-  
 what matters stand. For neither ever will I bring  
 shame upon me. Or can home be so ill to you as one  
 poor life face Theseus? It may do worse.

*Ca.* Art thou best then on some cureless woe?

*Ph.* On death the means thereto must I devise  
 myself.

*Ca.* Hush!

*Ph.* Do thou at least advise me well. For this very  
 day shall I gladden Cyprus, my destined bride, in  
 my up to life and shall own myself ungrieved by  
 cruel love. Yet shall I mind in be another's curse  
 that he may learn not to exult in my misfortunes  
 but when he comes to share the self same plague  
 with me, he will take a lesson in wisdom.

*Exit Hippolytus.*

*Ca.* O to be needing death some pathless ca-  
 ver by god's creating hand to grow into a bird  
 in the winged tribes! Aw, I would I soar to  
 Aëta, where beat those and the waters of E-  
 dras here a father's hapless daughters in their  
 grief for Phaëdon, that in the glooming flood the  
 amber brilla ce of their tears. And to the appl-  
 bearing strand of those cypress in the west I then  
 could ex- where ocean lord no more I thence  
 take a passage over the dark main, finding  
 ere the bea en bold bound pheld by Atlas,  
 her water from amfroual fow to wills up head  
 the couch of Zeus made his halls, and holy earth  
 its bosom room moths causes to t pring a hea-  
 real dreams. O what winged hawk, that over the  
 bosom ocean wa- dast bring, to roval masters  
 from her ha p home t crown her queen amongst  
 sorrow brides Sirel eval omer from either port  
 t lea t from Crete wet w th that ship what lun-  
 gorous, Athens t sped t wa- nd the crew  
 mad fast twisted cable-end o'ro th beach of  
 Munychia, no no th land repton. We comes  
 t that her heart crushed su ll affected b Aph-  
 rant with unhel l so sh b bit on lower  
 belmed wul t noose tain her bridal bowers to  
 te t her fair white neck, too modest for this  
 hat ful lot lifting o' a Jher name and fame  
 and striving thus t red her soul f passion.

*Enter Mycenes.*

*Messenger.* Help! help! To the rescue all who near  
 the palace stand! She hath hung herself our queen  
 the wife of Theseus.

*Ca.* Woe worth the day the deed is done our  
 royal mistress is no more dead he hangs in the  
 dark lun ooze.

*My.* Haste! some one bring a two-edged knife  
 wherewith to cut the knot about her neck!

*Serv. Chorus I.* Friends, what shall we do? This  
 you we should enter the house and loose the queen  
 from the bit-drawn room?

*Serv. Chorus II.* Will should we? Are there not  
 your servants here? To do too much is not a safe  
 course in life.

*My.* Lay out the hapless corpse straight when the  
 limbs! This was a better way to sit at home and  
 keep my master's house! *Enter Mycenes again.*

*Ca.* She's dead poor lady so I hear. Already are  
 they laying out the corpse.

*Exit Mycenes.*

*Theseus.* Ladies, can you tell me what the uproar  
 in the palace means? This came the sound of serv-  
 ant weeping, bitterly to my ear. None from my house  
 hold deign to open wide the gates and give me glad  
 welcome as a traveller from prophetic shrines. Hath  
 aught befallen old Pittheus? No. Thou hast been well  
 advanced in years, yet should I mourn, were he to  
 quit this house.

*Ca.* 'Tis not against the old Theseus, that fate,  
 strike the aim this blow prepare thy sorrow  
 for a young or corpse.

*Ph.* Woe! some it is a child's life death robs me of!

*Ca.* They lie but cruellest news of all for thee  
 their mother's ruin more.

*Ph.* What! my wife dead? By what cruel mis-  
 chance?

*Ca.* About her neck he tied the baneman's knot.

*Ph.* Had grief so chilled her blood? or what had  
 befallen her?

*Ca.* I know but thus, for I am myself but now as  
 need to the house to mourn thy sorrows, O Theseus.

*Ph.* Woe is me! why have I crowned my head  
 with wo in earlands, when misfortune greets my  
 embrace? I bolt the doors, servants, loose their  
 fastenings, that I may see the piteous sight my wife,  
 whose death is death to me.

*They see her lying on the corpse.*

*Ca.* Woe! woe is there for the piteous lot! thou  
 hast done thyself a hurt deep enough to throw  
 this family Ah! the dart of affliction to death  
 by silence and unnatural means, the desperate of  
 fort of thy own poor hand! Who can the shadow  
 of thy life poor lady.

*Ph.* Ah me, my cruel lot! sorrow hath done her  
 worst on me. O fortune how heaviest hath thou set  
 thy foot on me and on my house by fiendish hands  
 inflicting, an unexpected pain? A complete  
 effacement of my life makes it impossible for me  
 to see, alas! so wide an ocean of grief that I can never  
 swim to shore again, nor be caught of this cal-  
 lamity. How shall I peak of thee my poor wife,  
 what tale of distress sufferer tell Thou art crushed



like a bird from the covert of my hand taking one headlong leap from me to Hades halls Alas and woe! this is a bitter bitter sight! This must be a judgment sent by God for the sins of an ancestor which from some far source I am bringing on myself

*Ch* My prince tis not to thee alone such sorrows come thou hast lost a noble wife but so have many others

*Th* Fain would I go hide me neath earth's blackest depth to dwell in darkness with the dead in misery now that I am left of thy dear presence! for thou hast slain me than thyself even more Who can tell me what caused the fatal stroke that reached thy heart dear wife? Will no one tell me what befell? doth my palace all in vain give shelter to a herd of menials? Woe woe for thee my wifel sorrows past speech past bearing I behold within my house myself a ruined man my home a solitude my children orphans!

*Ch* Gone and left us hast thou fondest wife and noblest of all women neath the sun's bright eye or night's star lit radiance Poor house what sorrows are thy portion now! My eyes are wet with streams of tears to see thy fate but the sequel to this tragedy has long with terror filled me

*Th* Hail what means this letter? clasped in her dear hand it hath some strange tale to tell Hath she poor lady as a last request written her bidding as to my marriage and her children? Take heart poor ghost no wife henceforth shall wed thy Theus or invade his house Ah! how yon seal of my dead wife stamped with her golden ring affects my sight! Come I will unfold the sealed packet and read her letter's message to me

*Ch* Woe unto us! Here is yet another evil in the train by heaven sent I looking to what has happened I should count my lot in life no longer worth one's while to gain My master's house alas! is ruined brought to naught I say Spare it O Heaven if it may be Harken to my prayer for I see as with prophetic eyes an omen boding mischief

*Th* O horror! woe on woe! and still they come too deep for words too heavy to bear Ah me!

*Ch* What is it? speak if I may share in it

*Th* This letter loudly tells a hideous tale! where can I escape my load of woe? For I am ruined and undone so awful are the words I find here written clear as if she cried them to me woe is me!

*Ch* Alas! thy words declare themselves the harbingers of woe

*Th* I can no longer keep the cursed tale within the portal of my lips cruel though its utterance be Ah me! Hippolytus hath dared by brutal force to violate my honour recking naught of Zeus whose awful eye is over all O father Poseidon once didst thou promise to fulfil three prayers of mine answer one of these and slay my son let him not escape this single day if the prayers thou gavest me were in deed with issue fraught

*Ch* O king I do conjure thee call back that prayer hereafter thou wilt know thy error Hear I pray

*Th* Impossible! Moreover I will banish him from this land and by one of two fates shall he be struck down either Poseidon out of respect to my prayer will cast his dead body into the house of Hades or exiled from this land a wanderer to some foreign shore shall he eke out a life of misery

*Ch* Lo! where himself doth come thy son Hippolytus in good time dismiss thy hurtful rage him Theus and bethink thee what is best for thy family

*Enter HIPPOLYTUS*

*Hi* I heard thy voice father and hastened to come hither yet know I not the cause of thy present sorrow but would fain learn of thee Hail what is this? thy wife a corpse I see this is passing strange 'twas but now I left her a moment since she looked upon the light How came she thus? the manner of her death? this would I learn of thee father Art dumb? silence availeth not in trouble nay for the heart that fain would know all must show its curiosity even in sorrow's hour Be sure it is not right father to hide misfortunes from those who love ay more than love thee

*Th* O ye sons of men victims of a thousand idle errors why teach your countless crafts why scheme and seel to find a way for everything while one thing ye know not nor ever yet have made your prize a way to teach them wisdom whose souls are void of sense?

*Hi* A very master in his craft the man who can force fools to be wise! But these ill timed subtleties of thine father make me fear thy tongue is running riot through trouble

*Th* Fie upon thee! man needs should have some certain test set up to try his friends some touch stone of their hearts to know each friend whether he be true or false all men should have two voices one the voice of honesty expediency's the other so would honesty confute its knavish opposite and then we could not be deceived

*Hi* Say hath some friend been slandering me and hath he still thine ear? am I though guiltless banned? I am amazed indeed thy random frantic words fill me with wild alarm

*Th* O the mind of mortal man! to what lengths will it proceed? What limit will its bold assurance have? for if it goes on growing as man's life advances and each successor outdo the man before him in villainy the gods will have to add another sphere unto the world which shall take in the knaves and villains Behold this man he my own son hath outraged mine honour his guilt most clearly proved by my dead wife Now since thou hast dared this loathly crime come look thy father in the face Art thou the man who dost with gods consort as one above the vulgar herd? art thou the chaste and unles saint? Thy boasts will never persuade me to be guilty of attributing ignorance to gods Go then vaunt thyself and drive thy petty trade in vands formed of lifeless food take Orpheus for thy chief and go a revelling with all honour for the vapourings of many a written scroll seeing thou now art caught.

Let all beware I say of such hypocrites who hunt  
their prey with fine word and all the while are  
scheming villain. She is dead dost thou think that this  
will save thee? Why this thou art three more than  
ill, abandoned wretch! What oaths, what pleas can  
outweigh this letter so that thou shouldst scape  
thy doom? Thou wilt assert she hated thee that  
thou art the bastard and the true born child nature  
has herself put was it seems then by thy showing  
she made a sorry bargain with her life if to gratify  
her hate of thee she lost what most she prized 'Tis  
said no doubt, that frailty finds no place in man but  
in woman my experience is, young men  
are no more secure than women whenso the Queen  
of Love excites a youthful breast altho'gh their  
sex comes in to help them Yet why dost thou bandy  
word with thee when before thee lies the corpse to  
be thy clearest witness? Behold it at once an exile  
from thy land and a cast foot again a god built  
Achilles in the confines of my dominion For if I  
am taken by to submit to this treatment from such  
as thou no more will I suspect brother of the Ischius,  
bear me witness how I slew him but say my boasts  
are all no wile those oaks Scironian, that fringe  
the sea call me the miscreant to see us.

Oh I know not but to call happy a y child of  
man for that which was first has turned and now is  
last.

How fierce thy wrath and the reason of thy  
mad and terrible yet this charge speaks us  
thou hast arguments appear becom a calumnies  
if one laudable Small kill his fellow speaking to a  
crab but he a readier wit for comrades of mine  
on age and small company. Yes and thou sayest  
should be for them whom the wise design are bet-  
ter qualified to speak best a mob Yet am I con-  
tinued under the present circumstances to speak  
silence And the outset will take the point which  
formed the basis of thy stealth attack on me de-  
signed to put me out of countenance dost see you  
in the earth? These do not contain all thou  
dost desire chaotic surplusage man To re-see  
God's countenance high knowledge and to adopt  
as friends those who attempt injustice but so he  
should blush to oppose the companions who he  
dislikes or please them but shameful see us  
to mock a friend of my was faith but I  
remember the same behind the rocks as to the urfa The  
city or the thou thickest at home in just the  
one I am in thou fed in the fire to this day have I kept  
me pure from women I know I hit the coil  
so that I hear of me in pictures, for I have no  
but to look on so on these so pure my rugged soul  
I grant my lusts hastily may come on there  
will be then I there how I came I was cor-  
rupted Did I not succeed in beating all his  
sex? Did I a prey to fill the house to play after  
him and I need of this house? That surely would  
have made me out fool a caru of sense.  
Thou wilt say Your chat me to exit I did  
see and see now two notorious evil-doers, whom  
Theon had slain.

No, not say I sovereignty pleases only those whose  
hearts are quite corrupt Now I would be the first  
and best at all the games in Hellas, but second in  
the state for I am happy thus with the noblest for  
my friends For there one may be happy and the  
absence of danger gives a charm beyond all princely  
joys One thing I have not said the rest thou hast  
Hid I a witness to attest my purity and were I  
pitted against her still alive facts would show thee  
on enquiry who the culprit was Now by Zeus, the  
god of oaths, and by the earth whereon we stand  
I swear to thee I never did lay hands upon thy wife  
nor would he wished to, or have harboured such  
a thought Slay me ye gods! rob me of name and  
honour from home and city cast me forth a wan-  
d'ring evil o'er the earth nor sea nor land receive  
my bones when I am dead if I am such a miscreant!  
I cannot say if she through fear destroyed herself  
for more than this am I to be blamed With her discretion  
took the place of chastity while I though chaste,  
was not discreet in using this virtue.

Oh Thy oath by heaven so strong security suffi-  
ciently chutes the charge.

Thou a wizard or magician must the fellow be  
think he can first flout me his father then by cool  
ness master my sorrows.

How Father thy part in this doth fill me with  
amaze wert thou my son and I thy sire by heaven  
I would have slain not let thee off a banishment  
had thou presumed to violate my honour.

Thou art remarkable yet shalt thou not die by the  
sent me than own lips print once upon thyself  
for death that cometh in a moment is an easy end  
for wretchedness. Nay thou shalt be exiled from  
thy fatherland and wander in to a foreign shore  
draw out a life of misery I such as the wages of sin.

Oh! what wilt thou do? Wilt thou banish me  
without so as to be waiting for Time's evil nice on  
my case?

Thou art beyond the sea beyond the bounds of  
Atlas, if I could so deeply do I hate thee.

What banish me untired without rest  
my oath the pled I offer with voice of seers?

Thou letter be enough it bears no scars  
as a rugos thy pled as for birds that fly over  
our heads, a low farewell to them.

How Great gods! why do I not lock my  
lips, seeing that I am ruined by you the objects of  
my remembrance? No I will not I should nowise per-  
suade those whom I ought to and in a fit would  
break the cash I sue for.

Thou upon thee that solemn air of thine is  
more than I can bear Be one firm thy native land  
for this thine.

How Which shall I turn? Ah me! whose friendly  
house will take me in an exile on so grave a charge?

Thou Leave who I wish to entertain as guests and  
partners in his crimes corrupt us of my mind.

How Ah me! this wound my heart a d'vines me  
nigh a tears I think that I should appear so vile  
and the tears come so.

Thou Thy tears and so thought had been more in

season when thou didst presume to outrage thy father's wife

*Hi* O house I would thou couldst speak for me and witness if I am so vile!

*Th* Dost fly to speechless witnesses? This deed though it speaketh not proves thy guilt clearly

*Hi* Alas! Would I could stand and face myself so should I weep to see the sorrows I endure

*Th* Ay tis thy character to honour thyself far more than reverence thy parents as thou shouldst

*Hi* Unhappy mother! son of sorrow! Heaven keep all friends of mine from bastard birth!

*Th* Hol servants drag him hence! You heard my proclamation long ago condemning him to exile

*Hi* Whoso of them doth lay a hand on me shall rue it thyself expel me if thy spirit move thee from the land

*Th* I will unless my word thou straight obey no pity for thy exile steals into my heart *Exit messengers*

*Hi* The sentence then it seems is passed Ah misery! How well I know the truth herein but know no way to tell it! O daughter of Latona dearest to me of all deities partner comrade in the chase far from glorious Athens must I fly Farewell city and land of Erechtheus farewell Troezen most joyous home wherein to pass the spring of life tis my last sight of thee farewell Come my comrades in this land young like me greet me kindly and escort me forth for never will ye behold a purer soul for all my father's doubts *Exit Hippolytus*

*Ch* In very deed the thoughts I have about the gods whenso they come into my mind do much to soothe its grief but though I cherish secret hopes of some great guiding will yet am I at fault when I survey the fate and doings of the sons of men change succeeds to change and man's life veers and shifts in endless restlessness Fortune grant me this I pray at heaven's hand—a happy lot in life and a soul from sorrow free opinions let me hold not too precise nor yet too hollow but lightly changing my habits to each morrow as it comes may I thus attain a life of bliss! For now no more is my mind free from doubts unlooked for sights greet my vision for lo! I see the morning star of Athens eye of Hellas driven by his father's fury to another land Mourn ye sands of my native shores ye oak groves on the hills where with his fleet hounds he would hunt the quarry to the death attending on Dictynna a cruel queen No more will he mount his car drawn by Venetian steeds filling the course round Launa with the prancing of his trained horses Nevermore in his father's house shall he wake the Muse that never slept beneath his lute strings no hand will crown the spots where rests the maiden Latona mid the boshage deep nor evermore shall our virgins vie to win thy love now thou art banished I wile I with tears at thy unhappy fate shall endure a lot all un-deserved Ah! hapless mother in vain didst thou bring forth it seems I am angered with the gods out upon them! O ye linked Graces why are ye sending from his native land this poor youth a guiltless sufferer far from his home?

But lo! I see a servant of Hippolytus hasten with troubled looks towards the palace

*Enter and messengers*

*2nd Messenger* Ladies where may I find Theseus king of the country? pray tell me if ye know is he within the palace here?

*Ch* Lo! himself approaches from the palace

*Enter Theseus*

*2nd Me* Theseus I am the bearer of troublesome tidings to thee and all citizens who dwell in Athens or the bounds of Troezen

*Th* How now? hath some strange calamity overtaken these two neighbouring cities?

*2nd Me* In one brief word Hippolytus is dead Tis true one slender thread still links him to the light of life

*Th* Who slew him? Did some husband come to blows with him one whose wife like mine had suffered brutal violence?

*2nd Me* He perished through those steeds that drew his chariot and through the curses it uttered utter praying to thy sire the ocean king to slay thy son

*Th* Ye gods and king Poseidon thou hast proved my parentage by hearkening to my prayer! Say how he perished how fell the uplifted hand of Justice to smite the villain who dishonoured me?

*2nd Me* Hard by the wave beat shore were we combing out his horses manes weeping the while for one had come to say that Hippolytus was harshly exiled by thee and nevermore would return to set foot in this land Then came he telling the same doleful tale to us upon the beach and with him was a countless throng of friends who followed after At length he stayed his lamentation and spake Why weakly rave on this wise? My father's commands must be obeyed Hol servants harness my horses to the chariot this is no longer now city of mine Thereupon each one of us bestirred himself and ere a man could say twas done we had the horses standing ready at our master's side Then he caught up the reins from the chariot rail first fitting his feet exactly in the hollows made for them But first with outspread palms he called upon the gods O Zeus now strike me dead if I have sinned and let my father learn how he is wronging me in death at least if not in life There with he seized the whip and lashed each horse in turn while we close by his chariot near the reins kept up with him along the road that leads direct to Argos and Epidaurus And just as we were coming to a desert spot a strip of sand beyond the borders of this country sloping right to the Saronic gulf there issued thence a deep rumbling sound as it were an earthquake a fear some noise and the horses reared their heads and pricked their ears while we were filled with wild alarm to know whence came the sound when as we gazed to ward the wave beat shore a wave tremendous we beheld towering to the skies so that from our view the cliffs of Sciron vanished for it hid the isthmus and the rock of Asclepius then swelling and frothing with a crest of foam the sea discharged it

ward the beach where stood the harnessed car and  
in that moment that it broke that on his wall of  
war were issued from the war a monstrous bull,  
hose-bearing filled the land with fearful echoes,  
a too awful as it seemed to us who witnessed

it. I perceived the horses there and then, but our  
carter to horses was quite dead, gripped in both  
hands his reins, and turn them to his back, led  
them backward as the sailor pulls his oar, but the  
horses gnashed the forced bits between their teeth  
and bore him wildly on regardless of their master's  
gripping hand or rein or pointed ear. And off as he  
would take the gadfly rein and steer for softer  
ground, showed that bull in front to turn him back.  
Then, suddenly his team with terror but in in-  
stant frantic career their reins towards the rocks, he  
could draw on the chariot rail, keeping up with  
them, until, sudden, dashing the wheel against a  
stone, he perished and wrecked the car then was dire  
confusion, the horses and henchmen's shouts, into  
the air. The poor youth, entangled in the reins  
was dashed down, bound by a stubborn knot his  
poor head dashed against the rocks, his limbs all torn,  
the while he cried out piteously "Starve starve  
my horses whose in my own hand hath fed the manger  
destroy me not until O luckless curse, of a father!  
Will you or come and die for all my trouble?"  
Now we, though much beloved to him, were left  
far behind. At last, I know not how he broke loose  
from the chapel, was that bound him, faint breath  
of life still in him, but the horses disappeared and  
that portentous bull, among the rocky ground, I  
know not where, I am but a slave in the house, in-  
trapped—O how—yet will I ever believe so monstrous  
chance, that the son's character not that thou  
hast, who of me, I would have said, had I seen, or  
should fill with woe, my poor tree tablet  
grown on Ida's side as I sit upon it then.

O! Alas! how troubles come to plague us, not is  
there an escape from fate and necessity.

Th. Alas! how troubles come to plague us, not is  
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there an escape from fate and necessity.

rule them all.

Arctus. Hearken, I had thee in the son of Aeolus  
lo! and I Latoon child that speak I Arctus, Wh  
Theseus, to this sorrow dost thou rejoice at these  
tidings, seem that thou hast slain the son most im-  
piously listen, to a charge not clearly proved but  
false sworn to by thy wife? thou clearly has the  
curse therefrom upon these fallen. Wh dost thou  
not for thy shame hide beneath the dark places of  
the earth or change thy human life and soar on  
wings to escape this tribulation? Amongst men of  
honour thou hast now no share in life. Hearken  
Theseus I will put thy wretched case. Let will it  
naught at all thee if I do, but exult heart still  
with this intent I came to show the son's pure heart  
—that he may die with honour—as well thy friends  
and in a sense, the nobleness of thy wife for she  
was cruel slain with a guano for the son by that  
godless whom all we that joy in virgin purity de-  
test. And thou hast the son to conquer by thy reso-  
lution, yet be no fault of hers the fell, thanks to her  
nurses stratagem who did call her madly unto  
the son and death. But he would none of her coun-  
sels, a indeed was in his rage when thou didst  
revile him would he break the oath he swore from  
his father's mouth, fearful of being found out  
wrote a letter destroying, by guile thy son,  
but yet persuading thee.

Th. Woe! me!

4 Doth my own wound thee Theseus? B still  
awful bear what flows, so wilt thou have more  
cause to groan. Dost remember those three prayers  
thou father, granted thee from him with certain issue?  
Thou on these thou hast it in so sad unnatural  
wretch, against thy son instead of aiming it at an  
enemy. Thine own sure is true for all his kind  
intent hath granted that boon he was compelled  
by reason of his promise, to grant. But thou alike in  
his eyes, od in mine hast shewn thyself ill heart in  
that thou hast recalled all proof or once pro-  
phetic hath made no inquiry nor taken time for  
consideration, but with undue haste cursed thy son  
even to the death.

Th. Perdition seize me! Queen revive!

A. An awful deed was thine but still even for  
this thou mayest obtain pardon for thy Cyprus  
that would have thee, with the fury of her soul.  
For thus is law amongst us, god none of us will  
thwart his own blood will, but ever we stand aloof.  
For be well cured, dallied with Zeus, nor would  
I have incurred the bitter shame of handing me to  
death a man of all his kind to me most dear. As for  
thy son first thy reluctance about is there from its  
ill-omen next thy wife who's dead was his wish in  
her use of common arguments to influence thy  
mind. On these in this form of woe hath burst  
eternal grief to me a will for when the right  
course the is so in her heart albeit we try to  
destroy the wicked house and home.

Ch. Lo! where he comes, this hapless youth, his  
fair young flesh and burn locks most shameful  
handed. Unhappy house! what twofold sorrow doth

o'ertake its halls through heaven's ordinance!

*HIPPOLYTUS is carried in*

*Hi* Ah! ah! woe is me! foully undone by an impious father's impious imprecation! Undone undone! woe is me! Through my head shoot fearful pains my brain throbs convulsively. Stop! let me rest my worn-out frame. Oh oh! Accursed steeds that mine own hand did feed ye have been my ruin and my death. O by the gods good sirs I beseech ye softly touch my wounded limbs. Who stands there at my right side? Lift me tenderly with slow and even step conduct me poor wretch cursed by his mistaken sire. Great Zeus dost thou see this? Me thy reverent worshipper me who left all men behind in purity plunged thus into yawning Hades neath the earth rest of life in vain the toils I have endured through my piety towards man kind. Ah me! ah me! O the thrill of anguish shooting through me! Set me down poor wretch I am come. Death to set me free! Kill me end my sufferings. O for a sword two-edged to hack my flesh and close this mortal life! Ill-fated curse of my father! the crimes of bloody kinsmen<sup>1</sup> ancestors of old now pass their boundaries and tarry not and upon me are they come all guiltless as I am. ah! why? Alas alas! what can I say? How from my life get rid of this relentless agony? O that the stern Death god night's black visitant would give my sufferings rest!

*Ar* Poor sufferer! cruel the fate that links thee to it! Thy noble soul hath been thy ruin.

*Hi* Ah! the fragrance from my goddess wasted! Even in my agony I feel thee near and find relief she is here in this very place my goddess Artemis.

*Ar* She is poor sufferer! the goddess thou hast loved the best.

*Hi* Dost see me mistress mine? dost see my present suffering?

*Ar* I see thee but mine eyes no tear may weep.

*Hi* Thou hast none now to lead the hunt or tend thy fane.

*Ar* None now yet even in death I love thee still.

*Hi* None to groom thy steeds or guard thy shrines.

*Ar* 'Twas Cyprus mistress of inquiry devised this evil.

*Hi* Ah me! now know I the goddess who destroyed me.

*Ar* She was jealous of her slighted honour vexed at thy chaste life.

*Hi* Ah! then I see her single hand hath struck down three of us.

*Ar* Thy sire and thee and last thy father's wife.

*Hi* My sire ill-luck as well as mine I mourn.

*Ar* He was deceived by a goddess' design.

*Hi* Woe is thee my father in this sad mischance!

*Th* My son I am a ruined man life has no joys for me.

*Hi* For this mistake I mourn thee rather than myself.

*Th* O that I had died for thee my son!

*Hi* Ah! those fatal gifts thy sire Poseidon gave.

*Th* Would God these lips had never uttered that prayer!

<sup>1</sup>Such as Tantalus and Pelops Atreus and Thyestes.

*Hi* Why not? thou wouldest in any case have slain me in thy fury then.

*Th* Yes Heaven had perverted my power to think.

*Hi* O that the race of men could bring a curse upon the gods!

*Ar* Enough! for though thou pass to gloom beneath the earth the wrath of Cyprus shall not at her will fall on thee unrequited because thou hadst a noble righteous soul. For I with mine own hand will with these unerring shafts avenge me on another who is her votary dearest to her of all the sons of men. And to thee poor sufferer for thy anguish now will I grant high honours in the city of Troezen for thee shall maids unweave before their marriage cut off their hair thy harvest through the long roll of time of countless bitter tears. Yes and for ever shall the virgin choir hymn thy sad memory nor shall Phaedra's love for thee fall into oblivion and pass away unnoticed. But thou O son of old Ægeus take thy son in thine arms draw him close to thee for unwittingly thou slewest him and men may well commit an error when gods put it in their way. And thee Hippolytus I admonish hate not thy sire for in this death thou dost but meet thy destined fate. And now farewell! tis not for me to gaze upon the dead or pollute my sight with death scenes and even now I see thee nigh that evil moment.

*Exit ARTE MIS*

*Hi* Farewell blest virgin queen! leave me now! How easily thou resignest our long friend-hip! I am reconciled with my father at thy desire. Ye for ever before I would obey thy bidding. Ah me! the darkness is settling even now upon my eyes. Take me father in thy arms lift me up.

*Th* Woe is me my son! what art thou doing to me thy hapless sire!

*Hi* I am a broken man yes I see the gates that close upon the dead.

*Th* Canst leave me thus with murder on my soul!

*Hi* No no I set thee free from this blood-guiltiness.

*Th* What sayest thou? dost absolve me from blood-shed?

*Hi* Artemis the archer queen is my witness that I do.

*Th* My own dear child how generous dost thou show thyself to thy father!

*Hi* Farewell dear father! a long farewell to thee!

*Th* O that holy noble soul of thine!

*Hi* Pray to have children such as me born in lowly wedlock.

*Th* O leave me not my son endure awhile.

*Hi* 'Tis finished my endurance I die father quickly cover my face with a mantle.

*Th* O glorious Athens realm of Pallas what a splendid hero ye have lost! Ah me! ah me! How oft shall I remember thy evil work. O Cyprus!

*Ch* On all our citizens hath come this universal sorrow unforeseen. Now shall the copious tear gush forth for sad news about great men takes more than usual hold upon the heart.

*Exit O' THESES*

<sup>2</sup>Adonis.

## ALCESTIS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                   |           |
|-------------------|-----------|
| APOLLO            | ALCESTIS  |
| DEATH             | ATTENDANT |
| CHORUS OF OLD MEN | ADMETUS   |
| o PHRAXAS         | EUMELLOS  |
| MAID              | HERACLES  |
| PHRAXAS           |           |

Before Admetus' palace in Phæria. Enter APOLLO.

APOLLO. Halls of Admetus, where a I steered my heart to be content with a servant's board, god though I was, Zeus was to blame: he slew my son Achilles, piercing his bosom with thund'ring bolt; hereat I was enraged and smote his Cyclopes, fountains of the heavenly fire, to my sure recompense for the forced me to become a slave in a mortal's home. Then came I to this land and kept a stranger's flock, and to this day have been the master of this house. For in Phæria soon I found a man as helpful as myself, and him I saved from death by cheating Despair: for they promised me, those goddesses of fate that Admetus should escape the impending doom, if he found a substitute for the powers below. So he went through all his list of friends, made trial of each, but failed and then asked me, that bare him but none be found to his wife alone that was willing to die for him and for the light of life she now within the house is perished in his arms, gasping out her life for to-day she is doomed to die and pass from life to death. (Enter DEATH.) But I fear pollution, not to take me in the house and leave the shelter of this roof to her so well, for already I see Death hard by the priest of souls departed, who, on his way to lead her to the halls of Hades, tries to time her coming, waiting this day that calls her to her doom.

MAID. Alas! What dost thou at the house? Why art thou ranging her Phœbus? O, what the strongest man can unscrew and limit the honour of the throne wouldst thou not content to find the death of Admetus, by thy knowledge cunning builded Despair, but on gain hast thou armed thee with the bow and a keeping guard? He is dead, but Pelas, who a detour of her feet will, to do for her lord and set him free.

APOLLO. Fear I have been sure just as and fair for a long time.

DEATH. What has that bow to do if thou hast justice on thy side?

APOLLO. This man has been carrying it.

DEATH. And to help this house more than right.

APOLLO. The reason is, I cannot bear a friend's death.

APOLLO. Come! I did not take the other from thee by violence.

DEATH. Then how is it he lies above the earth and not beneath?

APOLLO. He gave his wife to lead her whom now thou art come to fetch.

DEATH. Yes, and I will bear her hence to the nether world.

APOLLO. Take her and go, for I do not suppose I can persuade thee.

DEATH. To slay my rightful victim? Why that is my appointed task.

APOLLO. Nay, but to lay this deadly hand on those who soon would die.

DEATH. I see thy drift, thy eager plea.

APOLLO. Is it then possible that Alcestis should attain old age?

DEATH. It is not possible, I too, methinks, find a pleasure in my rights.

APOLLO. Thou canst not anyhow take more than one life.

DEATH. When young ladies die I reap a higher honour.

APOLLO. Should she die old a sumptuous funeral will she have.

DEATH. Phœbus, the law thou hast set down is all in favour of the rich.

APOLLO. What meanst thou? It is so wise and I need not know it?

DEATH. Those who have wealth would buy the chance of their dying, old.

APOLLO. It seems then thou wilt not grant me this favour.

DEATH. Not I, my customs well thou knowest.

APOLLO. That I do, customs men detect and gods abhor.

DEATH. Thou canst not realise every lawless wish.

APOLLO. Mark thou shalt have a heck for all thy excesses, fierceness such a hero shall the come to Phæria halls, by Eurydice sent to fetch her a team of steers from the wretches, I'd melt Thracian a guest.

DEATH. In these halls of Admetus, will we set this woman from thee by sheer force. So wilt thou get to thine as from me, but yet wilt do this all the same, and earn my hatred too.

APOLLO. Thou wilt not gain thy purpose any the more for all thy many words: that woman shall to Hades' halls go down, I tell thee. Lo! I am going for her.

that with the sword I may begin my rites for he whose hair this sword doth hallow is sacred to the gods below

*Exit*

*Inter CHORUS*

*Semi Chorus I* What means this silence in front of the palace? why is the house of Admetus stricken dumb?

*Semi Chorus II* Not one friend near to stay if we must mourn our queen as dead or if she liveth yet and sees the sun Alcestis daughter of Pelas by me and all esteemed the best of wives to her husband

*Semi Ch I* Doth any of you hear a groan or sound of hands that smite together or the voice of lamentation telling all is over and done? Yet is there no servant stationed about the gate no not one O come thou saving god to smooth the swelling waves of woe!

*Semi Ch II* Surely were she dead they would not be so still

*Semi Ch I* May be her corpse is not yet from the house borne forth

*Semi Ch II* Whence that inference? I am not so sanguine What gives thee confidence?

*Semi Ch I* How could Admetus let his noble wife go unattended to the grave?

*Semi Ch II* Before the gates I see no lustral water from the spring as custom doth ordain should be at the gates of the dead no shorn lock lies on the threshold which as thou knowest falls in mourning for the dead no choir of maidens smites its youthful palms to ether

*Semi Ch I* And yet this is the appointed day

*Semi Ch II* What meanest thou by this?

*Semi Ch I* The day appointed for the journey to the world below

*Semi Ch II* Thou hast touched me to the heart e'en to the soul

*Ch* Whoso from his youth up has been accounted virtuous needs must weep to see the good suddenly cut off 'Tis done no single spot in all the world remains whither one might steer a course either to Lycia<sup>1</sup> or to the parhied abodes<sup>2</sup> of Ammon to release the hapless lady's soul on comes death with whom abrupt nor know I to whom I should go of all who at the gods' altars offer sacrifice Only the son of Phœbus<sup>3</sup> if he yet saw this light of day—Ah! then might she have left the dark abode and gates of Hades and have come again for he would raise the dead to life till that the thunderbolt's forked flame hurled by Zeus smote him But now what further hope of life can I wel come to me? Our lords have ere this done all they could on every altar streams the blood of abundant sacrifice yet our sorrows find no cure

*Enter IALIN*

Lol from the house cometh a handmaid weeping what shall I be told hath chanced? Grief may well be pardoned if aught happeneth to one's master yet I fain would learn whether our lady still is living

<sup>1</sup>To a shrine of Apollo

<sup>2</sup>The temple of Zeus Ammon in the desert of Libya.

<sup>3</sup>Asclepius

or haply is no more

*Maid* Alive yet dead thou mayst call her

*Ch* Why how can the same person be alive yet dead?

*Ma* She is sinking even now and at her last gasp

*Ch* My poor master! how sad thy lot to love so good a wife!

*Ma* He did not know his loss until the blow fell on him

*Ch* Is there then no more hope of saving her?

*Ma* None the fated day comes on so fast

*Ch* Are then thy fitting rites already taken place o'er her body?

*Ma* Death's garniture is ready wherewith her lord will bury her

*Ch* Well let her know thou hast died she must her fame rank far above any other wife's beneath the sun

*Ma* Far above of course it does who will gain say it? What must the woman be who hath surpassed her? For how could any wife have shown a clearer regard for her lord than by offering in his stead to die? Thus much the whole city knows and hit well but thou shalt hear with wonder what she did within the house For when she knew the fatal day was come she washed her fair white skin with water from the stream then from her cedar chests drew forth vesture and ornaments and robed herself becomingly next standing before the altar hearth she prayed Mistress mine behold! I pass beneath the earth to thee in suppliant wise will I my last prayer address be mother to my orphans and my boy unite a loving bride to my daughter a noble husband Let them not die as I their mother perish now untimely in their youth but let them live their glad lives out happy in their native land To every altar in Admetus' halls she went and crowned them and prayed plucking from myrtle boughs their foliage with never a tear or groan nor did her coming trouble change the colour of her comely face Anon into her bridal bow she burst and then her tears broke forth and thus she cried O couch hereon I loosed my maiden state for the man whose cause I die farewell no hate I feel for thee for me alone hast thou undone dying as I die from fear of betraying thee and my lord Some other will will make thee hers more blest may be than me but not more chaste And she fell upon her knees and kissed it all with her gushing tears the whole bed was wet At last when she had had her fill of weeping she tore herself from the bed and hurried headlong forth and oft as she was leaving the chamber turned she back and cast herself once more upon the couch while her children were weeping as they clung to their mother's robes but she took them each in turn in her arms and kissed them fondly as a dying mother might And all the servants in the house fell a crying in sorrow for their mistress but she held out her hand to each nor was there one so mean but she gave him a word and took his answer back Such are the sorrows in the halls of Admetus Dying he had died once for all but by avoiding

death be hath a legacy of grief that he will ne'er forget

Oh Doubtless Admetus so to in this calamity  
thou must lose so good a wife

Alas! he weeps, hold me in his arms his  
darling if a d per s her not to leave him in  
power request for her worn and wasted with  
illness, and lies exhausted a sad bed in his arms.  
Still thou hast her with omens her and scant she  
starts to gaze on the sight of her form  
for now the latest in her reveal shall see his  
radiance But I will go this present to announce  
for to not who has the good will to to do but  
then matters with the heart's ad eury But  
thou of old has been my master's friend

Oh Zeus, what way out of these sorrows can  
be found? who can we loose the bonds of fate that  
bind our life?

Comes some one forth? Am I at once to cut my  
hair and take the shroud to be about me?

Too plainly av too plainly I find still let us  
but pray for the gods power to cry out

Oh, Pagan, do not let Admetus some means of  
escape from his sorrows.

Yes, yes, come to the tomb thou in days gone by  
didst find all at once for him so now be thou a  
mourner from the toils of death and stay bloodthirsty  
Hades.

Woe! woe! alas! Thou son of Phereas, woe! thy  
fate learn thy wife!

Is it thus to grieve to make thee live thyself  
more than cause enough to the noose of life and  
fit to the neck?

Yes for to-day with us men the death of her  
that was not so dear but dearest of the dear  
Look! look! her form that is now be husband  
with her from the house

Cry I will and I O land of Phereas wail for the  
best of our women with a knees worn she pines  
with the earth Hades lord below

He er eve I saw that man's more  
joy than grief I object to the past and  
to these things I am I our king for when  
widowed of this I ble if will the future lead  
us that is of life at all

Enter ALCESTIS ADMETUS DEUS LOREX  
Alas! O my O my god lamp of day! O scudding  
cloud that dares long thy light

Admetus He sees us both with a gaze be-  
dabbled with tears (a victim again to the gods, for the  
hitherto of the gods)

Oh O earth O hithering roof and my garden  
cambrian my native land I feel

Alas! I feel myself a poor wretch of stake in not  
not eat the night's god's gift us

Alas! I see the two-edged knife I see it and Charon  
death ferryman his hand upon the boatman's spoke  
I call upon him Whither goest thou? Hasten  
Thou to keep me Thus in haste haste he  
burns me

Alas! my bitter tears with this my g  
peakest I Unhappy wife, that woe's a curse!

Al On draws me draws me hence seest thou  
not? to the courts of death we go I desolate  
from beneath his dark brows. What wilt thou then  
me? Unhappy me On what a journey am I setting  
out most wretched woman I!

Alas! Bitter journey to thy friends, yet most of all  
to me and to thy babes the part is in this sorrow  
Al Hands off! hands off at once!

Lay me down I cannot stand Hades standeth  
near and with it gloom steal a night upon my eyes.  
O my children my children ye have no mother  
now Fate ye will my babes, lie on beneath the  
light!

Alas! Woe is mine! this is a message of sorrow to me  
worse than a gift that death can do Steel not thy  
heart to leave me I implore by heaven by thy  
babes whom thou wilt make orphans nay raise thy  
self have courage For if thou dost I can no longer  
live my life my death are in thy hands thy love is  
what I wish

Alas! Admetus lo! thou seest how it is with me to  
three I have told my wishes to the gods Three I  
set before myself a different kind of living have en-  
sured thy life and so I do though I need not have  
lived for thee but my heart have taken for my  
sister whom I would of the Thessians, a daughter  
had home blest with royal power left for thee  
with my children orphans, I cared not to live nor  
thou hast come with youth's fair gifts, wherein I  
used to joy did I grudge them Yet the father that  
brought thee the mother that bore thee gave thee  
up to the gods had reached a time of life when to  
die were a loss so saying the mother died and  
a noble death For thou wert their only son nor  
hadst any hope when thou wert dead of other  
offspring Alas! I should have lived and thou the  
survivor of our days, no wonder that thou wept  
thyself for me, no have had an orphan family But  
some god hath caused these things to be even as  
they are Eou! Remember thou that great tude  
due to me for thy year for I shall never see thee for  
a adequate return for now he is prized more than  
thy life than thy life but just is my request that thou  
thyself must survive since thou no less than I do love  
these children if so be thou think them dear Be con-  
tent with the rule my house and do not marry a  
new wife to be stepmother to these children  
for she is jealous I so she be a woman more than  
me will stretch out her hand against the children of  
our union Then do not thus, I do beseech thee For  
thou stepmother that succeeded hatred children of a  
finner match cruel as the viper are he tender  
mother Alas! true birth in his sweet tower of  
strength to him with speak and he answers back  
but thou, my daughter how shall thy motherhood  
be passed in honour? What shall thy experience be  
of thy father's name? She may listen on the some  
soul report thy mother's ill looks and frustrate thy  
marriage Never shall thy mother lead thee to the  
bridal bed no by her presence in thy train I heart-  
en thee my child when a mother's kindness  
encompasses over all. No, I must die and lo! thus it is



cometh to me not to-morrow nor yet on the third day of the month but in a moment shall I be counted among the souls that are no more Fare ye well be happy and thou husband canst boast thou hadst a peerless wife and you children that you had such an one for mother

*Ch* Take heart I do not hesitate to answer for him he will perform all this unless his mind should go astray

*Ad* It shall be so fear not it shall alive thou wert the only wife I had and dead shalt thou none else be called mine no Thessalian maid shall ever take thy place and call me lord not though she spring from lineage high nor though besides she be the fairest of her sex Of children I have enough god grant I may in them be blessed for in thee has it been otherwise No year long mourning will I keep for thee but all my life through lady loathing the mother that bare me and hating my father for they were friends in word but not in deed But thou didst give thy dearest for my life and save it May I not then mourn to lose a wife like thee? And I will put an end to revelry to social gatherings or the wine forego the festal crown and music which once reigned in my halls For nevermore will I touch the lyre nor lift my soul in song to the Libyan flute for thou hast taken with thee all my joy in life But in my bed thy figure shall be laid full length by cunning artists fashioned thereon will I throw myself and folding my arms about thee call upon thy name and think I hold my dear wife in my embrace although I do not chill comfort this no doubt but still I shall relieve my soul of its sad weight and thou wilt come to me in dreams and gladden me For sweet it is to see our friends come they when they will even by night

Had I the tongue the tuneful voice of Orpheus to charm Demeter's daughter or her husband by my lay and bring thee back from Hades I had gone down nor Pluto's hound nor Charon ferryman of souls whose hand on the oar had held me back till to the light I had restored thee alive At least do thou await me there against the hour I die prepare a home for me to be my true wife till For in this same cedar coffin I will bid these children lay me with thee and stretch my limbs by thine for never even in death may I be severed from thee alone found faithful of them all

*Ch* Lo! I too will share with thee thy mourning for her friend with friend for this is but her due

*Al* My children ye with your own ears have heard your father's promise that he will never wed another wife to set her over you nor ever dishonour me

*Ad* Yea so I promise now and accomplish it I will

*Al* On these conditions receive the children from my hand

*Ad* I receive them dear pledges by a dear hand given

*Al* Take thou my place and be a mother to these babes

*Ad* Sore will be their need when they are fit of thee

*Al* O my children I am passing to the world below when my life was needed most

*Ad* Ah me what can I do bereft of thee?

*Al* Thy sorrow Time will soothe as the dead who are as naught

*Ad* Take me O take me I beseech with thee neath the earth

*Al* Enough that I in thy stead am dyin

*Ad* O Destiny! of what a wife art thou despoiling me!

*Al* Lo! the darkness deepens on my drooping eyes

*Ad* Lost indeed am I if thou dear wife wilt really leave me

*Al* Thou mayst speak of me as naught as one whose life is over

*Ad* I lift up thy face leave not thy children

*Al* 'Tis not my own free will O my babes, fare well

*Ad* Look look on them but once

*Al* My end is come

*Ad* What meanst thou? art leaving us?

*Al* Farewell

*Dir*

*Ad* Lost! lost! woe is me!

*Ch* She is gone the wife of Admetus is no more

*Eumelus* O my hard fate! My mother has passed to the realms below she lives no more dear father neath the sun Alas for her! she leaves us ere her time and to me bequeaths an orphan's life Behold that staring eye those nerveless hands! Hear me mother hear me I implore! tis I who call thee now I thy tender chick printing my kisses on thy lips

*Ad* She cannot hear she cannot see a heavy blow hath fortune dealt us you children and me

*Eu* O father I am but a child to have my loving mother leave me here alone O cruel my fate alas! and thine my sister sharer in my cup of woe Woe to thee father! in vain in vain didst thou take a wife and hast not reached the goal of old with her for she is gone before and now that thou art dead my mother our house is all undone

*Ch* Admetus these misfortunes thou must bear Thou art by no means the first nor yet shalt be the last of men to lose a wife of worth know this we all of us are debtors unto death

*Ad* I understand this in no sudden flight of ill hither I was ware of it and long have pined But since I am to carry the dead forth to her burial stay here with me and to that inexorable god in Hades raise your antiphone While to all Thessalians in my realm I do proclaim a general mourning for this lady with hair shorn off and robes of sable hue all ye who harness steeds for cars or single horses ride cut off their manes with the sharp steel flush'd be every pipe silent every lyre throughout the city till twelve full moons are past for never again shall I bury one whom I love more no! nor one more loyal to me honour from me is her due for she for me hath died she and she alone

*Exeunt ADMETUS and EUMELUS with the other children*

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Oh Daughter of Pelias, be thine a happy life in the sunless house in Hades' halls! Let Hades know that worth god and that old man who sits to row and never a like at his death-ferry that he hath tarried o'er the bark of Acheron in his two-oared skiff a woman peerless amidst her sex. Of all thee the Muses' stars shall sing, on the seven-strung mountain-hell and in hymns that need no harp-gem. There oft as the season in his cycle cometh round in Sparta in that Carian's month when all along the moon sails his hoar-headed, sea and in friendly Athens, happy town. So glorious a theme has thy death beguiled to tuneful bards. Would wert in thy power and rage, to bring thee to the light from the chambers of Hades and the streams of Coccyus with the car that sweeps yon neither end. For thou, and thou alone, most dear of women, hast the course—no red-tem'd husband from Hades in exchange for thy own life. Lo! he lies the earth-born thee bid! And if ever thy lord take to him a new wife, I owe he will earn no hatred and the children's stone. His mother had no heart to plume me into the darkness of the tomb for her son, no! nor his—of art. Their own child they had not the course a race, th' wretches! Alas! they were fore-boded. But thou in thy youth and beauty hast died for thy lord and gone to the west. O be it mine to his grief part or such a loving wife for this lot is rare in life. Surely we should be my help-mates all my life and never cause one tear.

Enter HERCULES.

Hercules Min. hosts, dwellers on this Phœrean soil in shade I find Admetus in thy house?

Oh The son of Phœreus is within Hercules. Tell me what need is bringing thee to this Thesalian land, to visit this city of the Phœreans?

H I am perfect in a labour for Tyrrhæan Eurydice.

Oh And whither art thou journeying? on what wanderer art thou forced to go?

H To fetch the chariot-reeds of Thracian Diomedes.

How art thou? art stranger to the ways of thy host?

H I am for never yet has he gone to the land of the Boeans.

Thou canst not master his horses without Epheus.

H Still I cannot refuse these labours.

Oh Then shalt thou slay them and return, or chivalrily be slain and stay thy rest.

H It will not be the first hard course that I have run.

Oh And what will be thy gain, suppose thou mayest win thy lord?

H The steeds will I find a way to the Tyrrhæan king.

Oh Canst thou task to buy their paws?

H I know not unless their nostrils emit fire.

Oh With the evening, was they read the limbs of men.

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He Thou speakest of the food of mountain beasts, not of horses.

Oh Their mangers blood-bedabbled thou shalt see.

He Whose son doth he who feeds them boast to be?

Oh Ares son king of the golden targe of Thrace.

He This too again is but a piece of my ill luck hard it ever is and still is growing—streper if I with Ares own begotten sons must fight first with Lycæon, next with Cycnus, while now I am bound on this third contest to engage the horses and their master. Yet shall no man ever see Alceste's son trembling at his foemen's prowess.

Oh See where Admetus, lord of this land comes in person from the palace forth.

Enter ADMETUS.

Admetus Hail son of Zeus, from Perseus sprung.

He I to thee also, Admetus, king of Thessaly.

Ad Would there were! yet thy kindly heart I know full well.

H Why dost thou appear with head shorn thus in mourning?

Ad To-day I am to bury one who is dead.

He Heaven a dire calamity from thy children!

Ad The children I have begotten are alive within my house.

He Thy father may be as gone well, he was ripe to go.

Ad No, Hera let, he lies my mother too.

He It cannot be thy wife is dead thy Alceste?

Ad I can a two-fold tale tell about her.

He Does mean that she is dead, or living still?

Ad She lies, yet lives no more—that is my grief.

He I am no wretcher yet thy words are riddles to me.

Ad Knowest thou not the doom she must undergo?

H I know the deed's meant to die, thy stead.

Ad How then is she still alive if so the promised?

He Ah! weep not thy wife before thy day put that off till then.

Ad The doomed is dead, the dead no more exists.

H Men count to be and not to be something part.

Ad Thy verdict thus, O Hercules, mine another.

H Whence wepest then? which of thy dear ones is the dead?

Ad 'Tis a woman I spoke of a woman just now.

He A stranger or one of thine own kin?

Ad A stranger yet in another sense related to my house.

H How then came she by her death in house of thine?

Ad Her father dead she lived here as an orphan.

He Ah! would I had found thee free from grief, Admetus!

Ad With what intent dost thou devise this speech?

H I will seek some other friendly hearth.

Ad Never O prince! Heaven on forefend such dire disgrace!

*He* A guest is a burden to sorrowing friends if come he should

*Ad* The dead are dead Come in

*He* To feast in a friend's house of sorrow is shameful

*Ad* The guest chambers lie apart whereto we will conduct thee

*He* Let me go ten thousandfold shall be my thanks to thee

*Ad* Thou must not go to any other hearth (*To* *Senani*) Go before open the guest rooms that face not these chambers and bid my stewards see there plenty of food then shut the doors that lead into the courtyard for us not seemly that guests when at their meat should hear the voice of weeping or be made sad

*Exit HERACLES*

*Ch* What doest thou? With such calamity before thee hast thou the heart Admetus to welcome visitors? What means this folly?

*Ad* Well and if I had driven him from my house and city when he came to be my guest wouldst thou have praised me more? No indeed! for my calamity would have been no whit less while I should have been more churlish And this would have been another woe to add to mine that my house should be called no friend to guests Yea and I find him myself the best of hosts whenever to Argos thirsty land I come

*Ch* Why then didst thou conceal thy present misfortune if as thy own lips declare it was a friend that came?

*Ad* He would never have entered my house had he known aught of my distress May be there are those who think me but a fool for acting thus and these will blame me but my halls have never learnt to drive away or treat with scorn my guests

*Ch* O home of hospitality thrown open by thy lord to all now and ever! In thee it was that Pylus Apollo the sweet harper designed to make his home and in thy halls was content to lead a shepherd's life piping mer or the sloping downs shepherd's madrigals to thy flocks And spotted lynxes couched amid his sheep in joy to hear his melody and the lions tawny troop left the glen of Othrys and came came too the dappled fawn on nimble foot from beyond the crested pines and frisked about thy lyre O Phœbus for very joy at thy glad some minstrelsy And so it is thy lord inhabits a home rich in countless flocks by Boëbe's lovely mere bounding his tilled corn land and his level pastures with the clime of the Molossian near the sun's dark stable and holding sway as far as the harbourous strand of the Ægean neath Pelion's shadow Now too hath he opened wide his house and welcomed a guest although his eye is wet with tears in mourning for his wife so dear but lately dead within his halls yea for noble birth to noble feeling is inclined And in the good completest wisdom dwells and at my heart sets the bold belief that heaven's servant will be blessed

*Ad* Men of Phœzæ kindly gathered here lo! even now my servants are bearing the corpse with all its trappings shouler h to the funeral pyre for bur

ial do ye as custom bids salute the dead on her last journey starting

*Ch* Look! I see thy father advancing with aged step and servants too bearing in their arms adornment for thy wife offerings for the dead

*Enter PHŒZÆ.*

*Pheres* My son I come to share thy sorrow for thou hast lost a noble peerless wife that no man will deny Yet must thou needs bear this blow hard though it be Accept this garniture and let it go beneath the earth for rightly is her body honoured since she died to save thy life my son and gave me back my child suffering me not to lose thee and pine away in an old age of sorrow Thus by the genecious deed she dared hath she made her life a noble example for all her sex Farewell to thee who hast saved this son of mine and raised me up who falling be thine a happy lot even in Hades hails! Such marriages I declare are gain to man else to wed is not worth while

*Ad* Thou hast come uncalled by me to this burial nor do I count thy presence as a friendly act. Never shall she be clad in any garniture of thine nor in her burial will she need aught of thine Thou shouldst have shewn thy sympathy at the time my doom was sealed But thou didst stand aloof and let another die though thou wert old the victim young shalt thou then mourn the dead? Methinks thou wert no real sire of mine nor was she my true mother who calls herself and is called so but I was sprung of slave's blood and privily substituted at thy wife's breast Brought to the test thou hast shewn thy nature I cannot think I am thy child by birth

By heaven thou art the very pattern of cowardice who at thy age on the borderland of life couldst not navi couldst not find the heart to die for thy own son but ye my parents left to this stranger whom I henceforth shall justly hold even as mother and as father too and none but her And yet was a noble exploit to achieve to die to save thy son and in any case the remnant of thy time to live was but short and I and she would have lived the days that were to be nor had I lost my wife and mourned my evil fate Moreover thou hast had all treatment that a happy man should have in princely pomp thy youth was spent thou hadst a son myself to be the heir of this thy home so thou hadst no fear of dying childless and leaving thy house desolate for strangers to pillage Nor yet canst thou say I did dishonour thy old age and give thee up to die seeing I have ever been to thee most dutiful and for this thou my sire and she my mother have made me this return Go then get other sons to tend thy closing years prepare thy body for the grave and lay out thy corpse For I will never bury thee with hand of mine for I am dead for all thou didst for me but if I found a saviour in another and still live his son I say I am and his fond nurse in old age will be 'Tis vain I see the old man's prayer for death his plants at age and life's long weariness For if death do but draw near not one doth wish to die old age no more they court so burdensome.

Ch. Fear ' no h the present sorrow O my son  
 glad not thy father's soul to fury

Fa. Child whom think st thou art evil ng? some  
 Lidian or Phrygian bought with thy mone? Art  
 not aware I am a freeborn Thessalian son of a Thes-

salian sire? Thou art too insolent yet from hence  
 thou halt not g as thou came t after shooting, out  
 thy br eard tongue at m To rule my house I be-

gat and burst thee up I own no d b of dying in thy  
 stead th m not the law that I receiv d f om my  
 ancestor that fathers should die for children n r

is it custom in Hellas For wail or woe thy life  
 must be thine own wh te er was due from roe to  
 thee thou hast Dom on wide m thine and acres

broad I will leave t thee f r from my father did I  
 inherit them How pray have I wronged thee? of  
 what am I robbi g thee? D e not thou for me nor

f for thee. Th you s in the li ht think st thou thy  
 are s is not? By Hea en! t a weary while I trow  
 that time beneath the earth and life thou h short

sweet Thou at len t did t struggle hard to scape  
 thy death lost to shame and by her death dost live  
 beyond thy dest ned t r m Dost thou then speak

f cowardice in me thou cra m heart! no mat h  
 for thy w fe, who hath d ed for thee her fine young  
 lord A clever ach me ha t thou de used to sta off

death for e er f th i canst persuade each new w fe  
 to die instead of thee and dost thou then taunt thy  
 friends, who will not do the like toward as thou

art thyself? Hold thy peace r fleet f thou dost  
 love the life so well, thus lo e by all is shared yet if  
 thou wilt speak ill of me thyself halt bear a full

and truthful li t of thy own crimes.  
 Ch. Too lon that list both now and her before  
 cease fute to revile this soo

Ad Say on, for I have said my say but if it vexes  
 thee t heat the truth thou shouldst not have unnes  
 sarily t me

Ph My no had been the deeper had I died for  
 them  
 Ad What! is it all on for young or old to die?

Ph T h e one list not twain m ill our due  
 Ad Ours then Zeus himself?

Ph Dost curse thy parents, thou h unharm'd by  
 them?

Ad Yes for I see thy heart s set on length of  
 da r

Ph I t not to m thyself thou art carryi g to  
 th tomb this corpse  
 Ad A proof f th cows d ee tho craven

hea r!  
 Ph At any rat h death wa not due t m this  
 thou can t not say  
 Ad Ah! mayt thou some d y come t n ed my

aid!  
 Ph Who m y w rs, that there may be th more  
 to die  
 Ad That is thy prouch for thou did t refuse to

die  
 Ph. Dear is the light f the sun god dear to all.  
 Ad. A coward soul is thine not to be reckoned  
 among men.

Ph No laugh ng now for thee at bearing forth  
 my a ed corpse

Ad Thy death w ll surely be a death of shame  
 come when it will

Ph Once dead I little reck of soul report.

Ad Alas! ho v ood of shame the old can bel

Ph Hers was no want of shame twas want of  
 sense in her that thou didst find

Ad Be one! and lea e me to bury my dead

Ph I go bury thy victim thyself her murderer  
 Her kinsmen yet will call for an account Else surely  
 has Acastus ceased to be a man if he avenge not on  
 thee his sister's blood

Ad Perdition seize thee and that wife of thine!  
 grow old as ye deserve childless, though your son  
 yet li es, for v shall ne er eat t the same abode

with me nay! we e it needful I should d own thy  
 pat rnal hearth by herald voice I had disown'd  
 it (Exit m ears) Now nce we must bear our  
 present woe let us go and lay the dead upon the

pyre  
 Ch Woe woe for thee! Alas, for thy hard hood!  
 N ble spirit good beyond compare farewell! May

Hermes in the nether world and Hades, too give  
 thee a kindly welcome! and if even in that other  
 life the good are re arded mayst thou have thy  
 share therein and take thy seat by Hades' bndel

Exit CHORUS  
 Enter ATTENDANT

Attendant Many the guests are now from e ery  
 corner f ch wo ld I have seen come m the halls of  
 Admetus, for whom I ha e spread the board but

ne er yet have I welcomed to this hearth a guest  
 so shameless as this a man who, in the first place,  
 though h saw my master's grief, yet ente ed and

p resumed to pass the gates, then took what cheer  
 we had in no sober spirit thou, h he k ew our sor  
 row n f was there au ht we failed to brn? he

call'd for it Next in h s hands he took a g blet of  
 y wood and dra k the pure ju ce of the black  
 grape till the mou ng fumes of wine heated him

and he crown'd his head with myrt! sprays, bowi  
 ng d'cordantly while two-fold strains were there  
 to hear f r he would sing w thout a thought for the

tr ubles in Admetus' halls while we ser ants  
 mourn'd our mistress, though we did not let the  
 stranger see our streams g even, for such was the

bidding of Adm us. So now here am I eni n iug  
 as guest some miscrea t thi f may be or robber  
 while sh is gone to th from th house, nor d d I

f flow h s n r st et h my hand t ward, her bier  
 us mourning f t my lady who, to m d all her  
 servants, was m th r for the w uld save us from

c u tless trouble appea ing her husband's angry  
 mood Ha e I not good cause then to loathe this  
 guest who cometh in our hour of woe?

Enter HERACLES  
 He Ho! surrah why that solemn thoughtful look?  
 'Tis n t the way for ser vants to scowl on guests,  
 b it with courteous soul to welc me them. But thou,  
 seeing a friend f th master art e recea est him  
 with sullen lowen brow thou h in but a stranger

*He* A guest is a burden to sorrowing friends if come he should

*Ad* The dead are dead Come in

*He* To feast in a friend's house of sorrow is shameful

*Ad* The guest chambers lie apart whereto we will conduct thee

*He* Let me go ten thousandfold shall be my thanks to thee

*Ad* Thou must not go to any other hearth (*To a Servant*) Go before open the guest rooms that face not these chambers and bid my stewards see there is plenty of food then shut the doors that lead into the courtyard for 'tis not seemly that guests when at their meat should hear the voice of weeping or be made sad

*Exit HERACLES*

*Ch* What doest thou? With such calamity before thee hast thou the heart Admetus to welcome visitors? What means this folly?

*Ad* Well and if I had driven him from my house and city when he came to be my guest wouldst thou have praised me more? No indeed! for my calamity would have been no whit less while I should have been more churlish And this would have been another woe to add to mine that my house should be called no friend to guests Yea and I find him myself the best of hosts whenever to Argos thirsty land I come

*Ch* Why then didst thou conceal thy present misfortune if as thy own lips declare it was a friend that came?

*Ad* He would never have entered my house had he known aught of my distress May be there are those who think me but a fool for acting thus and these will blame me but my halls have never learnt to drive away or treat with scorn my guests

*Ch* O home of hospitality thrown open by thy lord to all now and ever! In thee it was that Pythian Apollo the sweet harper deigned to make his home and in thy halls was content to lead a shepherd's life piping over the sloping downs shepherd's madrigals to thy flocks And spotted lynxes couched amid his sheep in joy to hear his melody and the lions' tawny troop left the glen of Othrys and came came to the dappled fawn on nimble foot from beyond the crested pines and frisked about thy lyre O Phœbus for very joy at thy gladsome minstrelsy And so it is thy lord inhabits a home rich in countless flocks by Bœbe's lovely mere bounding his tilled corn land and his level pastures with the clime of the Molossian near the sun's dark stable and holding sway as far as the harbourless strand of the Ægean neath Pelion's shadow Now too hath he opened wide his house and welcomed a guest although his eye is wet with tears in mourning for his wife so dear but lately dead within his halls yea for noble birth to noble feeling is inclined And in the good completest wisdom dwells and at my heart sits the bold belief that heaven's servant will be blessed

*Ad* Men of Phœxæ kindly gathered here lo! even now my servants are bearing the corpse with all its trappings shoulder high to the funeral pyre for bur-

ial do ye as custom bids salute the dead on her last journey starting

*Ch* Look! I see thy father advancing with aged step and servants too bearing in their arms adornment for thy wife offerings for the dead

*Enter PHERES*

*Pheres* My son I come to share thy sorrow for thou hast lost a noble peerless wife that no man will deny Yet must thou needs bear this blow hard though it be Accept this garniture and let it go beneath the earth for rightlily is her body honoured since she died to save thy life my son and gave me back my child suffering me not to lose thee and pine away in an old age of sorrow Thus by the generous deed she dared hath she made her life a noble example for all her sex Farewell to thee who hast saved this son of mine and raised me up when falling be thine a happy lot even in Hades hallel Such marriages I declare are gain to man else to wed is not worth while

*Ad* Thou hast come uncalled by me to this burial nor do I count thy presence as a friendly act Never shall she be clad in any garniture of thine nor in her burial will she need aught of thine Thou shouldst have shewn thy sympathy at the time my doom was sealed But thou didst stand aloof and let another die though thou wert old the victim you shalt thou then mourn the dead? Methinks thou wert no real sire of mine nor was she my true mother who calls herself and is called so but I was sprung of slave's blood and privily substituted at thy wife's breast Brought to the test thou hast shewn thy nature I cannot think I am thy child by birth

By heaven thou art the very pattern of cowards, who at thy age on the borderline of life wouldst not navel couldst not find the heart to die for thy own son but yet my parents left to this stranger whom I henceforth shall justly hold even as mother and as father too and none but her And yet 'twas a noble exploit to achieve to die to save thy son and in any case the remnant of thy time to live was but short and I and she would have lived the days that were to be nor had I lost my wife and mourned my evil fate Moreover thou hast had all treatment that a happy man should have in princely pomp thy youth was spent thou hadst a son myself to be the heir of this thy home so thou hadst no fear of dying childless and leaving thy house desolate for strangers to pillage Nor yet canst thou say I did dishonour thy old age and give thee up to die see now I have ever been to thee most dutiful and for this thou my sire and she my mother have made me thus return Go then get other sons to tend thy closing years prepare thy body for the grave and lay out thy corpse For I will never bury thee with hand of mine for I am dead for all thou didst for me but if I found a saviour in another and still live his son I say I am and his fond nurse in old age will be Thine vain I see the old man's prayer for death his plights at age and life's long weariness For if death do but draw near not one doth wish to die old age no more they court so burdensome.

## ALCESTIS

886-954

death's rays is too much to bear when one might go through his life without wife or child

Alas! we cannot cope with it as come upon us.

Ad. Woe is me!

Ch. But thou to sorrow settest no limit

Ad. Ah! ah!

Ch. 'Tis hard to bear but still—

Ad. Woe is me!

Ch. Thou art of the first & last—

Ad. Of woe is me!

Ch. A wife's misfortune takes a different shape for every man she pleases.

Ad. O the woe! O the grief for dear ones dead and gone! Why dost thou hinder me from plunging into the gaping grave there to lay me down and die with her my peerless bride? Then would Hades for that once have gotten these two faithful souls at once cross in the nether lake together.

Ch. I had a kinsman once, with whose home died his only son worthy of a father's tears yet in spite of that he bore his grief with equanimity though he was, his hair already turning grey himself far on in years, upon life's downward track.

Ad. O house of mine how can I enter thee? how can I breathe, what fortune turns against me? Ah me! How wide the gulf was then and now! Then with thy cheer I from Ilium pines, with marriage hymns I entered in, I found my dear wife's hand and set our back a crowd of friends with cheerful voices, singing the happy lot of my dead wife and calling us a noble pair made one hidden both of hubbub and lineage but now the voice of woe instead of wedding hymns, and robes of black instead of snowy white usher me into my house to my deserted couch.

Ch. Hard upon prosperous fortune came this sorrow to thee, a stranger to adversity yet thou staid thy soul! Thy wife is dead and gone her love she leaves with thee. What new thing is here? Death ere now from many a man hath torn a wife.

Ad. My friends, I count my dead wife's lot more blessed than mine for all it seems not so for never more can sorrow touch her so ever all her evil is over and glorious is her fame. While I, who had no right to live, have passed the bounds of fate on ly to the land of misery. I know it now. For how shall I end it? I tell thee my brother? Whom shall I dress, whom be-er back, to find this pollution my enemy? In my house shall I turn? Within the desolate walls do I find it? I have more to fear than I need. On the seat where once she sat the floor I dust in the house and my babes fall at my knees with piteous tears for their mother while I weep. I am the good mistress their house is in. These are the sorrows in my home while abroad the miseries move. Thesalian and the Thong road women will drive me mad for I cannot bear to go upon the corpses of my wife. And whose is my foe will taunt me thus, Be-

hold him living in his shame, a wretch who quailed at death himself but of his coward heart gave up his wedded wife instead and escaped from Hades doth he deem himself a man after that? And he loathes his parents, though himself refused to die. Such ill report shall I to my evils add. What profit then my friends, for me to live in fame and fortune ruined.

Ch. Myself have traced the Muses' path have soared amid the stars, have laid my hand on many a theme and yet have found naught stronger than mere story no spell inscribed on Thracian tablets written there by Orpheus, the sweet singer not sought among the temples culled by Phoebus for the roiling race of men and given to Asclepius sons. The only goddess the whose altar or whose image man cannot approach with incense she heeds not. Come not to me dread goddess, in greater might than heretofore in my career. Even Zeus requires thy aid to bring to pass whatso he wills. Thou too it is that by sheer force dost bend the steel among the Chalybes nor is there any pity in thy relentless nature.

This is the goddess that hath gripped thee too in chains thou canst not escape yet steel thy heart, for all thy weeping never will bring to light again the dead from the realms below. Even sons of gods perish in darkness in the hour of death. We loved her while she was with us, we love her still though dead noblest of her sex was she the wife thou tookest to thy bed. Her tomb let none regard as the grave of those who die and are no more, but let her have honours equal with the gods revered by every trader and many a one will cross the road and read this verse aloud. 'This is she that died in days gone by to me her lord now is the spirit blest Hail, lady revered be kind to us! Such glad meeting shall she have. Breathe Admetus! yonder I believe comes Alcmene's son toward thy hearth.'

Enter HERACLES with a tiled woman

Admetus, to a friend we should speak freely, not hold our peace and harbour in our hearts complaints. I came to thee in thy hour of sorrow and claimed the right to prove myself thy friend but thou wouldst not tell me that he thy wife lay stretched in death but didst make me a welcome guest in thy halls, as though thy whole concern was centred on a stranger's loss. So I mourned my head and poured drink-offerings to the god in that thy house of sorrow. Wherefore I do blame thee for thy treatment of me yet would not grieve thee in thy trouble. So now the reason I have returned my steps and come to thee again I will tell. This lady take and keep for me until I come bring her hither the steeds of Ilium after I have slain the lord of the Bistonians. But should I care for a Ilium would not I give her to thee to serve within thy hall? With no small toil she came into my hands. 'Twas thus I found folk just proposing an open contest for athletes, well worth a struggle and I won her as a prize and brought her to me now those who were successful in the lighter contests had horses for their prize, but

that is the object of thy mourning. Come hither that thou too mayst learn more wisdom. Dost know the nature of this mortal state? I trow not how shouldst thou? Well, lend an ear to me. Death is the common debt of man: no mortal really knows if he will live to see the morrow's light for Fortune's issues are not in our care beyond the teacher's rule they lie: no art can master them. Harken then to this and learn of me: be merry, drink thy cup and count the present day thine own: the rest to Fortune yield. And to Cyprus too, sweetest of the gods by far to man, thy tribute pay for kindly is her mood. Let be those other cares and heed my counsel if thou thinkst I speak aright: methinks I do. Come, banish this excessive grief and drink a cup with me when thou hast passed beyond these doors and wreathed thy brow, and I feel sure the splash of wine within the cup will bring thee to a better haven from this crabbed mood, this cabined state of mind. Mortals we are and mortals thou; his should have for all they who frown and scowl do miss—leastways I think so—the true life and get themselves misfortune.

*At* I know all that: but our present state has little claim on revelry or laughter.

*He* The dead was a stranger woman: grieve not to excess for the rulers of thy house are living.

*At* How living? Thou knowest not the trouble in the house.

*He* I do, unless thy master did in aught deceive me.

*At* Too hospitable is he.

*He* Was I to miss good cheer because a stranger had died?

*At* A stranger surely! quite a stranger she!

*He* Is there some trouble that he withheld from me?

*At* Farewell go thy way! my master's troubles are my care.

*He* This word of thine heralds not a grief for strangers! *lt*

*At* Had it been the sight of thy merriment had not grieved me so.

*He* Can it be mine host hath strangely wronged me?

*At* Thou camest at no proper time for our house to welcome thee: for sorrow is come upon us, for thou seest our shorn heads and robes of sable hue.

*He* Who is it that is dead? Is it a child or his aged sire that hath passed away?

*At* Nay, sir, guest, 'tis Admetus' wife that is no more.

*He* What sayest thou? and didst thou then in spite of that admit me to your cheer?

*At* Yes, for his regard would not let him send thee from his door.

*He* Unhappy husband, what a wife hast thou lost!

*At* We are all undone, not she alone.

*He* I knew it when I saw his streaming eye, shorn head and downcast look: yet did he persuade me

saying it was a stranger he was bearing to burial. So I did constrain myself and passed his gates and sat drinking in his hospitable halls when he was suffering thus. And have I wreathed my head and do I revel still? But—thou to hold thy peace when such a crushing sorrow lay upon the house! Where is he burying her? Whither shall I go to find her?

*At* Beside the road that leadeth straight to Larissa shalt thou see her carved tomb outside the suburb.

*Ero*

*He* O heart, O soul, both sufferers oft, now show the mettle of that son Tyrrinthian Alcmena daughter of Electryon, bare to Zeus. For I must save this woman dead but now, setting Alcestis once again within this house and to Admetus this kind service render. So I will go and watch for Death the black-robed monarch of the dead, and him methinks I shall find as he drinks of the blood offering near the tomb. And if from ambush rushing once I catch and fold him in my arms, embrace, none shall ever wrest him thence with smarting ribs: ere he give up the woman unto me. But should I fail to find my prey and he come not to the clotted blood, I will go to the sunless home of those beneath the earth to Persephone and her king and make to them my prayer, sure that I shall bring Alcestis up again to place her in the hands of him, my host, who welcomed me to his house nor drove me thence though fortune smote him hard, but this his noble spirit strove to hide out of regard for me. What host more kind than him in Thessaly? or in the homes of Hellas? Wherefore shall he never say his generous deeds were lavished on a worthless wretch.

*Ero*

*Enter ADMETUS and CHORUS*

*Ad* Ah, me! I loathe this entering in and loathe to see my widowed home. Woe, woe is me! Whither shall I go? Where stand? what say? or what suppress? Would God that I were dead! Surely in an evil hour my mother gave me birth. The dead I envy and would fain be as they and long to dwell within their courts. No joy to me to see the light, no joy to tread the earth, such a hostage death hath reft me of and handed over to Hades.

*Ch* Move forward, go within the shelter of thy house.

*Ad* Woe is me!

*Ch* Thy sufferings claim these cries of woe.

*Ad* Ah, me!

*Ch* Through anguish hast thou gone, full well I know.

*Ad* Alas! alas!

*Ch* Thou wilt not help the dead one whither.

*Ad* O misery!

*Ch* Nevermore to see thy dear wife face to face is grief indeed.

*Ad* Thy words have probed the sore place in my heart. What greater grief can come to man than the loss of a faithful wife? Would I had never married or shared with her my home! I envy those amongst men who have not wife nor child. There is but one life to grieve for that is no excessive burden, but to see children fall ill and bridal beds emptied by

I haply to thy gaze she has a semblance of thy  
 self and now that thou art blest, cease from sor-  
 row.

*Ad.* Great gods, what shall I say? a man I lost all  
 hope is here! My wife my own true wife I see or I  
 was mocking rapture sent by heaven to drive me  
 mad.

*He.* No, no, 'tis thy own wife thou seest here.

*Ad.* Beware it be not a phantom from that nether  
 world.

*He.* No necromancer was this guest whom thou  
 didst welcome.

*Ad.* Do I behold my wife here with me I buried?

*He.* Be well assured the coffin I'll marvel not  
 thou dost distrust thy luck.

*Ad.* 'Tis I touch her may I speak to her as my  
 living wife?

*He.* Speak to her. For thou hast all thy heart's  
 desire.

*Ad.* O form and features of my well-loved wife!  
 part all hope I hold thee near, expecting to see  
 thee again.

*He.* So thou dost, may no jealous god rise against  
 thee!

*Ad.* O noble son ofalmighty Zeus, good father to  
 thee! may the fates that bear thee hold thee in  
 his keeping so thou and no else hast raised my  
 fallen fortunes. How didst thou bring her from the  
 world below to this light of day?

*He.* By encounter with the god who had her in his  
 power.

*Ad.* Where didst thou engage with Death? tell  
 me this.

*He.* Just by the tomb I from my ambrosian spran-  
 and caused her to return to my grasp.

*Ad.* But why thou speechless stand my wife?

*He.* 'Tis not lawful yet for thee to hear her speak  
 ere she be purified from the gods below, and the  
 third day be come. So lead her in and hereafter  
 even as thou be just and kind to guests, Admetus.

Now listen all! for I must go to perform my ap-  
 pointed task for the lordly son of Sthenelus.

*Ad.* Adieu with us and be our welcome guest.

*He.* Another time, now must I use all haste.

*Ad.* Good luck to thee! and mayst thou come  
 again! (*Exit HERCULES*) To the citizens and all my  
 realm I make this proclamation that they in tribute  
 dances honour of the glad event and make the  
 altars steam with sacrifice and offer prayers for  
 how has he moved my back of life in a happy  
 hour thus before and so will own myself a happy  
 man.

*Ch.* Many are the hapings that fortune takes, and  
 oft the gods bring things to pass beyond our expect-  
 ations. That which we deemed so sure is not fulfil-  
 led while it is that we never thought would be.  
 God finds out a way, and such hath been the issue  
 in the present case.

*Exit all except*



those who conquered in severer feats in boxing and wrestling won herds of oxen and this woman was to be added thereto with such a chance were shame indeed to pass so fair a guerdon by. So thou must take her in thy charge as I said for not by theft but honest toil I won the prize I bring and may be e'en thou in time wilt thank me.

*Ad.* 'Twas not because of any slight or unkind thought of thee that I concealed my wife's sad fate but this were adding grief to grief if thou hadst gone from hence to the halls of some other friend and it sufficed that I should mourn my sorrow. But I do beseech thee prince if 'tis possible bid some other Thessalian one who hath not suffered as I have keep the maiden for thee—and thou hast many friends in Phææ remind me not of my misfortune. For I could not see her in my house and stay my tears. Oh! add not new affliction to my stricken heart for sure by sorrow am I bowed enough. And where within my halls could a tender maiden live? for such she is as her dress and vesture show. Is she to dwell where men consort? Then how shall she retain her maiden purity if mid our youths she come and go? O Heracles it is no easy task to check a young man's fancy and I am anxious for thy sake. Or art I to take her to my dead wife's bower and care for her? How can I bring her there to fill the other's bed? Twofold reproach I fear first some fellow townsman may taunt me with betraying my benefactress in eagerness to wed a new young bride next there is my dead wife whom I should much regard for she doth merit all my reverence. Thou too lady whosoever thou art believe me art the very counterfeit presentment of Alceste's picture of her form ah me! O take this maiden I conjure thee from my sight slay me not already slain. For in her I seem once more to see my wife and my heart is darkly troubled and the fountains of my eyes are loosed. Ah woe me! Now do I taste the bitterness of this my grief.

*Ch.* Indeed I cannot call thy fortune blest yet heaven's gift must thou endure whoever the god that comes to bring it.

*He.* Would I had the power to bring thy wife up to the light from the halls of death and confer this kindness on thee!

*Ad.* Right well I know thou wouldst. But what of that? The dead can never come to life again.

*He.* Do not exceed the mark but bear thy grief with moderation.

*Ad.* 'Tis easier to advise than to suffer and endure.

*He.* Yet what thy gain if thou for aye wilt mourn.

*Ad.* I too know that myself but some strange yearning leads me on.

*He.* Love for the dead compels a tear.

*Ad.* Her death was mine more than any words of mine can tell.

*He.* Thou hast lost a noble wife who shall grieve say it?

*Ad.* Life henceforth hath lost all charm for me.

*He.* Time will soothe the smart as yet thy grief is young.

*Ad.* Time I use that word if death and time are one.

*He.* A new wife and a longin' for a fresh marriage will stay thy sorrow.

*Ad.* Peace! What words are thine? I never of thee had thought it.

*He.* What! wilt never wed but preserve thy widowed state?

*Ad.* There is no woman living that shall share my couch.

*He.* Dost think that this will help the dead at all?

*Ad.* My reverence she deserves where'er she is.

*He.* I praise thee yea but still thou bring'st on thyself the charge of folly.

*Ad.* So that thou never call'st me bridegroom praise me if thou wilt.

*He.* I praise thee for thy loyalty to thy wife.

*Ad.* Come death! if ever I betray her dead thou be she be.

*He.* Well take this maiden to the shelter of thy noble house.

*Ad.* Spare me I entreat thee by Zeus thy sire.

*He.* Be sure if thou refuse 'twill be a sad mistake.

*Ad.* If I comply remorse will gnaw my heart.

*He.* Yield for in god's good time may be thou wilt give me thanks.

*Ad.* Ah! would thou hadst never won her in the games!

*He.* Yet thou too sharest in my victory.

*Ad.* True still let this maiden go away.

*He.* Go she shall if go she must but first see if this is needful.

*Ad.* I needs must else wilt thou be wroth with me.

*He.* I have a reason good to press the matter thus.

*Ad.* Have thy way then. Yet know well thy deed I disapprove.

*He.* A day will come that thou wilt praise me only yield.

*Ad.* (To his servants) Take her in if I needs must give her welcome in my house.

*He.* To thy servants will I not hand her over.

*Ad.* Conduct her then thyself within if so thou thinkest good.

*He.* Nay but into thy hands shall mine consign her.

*Ad.* I will not touch her though she is free to go within my halls.

*He.* To thy hand and thine alone I her entrust.

*Ad.* Prince against my will thou dost constrain me to this deed.

*He.* Boldly stretch out thy hand and touch the stranger maid.

*Ad.* There then I stretch it out as toward the Gorgon's severed head.

*He.* Hast hold of her?

*Ad.* I have.

*He.* (Removes the veil) So keep her safely then and in days to come thou wilt confess the son of Zeus proved himself a noble guest. Look well at her

left Egeus's cliffs, and with the ear that sweeps the sea, put in here from across the strait?

I See no island like I lead, but from Mycenæ to this land I come.

Oh What do they call there and see those folk in Mycenæ?

In Mycenæ he heard of Iphigenia, the occurred of Hecuba, for he was not unknown to them.

Oh Yes, I have heard of him in bygone days but tell me now are the tender boys thou bearest in this army?

In These are the sons of Heracles, come as suppliants to you and your city.

Oh What is their quest? Are they anxious, tell me to please an audience of the sea?

I That so they may escape surrender nor be torn with violence from thy altars, and brought to Argos.

Oh Yet how will you satisfy thy masters, who once have been a friend and so have tracked thee hither?

Oh Since we do but reverence the gods, supplicants, suffering, none with violent hand to make thee in law, the altars, for that will divine Justice not permit.

Oh Do thou then drive these suplicants of Eurystheus forth, and this hand of mine shall abstain from violence.

Oh Twere impious for this state to neglect the solemn supplicant's prayer.

Let us well keep clear of troubles, by advice that counsel, which is the wise.

Oh Thou then shouldst have told the monarch of this land the errand before him, so had out of regard to his country's freedom, instead I tried to drive strangers by force from the altars of the gods.

Oh Who is monarch of this land and state?

Oh Demophilus, son of gallant Theseus.

Oh Surely I were most to the purpose to discuss this matter somewhat with him, and else has been said in vain.

Oh Lo here it comes a person, is he have and Agamemnon his brother? I hear what thou hast to say.

Enter DEMOPHILUS and AGAMEMNON.

Demophilus. Since thou for all thy years hast our strayed rovers or men in common to the rescue of this land of Zeus, I thought I might have chanced to bring this crowd to thee.

Oh There sit the sons of Heracles as suppliants, here I wished to alter as thou seest. Oh how and with them I have trusted counsel of their kin.

Oh Who should have even have caused for this of pain?

Oh (Turning to come.) This fellow caused the pain by trying to drive them forth from this altar, and by bringing up the old man, till my tears for pity flowed.

Oh Hecuba dress and fashion in his robes, do he no doubt adopt but deeds like these befit the barbarian. Thou, with, tell the stranger the country where thou comest hither.

Oh An Argive I since that thou seek it to know Who sent me and the object of my coming? Will I freely tell. Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ sends me hither to fetch these back, and I have come straightway, with just friends in plenty, came for speech or a boon. An Argive I myself. As yet I come to fetch, taking, in me three runaways from my native city, on whom the doors of death was passed by our laws there and we have a right since we rid our city and reverently to satisfy its seafarers. And though they have come as suppliants to the altars of numerous gods here, we have taken our stand on these same arguments, and no one has ventured to bring upon himself evils of his own getting. But they have come hither either because they perceived soon folly in thee or in their perplexity, staking all on one throw to win or lose for sure, they do not suppose that thou, if so thou hast, thy senses still, and only thou, in all the breadth of Hellas they have tried, wilt pity their foolish troubles. Come now, put argument against argument, what will be thy gain, suppose thou admit them to the land, or let us take them hence? From us these benefits are thine to win, this city can secure as friend Argos, with its far reaching arm, and Eurystheus can be complete whilst if thou lend an ear to their piteous pleading and grow soft, the matter must result in trial of arms, for be sure we shall not yield the struggle without appealing to the sword. What pretext wilt thou urge? Of what domains art thou robbed that thou shouldst take and wage war with the Tarentine Argives? What kind of allies art thou adding? For whom will they have fallen whom thou burnest? Surely thou wilt get an evil name from the citizens, if for the sake of an old man with one foot in the grave, a mere shadow I may say, and for these children, thou wilt plunge in a troublous war.

The best thou canst say is, that thou wilt find in them bone and nothing more, and yet this fails far short of the present need for these would be but a poor match for Argos even when it is armed and in their prime, if haply the names thy spirits moreover the name wait now and then is lost, wherein it may be blotted out. Now hearken to me, give me advice, but let me make mine own, and so gain Mycenæ, but for best to act now as a your Athenian way, and take the weaker side, when it is in thy power to choose the stronger as thy friends.

Oh Who can decide a cause or ascertain its merits, till from both sides he clearly learn what they would say?

Oh How in the land I start with this advice, thou art to hear and speak in turn, and note that which will drive me hence as elsewhere they would. Twere not and him to sit in common, for we no longer have a right to do with Argos, since that decree was passed, but we are exiles from our native land, how then can he justly drive us back as subjects of Mycenæ, seeing that they have banished us? For we are strangers. Or do we claim that every exile from Argos is excluded from the bounds of Hellas?

## HERACLEIDÆ

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                          |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| IOLAUS                   | SERVANT of Hyllus |
| COPREUS                  | ALCMEŒA           |
| DEMOPHON                 | MESSSENGER        |
| MACARIA                  | EURYSTHEUS        |
| CHORUS OF AGED ATHENIANS |                   |

*Before the altar of Zeus at Marathon Enter IOLAUS with the children of Heracles*

*Iolaus* I hold this true and long have held Nature hath made one man upright for his neighbours good while another hath a disposition wholly given over to gain useless alike to the state and difficult to have dealings with but for himself the best of men and this I know not from mere hearsay I for instance from pure regard and reverence for my kith and kin though I might have lived at peace in Argos alone of all my race shared with Heracles his labours while he was yet with us and now that he dwells in heaven I keep these his children safe beneath my wing though myself I need protection For when their father passed from earth away Eurystheus would first of all have slain us but we escaped And though our home is lost our life was saved But in exile we wander from city to city ever forced to roam For added to our former wrongs Eurystheus thought it fit to put this further outrage upon us wheresoe'er he heard that we were settling thither would he send heralds demanding our surrender and driving us from thence holding out this threat that Argos is no mean city to make a friend or foe and furthermore pointing to his own prosperity So they seeing how weak my means and these little ones left without a father bow to his superior might and drive us from their land And I share the exile of these children and help them bear their evil lot by my sympathy loth to betray them lest someone say Look you! now that the children's sire is dead Iolaus no more protects them kinsman though he is Not one corner left us in the whole of Hellas we are come to Marathon and its neighbouring land and here we sit as suppliants at the altars of the gods and pray their aid for tis said two sons of Theseus dwell upon these plains the lot of their inheritance scions of Pandion's stock related to these children this the reason we have come on this our way to the borders of glorious Athens To lead the slight two aged guides are we my care is centred on these boys while she I mean Alcmena clasps her son's daughter in her arms and bears her for safety within this shrine for we shrink from letting tender maidens come anigh the crowd or stand as suppliants at the altar Now Hyllus and

the elder of his brethren are seeking some place for us to find a refuge if we are driven by force from this land O children children come hither! hold unto my robe for lo! I see a herald coming towards us from Eurystheus by whom we are persecuted winderersexcluded from every land (*Enter COPREUS*) A curse on thee and him that sent thee hateful wretch! for that same tongue of thine hath oft announced its master's evil hests to these children's noble sire as well

*Copreus* Doubtless thy folk lets thee think this is a good position to have taken up and that thou art come to a city that will help thee No! there is none that will prefer thy feeble arm to the might of Eurystheus Begone! why take this trouble? Thou must arise and go to Argos where awaits thee death by stoning

*Io* Not so for the god's altar will protect me and this land of freedom wherein we have set foot

*Co* Wilt give me the trouble of laying hands on thee?

*Io* By force at least shalt thou never drag these children hence

*Co* That shalt thou soon learn it seems thou wert a poor prophet after all in this

*COPREUS here sees the children*

*Io* This shall never happen whilst I live

*Co* Begone! for I will take them hence for all thy refusals for I hold that they belong to Eurystheus as they do indeed

*Io* Help ye who long have had your home in Athens! we suppliants at Zeus altar in your market place are being haled by force away our sacred wreaths defiled shame to your city in the gods dishonour

*Enter CHORUS*  
*Chorus* Hark hark! What cry is this that rises near the altar? At once explain the nature of the trouble

*Io* See this aged frame hurled in its feebleness upon the ground! Woe is me!

*Ch* Who threw thee down thus pitifully?

*Io* Behold the man who flouts your gods kind sirs and tries by force to drag me from my seat before the altar of Zeus

*Ch* From what land old stranger art thou come to this confederate state of four cities? or have ye

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As custom, to enquire what happened two-fold  
 Betide thee, but a tale he will tell his master of  
 dreadful treatment, how he came very near for no  
 body's sake.

I Children, be so bayer prize than this th  
 be, here is good and noble is, and the power  
 is wed from not families but whose is en is ed  
 by power and makes a low born match. I can't  
 prize for his, to his child, as a legacy of shame  
 to justify himself. For noble birth offers a stouter  
 man, as to ad estate than have parent's name for  
 more, as to the last extremity of woe have found  
 friend and sustenance here the cool champions  
 three judges thou hast all the length and breadth  
 of this Hellenic world. O my child, as you to them  
 your hand, ad they the same to you draw near to  
 death, the judges, as the neutral souls for odds,  
 and if ever see the path that lead you to death, to  
 your own land, and possess your home and the  
 bosom of your father, count them ever your  
 friend and your saviour and be it left to rest them  
 lead the foreign's fear in memory of this, but  
 had this city first must show you to be. I see that  
 well deserve your warm reward in that they have  
 saved from our shoulders to their own the enemy  
 of us, here a land as at our poor, as though  
 they saw we were as abjects and beggars, still they  
 did not go on upon our dirty walls. So while I live,  
 and after death, come when it will, loudly will  
 I praise you, good friend, and will extol thee as  
 I stand at Titonus and Chrysis has I care. I  
 tell how thou didst go, kind welcome and protect  
 ion to the ones that fled, and how you have thou  
 dost preserve the father's life as he was the length  
 of life, and hast not fallen from thy high estate  
 to such a father brought thee a low which is  
 warriors can boast the more to many, all those  
 warriors may be, but as I do or as I from his age.

Alas, this land is ever ready to an honour cause,  
 and the trifles. Wherefore ever now I have and red  
 for my near benefits for friends, and now in this  
 we at night, I have.

De Thou hast not to ill, and I feel confident  
 how conduct will be such, our kindness and they  
 not forget now and I must be the terms and get  
 them to arms, as I have seen the war host  
 with men of rank. I have sent scouts to  
 meet them, let them fall upon us unawares for at  
 Argo every man prompt to answer to the call,  
 and I will with prophets and ordain a sacrifice.  
 But do you let the law of Zeus and go with the  
 bid to us in this house for they are those who  
 care for their city, though I be dead. Enter  
 from home, I mean.

I will order the way, let us at her stand  
 per in for the city's success, and when thou  
 hast made provision end of this war, we will go  
 to the battle, not as the gods do champion us  
 taken by the gods of Argos. O the Hera wife

of Zeus, their leader Athena ours. And thus I say  
 is an omen of success that we have the strong or  
 der, for Pallas will not brook defeat.

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Alas, Thou hast laid thy house, there be others care  
 on me, I have for that O stranger, from the land  
 of Argos, not wilt thou scare my soul as the swelling  
 words. I yet be this the fate of our city Athens,  
 beautiful town! But thou art full of sense and so  
 be, who lords over Argos, the son of Sthenelus—  
 thou that comest to another state in no wise weaker  
 than Argos, and stay yet that thou art wouldst  
 draw away by force suppliants of the gods, wander  
 er that cling to my land for help refusing to yield  
 to our law, nor as I have a honest plea to urge.  
 How can such conduct count a honourable at first  
 in war men's judgment? I am for peace myself, yet  
 I tell thee, wicked man, although thou comest unto  
 my city, thou hast not get so easily what thou ex-  
 pectest. Thou art not the only man to wield a sword  
 or tax with plates of brass. Nay, thou ever war  
 nor I warn thee, but in not war a alarms against our  
 body, thou restrain yourself.

Re-enter Eurystheus

I My son, why further art thou returned with  
 in anxious look? Hast thou news of the enemy?  
 Are they coming, are they here or what? I tell  
 me. For of surety, a herald will not ply in  
 falsehood. No, so I am that it is a prosperous here  
 before will come with their ships exceeding proud  
 against Athens. But Zeus doth punish a reckless  
 pride.

De The host of Argos is come, and Eurystheus  
 his kin, my own eyes saw him first the man who  
 thinks he knows good generalship must see the foe  
 as he presents to him. As yet, however, he hath  
 not yet his host into the plain, but can red upon  
 a rocky brow, as watching. I only I tell thee what I  
 think this means—to see by what he would lead his  
 army, hither without fight, and how to take up  
 a safe position in the island. Have we all our plants  
 as by this time can fall, had the city under  
 arms, the columns stand ready to be slain to every  
 god whose do this, as seems he filled the  
 town with sacrifices, to turn the foe's flight and  
 keep our country safe. All those who chant pro-  
 phetic word he has assembled, and he has examined  
 ancient oracles, both public and secret, as means to  
 as the city. And thou, with several answers differ-  
 in man's points, as to on is the sentiment of all  
 clear, the same, he bid me turn to Demeter's  
 dau, as he were minded from a noble girl or sprung  
 from I know how our city is as zealous as thou  
 seem, I will not stay my hand nor will I compel  
 any of our subjects to do so against his will, for who  
 of his own will doth harbour such an evil, thou be-  
 lieve in his own hands the child he loves?  
 And now thou mayest see, as I have gathered, where  
 soon declare that he is ready to be a pliant stran-  
 ger, who others charge me as I do, but if I do  
 this deed, as in war as then and there in foot, do  
 thou then look to this and help to find a way to our

Or let us keep our place, as we are, the city's  
 success.

Not from Athens surely for ne'er will she for fear of Argos drive the children of Heracles from her land. Here in no Trachis, not at all, nor that Achaean town whence thou defying justice but boasting of the might of Argos in the very words thou now art using didst drive the suppliants from their station at the altar. If this shall be and thy words approve why then I trow this is no more Athens the home of freedom. Nay but I know the temper and nature of these citizens they would rather die for honour's sake before mere life with men of worth. Enough! Athens! for excessive praise is apt to breed disgust and oft ere now I have myself felt vexed at praise that knows no bounds. But to thee as ruler of this land I fain would show the reason why thou art bound to save these children. Pittheus was the son of Pelops from him sprung Æthra and from her Theseus thy sire was born. And now will I trace back these children's lineage for thee. Heracles was son of Zeus and Alcmena. Alcmena sprang from Pelops daughter therefore thy father and their father would be the sons of first cousins. Thus then art thou to them related O Demophon but thy just debt to them beyond the ties of kinship do I now declare to thee for I assert in days gone by I was with Theseus on the ship as their father's squire when they went to fetch that girdle fraught with death and from Hades murky dungeons did Heracles bring thy father up as all Hellas doth attest. Wherefore in return they crave this boon of thee that they be not surrendered up nor torn by force from the altars of thy gods and cast forth from the land. For this were shame on thee and hurtful likewise in thy state should suppliants evileth and kin of thine be haled away by force. For pity's sake cast one glance at them I do entreat thee having my suppliant bough upon thee by thy hands and beard slight not the sons of Heracles now that thou hast them in thy power to help. Show thyself their kinsman and their friend be to them father brother lord for better each and all of these than to fall beneath the Argives' hand.

Ch O king I pity them hearing their sad lot. Now more than ever do I see noble birth or income by fortune for these though sprung from a noble sire are suffering what they ne'er deserved.

De Three aspects of the case constrain me. Iolaus not to spurn the guests thou bringest first and foremost there is Zeus at whose altar thou art seated with these tender children gathered round thee next come ties of kin and the debt I owe to treat them kindly for their father's sake and last mine honour which before all I must regard for if I permit this altar to be violently despoiled by stranger hands men will think the land I inhabit in free no more and that through fear I have surrendered suppliants to Argives and thus comes nigh to make one hang oneself. Would that thou hadst come under a luckier star! yet as it is fear not that any man shall tear thee and these children from the altar by force. Get thee (to COPREUS) to Argos and tell Eury-

thus so yea and more if he have any charge against these strangers he shall have justice but never shalt thou drag them hence.

Co Not even if I have right upon my side and prove my case?

De How can it be right to drag the suppliant away by force?

Co Well mine is the disgrace no harm will come to thee.

De 'Tis harm to me if I let them be haled away by thee.

Co Banish them thyself and then will I take them from elsewhere.

De Nature made thee a fool to think thou knowest better than the god.

Co It seems then evildoers are to find a refuge here.

De A temple of the gods is an asylum open to the world.

Co May be they will not take this view in Mycenæ.

De What! am I not lord of this domain?

Co So long as thou injure not the Argives and if wise thou wilt not.

De Be injured for all I care provided I am not against the gods.

Co I would not have thee come to blows with Argos.

De I am of like mind in this but I will not dismiss these from my protection.

Co For all that I shall take and drag my own way.

De Why then perhaps thou wilt find a difficulty in returning to Argos.

Co That shall I soon find out by making the attempt.

De Touch them and thou shalt rue it and that without delay.

Ch I conjure thee never dare to strike a herald.

De Strike I will unless that herald learn discretion.

Ch Depart and thou O king touch him not.

Co I do for us feeble fighting with a single arm. But I will come again bringing hither a host of Argive troops spearmen clad in bronze for countless warriors are awaiting my return and king Eurystheus in person at their head anxiously he waits the issue here on the borders of Alcathous' realm. And when he hears thy haughty answer he will burst upon thee and thy citizens on this land and all that grows therein for all in vain should we possess such hosts of picked young troops in Argos should we forbear to punish thee.

Exit COPREUS

De Perdition seize thee! I am not afraid of thy Argos. Be very sure thou shalt not drag these suppliants hence by force to my shame for I hold not this city subject unto Argos, but independently.

Ch 'Tis time to use our forethought ere the host of Argos approach our frontier for exceeding fierce are the warriors of Mycenæ and in the present case still more than heretofore. For all heralds observe

<sup>1</sup>Megara

will I propose a safer method us right to summon  
both s all th sisters of this maiden and then let  
her on whom the lot shall fall d e for her family  
for that thou shouldst d e without the lot is not  
just.

Alc My death shall no chance lot decide there  
is no gr clessness in that peace! old friend But if  
ye accept d will a sal you of my readiness, freely  
do I off r my life for these and without constrai t.

Is Ah this is even nobler than thy former word  
that was matchless, but thou dost now surpass thy  
brave cry a d n ble speech I cannot bid will n t  
forbid thy drive O my daughter! for by thy death  
thou dost thy broth s ser e.

Alc A cautious bidd g chunel! Fear not to take a  
stain of guilt from me only let me d as one whose  
death is ec F llow me, old friend for in thy arms  
I fain would d e stand by and al my body with  
my robe for I will go even to the d cadful doom of  
sacrifice seeing whose daughter I a ow myself

I I cannot stand by and see thee bleed

Alc At least d thou beg me this boon of the  
kin that I may breathe out my lif in women s  
arms instead f men

De It shall be so u happy maid for this were  
harm t me to r fuse thee honour due for many  
reasons because thou hast a soul so bra e because  
thou ght and thou hast sh wn mo e c urage than  
s y of th sex my even ha er seen Now if thou  
hast u bt to say to these children as thy aged  
guide, hl say the last thou hast to say—then go

Exit

Alc Farewell! bid fri d farewell! and prithes  
teach these child en to be like thyself wise at e ery  
point let them tri e n further f r that w ll suffice  
them And seek to sa e th m from death e n as  
thou art anxious to do thy hild en are we thy  
care t was that nurtured us Thou seest how I yield  
my bridal bloom to d e f r them F r you my  
b oth m gathered he e may y u be happy! and  
may ev blessing be yours, to the wh h my blood  
shall pay the price! Honour this old fri d and he  
that is e th th house, Al mens th god moth n  
f my are and these strangers too And f er  
lies n fo y u de se release f r m trouble and a  
n turn to y r home cumber the burial d to h  
that so ed you a funeral fair as I deserve f r I  
ha not failed b t rood by y u and ed t sa e  
may ra Thus hall be my part I price n read of  
child en nd f the maiden hl f lea f there be  
really he beyond the gra —God grant th re  
may not bel Fo l, there, we who re to d e  
shall find a lif of care f kn w n th the ne hall  
turn for death h ld a so cogn cure for e rv ll  
f Maiden f he or soul tr nce d g ll thy  
rac be sur th fame that thou shalt win f r us,  
lif in death hall lea e th rest of women far  
beh nd f e well to thee! I d not say harsh w rds  
f b t t wh m th u art de ted the goddess-  
daughter f Dem e r (Exit ALCEA: 22) Ch ld n I  
am nd e grief a rves my limb take hold and  
support me to a rest hand by wh n ye ha drawn

my mantle o er my face my sons For I am grieved  
at what hath happened a d yet were it not ful  
filled we could not li e thus were the much ef  
worse, though this is grief enough

Ch W shout the w ll of hea en none m blest  
none curs I do maintain nor doth the same house  
for e er tread the path of bl ss for one kind of  
fortune follows hard upon another one man it brings  
to naught from his high estate another though of  
no account it crowns with happiness. To shun what  
fate decrees is no wise permitted none by cunning  
shall thrust it from him but he who ainly would  
do so shall have uncea ing trouble. Then fall not  
prostrate thou but bear what hea en sends and  
set a limit to thy soul s gr ef for she poor ma d l in  
dying for her brothers and this land hath won a  
glorious death and splend d fame shall be her meed  
from all mankind f r virtue s path leads through  
troubles ways Worth of her father worthy of  
her noble b rth m this conduct And if thou dost  
honour the rtuous dead I share with thee that  
sentiment

Exit SERVANT

Servant All hail ye children! Where is a ed Iolau?  
where the mother of your sire, absent from their  
place at th s altar?

Is He e am I so far as I can be p sent at all

Se Why dost thou lie there? Why that down  
cast look?

Is There is come a sorrow on my house whereby  
I am distressed

Se Arise lift up thy head

Is I am old a d all my strength is gone

Se But I come with tidin s of great joy for thee.

Is Who art th u? Where have I met thee? I have  
no remembrance

Se I am a assal of Hyllus dost not recognize me  
now?

Is Best of friends art thou come to save us twain  
from hurt?

Se Assuredly and moreo c thou art lucky in  
th pres nt ca e

Is Alcmene m ther of a noble son t there I call!  
com fo th hear this welcome news For long has  
anguish caused thee inwardly to waste wondering  
if those who now are here, would ever come.

Enter ALCMENE

Alcmene What mean that about that echoes  
throughout the house? H th ther com yet a her  
aid from Argos O Iolau and is he treat ng thee  
with leance? Feeble s any strength of mine yet  
thus mu h let me tell thee, str n er never whilst  
I li e shalt thou dra them hence Should t thou  
c red no m e l t m be thought the m ther of  
that hero. And if thou lay a finger on them thou  
w lt trog le to thy shame w th rw aged foes

Is Courage aged dame, fear not not from Argos  
is b tald c me w th hostile messages

Al Why then did t raise a ry fear s harbng r?  
I I called ther t come to me in front of this  
temple

Al I kn w n t what t means who is this?

yourselves and this country without causing me to be slandered by the citizens For I am no despot like a barbarian monarch but provided I do what is just just will my treatment be

*Ch* Can it be that heaven forbids this city to help strangers when it hath the will and longing so to do?

*Io* My children we are even as those manners who have escaped the storm's relentless rage and have the land almost within their reach but after all are driven back from shore by tempests to the deep again Even so we just as we reach the shore in seeming safety are being thrust back from this land Ah me! Why cruel hope didst thou then cheer my heart though thou didst not mean to make the boon complete? The king may well be pardoned if he will not slay his subjects children and with my treatment here I am content if indeed tis heaven's will I thus should fare still is my gratitude to thee in no wise lost Children I know not what to do for you Whither shall we turn? for what god's altar have we left uncrowned? to what fenced city have we failed to go? Ruin and surrender are our instant lot poor children! If I must die tis naught to me save that thereby I give those foes of mine some cause for joy But you children I lament and pity and that aged mother of your sire Alcmene Ah woe is thee for thy long span of life! and woe is me for all my idle toil! 'Twas after all our destined doom to fall into the hands of our hated foe and die a death of shame and misery But lend me thine aid thou knowest how for all hope of these children's safety has not yet left me Give me up instead of them to the Argives O king run no risk but let me save the children to love my life becomes me not let it pass Me will Eurystheus be most glad to take and treat despitely as I was Heracles companion for the man is but a boor wherefore wise men ought to pray to get a wise man for their foe and not a proud senseless fool for so even if by fortune flouted one would meet with much consideration

*Ch* Old man blame not this city for though perhaps a gain to us yet would it be a foul reproach that we betrayed strangers

*De* A generous scheme is thine but impossible Tis not in quest of thee yon king comes marching hither what would Eurystheus gain by the death of one so old? Nay tis these children's blood he wants For there is danger to a foe in the youthful scions of a noble race whose memory dwells upon their father's wrongs all this Eurystheus must foresee But if thou hast any scheme besides that better suits the time be ready with it for since I heard that oracle I am at a loss and full of fear

*Enter MACARIA*

*Macaria* Sirs impute not boldness to me because I venture forth this shall be my first request for a woman's fairest crown is this to practise silence and discretion and abide at home in peace But when I heard thy lamentations Iolau I came forth albeit I was not appointed to take the lead in my

family Still in some sense am I fit to do so for these my brothers are my chiefest care and I fain would ask as touching myself whether some new trouble added to the former woes is gnawing at thy heart

*Io* My daughter tis nothing new that I should praise thee as I justly may above all the children of Heracles Our house seemed to be prospering when back it fell again into a hopeless state for the king declares the prophets signify that he must order the sacrifice not of bull or heifer but of some tender maid of noble lineage if we and this city are to exist Herein is our perplexity the king refuses either to sacrifice his own or any other's child Wherefore though he use not terms express yet doth he hint that unless we find some way out of this perplexity we must seek some other land for he thus country fain would save

*Ma* Are these indeed the terms on which our safety depends?

*Io* Yea on these if that is we are successful otherwise

*Ma* No longer then cower before the hated Argive spear for I of my own free will or ever they bid me am ready to die and offer myself as a victim For what excuse have we if while this city deems it right to incur a great danger on our behalf we though we might save ourselves fly from death by foisting our trouble on others? Not indeed 'twere surely most ridiculous to sit and mourn as suppliants of the gods and show ourselves but cowards children we are of that illustrious sire Where among the brave is such conduct seen? Better I suppose this city should be taken and I (which Heaven forefend!) fall into the hands of the enemy and then for all I am my noble father's child meet an awful doom and face the Death god none the less Shall I wander as an exile from this land? Shall I not feel shame then when someone says as say they will

Why are ye come hither with suppliant boughs loving your lives too well? Begone from our land! for we will not succour cowards Nay if these be slain and I alone be saved I have no hope in any wise of being happy though many ere now have in this hope betrayed their friends For who will care to wed a lonely maid or make me mother of his children? Tis better I should die than meet such treatment little as I merit it Thus were fitter treatment for some other one that is not born to farm as I am Conduct me to the scene of death crown me with garlands and begin the rites if so it please you then be victorious o'er the foe for here I offer my life freely and without constraint and for my brothers and myself I undertake to die For I by loving not my life too well have found a treasure very far a glorious means to leave it

*Ch* Ah what hall I say on hearing the maid's brave words she that is ready to die for her brothers? Who can speak more noble words or do more noble deeds henceforth for ever?

*Io* Daughter thou art his own true child no other man's but Heracles that godlike soul proud am I of thy words though I sorrow for thy lot yet

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will I propose a surer method: as night I summon  
 neither all thy sisters of this maiden and then let  
 her on whom the lot shall fall, die for her family  
 for that thou shouldst die without the lot is not  
 just.

My death shall no chance lot decide: there  
 is no graceless in this peace! old friend! But if  
 I accept and will avail you of my readiness, freely  
 do I offer my life for these and without cost I must.

O Ab, this is even nobler than thy form word  
 that was matchless, but thou dost now surpass thy  
 bravest and noble speech. I cannot but will not  
 forbid thy death in my daughter! so by thy death  
 thou dost thy brothers save.

My dear young bride! grieve! Fear not to take a  
 stain of guilt from me: only let me die as one whose  
 death is free. Follow me, old friend, for in thy arms  
 I can find a stand by and veil my body with  
 my robe for I will go even to the dreadful doom of  
 sacrifice, since whose daughter I am myself.

I cannot stand by and see thee bleed.

At least do thou be me this boon of the  
 women that I may be buried out my life in women's  
 arms instead of men's.

Do I shall be so, unhappy maid, for this were  
 shame to me! refuse thee this honour due, for many  
 reasons: because thou hast a soul so brave because  
 to me and thou hast shown more courage than  
 a of the sex: even he ever seen. Now if thou  
 hast a heart to do to these children or thy good  
 god, bid me say the last thou hast to say—then go.

Exit

Alas! Farewell, old friend! farewell! and promise  
 teach these children to be like thyself: me at every  
 point let them strive no further for that will suffice  
 them. And seek to save them from death even as  
 thou art anxious to do to the children: as we thy  
 care: it was that I returned us. Thou seest how I yield  
 my bridal bloom to die for them. For you my  
 brothers gathered here may you be happy! and  
 may every blessing be yours, for the which my blood  
 shall pay the price! Honour this old friend and her  
 that is within the house, Alcmena, this a good mother  
 of our race, and these strangers too. And I ever  
 him as far you drive clear from trouble and a  
 return to your home: remember the burial due to  
 her that is dead you: funeral fair as I deserve for I  
 have not failed to stand by you and to do so to  
 my race. This shall be my pearl of price instead of  
 chain, and for the maiden life I leave: if there be  
 reward a lot beyond the grave—God grant there  
 may not be! For if even there, we who are dead  
 shall find a life of care: I know not whether one shall  
 turn for death is held a so evil a cure for every ill.

I, maiden of heroic soul, transcending all thy  
 race, be sure the fame that thou shalt win from us  
 in life in death, shall leave thee the crest of women far  
 behind: as well to thee I dare not say harsh words  
 of him to whom thou it devoted the goddess-  
 daughter of Demeter (Exit Alcmena). Children I  
 am, we are given to our hands take hold and  
 support me to: seat hard by when we have drawn

my mantle over my face: my sons. For I am grieved  
 at what hath happened and yet were it not fulfilled  
 we could not live: thus, were the music of  
 worse, though this is grief enough.

Oh! Without the will of heaven none is blest  
 none evert I do maintain: nor doth the same house  
 for ever tread the path of bliss: for one kind of  
 fortune follows hard upon another: one man it brings  
 to naught from his high estate: another though of  
 no account in crowns with happiness. To shun what  
 fate decrees, is no wise permitted: none by cunning  
 shall thrust it from him: but he who vainly would  
 do so, shall have increase of trouble. They fall not  
 prostrate before: but bear what heaven sends, and  
 set a limit to thy soul's grief for the poor maid! in  
 dying for her brothers and this land hath won a  
 glorious death and splendid fame shall be her meed  
 from all mankind: for virtue's path leads through  
 troublous ways. Worthy of her father: worthy of  
 her noble birth is this conduct. And if thou dost  
 honour the virtuous dead I share with thee that  
 sentiment.

Enter SERVANT

Servant All hail, ye children! Where is aged Iolaus?  
 where the mother of your sire absent from their  
 place at this altar?

I? Here am I so far as I can be present at all.  
 Se! Why dost thou inquire there? Why that down-  
 cast look?

Is there is come a sorrow on my house whereby  
 I am distressed.

Se! Arise! lift up thy head.

Is I am old and all my strength is gone.

Se! But I come with tidings of great joy for thee.

Is Who art thou? Where hast thou met me? I have  
 no remembrance.

Se! I am a vassal of Hercules: dost not recognize me  
 now?

Best of friends, art thou come to save us twain  
 from hurt?

Se! Alas! and moreover thou art lucky in  
 the present case.

Is! Alas! mother of a noble son to thee I call  
 even forth: hear this welcome news. For long has  
 anguish caused thee inwardly to waste: wondering  
 if those who now are here would ever come.

Enter ALCESTIS

Alceste What mean that shout that echoes  
 throughout the house? Hark! there come yet a her-  
 ald from Argos: O Iolaus, and is he treating thee  
 with Alceste? Feeble is any strength of mood: yet  
 thus much let me tell thee, stranger: never whilst  
 I live shall thou drag them hence. Should I thou  
 should no more let me be thou his mother: for  
 that hero. And I thou lay a finger on them: thou  
 wilt struggle to thy shame with two aged foes.

I! Courage, good dame, fear not: not from Argos  
 is a herald come with hostile messengers.

Al! Why then didst raise a cry? Fear's harbinger?

I! I called thee to come to me in front of this  
 temple.

Al! I know not what it means: who is this?



To A messenger who says thy grandson cometh hither

Al All hail to thee for these thy tidings! But why is he not here where is he? if in this land he hath set foot What hath happened to keep him from coming hither with thee to cheer my heart?

Se He is posting the army he brought with him and seeing it marshalled

Al Then have I no concern herein

To Yes thou hast though it is my business to enquire into these matters

Se What then wouldst thou learn of these events?

To About how many illies has he with him?

Se A numerous force I cannot otherwise describe the number

To The leaders of the Athenians know this I suppose?

Se They do already is their left wing set in array

To Is then the host already armed for battle?

Se Yea and already are the victims brought near the ranks

To About what distance is the Argive host from us?

Se Near enough for their general to be plainly seen

To What is he about? marshalling the enemy's line?

Se So we guessed we could not hear exactly But I must go for I would not that my master should engage the foe without me if I can help it

To I also will go with thee for I like thee am minded so it seems to be there and help my friends

Se It least of all becomes thee thus to utter words of folly

To I rather shrink from sharing with my friends the stubborn fight

Se Mere looks can wound no one if the arm do naught

To Why cannot I smite even through their shields?

Se Smite perhaps more likely be smitten thyself

To No foe will dare to meet me face to face

Se Friend the strength that erst was thine is thine no more

To Well at any rate I will fight with as many as ever I did

Se Small the weight thou canst throw into the balance for thy friends

To Detain me not when I have girded myself for action

Se The power to act is thine no more the will maybe is there

To Stay here I will not say what else thou wilt

Se How shalt thou show thyself before the troops unarmed?

To There be captured arms within this shrine these will I use and if I live restore and if I am slain the god will not demand them of me back Go thou within and from its peg take down a suit of armour and forthwith bring it to me To linger thus at home is infamous while some go fight and others out of cowardice remain behind

Exit SERVANT

Ch Not yet hath time laid low thy spirit is young as ever but thy body's strength is gone Why toil to no purpose? Twill do thee hurt and benefit our city little At thy age thou shouldst confess thy error and let impossibilities alone Thou canst in no way get thy vigour back again

Al What means this mad resolve to leave me with my children undefended here?

To Men must fight and thou must look to them

Al And what if thou art slain? what safety shall I find?

To Thy sons surviving children will care for thee

Al Suppose they meet with some reverse? who h Heaven forefend!

To These strangers will not give thee up fear not

Al They are my last and only hope I have no other

To Zeus too I feel sure cares for thy sufferings

Al Ah! of Zeus will I never speak ill but himself doth know whether he is just to me

Exit ALCEIA Re enter SERVANT

Se Lo! here thou seest a full coat of mail make haste to case thyself therein for the strife is nigh and bitterly doth Ares loathe loiterers but if thou fear the weight of the armour go for the present without it and in the ranks do on this gear mean time will I carry it

To Well said! keep the harness ready to my hand put a spear within my grasp and support me on the left side guiding my steps

Se Am I to lead this warrior like a child?

To To save the omen we must go without stumbling

Se Would thy power to act were equal to thy zeal

To Hasten I shall feel it grievously if I am too late for the battle

Se 'Tis thou who art slow not I though thou fanciest thou art doing wonders

To Dost not mark how swift my steps are hasting?

Se I mark more seeming than reality in thy haste

To Thou wilt tell a different tale when thou seest me there

Se What shall I see thee do? I wish thee all success at any rate

To Thou shalt see me smite some foeman through the shield

Se Perhaps if ever we get there I have my fears of that

To Ah! would to Heaven that thou mine arm even as I remember thee in thy lusty youth when with Heracles thou didst sack Sparta couldst so champion me to day! how I would put Furysteus to flight! since he is too craven to wait the onslaught For prosperity carries with it this error too a reputation for bravery for me think the prosperous man a master of all knowledge

Exit  
Ch O earth and moon that shines by night and dazzling radiance of the god that giveth light to man bear the tidings to me shout aloud to heaven for joy and beside our ruler's throne and in the shrine of grey eyed Athens For my fatherland and

hose will I soon decide the issue of the strife with  
the common good because I have taken suppliants  
under my protection. 'Tis a fearful thing that a  
city prosperous as M. cease is, one fated for martial  
prowess, should be hour wrath against my land  
and my countrymen, if were a shameful thing in  
my view p. s. u. l. a. n. t. s. t. r. a. n. g. e. r. s. t. the bidding of  
Zeus is on my side I am not afraid Zeus  
is a favour unto me as is my due never by me  
shall odds be thought weaker than mortal men. O  
divine goddess, thou the soil whereon we stand, thine  
law is thy art is mother queen, and saviour  
therefore turn some other way the impious king,  
do lead us a host from Argos with brand shed lance  
must this land for such my worth, I little merit  
due from my home. For this worth is as a per  
fected in man a sacrifice and never art thou  
forgotten as each month draweth to its close when  
voon voices and dancers music is heard abroad  
while on our and sweet call goes up the cry of joy  
the heat of maiden feet be in it

Enter Eurythene and Eurystheus

Se My friends, the message that I bring is very  
short for thee to hear and fast for me who stand  
before thee to announce. O'er our foes we are vic  
torious, and troubles are being set up with panop  
lies upon them, taken from their enemies.

I Best of friend, thus day hath wrought this  
liberty by reason of these tidings. But there still  
remains one anxious thought that thou dost not free me  
from, a thought of those whose blood is I  
cherish sacred to me.

Se The are, and high their fame through all the  
arm-breeds.

A The old man Iolauus—is he alive?

Se At that he is, hero whom the god deli ht  
to honour.

Al How so. Did he perform some deed of prowess?

Se He hath passed from youth once more.

A The tale is passing strange, but first I would  
that thou shouldst tell me how our friend won the  
day.

Se One speech of mine puts it all clear before  
thee. When he had placed our troops and that  
shook them face to face with on another He has  
dismounted from his four-horsed chariot and woud  
madly burst the boxes. Then cried he "Cap  
tain, do not come I own Argos, why cannot we  
leave this land alone? I hurt with thou do M. cease  
if of one man thou dost come meet me in a  
combat, and I thou wilt not talk this kind of  
of Heracles with thee but if thou fall, let me  
possess my ancestral honours and my home.  
The host need not see the scheme he offered  
as his own blood and them of their trouble and  
quit their souls. But that other feels no shame  
he are those who heard the challenge or this own  
cousin did, quailed general though he was, so com  
within reach of the stubborn spear showing him

self an abject coward yet with such a spirit he came  
to enshroud the children of Heracles. Then did He has  
withdraw to his own ranks again, and the prophets  
saw that no reconciliation would be effected by  
any combat between the sacrifice without delay and  
forthwith let flow from a human throat suspicious  
streams of blood. And some were mounting chariots,  
while others crouched beneath the shelter of their  
shields, and the king of the Athenians, as a brave  
champion should would exhort his host. Fellow  
citizens, the land that feeds you and that gave you  
birth, demands to-day the help of every man." Like  
wise Eurythene brought his allies that they should  
scorn to sully the fane of Argos and M. cease. Then  
the Etrurian trumpet sounded loud and clear and  
hand to hand they rushed then think how loud  
clashed their ringing shields, what din arose of cries  
and groans confused! At first the onset of the Ar  
gians spearmen broke our ranks then they in turn  
gave ground, nest, foot to foot and man to man,  
they fought their stubborn fray many a Juno the  
while. And either chief ofered on his men "Sons  
of Athens! I will tell the fields of Argos! ward  
your land of disgrace." Do all we could and yet of  
every effort scarce could we turn the Argians back  
in flight. When lo! old Iolauus sees Hellus start  
from his ranks, whereon he lifts his hands to him  
with a prayer to take her up into his chariot. There  
on he seized the rein and went hard after the horses  
of Eurythene. From this point onward must I speak  
from hearsay, though I thence at one whose own  
eyes saw. For as he was crowned Patene's hill, sacred  
to the goddess Athena he caught sight of Eury  
thene's chariot and prayed to He be and Zeus,  
that for one man he day he might grow young again  
and wreak his vengeance on his foes. Now must  
thou hear wondrous tale, two stars settled on the  
horizon, jokes and threw the chariot into dark shadow  
which at last set our way forth—were the son  
and He be and from that misty gloom appeared  
that aged man in the form of a youth with iron  
weapons arm. Then by the rocks of Sciron the hero  
Iolauus overtakes Eurythene's chariot. And he bound  
his hand with grief, and is brim in that chariot  
once so prosperous as trophy further whose for  
time now doth prey a lesson, clear as day to all  
the sons of men that none should envy him, who  
seems to this world they see his death for so  
time's moods last but a day.

Ch O Zeus, who punish my foes to fill his, now  
may I behold the day that frees me from cruel fear!

Al At last O Zeus, hast thou turned a favour  
ere on me? I now thank thee do I thank thee for what  
has happened and for her that I did not believe  
my son was gathered to the gods, now am I con  
vinced thereof. My children, now at last from toil  
shall be free I free from him whom hideous death  
was. Eurythene now shall we behold you. Is  
there a city and set foot in the land of your inherit  
ance, and sacrifice to those ancestral gods from whom  
we have been barred and forced to lead in stran  
ger lands. If of wretched vagrancy. But tell me

Peace

The festival of the Panathenaea

what sage purpose Iolaus nursed in his heart that he spared the life of Eurystheus for to my mind this is no wisdom to catch a foe and wreak no vengeance on him

Se Twas his regard for thee that thou mightst see him subject to thy hand and triumph o'er him Rest assured twas no willing prisoner he made but by strong constraint he bound him for Eurystheus was loth indeed to come alive into thy presence and pay his penalty Farewell my aged mistress I pray thee remember thy first promise when I was beginning my story set me free for at such a time as this sincerity becometh noble lips *Exit SERVANT*

Ch Sweet is the dance to me whenso the clear toned flute and lovely Aphrodite shed grace upon the feast and a joyful thing too it is I trow to witness the good luck of friends who till then ne'er dreamt of it For numerous is the offspring of Fate that bringeth all to pass and of Time the son of Crono Thine is the path of justice O my city this must no man wrest from thee thy reverence for the gods and whoso denieth it of thee draws nigh to frenzy's goal with these plain proofs in view Yes for the god proclaims it clearly by cutting short the bad man's pride in every case In heaven mother lives thy son passed from earth away that he went down to Hades halls his body burnt by the fire's fierce flame is past belief in golden halls reclined he has his wife Hebe lovely nymph Thou O Hymen hast honoured them children both of Zeus Things for the most part form a single chain for instance men say Athene used to champion their father and now the citizens of that goddess have saved his children and checked the insolence of him whose heart preferred violence to justice God save me from such arrogance such greed of soul!

*Enter MESSENGER with EURYSTHEUS bound*

Messenger Mistress though thine eyes see him yet will I announce we have brought Eurystheus hither for thy pleasure an unexpected sight for him no less a chance he ne'er foresaw for little he thought of ever falling into thy hands what time he marched from Mycenæ with his toil worn warriors to sick Athens thinking himself far above fortune But a power divine hath reversed our destinies changing their position Now His illustrious and brave Iolaus I left raising an image to Zeus who routs the foe for their triumphant victory whilst they bid war to him this prisoner to thee wishing to gladden thy heart for 'tis the sweetest sight to see a foe fall on evil days after prosperity

Al Art come thou hateful wretch? Hath Justice caught thee then at last? First turn thy head this way to me and endure to look thy enemies in the face for thou art no more the ruler but the slave Art thou the man—for this I fain would learn—who didst presume to heap thy insults on my son who now is where he is thou miscreant? What outrage didst thou abstain from putting upon him? Thou that didst make him go down alive even to Hades and wouldst send him with an order to slay

hydras and lions? Thy other evil schemes I mention not for to tell them were a tedious task for me Nor did it content thee to venture thus far only not but from all Hellas wouldst thou drive me and my children heaven's suppliants thou who were grey heads some of us and some still tender babes But here hast thou found men and a free city that feared not thee Die in torment must thou and even so wilt thou gain in every way for one death is not thy due after all the sorrow thou hast caused

Me Thou mayst not slay him

Al Then have we taken him captive in vain But say what law forbids his death?

Me It is not the will of the rulers of this land

Al Why what is this? Do they not approve of slaying enemies?

Me Not such as they have taken alive in battle

Al Did Hyllus uphold this decision?

Me He I suppose ought to have disobeyed the law of the land

Al The prisoner's life ought not to have been spared a moment

Me It was then that he was wronged by not being slain at first

Al Why then he is still in time to pay his penalty

Me There is no one who will slay him now

Al I will and yet I count myself someone

Me Well thou wilt incur great blame if thou do this deed

Al I love this city well that cannot be garrisoned But since this man hath fallen into my power no mortal hand shall wrest him from me Wherefore let who will call me the woman bold with thoughts too high for her sex yet shall this deed be brought to pass by me

Ch Lady full well I understand thou hast a dire quarrel with this man and 'tis pardonable

Eurystheus Woman be sure I will not flatter thee nor say ought to save my life that can give any occasion for a charge of cowardice It was not of my own free will I took this quarrel up I am aware that I was born thy cousin and kinsman to Heracles thy son but whether I would or no Hera by her power divine caused me to be afflicted thus Still when I undertook to be his foe and when I knew I had to enter on this struggle I set myself to devise trouble in plenty and oft from time to time my midnight communing bore fruit scheming how to push aside and slay my foes and for the future divorce myself from fear for I knew that son of thine was no mere cipher but a man indeed yea for though he was my foe I will speak well of him because he was a man of worth Now after he was taken hence was I not forced by reason of these children's hatred and because I was conscious of an hereditary feud to leave no stone unturned by slaying banishing and plotting against them? So long as I did so my safety was assured Suppose thyself hadst had my lot wouldst not thou have set to harassing the lion's angry whelps instead of letting

then dwell at Argos undisturbed? Thou wilt not persuade us otherwise. Now therefore, since they did not slay me then when I was prepared to die by the laws of Hellas my death becomes a curse on him, so says me now. The city wisely let me go, so that she regarded the gods more than her hatred of me. Thou hast had my answer to thy words hereforth must I be called a cunning spirit and noble hero too? To even this with me to die have I no wish, but if I lose my life I shall in no way be grieved.

CL Akrenea, how I would advise thee somewhat let this man go, for thus the city's will.

4' S'pose he'd and yet I obey the city?

CL That would be best of all but how can this be?

AL I will teach thee easily. I will slay him and then give up his corpse to those of his friends, who come for it, for as regards his body I will not disobey the state but by his death shall he free me the penalty.

EX Say me, I do not ask thee for mercy yet more this city let me go and shrink from slaying me. I will reward it with an old oracle of Loxias, such in time will benefit them more than do thy prayers. Bury my body after death in its destined place. I will meet my doom like him and haunt you as he doeth.

grave in front of the shrine of the virgin goddess at Pallene. And I will be thy friend and guardian of thy city for ever while I lie buried in a foreign soil, but a bitter foe to these children's descendants, whosoever with gathered host they come against this land traitors to your kindness now such are the strangers ye have championed. Why then came I hither? If I knew all this, instead of regarding the god's oracle? Because I thought that Hera was mightier far than any oracle and would not betray me. Waste no drink-offering on my tomb nor spill thy victim's blood for I will requite them for my treatment here with a good ruse. They shall rue and ye shall have double gain for me for I will help you and harm them by my death.

41 Why, why delay to kill this man after hearing this, since this is needed to secure the safety of your city and your children? Himself points out the safest road. Though the man is now our foe yet after death is his our gain. Away with him ye servants, and cast him to the dogs when ye have slain him. Think not thou shalt live to cast me forth from my native land again.

EXTEND MESSENGER WITH CRYSTHERUS

CL I agree. Lead on servants. Our conduct shall bring no stain of guilt upon our ruler.

EXTEND CHORUS

"Pallene.

# THE SUPPLIANTS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                  |           |
|------------------|-----------|
| ÆTHRA            | HERALD    |
| CHORUS OF ARGIVE | MESSENGER |
| MOTHERS          | EVADNE    |
| THESEUS          | IPHIS     |
| ADRASTUS         | CHILDREN  |

ATHENA

*The Temple of Demeter at Eleusis Enter ÆTHRA  
ADRASTUS and CHORUS OF ARGIVE MOTHERS*

*Æthra* O Demeter guardian of this Eleusinian land and ye servants of the goddess who attend her fane grant happiness to me and my son Theseus to the city of Athens and the country of Pittheus wherein my father reared me Æthra in a happy home and gave me in marriage to Ægeus Pandion's son according to the oracle of Loxias This prayer I make when I behold these aged dames who leaving their homes in Argos now throw themselves with suppliant branches at my knees in their awful trouble for around the gates of Cadmus have they lost their seven noble sons whom on a day Adrastus king of Argos led thither eager to secure for exiled Polynices his son in law a share in the heritage of Œdipus so now their mothers would bury in the grave the dead whom the spear hath slain but the victors prevent them and will not allow them to take up the corpses spurning Heaven's laws Here lies Adrastus on the ground with streaming eye sharing with them the burden of their prayer to me and bemoaning the havoc of the sword and the sorry fate of the warriors whom he led from their homes And he doth urge me use entreaty to persuade my son to take up the dead and help to bury them either by winning words or force of arms laying on my son and on Athens this task alone Now is chanced that I had left my house and come to offer sacrifice on behalf of the earth's crop at this shrine where first the fruitful corn showed its bristling shocks above the soil And here at the holy altars of the twin goddesses Demeter and her daughter I wait holding these sprays of foliage a bond that bindeth not in compassion for these childless mothers hoary with age and from reverence for the sacred fillets To call Theseus hither is my herald to the city gone that he may rid the land of that which grieveth them or loose these my suppliant bonds with pious observance of the gods will for such as are discreet amongst women should in all cases invoke the aid of men

*Ch* At thy knees I fall aged dame and my old lips beseech thee arise rescue from the slain my children's bodies whose limbs by death relaxed

are left a prey to savage mountain beasts beholding the bitter tears which spring to my eyes and my old wrinkled skin torn by my hands for what can I do else? who never laid out my children dead within my halls nor now behold their tombs heaped up with earth Thou too honoured lady once a son didst bear crowning thy lord's marriage with fond joy then share O share with me thy mother's feelings in such measure as my sad heart grieves for my own dead sons and persuade thy son whose aid we implore to go unto the river Ismenus there to place within my hapless arms the bodies of my children slain in their prime and left without a tomb Though not as piety enjoins yet from sheer necessity I have come to the fire-crowned altars of the gods falling on my knees with instant supplication for my cause is just and tis in thy power blest as thou art in thy children to remove from me my woe so in my sore distress I do beseech thee of my misery place in my hands my son's dead body that I may throw my arms about his hapless limbs

*Semi Chorus* Behold a rivalry in sorrow! we take up the tale of woe hark! thy servants beat their breasts Come ye who join the mourners wail come O sympathetic band to join the dance which Hades honours let the pearly nail be stained red as it rends your cheeks let your skin be streaked with gore for honours rendered to the dead are a credit to the living Sorrow's charm doth drive me wild unsatiate painful endless even as the trickling stream that gushes from some steep rock's face for us woman's way to fall a weeping over the cruel calamity of children dead Ah me! would I could die and forget my anguish!

*Enter THESEUS*

*Theseus* What is this lamentation that I hear this beating of the breast these dirges for the dead which cries that echo from this shrine? How fluttering fear disquiets me lest haply my mother have gotten some mischance in quest of whom I come for she hath been long absent from home Hal what now? A strange sight challenges my speech I see my aged mother sitting at the altar and stranger dames are with her who in various note proclaim their woe

<sup>1</sup>B C use they had arrived during a festival and their supplication at such a time was a bad omen

from red eyes the piteous tear is starting to the ground, their hair is shorn, their robes are not the robes of joy. What means this, mother? 'Tis thus to make a plan to me mine to listen yet for I expect some evil's store.

E. My son, these are the mothers of those chiefs, twins seven, who fell around the gates of Cadmus town. With suppliant bought they keep me prisoner as thou seest in their midst.

Tk. And who is yonder man, that moaneth piteous in the gateway?

E. Adrastus, they inform me king of Argos.

Tk. Are those his children, those boys who stand round him?

E. Not his, but the sons of the fallen king.

Tk. Why are they come to us, with suppliant hand outstretched?

E. I know not as for them to tell their story as soon.

Tk. To thee in thy mantle muffled I address my tongue, unveil thy head, let lamentation be and speak for my sake, can be achieved save through the entrance of thy sorrow.

Adrastus, victorious prince of the Athenian realm, Theseus, to thee and thy city I a suppliant, come.

Tk. What seekest thou? What need is there?

Ad. Dost know how I did lead an expedition to Argos?

Tk. Assuredly, thou didst not pass through Hellas, all in silence.

Ad. There I lost the pick of Argos' sons.

Tk. These are the results of that unhappy war.

Ad. I went and cradled their bodies from Thebes.

Tk. Didst thou, O heralds, Hermes servants, in order to bury them?

Ad. I did, and even then their daughters said me nay.

Tk. Why what say the girls just request?

Ad. Say! Success makes them forget how to bear their fortune.

Tk. Art come to me then for counsel? Wherefore?

Ad. With the wish that thou, O Theseus, shouldst recover the sons of the Argives.

Tk. Where is your Argos now? were its ramparts all in ruin?

Ad. Defeat and ruin are our lot, Thebes for aid we come.

Tk. Is this thy own petition, send me or the wish of all the city?

Ad. The sons of Danaus, one and all, implore thee to bury the dead.

Tk. Why didst lead thy seven armies against Thebes?

Ad. To confer that is on the husbands of my daughters' twin.

Tk. To which of the Argives didst thou give thy daughters in marriage?

Ad. I made no match for them with kinsmen of my family.

Tk. What didst give Argos a maid to foreign boys?

Ad. I gave to Theban, and to Polynices, who was Theban born.

Tk. What induced thee to select this alliance?

Ad. Didst know of Phorbos stole away my judgment.

Tk. What said Apollo to deter mine the maidens' marriage?

Ad. That I should give my daughters twain to a wild boar and a lion.

Tk. How dost thou explain the message of the god?

Ad. One might come to my door two oxen.

Tk. The name of each declare, thou art speaking of both together.

Ad. They sought for their Tivens with Polynices.

Tk. Didst thou give thy daughters to them as to wild beasts?

Ad. I gave to a boy, thou hast likened them to those monsters' twain.

Tk. Why had they left the borders of their native land and come to thee?

Ad. Tivens was exiled for the murder of a kinsman.

Tk. Wherefore had the son of Oedipus left Thebes?

Ad. By reason of his father's curse, not to poll his brother's blood.

Tk. Woe no doubt that voluntary exile.

Ad. But those who stayed at home were for injury and absent.

Tk. What did brother rob brother of his inheritance?

Ad. To avenge this I set out hence my ruin.

Tk. Didst consult seers, and gaze into the flame of burnt-offerings?

Ad. Ah, methinks I press on the very point wherein I most did fail.

Tk. It seems thy going was not favoured by heaven.

Ad. Woe, I went in spite even of Amphitruos.

Tk. And so heaven's help turned its face from thee.

Ad. I was carried away by the clamour of young men.

Tk. Thou didst favour courage instead of discretion.

Ad. True, and many a general owes defeat to that. O king of Athens, breast of the sons of Hellas, I blush to throw myself upon the ground and clasp thy knees, I a grey-haired man, blest in days gone by yet need must I yield to my misfortunes. I pray thee save the dead, have pity on my sorrows and on these the mothers of the slain, whom hoary old find rests of their sons yet they endured to journey hither and tread a foreign soil with a cold to stern steps, bearing no embassy to Demeter's mysteries, only seeking burial for their dead, which lot should have been theirs, even burial by the hands of sons still in their prime. And we were in the rich to see the poor man poor, and in the poor man to turn ambitious eyes toward the rich, that so he may himself and his a knowing for poverty and they

# THE SUPPLIANTS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                  |           |
|------------------|-----------|
| ÆTHRA            | HERALD    |
| CHORUS OF ARGIVE | MESSENGER |
| MOTHERS          | EVADNE    |
| THESEUS          | IPHIS     |
| ADRASTUS         | CHILDREN  |
| ATHENA           |           |

*The Temple of Demeter at Eleusis. Enter ÆTHRA  
ADRASTUS and CHORUS OF ARGIVE MOTHERS*

*Æthra* O Demeter guardian of this Eleusinian land and ye servants of the goddess who attend her fane grant happiness to me and my son Theseus to the city of Athens and the country of Pittheus wherein my father reared me Æthra in a happy home and gave me in marriage to Ægeus Pandion's son according to the oracle of Loxias This prayer I make when I behold these aged dames who leaving their homes in Argos now throw themselves with suppliant branches at my knees in their awful trouble for around the gates of Cadmus have they lost their seven noble sons whom on a day Adrastus king of Argos led thither eager to secure for exiled Polynices his son in law a share in the heritage of Œdipus so now their mothers would bury in the grave the dead whom the spear hath slain but the victors prevent them and will not allow them to take up the corpses spurning Heaven's laws Here lies Adrastus on the ground with streaming eye sharing with them the burden of their prayer to me and bemoaning the havoc of the sword and the sorry fate of the warriors whom he led from their homes And he doth urge me use entreaty to persuade my son to take up the dead and help to bury them either by winning words or force of arms laying on my son and on Athens this task alone Now it chanced that I had left my house and come to offer sacrifice on behalf of the earth's crop at this shrine where first the fruitful corn showed its bristling shocks above the soil And here at the holy altars of the twin goddesses Demeter and her daughter I wait holding these sprays of foliage a bond that bindeth not in compassion for these childless mothers hoary with age and from reverence for the sacred filets To call Theseus hither is my herald to the city gone that he may rid the land of that which grieveth them or loose these my suppliant bonds with pious observance of the gods will for such as are discreet amongst women should in all cases invoke the aid of men

*Ch* At thy knees I fall aged dame and my old lips beseech thee arise rescue from the slain my children's bodies whose limbs by death relaxed

are left a prey to savage mountain beasts beholding the bitter tears which spring to my eyes and my old wrinkled skin torn by my hands for what can I do else? who never laid out my children dead within my halls nor now behold their tombs heaped up with earth Thou too honoured lady once a son didst bear crowning thy lord's marriage with fond joy then share O share with me thy mother's feelings in such measure as my sad heart grieve for my own dead sons and persuade thy son whose aid we implore to go unto the river Ismenus there to place within my hapless arms the bodies of my children slain in their prime and left without a tomb Thought not as piety enjoins yet from sheer necessity I have come to the fire crowned altars of the gods falling on my knees with instant supplication for my cause is just and tis in thy power blest as thou art in thy children to remove from me my woe so in my sore distress I do beseech thee of my misery place in my hands my son's dead body that I may throw my arms about his hapless limbs

*Semi Chorus* Behold a rivalry in sorrow! woe takes up the tale of woe hark! thy servants beat their breasts Come ye who join the mourners wail come O sympathetic band to join the dance which Hades honours let the pearly nail be stained red as it rends your cheeks let your skin be streaked with gore for honours rendered to the dead are a credit to the living Sorrow's charm doth drive me wild insatiate painful endless even as the trickling stream that gushes from some steep rock's face for tis woman's way to fall in weeping over the cruel calamity of children dead Ah me! would I could die and for get my anguish!

*Enter THESEUS*  
*The eus* What is this lamentation that I hear this beating of the breast these dirges for the dead with cries that echo from this shrine? How fluttering fear disquiets me lest haply my mother have gotten some mischance in quest of whom I come for she hath been long absent from home Ha! what now? A strange sight challenges my speech I see my aged mother sitting at the altar and stranger dames are with her who in various note proclaim their woe

<sup>1</sup>Because they had attended during a festival and their supplication at such a time was a bad omen.

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*E* Yet the word that harks within my heart  
makes me hesitate.

*Th* Shame! to hide from friends good counsel.

*E* Nay then, I will not hold my peace to blame  
myself hereafter for having now kept silence to my  
shame, nor will I forego my honourable proposal,  
from the common fear that it is useless for women  
to be good advisers. First my son I exhort thee  
to be good-bred to his enemies will, lest from slighting  
them thou suffer shipwreck for in this one single point  
thou findest thou hast well divided in all else. Further  
I would have thee patiently endured had I not been my  
duty to venture somewhat for injured folk and thus,  
my son, it is that brings thee now thy honour and  
crosses me no fear to urge that thou shouldst use thy  
power to make men of violence who prevent the  
dead from receiving their meed of burial and funeral  
rites, perform this bounden duty and check those  
who would conound the customs of all Hellas for  
this is that holds men's states together—strict ob-  
servance of the laws. And some no doubt will say  
their cowardice made thee stand aloof in terror  
when thou mightest have won for thy city a crown  
of glory and, though thou didst encounter a savage  
race, labouring for a sorry task yet when the time  
came for thee to face the helmet and pointed spear  
and do thy best, thou wert found to be a coward.  
Nay! do not so if thou be son of mine. Dost we how  
fervently thy country looks on its rulers when they  
mock her for want of counsel? Yes, for her toils  
she grows greater. But woe, whose policy is dark  
and cautious, has their sight darkened by their  
carefulness. My son, wilt thou not go succour the  
dead and these poor women in their need? I have no  
fears for thee starting as thou dost with night upon  
thy aid and although I see thy propensity of Cad-  
mus folk, still am I confident they will throw dis-  
favour on thee for thy duty, reverses all this again.

*Ch* Ah! best of friends, as he who has thus pleaded  
for me and for Adrastus, and hence my joy is  
doubled.

*Th* Whether the word that I have spoken at his  
bar deserves, and I have declared my opinion of the  
counsel that named him, I do I permit thee the truth  
of thy warning to me that it all suits my character  
to thus declare. For by a lion and glorious career  
has I displayed this my habit among Hellenes, of  
ever punishing the wicked. Wherefore I cannot re-  
fuse thee. For what wilt spat full tongues to of me  
when thou, my mother, who more than all others  
lovest for my safety, bid me undertake this enter-  
prise? Yes, I will go bear this business and rescue  
the dead by words persuade, saying that the  
people (themselves shall decide this) we nor will  
be to grieve me this. But I require the whole  
city sanction also, which my mother will ensure.  
I by communicating the proposal to them I shall  
find the people best disposed. For them I made  
a return when I set this by free by giving all an

equal vote. So I will take Adrastus as a text for what  
I have to say and go to their assembly and when I  
have won them to these views, I will return hither  
after collecting a picked band of young Athenians  
and then remain under arms I will send a message  
to Creon, begging the bodies of the dead. But do ye  
aged ladies remove from my mother your holy  
wreaths, that I may take her by the hand and  
conduct her to the house of Egeus for a wretched  
son is he who rewards not his parents by service  
for when he hath conferred on them the best he  
hath he in his turn from his own sons receives all  
such service as he gets to them.

*Enter TEUCER and ADRASTUS.*

*Ch* O Argos, home of steeds, my native land! ye  
have heard with our ears these words, the king's  
pious will toward the gods in the behalf of great  
Pelagus and through Argos. May he reach the  
goal of his and triumph over my sorrow, rescuing the  
gory corpse the mother's idol, and making the land  
of Iteachus his friend by helping her. For pious Teu-  
cr is a fair ornament to cities, and carries with it a grace  
that never wastes away. What will the city leader,  
I wonder? Will it conclude a friendly truce with me,  
and shall we obtain a burial for our sons? Help O  
help city of Pallas, the mother's cause, that so they  
may not pollute the laws of all mankind. Thou, I  
know, dost reverence right and to unjustest deal'st  
out defeat a protection at all times to the afflicted.

*Enter CREON with Athenian HERALD.*

*Th* (To HERALD) Forasmuch as with this thy art  
thou hast ever served the state and me by carrying  
my proclamation far and wide, so now cross Aegeus  
and the waters of Iteachus, and declare this message  
to thy haughty king of the Cadmeans. "Theseus,  
thy neighbour one who well may win the boon he  
craves as a favour thy permission to bury the  
dead winning to thyself their by the love of all the  
Hellenes. And if they will acquiesce come back  
again, but if they hearken not, thy second mes-  
sage to thus, the may expect my warrior host for  
at the sacred fount of Callichorus my army camps  
readiness and is being reviewed. Moreover the  
city gladly of its own accord stood this enter-  
prise when it perceived my wish. Hail who comes  
hither to interrupt my speech? A Theban herald  
so it seems, though I am not sure thy race. Stay  
happily may say thee thy trouble. For by his com-  
ing he meets my purpose half way.

*Enter THEBESIAN HERALD.*

*Herald* Who is the despot of the land? To whom  
must I announce the message of Creon who rules  
over the land of Cadmus, since Eteocles was slain  
by the hand of his brother Polynices, and the seven  
fold gates of Thebes?

*Th* Sir strange thou hast made a false beginning  
in thy speech in seeking to be a despot. For this city  
is not ruled by one man but by all. The people rule  
in successive year by year without any preference  
to wealth, but the poor man shares equally with the  
rich.

*He* Thou givest me here an advantage as it might

*The new* Phara, which wives of the neighbour  
brood of Corinth.



whom fortune frowns not on should gaze on misery's presentment likewise who maketh songs should take a pleasure in their making for if it be not so with him he will in no wise avail to gladden others if himself have sorrow in his home nay 'tis not even right to expect it Mayhap thou'lt say

Why pass the land of Pelops o'er and lay this toil on Athens? This am I bound to declare Sparta is cruel her customs variable the other states are small and weak Thy city alone would be able to undertake this labour for it turns an eye on suffering and hath in thee a young and gallant king for want whereof to lead their hosts states ere now have often perished

Ch I too Theseus urge the same plea to thee have pity on my hard fate

Th Full oft have I argued out this subject with others For there are who say there is more bad than good in human nature to the which I hold a contrary view that good o'er bad predominates in man for if it were not so we should not exist He hath my praise who'er of gods brought us to live by rule from chaos and from brutishness first by implanting reason and next by giving us a tongue to declare our thoughts so as to know the meaning of what is said bestowing fruitful crops and drops of rain from heaven to make them grow wherewith to nourish earth's fruits and to water her lap and more than this protection from the wintry storm and means to ward from us the sun god's scorching heat the art of sailing o'er the sea so that we might exchange with one another whatso our countries lack And where sight fails us and our knowledge is not sure the seer foretells by gazing on the flame by reading signs in folds of entrails or by divination from the flight of birds Are we not then too proud when heaven hath made such preparation for our life not to be content therewith? But our presumption seeks to lord it over heaven and in the pride of our hearts we think we are wiser than the gods Me thinks thou art even of this number a son of folly seeing that thou though obedient to Apollo's oracle in giving thy daughters to strangers as if gods really existed yet hast hurt thy house by mingling the stream of its pure line with muddy waters no! never should the wise man have joined the stock of just and unjust in one but should have gotten prosperous friends for his family For the deity confusing their destinies doth oft destroy by the sinner's fate him who never sinned nor committed injustice Thou didst lead all Argos forth to battle though seers proclaimed the will of heaven and then in scorn of them and in violent disregard of the gods hast ruined thy city led away by younger men such as court distinction and add war to war unrighteously destroying their fellow citizens one aspires to lead an army another fain would seize the reins of power and work his wanton will a third is bent on gain careless of any mischief the people thereby suffer For there are three ranks of citizens the rich a useless set that ever crave for more the poor and destitute fearful folk that cherish envy more than is

right and shoot out grievous stings against the men who have aught beguiled as they are by the eloquence of vicious leaders while the class that is mad most of the three preserveth cities observing such order as the state ordains Shall I then become thy ally? What fair pretext should I urge before my countrymen? Depart in peace! For why shouldst thou having been ill advised thyself seek to drag our fortune down?

Ch He erred but with the young men rests this error while he may well be pardoned

Ad I did not choose thee kin to judge my affliction but came to thee to cure it not nor if in aught my fortunes prove me wrong came I to thee to punish or correct them but to seek thy help But if thou wilt not I must be content with thy decision for how can I help it? Come aged dames away! Yet leave behind you here the woven leaves of pale green foliage calling to witness heaven and earth Demeter that fire bearing goddess and the sun god's light that our prayers to heaven availed us naught

Ch I who was Pelops' son and we are of the land of Pelops and share with thee the blood of ancestors What art thou doing? wilt thou betray these suppliant symbols and banish from thy land these aged women without the boon they should obtain? Do not so even the wild beast finds a refuge in the rock the slave in the altars of the gods and a state when tempest tossed covers to its neighbour's shelter for naught in this life of man is blest unto its end

Rise hapless one from the sacred floor of Persephone rise clasp him by the knees and implore him O recover the bodies of our dead sons the children that I lost—ah woe is me!—beneath the walls of Cadmus town Ah me! ah me! Take me by the hand poor aged sufferer that I am support and guide and raise me up By thy beard kind friend glory of Hellas I do beseech thee as I clasp thy knees and hands in my misery O pity me as I entreat for my sons with my tale of wretched woe like some beggar nor let my sons lie there unburied in the land of Cadmus glad prey for beasts whilst thou art in thy prime I implore thee See the tear drop tremble in my eye as thus I throw me at thy knees to win my children burial

Th Mother mine why weepst thou drawing o'er thine eyes thy veil? Is it because thou didst hear their piteous lamentations? To my own heart it goes Raise thy silvered head weep not where thou stittest at the holy altar of Demeter

Æ Ah woe!

Th 'Tis not for thee their sorrows to lament

Æ Ye hapless dames!

Th Thou art not of their company

Æ May I a scheme declare my son that shall add to thy glory and the state's?

Th Yea for oft even from women's lips issue wise counsels

\*Someth'g is lost here referring to claims of relationship The sense perhaps is thou art thyself related to Pittheus who was etc

law of all Hellenes. What is not well in this? If we suffer from the Argives—lo! they are dead and took a splendid vengeance on your foes and covered them with shame, and now your city is at an end. Let the dead now be buried in the earth, and each element return to the place from whence it came to the body the breath to the air the body to the ground for in no wise did we act for our own benefit. Live on, live on, and a time that is in their earth must take it back again. Dost think us Argos thou art injuring in your burial to the dead? No! all Hellas shares hereof. If a man rob the dead of their due and keep them from the tomb for if this law be enacted it will make dismay into the stoutest hearts. And art thou come to cast a dire threat at me while thy own folk are afraid of your burial to the dead? What is our fear? Think thou it will underrune our land in their graves, so that they will begin children in the womb of earth from whom shall rise an avenger? A tall warrior's words, in truth they do show you fear of pain. The boundless terrors of life, the fear of the lesson of human misery, our life is made up of struggles some men think that find their fortune soon others have to wait while some at once are blest. Fortunate is a dainty life: her child, wretched palace and court and homage to win her reward her likeness of the prosperous man eternal. For shea the favouring goddess leads him through these lessons should we take to heart to bear with moderation for we from wrath our wrongs, and do no right to hurt a whole city. What then? Let us, who all the good deed perform, bury the corpses of the dead. Else is the man dear I will go and burn them by force. For ever shall it be proclaimed through Hellas that heaven's ancient law was set at naught when it devoted on me and the city of Pandion.

CH. B. Of good cheer for if thou preserve thyself out of just care, thou shalt escape man a choice that thou wilt urge.

H. Wilt thou that I sum up in brief all thou wouldst say?

TH. Say what thou wilt for thou art not silent in it.

TH. Thou shalt never take the sons of Argos from our land.

TH. Hea! then, my answer too to that, for so thou sayest.

TH. I will be sure not that I wish it, but I must go there thy turn.

TH. I will bury the dead when from Asopus land they are removed thence.

H. First must thou adventure somewhat in the front of war.

TH. Many an exile price and of a different kind has I ever thus endured.

TH. Were thou then begotten of thy sire to cope with every foe?

TH. A, with all wanton ill aims virtue I punish not.

TH. To middle is thy woe and thy city's too.

TH. Hence her enterprise on many a field hath on her frequent success.

He Come then that the warriors of the dragon crop may catch thee in our city.

TH. What furious warrior host could spring from dragon seed?

TH. Thou shalt learn that to thy cost. As yet thou art our own, and art a hero.

TH. Thy boastful speech stirs not my heart at all to rise. Yet get thee gone from my land taking with thee the idle words thou brotest for we are making no advance. (Exit A. 1.) 'Tis time for all to start each stout footman and horse mounts the car at this time the bit dripping with foam, should we be the charger on toward the land of Cadmus. For I will march in person to the sentinels thereof with the sharp sword in my hand and be myself my herald. But thee, Adrastus, I bid stay or blend with mine thy fortunes, for I will take my own good star to lead my host a chieftain famed in famous deeds of arms. One thing alone I need the favour of all gods that reverence might for the presence of these things insures victory. For their valour availeth men naught unless they have the gods' goodwill.

Enter Chorus.

Sema Chorus. Unhappy mothers of these hapless chiefs! How wildly in my heart pale fear stirs up alarm!

Sema Chorus II. What is this new cry thou utterest?

Sema Ch. I. I fear the issue of the strife where to the hosts of Pallas march.

Sema Ch. II. Dost speak of issues of the sword or interchange of word?

Sema Ch. I. That last were vain indeed but of the carnage I battle in my mind and the noise of beaten bronze gain be heard in the land what last will be said of men who are the cause thereof?

Sema Ch. II. Let may fate again bring low the brilliant crest on this brave thought that twines about our heart.

Sema Ch. I. Thou speakst of the gods as if they were just.

Sema Ch. II. For who but they allot what ever befalls?

Sema Ch. I. I see many a contradiction in their dealings with men.

Sema Ch. II. The firm fear hath warped thy judgment. Vengeance calls on each forth law's sister calls for slaughter but the god gives despite from affliction, holding in their own hands each their allotted end.

Sema Ch. I. Would I could reach your plain with runners crowned, heaven's Calliopeus, fountains of the goddess!

Sema Ch. II. O that some god would give me wings to fly to the city of rivers' strain!

Sema Ch. I. So mightst thou see and know the fortunes of thy friends.

Sema Ch. II. What fate, what issue there awaits the valiant monarch of the land?

Sema Ch. I. Once more do we invoke the god we called upon before yea in our fear this is our first and chiefest trust.

Sema Ch. II. O Zeus, father to the child the bester

be in a game of draughts for the city whence I come is ruled by one man only not by the mob none there puffs up the citizens with specious words and for his own advantage twists them this way or that one moment dear to them and lavish of his favours the next a bane to all and yet by fresh calumnies of others he hides his former failures and escapes punishment Besides how shall the people if it can not form true judgments be able rightly to direct the state? Nay tis time not haste that affords a better understanding A poor hind granted he be not all unschooled would still be unable from his toil to give his mind to politics Verily the better sort count it no healthy sign when the worthless man obtains a reputation by beguiling with words the populace though aforesaid he was nau<sup>ht</sup>

*Th* This herald is a clever fellow a dabbler in the art of talk But since thou hast thus entered the lists with me listen awhile for twas thou didst challenge a discussion Naught is more hostile to a city than a despot where he is there are in the first place no laws common to all but one man is tyrant in whose keeping and in his alone the law resides and in that case equality is at an end But when the laws are written down rich and poor alike have equal justice and it is open to the weaker to use the same language to the prosperous when he is reviled by him and the weaker prevails over the stronger if he have justice on his side Freedom's mark is also seen in this Who hath wholesome counsel to declare unto the state? And he who chooses to do so gains renown while he who hath no wish remains silent What greater equality can there be in a city? Again where the people are absolute rulers of the land they rejoice in having a reserve of youthful citizens while a king counts this a hostile element and strives to slay the leading men all such as he deems discreet for he feareth for his power How then can a city remain stable where one cuts short all enterprise and mows down the young like meadow flowers in spring time? What boots it to acquire wealth and livelihood for children merely to add to the tyrant's substance by one's toil? Why train up virgin daughters virtuously in our homes to gratify a tyrant's whim whenever he will, and crush tears to those who rear them? May my life end if ever my children are to be wedded by violence! This bolt I launch in answer to thy words Now say why art thou come? what needest thou of this land? Had not thy city sent thee to thy cost hadst thou come with thy outrageous utterances for it is the herald's duty to tell the message he is bidden and bid him back in haste Henceforth let Creon send to my city some other messenger less talkative than thee

*Ch* Look you! how insolent the villains are when Fortune is kind to them just as if it would be well with them for ever

*He* Now will I speak On these disputed points hold thou this view but I the contrary So I and all the people of Cadmus forbid thee to admit Adrastus to this land but if he is here drive him forth in disregard of the holy suppliant bough he bears ere

sinks yon blazing sun and attempt not violently to take up the dead seeing thou hast naught to do with the city of Argos And if thou wilt hearken to me thou shalt bring thy harque of state into port unharmed by the billows but if not fierce shall the surge of battle be that we and our allies shall raise Take good thought nor answered at my words, be cause forsooth thou rulest thy city with freedom return a vaunting answer from thy feebler means Hope is man's curse many a state hath it involved in strife by leading them into excessive rage For whenso the city has to vote on the question of war no man ever takes his own death into account but shifts this misfortune on to his neighbour but if death had been before their eyes when they were giving their votes Hellas would ne'er have rushed to her doom in mad desire for battle And yet each man amongst us knows which of the two to prefer the good or ill and how much better peace is for mankind than war—peace the Muses chiefest friend the foe of sorrow whose joy is in glad throngs of children and its delight in prosperity These are the blessings we cast away and wickedly embark on war man enslaving his weaker brother and craves following suit Now thou art helping our foes even after death trying to rescue and bury those whom their own acts of insolence have ruined Verily then it would seem Capaneus was unjustly blasted by the thunderbolt and charred upon the ladder he had raised against our gates swearing he would sack our town whether the god would or no nor should the yawning earth have snatched away the seer's opening wider her mouth to take his chariot and its horses in nor should the other chieftains be stretched at our gates their skeletons to atoms crushed beneath boulders Either boast thy wit transcendeth that of Zeus or else allow that gods are right to slay the ungodly The wise should love their children first next their parents and country whose fortunes it behoves them to increase rather than break down Rashness in a leader as in a pilot causeth shipwreck who knoweth when to be quiet in a wise man? Lead and this too is bravery even forethou<sup>ht</sup>

*Ch* The punishment Zeus hath inflicted was surely enough there was no need to heap this rant on in suit on us

*Ad* Abandoned wretch!

*Th* Peace Adrastus! say no more set not thy words before mine for tis not to thee this fellow is come with his message but to me and I must answer him Thy first assertion will I answer first I am not aware that Creon is my lord and master or that his power outweigheth mine that so he should compel Athens to act on this wise nay! for then would the tide of time have to flow back and if we are to be ordered about as he thinks 'Tis not I who choose this war seeing that I did not even join these warriors to go unto the land of Cadmus but still I claim to bury the fallen dead not injuring any state nor yet introducing murderous strife but preserving the

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How didst escape and after that I will ask thee of the rest.

Alc. During the uproar which prevailed in the city owing to the battle I passed the gates, just as the host had entered them.

Id. Are ye bringing the bodies, for the which the people are here?

Alc. Yes, such of the seven chiefs who led their homes hosts.

Id. What sayest thou? the rest who fell—say where are they?

Alc. They have found burial in the dells of Cithæron.

Id. On this or that side of the mount? And who did bury them?

Alc. These men buried them beneath the shadow of Elms there I tell thee.

Id. Where didst thou leave the dead he hath not buried?

Alc. Not far away eastern haste makes every goal look close.

Id. No doubt in sorrow sisters would gather them from the carriage.

Alc. Save! not one of them was set to do this toil.

Id. Thou wouldst say so hadst thou been there to see his loving attendance of the dead.

Id. Did he himself wash the blood wounds of the hapless youth?

Alc. He did and strewed their biers and wrapped them in their shrouds.

Id. An awful burden thus, in solving some disgrace.

Alc. What dost thou say to men are their fellows sorrows.

Id. Ah me! how much rather had I died with them!

Alc. Thou art to weep and too to tears these women.

Id. Alas! alas! us thy who give the lesson. Enough of that! My hand I lift in meeting of the dead, and pour forth a tearful darg. O Hades, call us on my friends, whose loss I mourn in wretched solitude for this on thing when once its rent, man cannot recover the breath of life, thou hast been done to get his wealth again.

Alc. Joy is bitter and sorrow too—for thou art far and for our citizens, double need of honour. Better far to sit we the limbs of men dead zones and to welcome the ritual because I shall be held the unexpected day of sorrow's cup was full. Would that Father Time had kept me as of from earth up to now when I am old! What need had I of child? No! I think I should not have suffered excessively had I not been born the marriage yoke but now I have in sorrow I feel the loss of children dear.

Lo I see the bones of the fallen youths. Woe is me! would I could join these children in their death and dwell to Hades with them.

Enter three men.

Alc. One is coming here.

Id. Mothers, raise the wail for the dead departed cry in answer when ye hear my note of woe.

Ch. My sons, my sons! O bitter words for longing mothers to address to you! To these my lifeless child I call.

Id. Woe! woe!

Ch. Ah me! my sufferings!

Id. Alas!

Ch.

Id. We have endured ails!

Ch. Sorrows most grievous.

Id. O citizens of Argos! do ye not behold my fate?

Ch. They see thee, and in the hapless mother rest of her children.

Id. Bred near the blood belterred corpses of those hapless chiefs, soulls slain by foes unworthy with whom lay the decision of the contest.

Ch. Let me embrace and hold my children in my bosom in my enfolding arms.

Id. There, there! thou hast—

Ch. Sorrows heavy enough to bear.

Id. Ah me!

Ch. Thy groans mingle with those of their parents.

Id. Hear me.

Ch. O'er both of us thou dost lament.

Id. Would God the Theban ranks had laid me dead in the dust!

Ch. Oh that I had never been wedded to a husband!

Id. Ah! hapless mothers, behold this sea of troubles!

Ch. Our sails have ploughed our cheeks in furrows, and our heads have strewn ashes.

Id. Ah me! ah me! Oh that earth's floor would swallow me, or the whirlwind snatch me away or Zeus flamen bolt descend upon my head!

Ch. Bitter the marriage is thou dost witness, bitter the oracles of Phoebus! The curse of Oedipus, fraught with sorrow after desolation his house is come on thee.

Id. I meant to question thee when thou wert sent to thy lamentations to the host but I will let it pass. Alas, though I dropped the matter then and left it alone I now do ask Adrastus, Of what lineage sprang those worthies, to share so bitter a duty? Tell it to our younger citizens if thy father's wisdom for thou art skilled to know. Myself beheld their daring deeds, too high for words to tell where they thou hast to capture Thebes. O the question will I spare thee, lest I provoke thy laughter the foe that each of them encountered in the fray the pea from which each received his death wound. These be idle tales alike for those who hear or him who speaks, that any man amid the fray when clouds of death are hurled before his eyes, should declare for certain who each champion is. I could not ask such questions, nor yet believe those who do assert it but when a man is face to face with the foe, he scarce can see in that which his bounden duty to observe.

Alc. I am in a dilemma.

mother bore in days long past that daughter of Inachus)

*Sen* Ch I O be gracious I pray and champion this city!

*Semi* Ch II 'Tis thy own darling thy own settler in the city of Argos that I am striving to rescue for the funeral pyre from outrageous insult

*EN* CH MESSENGER

*Messenger* Ladies I bring you tidings of great joy myself escaped—for I was taken prisoner in the battle which cost those chieftains seven their lives near Dirce's fount—to bear the news of Theseus' victory. But I will save thee tedious questioning. I was the servant of Capaneus whom Zeus with scorching bolt to ashes burnt.

*Ch* Friend of friends fair thy news of thy own return. Not less the news about Theseus and if the host of Athens too is safe welcome will all thy message be.

*Me* 'Tis safe, and all hath happened as I would it had befallen Adrastus and his Argives whom from Inachus he led to march against the city of the Cadmeans.

*Ch* How did the son of Ægeus and his fellow warriors raise their trophy to Zeus? Tell us for thou wert there and canst gladden us who were not.

*Me* Bright shone the sun one levelled line of light upon the world as by Electra's gate I stood to watch from a turret with a far outlook. And lo! I saw the host in three divisions deploying its mail-clad warriors on the high ground by the banks of Ismenus this last I heard and with them was the king himself famous son of Ægeus his own men natives of old Cecropia were ranged upon the right while on the left hard by the fountain of Æres were the dwellers by the sea harnessed spearmen they on either wing were posted cavalry in equal numbers and chariots were stationed in the shelter of Amphion's holy tomb. Meantime the folk of Cadmus set themselves before the walls, placing in the rear the bodies for which they fought. Horse to horse and car to car stood ranged. Then did the herald of Theseus cry aloud to all. Be still ye folk! hush ye ranks of Cadmus! hearken! we are come to fetch the bodies of the slain wishing to bury them in observance of the universal law of Hellas no wish have we to lengthen out the slaughter. Not a word would Creon let his herald answer back but there he stood in silence under arms. Then did the drivers of the four horse cars begin the fray on past each other they drove their chariots bringing the warriors at their sides up into line. Some fought with swords some wheeled the horses back to the fray again for those they drove. Now when Phorbas who captained the cavalry of the Erechthidae saw the thronging chariots he and they who had the charge of the Theban horse met hand to hand and by turns were victors and vanquished. The many horrors happening there I saw not merely heard about for I was at the spot where the chariots and their riders met and fought but which to tell of first I know not—the clouds of dust that mounted to the sky the

warriors tangled in the reins and dragged this way and that the streams of crimson gore, when men fell dead or when from shattered chariot seats they tumbled headlong to the ground and mid the splinters of their cars gave up the ghost. But Creon when he marked our cavalry's success on one wing caught up a shield and rushed into the fray ere that dependancy should seize his men but not for that did Theseus recoil in fear nor snatchin' up once his glittering harness he hied him on. And the twain clashing their shields tog ther met in the midst of the assembled host were dealing death and courting it shouting loudly each to his fellow the battle cry. Slay and with thy spear strike home against the sons of Erechtheus. Fierce foes in cope with were the warriors whom the dragon's teeth in manhood reared so fierce they broke our left wing albeit theirs was routed by our right and put to flight so that the struggle was evenly balanced. Here again our chief deserved all praise for this success was not the only advantage he gained nor next he sought that part of his army which was wavering and loud he called to them that the earth ran again. My sons if ye cannot restrain the earth-born warriors stubborn spear the cause of Pallas is lost. His word inspired new courage in all the Danaid host. Therewith himself did seize a fearsome mace weapon of Epidaurian warfare and swun it to and fro and with that club as with a sickle he shore off necks and heads and helmets thereupon. Scarce even then they turned themselves to fly. For joy cried I and danced and clapped my hands while to the gates they ran. Thro'out the town echoed the shrieks of young and old as they crowded the temples in terror. But Theseus when he might have come inside the walls, held back his men for he had not come said he to sack the town but to ask for the bodies of the dead. Such the general men should choose one who shows his bravery in danger yet hates the pride of those that in their hour of fortune lose the bliss they might have enjoyed through seeking to scale the ladder's topmost step.

*Ch* Now do I believe in the gods after seeing this unexpected day and I feel my woes are lighter now that these have paid their penalty.

*Ad* O Zeus why do men assert the wisdom of the wretched human race? On these we all depend and all we do is only what thou listest. We thought our Argos irresistible ourselves a young and lusty host and so when Eteocles was for making terms in spite of his fair offer we would not accept them and so we perished. Then in their turn those foolish folk of Cadmus to fortune rised like some beggar with his newly gotten wealth waved wanton and warring so were ruined in their turn. Ye foolish sons of men! who strain your bow like men who shoot beyond their mark and only by suffering many evils as ye deserve though deaf to friends yet yield to circumstances ye critics likewise though ye might by parity end your mischief yet ye choose the sword instead of reason to settle all disputes. But wherefore these reflections? Thus I fain would learn the

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the stone and as he vanishes his mitten clasp I  
see his pocket-handkerchief and a dagger, hilt of him I know.  
Wherefore stand thou to the women's rock, which  
conducts thee to the ancient road on which thou art?

Enter a woman before the pyre of Capaneus.  
Enter What light, what radiance did the sun  
put on for thee and the moon thwart the fir-  
est, while round her in the gloom swift stars  
circled in the day that the city of Argos raised the  
wails of joy at my wedding in honour of my  
marriage with mail-clad Capaneus. Now from my  
breast in frantic haste with frenzied hand I rush to  
pay thee, seek to share with thee the fire's brightness  
and the salt sea tomb to end me of my weary  
life in Helen's halls, and of the pains of existence  
as for us the sweetest end to share the death of  
those we love, if only fate will sanction it.

Oh! and on pyre who thou art o'erlooking,  
and therein set apart for Zeus! There is thy hus-  
band's body, yet unburned by the blazing bolt.

Enter Leda. Leda! now behold from my station here  
my fortune and me in my headlong leap from this  
rock in honour's cause down into the fire below to  
mix my ashes in the ruddy blast with my husband's.  
To his side beside him, there in the couch  
of Persephone's son, as he will to his wife, pro-  
mised to me where thou hast in the grave a twin  
with Leda, and marriage too! Oh! may my children  
live to see the dawn of a fairer happier wedding,  
day in Argos! May loyalty inspire the husband's  
heart, his marriage with his wife's!

Oh! the good Iphus, thy father draweth nigh  
to hear thy story, scheme, which, I think, he knows not  
and will grieve to learn.

Enter Iphus.

I, unhappy child! lo I am come, poor old  
man, with two old women in my house to mourn,  
but I may earn to his name and the corpse of my  
son Eteocles, slain by the Theban spear, and further  
in quest of my daughter who rushed headlong from  
the house for she was the wife of Capaneus and  
loved with him to die. Ere this she was well guarded  
in my house but when I took the watch away in  
the present trouble, she escaped. But I feel sure  
that she is here, tell me if thou hast seen her.

Enter What question them? Lo, here upon the rock,  
beside the pyre of Capaneus, like some band I  
brought light in my wretchedness.

What word hath blown thee hither, child?  
Whither away? Wilt thou pass the threshold  
from house and seek this land?

Enter It would but answer thee to hear what I in-  
tend, and so I have kept thee ignorant to my  
father.

What! hath not thy own father a right to  
know?

Enter Thy wouldst not reveal judgment's intention?  
Why dost thou deck thyself in that purple?

Enter A purpose strange this robe on thee, father!

Thou hast no look of mourning for thy lord.

Enter No, the reason why I thus am decked in strange  
robe.

Dost thou in such garb appear before a  
funeral pyre?

Enter Yes for hither it is I come to take the meed  
of it.

Victory! what story? This would I learn  
of thee.

Enter A victory over all women on whom the sun  
looks down.

In Athens a hand work or in prudent counsel?

Enter In both for I will lay me down and die  
with my lord.

What dost thou say? What is this self-  
riddle thou propoundest?

Enter To wonder pyre where lies dead Capaneus, I  
will leap down.

My daughter speak not thus before the mul-  
titude!

Enter The very thing I wish, that I may know  
should learn it.

I will never consent to it, thee do this  
deed.

Enter As she is throwing herself! 'Tis all one, thou  
shalt never catch me in thy trap. Lo! I cast me  
down, so joy to thee but to myself and to my hus-  
band blazing on the pyre with me.

Oh! O! what a fearful deed!

I Ah me! I am undone, the dames of Argos!

Oh! Alack, alack! a cruel blow is this to thee but  
thou must witness, poor wretch, the full horror  
of this deed.

I A more unhappy wretch than me we could  
not find.

Oh! Woe for thee, unhappy man! Thou, old sir  
hast been made partaker in the fortune of Capaneus,  
thou and my poor mother too.

I Ah, why are mortal men denied this boon, to  
live their youth once over and twice in turn to  
reach old age? If a hit goes wrong within our homes,  
we set it on fire by judgment more mature, formed  
but our life is not so correct. Now if we had  
second swell of youth and age this double term of  
life would let us then correct each previous slip. I  
for instance seeing thee blest with children, longed  
to have them too, and found my ruin in that wish.  
Whereas if I had had my present expectation, and by

father I had learnt how cruel a thing it is to  
be bereft of children, never should I have fallen on  
such ill days, these—I who did bear a brave  
young son, proud parent that I was, and fit to all  
now bereft of him. Enough of this. What remains  
for such hapless wretches as I? Had I to my home  
there to see its desolation and the blank within  
my life? or shall I to the halls of that dead Capa-  
neus?—hail! I would to see in days gone by when  
yet my dear husband was alive. But he is lost and gone  
and that would draw down my cheek to her  
lips, and I keep my head between my hands for  
now he is there more sweet unto an aged soul than  
a daughter long our sons are mad of stern stuff  
but less warm are their careers. Oh! take me to  
my house at once in a dress hide me there to  
waste and fret this aged frame with fasting! What

Ad Harken then For in giving this task to me thou findest a willing eulogist of friends whose praise I would declare in all truth and sincerity Dost see yon corpse by Zeus bolt transhived? That is Capaneus though he had ample wealth yet was he the last to boast of his prosperity nor would he ever vaunt himself above a poorer man, labour but shunned the man whose sumptuous board had puffed him up too high and made him scorn mere competence for he held that virtue lies not in greedy gluttony but that moderate means suffice True friend was he alike to present or to absent friends the same of such the number is not great His was a guileless character a courteous address that left no promise unperformed either towards his own household or his fellow citizens The next I name is Eteocles a master he of other kinds of excellence young nor richly dowered with store yet high in honour in the Argive land And though his friends oft offered gifts of gold he would not have it in his house to make his character its slave by taking wealth's yoke upon him Not his city but those that sinned against her did he hate for a city is no wise to be blamed if it get an evil name by reason of an evil governor Such another was Hippomedon third of all this band from his very boyhood he refrained from turning towards the allurements of the Muses to lead a life of ease his home was in the fields and gladly would he school his nature to hardships with a view to manliness as he hasting to the chase rejoicing in his steeds or straining of his bow because he would make himself of use unto his state Next behold the huntress Atalanta's son Parthenopæus a youth of peerless beauty from Arcady he came even to the streams of Inachus and in Argos spent his boyhood There when he grew to man's estate first as is the duty of strangers settled in another land he showed no pique or jealousy against the state became no quibbler chiefest source of annoyance citizen or stranger can give but took his stand amid the host and fought for Argos as he were her own son glad at heart whenso the city prospered deeply grieved if ever reverses came many a lover though he had midst men and maids yet was he careful to avoid offence Of Tydeus next the lofty praise I will express in brief no brilliant spokesman he, but a clever craftsman in the art of war with many a shrewd device inferior in judgment to his brother Meleager yet through his warrior skill lending his name to equal praise for he had found in arms a perfect science his was an ambitious nature a spirit rich in store of deeds with words less fully dowered From this account then wonder not Theseus that they dared to die before the towers for noble nurture carries honour with it and every man when once he hath practised virtue scorns the name of villain Courage may be learnt for even a babe doth learn to speak and hear things it cannot comprehend and whatsoever a child hath learnt this it is his wont to treasure up till he is old So train up your children in a virtuous way

Ch Alas! my son to sorrow I bare thee and carried

thee within my womb enduring the pangs of travail but now Hades takes the fruit of all my hapless toil and I that had a son am left ah me! with none to nurse my age

Th As for the noble son of Cleus him while yet he lived the gods snatched hence to the bowels of the earth and his chariot too manifestly blessing him while I myself may truthfully tell the praises of the son of Oedipus that is Polyrces for he was my guest friend ere he left the town of Cadmus and crossed to Argos in voluntary exile But dost thou know what I would have thee do in this matter?

Ad I know naught save this—to yield obedience to thy hests

Th As for yon Capaneus stricken by the bolt of Zeus—

Ad Wilt bury him apart as a consecrated corpse?

Th Even so but all the rest on one funeral pyre

Ad Where wilt thou set the tomb apart for him?

Th Here near this temple have I builded him a sepulchre

Ad Thy thralls forthwith must undertake this toil

Th Myself will look to those others let the beasts ad once

Ad Approach your sons unhappy mothers

Th This thy proposal Adrastus is anything but good

Ad Must not the mothers touch their sons?

Th It would kill them to see how they are altered

Ad 'Tis bitter truly to see the dead even at the moment of death

Th Why then wilt thou add fresh grief to them?

Ad Thou art right Ye needs must patiently abide for the words of Theseus are good But when we have committed them unto the flames ye shall collect their bones O wretched sons of men! Why do ye get you weapons and bring slaughter on one another? Cease therefrom give o'er your toil and in mutual peace keep safe your cities Short is the span of life so twere best to run its course as lightly as we may from trouble free

Ch No more a happy mother I with children blest no more I share among Argive women who have sons their happy lot nor any more will Artemis in the hour of travail kindly greet these childless mothers Most dreary in my life and like some wandering cloud I drift before the howling blast The seven noblest sons in Argos once we had we seven hapless mothers but now my sons are dead I have no child and on me steals old age in piteous wise nor amongst the dead nor amongst the living do I count myself having as it were a lot apart from these Tears alone are left me in my house sad memories of my son are stored mournful tresses shorn from his head chaplets that he wore libations for the dead departed and songs but not such as golden haired Apollo welcometh and when I wake to weep my tears will ever drench the folds of my robe upon my bosom Ah! there I see the sepulchre ready even now for Capaneus his consecrated tomb and the votive offerings Theseus gives unto the dead outside

a father of your dead sire thou too Ægeus.  
 Let take thy father's place and in thy youth com-  
 mand the host, and with thee Tydeus son marchon  
 from Erola—him whom his father named Drome-  
 ion. Soon as the beard your cheeks overshadow  
 must lead an armed Danaid host against the bat-  
 tlements of Thebes with sevenfold gates. For to  
 their sorrow shall ye come like lions whelps in full  
 grown maturity to sack their city. No otherwise shall  
 be and ye shall be a theme for minstrel's songs  
 many days to come known through Hellas as "the

After born" so famous shall your expedition be  
 thanks to Heaven

TH Queen Athena I will hearken to thy bidding  
 for thou it dost set me up, so that I go not astray.  
 And I will bind this monarch by an oath do thou  
 but guide my steps aright. For if thou art friendly  
 to our state we shall henceforth be secure

CH Let us go, Adrastus, and take the oath to this  
 monarch and his state for the service they have al-  
 ready done us claim our warm regard

Enter J. comes.



shall it avail me to touch my daughter's bones? Old age resistless for how do I loathe thy presence! Them too I hate whose desire to lengthen out the span of life seeking to turn the tide of death aside by philtres drugs and magic spells—folk that death should take away to leave the young their place when they no more can benefit the world

*Ch* Woe woe! Behold your dead sons' bones are brought hither take them servants of your weak old mistress for in me is no strength left by reason of my mourning for my sons' time's comrade long have I been and many a tear for many a sorrow have I shed For what sharper pang wilt thou ever find for mortals than the sight of children dead?

*Enter children of slain chiefs*

*Children* Poor mother mine behold I bring my father's bones gathered from the fire a burden grief has rendered heavy though this tiny urn contains my all

*Ch* Ah me! ah me! Why bear thy tearful load to the fond mother of the dead a handful of ashes in the stead of those who erst were men of mark in Mycenæ?

*Chil* Woe worth the hour! woe worth the day! Reft of my hapless sire a wretched orphan shall I inherit a desolate house torn from my father's arms

*Ch* Woe is thee! Where is now the toil I spent upon my sons? what thank have I for nightly watch? Where the mother's nursing care? the sleepless vigils mine eyes have kept? the loving kiss upon my children's brow?

*Chil* Thy sons are dead and gone Poor mother! dead and gone the boundless air now wraps them round

*Ch* Turned to ashes by the flame they have winged their flight to Hades

*Chil* Father thou hearest thy children's lamentation say shall I e'er as warrior dight avenge thy slaughter?

*Ch* God grant it O my child!

*Chil* Some day if god so will shall the avenging of my father be my task not yet this sorrow sleeps

*Ch* Alas! Fortune's sorrows are enough for me I have troubles and to spare already

*Chil* Shall Asopus laughing tide ever reflect my brazen arms as I lead on my Argive troops?

*Ch* To avenge thy fallen sire

*Chil* Methinks I see thee still before my eyes my father—

*Ch* Printing a loving kiss upon thy cheek

*Chil* But thy words of exhortation are borne on the winds away

*Ch* Two mourners hath he left behind thy mother and thee bequeathing to thee an endless legacy of grief for thy father

*Chil* The weight of grief I have to bear hath crushed me utterly

*Ch* Come let me clasp the ashes of my son to my bosom

*Chil* I weep to hear that piteous word it stabs me to the heart

*Ch* My child thou art undone no more shall I behold thee thy own fond mother's treasure.

*Th* Adrastus and ye dames from Argos sprung ye see these children bearing in their hands the bodies of their valiant sires whom I redeemed to thee I give these gifts I and Athens And ye must bear in mind the memory of this favour marking well the treatment ye have had of me And to these children I repeat the self same words that they may honour this city to children's children ever hanging on the kindness ye received from us Be Zeus the witness with the gods in heaven of the treatment we vouchsafed you ere you left us

*Ad* Theseus well we know all the kindness thou hast conferred upon the land of Argos in her need and ours shall be a gratitude that never waxeth old for your generous treatment makes us debtors for a like return

*Th* What yet remains wherein I can serve you?

*Ad* Fare thee well for such is thy desert and such thy city's too

*Th* Even so Mayst thou too have the self same fortune!

*ATHENA appears above temple*

*Athena* Harken Theseus to the words that I Athena utter telling thee thy duty which if thou perform it will serve thy city Give not these bones to the children to carry to the land of Argos let them go so lightly nay take first an oath of them that they will requite thee and thy city for your efforts This oath must Adrastus swear for as their king it is his right to take the oath for the whole realm of Argos And this shall be the form thereof

We Argives swear we never will against this land lead on our mail-clad troops to war and if others come we will repel them But if they violate their oath and come against the city pray that the land of Argos may be miserably destroyed Now harken while I tell thee where thou must slay the victims Thou hast within thy halls a tripod with brazen feet which Heracles in days gone by after he had overthrown the foundations of Ilium and was starting on another enterprise enjoined thee to set up at the Pythian shrine O'er it cut the throats of three sheep then grave within the tripod's hollow belly the oath this done deliver it to the god who watches over Delphi to keep a witness and memorial unto Hellas of the oath And bury the sharp-edged knife wherewith thou shalt have laid the victims open and shed their blood deep in the bowels of the earth hard by the pyres where the seven chieftains burn for its appearance shall strike them with dismay if e'er against thy town they come and shall cause them to return with sorrow When thou hast done all this dismiss the dead from thy land And the god resign as sacred land the spot where their bodies were purified by fire there by the meeting of the triple roads that lead unto the Isthmus Thus much to thee Theseus I address next the sons of Argos I speak when ye are grown to men's estate the town beside Ismenus shall ye sack avenging the

*P.* While yet they stay on shore, or as they cross the briny deep?

*A.* When they have set sail from Ilium for their homes, on them will Zeus also send his rain and fearful hail, and windy tempests from the sky; yea and he promises to grant me his Iun bolts to smite on the Achæans and fire the ships. And do thou for thy part, make the Ægean strait to roar with mighty billows and whirlpools, and fill Euboea's bold bay with corpses, that Achæans may learn henceforth to reverence my temples and regard all other deities.

*H.* So shall it be, for the boon thou cravest needs but few words. I will vex the broad Ægean sea and the beach of Myconus and the reefs round Delos, Scyros and Lemnos too, and the cliffs of Caphareus shall be strewn with many a corpse. Mount thou to Olympus, and taken from thy father's hand his lightning bolts, keep careful watch against theuben Argos' host lets slip its cables. A fool is he who makes the towers of men with his lines and tombs the dead man's hallowed home; for at the last he makes a desert round himself and dies.

*Herub (A. leaving).* Lift thy head unhappy lady from the ground; thy neck upraise; this Troy no more no longer am I queen in Ilium. Though for time change, endure thy lot; sail with the stream and follow fortune's track; see that thy baggage of life against the tide of chance must guide thy course. Ah me! ah me! What else but tears now can hapless Iol's whose country children husband all are lost? Ah! the high blown pride of an erstwhile cabined now! how brought to nothing since all! What we must I suppose, what deeds? What please!—durst I awake? Ah woe is mine if the anguish I suffer is, given stretched upon this galleys' hard! O my head, my temples, my mind! Ah! could I but turn or err and lie now on this, now on that, to rest my back and spine awhile ceaselessly my tearful wail ascends. For even thus is constructed the wheel to ha-t their heedless dogs of sorrow.

↑ Swift prowed ships, rowed to sacred Ilium over the deep da-lea, past the fair harbor of Hylas, to the fleet all ornamented in sea and dust; once I pipes I eat thy bays! Thy land I lack the day I wherein ye used your havers, twisted hand work from Egypt, in quest of that fatal wife of Menelaus, who brought disgrace in Castor and Eurytus' foul proach murder of his of Priam's side of Elfr child in the cause why I the hapless Hecuba have wrecked my life upon this troublous strand. Oh that I should sit here against the rest of Aegæon! Forth from my breast to slay they have my aged frame while from my head in piteous woe thy hair is shorn for grief. Ah! hapless wretches of those mail-clad sons of Troy! Ah! poor mad men, luckless brides, come weep for Ilium; now but a smouldering ruin and I like some mother bod that o'er her fledglings screams, will begin the strain how different from that song I sang to the gods in days long past as I leaned on Priam's staff and beat with my foot in Phrygian tune to lead the dance!

# ENTER CHORUS OF CAPTIVE TROJAN WOMEN

*Sem. Chorus I.* O Hecuba! why these cries, these piteous shrieks? What mean thy words? For I heard thy piteous wail echo through the building and a pang of terror shoots through each captive Trojan's breast as pent within these walls they mourn their lives lost.

*Hec.* My children now the hands of Argive rowers are busy at their ships.

*Sem. Ch. I.* Ah woe is me! what is their intent? Will they really bear me hence in sorrow from my country in their fleet?

*Hec.* I know not though I guess our doom.

*Sem. Ch. I.* O misery! woe to us Trojan dames, soon to hear the orders given. Come forth from the house the Argives are preparing to return.

*Hec.* Oh! do not bid this wretched Cassandra leave her chamber the frantic prophetess, for Argives to insult her to me, they add yet another woe to these ill-fated Trojans; the sun is set and woe to thy unhappy children quick and dead alike who are leaving thee behind!

*Sem. Chorus II.* With trembling step alas! I leave this tent of Agamemnon to learn of thee my royal mistress whether the Argives have resolved to take my wretched life while the sailors at the prow are making ready to ply their oars.

*Hec.* My child a fearful deed seized on my wakeful heart and sent me hither.

*Sem. Ch. II.* Hark a herald from the Danaans ready come? To whom am I poor captive, even as a slave?

*Hec.* Thou art not far from being allotted now.

*Sem. Ch. II.* Woe with thee day! What Argive or Phrygian chief will bear me from Troy alas! unto his home or haply to some island fastness?

*Hec.* Ah me! ah me! Whose slave shall I become in my old age? In what far clime? poor old dame, the wretched copy of a corpse set to keep the gate to tend their children: I who once held royal rank in Troy.

*Ch.* Woe, woe is thee! What piteous dirge wilt thou devise to mourn the outrage done thee? No more thou hasteda looms shall I ply the shuttle and lo! I look my last and latest on my children's bodies when earth shall endure surpassing misery; it may be the unwilling bride of some Hellenic (perish the sight and fortune that brings me to this!) it may be as a wretched slave I from Perseus' sacred fount shall draw their thirst of water.

Oh! be it ours to come to Theseus' famous realm, a land of joy! I've never before let me see Eurotas swirling tide, hateful home of Helen's raptures and be the slave of Menelaus, whose hand has d Troy land wast! Yon holy land by Peneus fed nestling in all its beauty at Olympus' foot is said so have I heard to be a very granary of wealth and summing fruitage next to the sacred soil of Theseus I could wish to reach that land. Thy tell me too Hephaestus' home beneath the shadow of Ætna, fronting Phrygia the mother of Sicilian hills, is famous for the crowns it gives to worth. O may I find a home

# THE TROJAN WOMEN

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                                   |                   |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|
| POSEIDON                          | TALTHYBIUS        |
| ATHENA                            | CASSANDRA         |
| HECUBA                            | ANDROMACHE        |
| CHORUS OF CAPTIVE<br>TROJAN WOMEN | MENELAUS<br>HELEN |

*Before Agamemnon's Tent in the Camp near Troy  
HECUBA asleep Enter POSEIDON*

*Poseidon* Lo! from the depths of salt Ægean floods  
I Poseidon come where choirs of Nereids trip  
in the mazes of the graceful dance for since the day  
that Phoebus and myself with measurement exact  
set towers of stone about this land of Troy and  
ringed it round never from my heart hath passed  
away a kindly feeling for my Phrygian town which  
now is smouldering and overthrown a prey to Ar  
give prowess For from his home beneath Iarnas  
sus Phocian Epheus aided by the craft of Pallas  
framed a horse to bear within its womb an armed  
host and sent it within the battlements fraught  
with death whence in days to come men shall tell  
of the wooden horse with its hidden load of  
warriors Groves forsaken stand and temples of the  
gods run down with blood and at the altar's very  
base before the god who watched his home lies  
Priam dead While to Achæan ships great store of  
gold and Phrygian spoils are being conveyed and  
they who came against this town those sons of Hellas  
only wait a favouring breeze to follow in their wake  
that after ten long years they may with joy behold  
their wives and children Vanquished by Hera Ar  
give goddess and by Athena who helped to ruin  
Phrygia I am leaving Ilium that famous town and  
the altars that I love for when drear desolation  
seizes on a town the worship of the god decays and  
tends to lose respect Scamander's banks re-echo  
long and loud the screams of captive maids as they  
by lot receive their masters Arcadia taketh some  
and some the folk of Thessaly others are assigned  
to Theseus sons the Athenian chiefs And such of  
the Trojan dames as are not portioned out are  
in these tents set apart for the leaders of the host and  
with them Spartan Helen daughter of Tyndarus  
justly counted among the captives And wouldst  
thou see that queen of misery Hecuba thou canst  
for there she lies before the gates weeping many a  
bitter tear for many a tribulation for at Achilles  
tomb—though she knows not this—her daughter  
Polyxena has died most piteously likewise is Priam  
dead and her children too Cassandra whom the  
king Apollo left to be a virgin frenzied maid hath  
Agamemnon in contempt of the god's ordinance

and of piety forced to a dishonoured wedlock  
Farewell O city prosperous once! farewell ye  
ramparts of hewn stone! had not Pallas daughter  
of Zeus decreed thy ruin thou wert standing firmly  
till

*Enter ATHENA*

*Athena* May I address the mighty god whom  
Heaven reveres and who to my own sire is very  
nigh in blood laying aside our former enmity?

*Po* Thou must for o'er the soul the ties of kin  
evert no feeble spell great queen Athena

*At* For thy forgiving mood my thanks! Some  
what have I to impart affecting both thyself and  
me O king

*Po* Bringst thou fresh tidings from some god  
from Zeus or from some lesser power?

*At* From none of these but on behalf of Troy  
whose soil we tread am I come to seek thy mighty  
aid to make it one with mine

*Po* What! hast thou laid thy former hate aside  
to take compassion on the town now that it is burnt  
to ashes?

*At* First go back to the former point wilt thou  
make common cause with me in the scheme I pur  
pose?

*Po* Ay surely but I would fain learn thy wishes  
whether thou art come to help Achæans or Phrygians

*At* I wish to give my former foe the Trojans  
joy and on the Achæan host impose a return that  
they will rue

*Po* Why leapest thou thus from mood to mood?  
Thy love and hate both go too far on whomsoever  
centred

*At* Dost not know the insult done to me and to  
the shrine I love?

*Po* Surely in the hour that Aias tore Cassandra  
thence

*At* Yea and the Achæans did naught said naught  
to him

*Po* And yet twas by thy mighty aid they sacked  
Ilium

*At* For which cause I would join with thee to  
work their bane

*Po* My powers are ready at thy will What is thy  
intent?

*At* A returning fraught with woe will I impose  
on them

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torch for men, but precious is the flame thou kindlest here, beyond my blackest bodings. Ah, my child! how little did I ever dream that such would be thy marriage a captive and of Argos' roof! Give up the torch to me: thou dost not bear its blaze aright in thy delirious course, nor has the thy affliction less left thee in thy sober senses, but still art thou as frantic as before. Take in those torches, Trojan friends, and for her wedding madrons weep your tears instead.

Ca. O mother, crown my head with victor's wreaths: rejoice in my royal match; lead me to my kind may if thou find me loth at all thrust me there by force for if Loxia be indeed a prophet Agamemnon, that famous king of the Achæans will find in me a bride more fraught with woe to him than Helen. For I will slay him and lay waste his home to engage my father and my brethren in death. But of the deed itself I will not speak: nor will I tell of that axe which shall rise at my neck and the necks of others, or of the conflict ending in a mother's death, which my marriage shall cause: nor of the overthrow of Atreus' house: but I for all my frenzy will so far rise above my frantic fit that I will prove this *city happier* for than those Achæans, who for the sake of one woman and a Trojan's love of her have lost a countless host in seeking Helen. Their captain too, whom men call wise, hath lost for what he hated most what most he prized: yielding to his brother for a woman's sake—and he a willing prize whom a man forced—the joy he had of his own child even in his home. For from the day that they did land upon Scamander's strand their doom began, not for loss of stolen treasure nor yet for fatherland with frowns given to whomsoever Atreus slew those never saw their babes again: nor were they shrouded for the tomb by hand of wife: but in a foreign land they lie. At home the case was still the same: wives were dying widows, parents were left childless in their homes, his ingrate did their son for others, and none is left to make libations of blood upon the ground before their tombs. Truly to such praise as this this host can make a simple claim. 'Tis better I pass their shame in silence: nor be mine the Muse to tell that eternal tale. But the Trojans—rejoicing first in their fatherland's fastest fame: won whomso the sword had low all these found friends to bear their bodies home and were led to rest in the bosom of their native land: their funeral rites all duly paid by their hands. And all such Phrygians escaped the warrior's death lived ever day by day with wife and child: even by them—joys the Achæans had left behind. As Hector and his sons, for neither hear how stands the case: he is dead and gone: but his sons remain as best of the best. And this was a result of the Achæans coming for had they remained at home his worth would have gone unnoted. So too the Paris, he married the daughter of Zeus, who rears, had he never done so, the altar he made in his family would have been forgotten. Whoso is wise should fly from making war: but if he be brought to this pass, a noble death will crown his city with glory: a coward's end

with shame. Wherefore mother mine, thou shouldst not pity thy country or my spousal for this my marriage will destroy those whom thou and I most hate.

Ca. How sweetly at thy own sad lot thou smilest chanting a strain which spite of thee may prove thee wrong!

Ta. Had not Apollo turned thy wits astray thou shouldst not for nothing have sent my chiefs with such ominous predictions for them on their way. But after all, these lofty minds, reputed wise are nothing better than those that are held as naught. For that mighty king of all Hellas, own son of Atreus, has yielded to a passion for this mad maiden of all others though I am poor enough: yet would I never have chosen such a wife as this. As for these since thy senses are not whole I give thy taunts against Atreus and thy praise of Troy to the winds to carry away. Follow me now to the ships to grace the wedding of our chiefs. And thou too follow: whenever the son of Laertes demands thy presence, for thou wilt serve a mistress most discreet, as all declare who came to Ilium.

Ca. A clever fellow this menial! Why is it heralds hold the name they do? All men unite in hating with one common hate the servants who attend on kings or governments. Thou sayest my mother shall come to the halls of Odysseus: where then be Apollo's words, so clear to me in their interpretation which declare that here she shall die? What else remains I will not tell thee with. Little knows he the luckless wight the sufferer who that await him or how these ills I and my Phrygians endure shall one day seem to him precious as gold. For beyond the ten long years spent at Troy he shall do a hundred other ten and then come to his country all alone: by the route where fell Charybdis lurks in a narrow channel: that the rocks past Cyclops the savage shepherd and Ligeian Cæx that turneth men to swine: shipwrecked oft upon the salt sea waves: fain to eat the salt water and the red cattle of the sun whose flesh shall never be seen: the day to come a human voice, fraught with misery to Odysseus. But to briefly end this history he shall descend live to Hades, and though he scape the waters' flood yet shall he find a shroud and a shroud in his home when he arrives. I know! why do I recount the troubles of Odysseus? Lead on that I forthwith may wed my husband for his home in Hades' halls. Base thou art and basely shalt thou be buried in the dead's night when day is done, thou captain of that host of Danaus who thouk'st so proudly of thy fortune! Yea and my corpse cast for thy nakedness shall the rocky chasm with its flood of watery waters give to wild beasts to make their meal upon: had by my husband's tomb in the handmaid of Apollo. Farewell, ye garlands of that good most dear to me! farewell ye mystic symbols! I resign you: ye feast, my joy in days gone by: Go I tear from my body that while yet man honour is strict, I may give them to the rushing winds to waft in thee my prince of prophecy! Where is your general's ship? Whither must I go

on that shore which lieth very nigh Ionia's sea a land by Crathis watered lovely stream that dyes the hair an auburn tint feeding with its holy waves and making glad therewith the home of heroes good and true

But mark! a herald from the host of Danaï with store of fresh proclamations comes hasting hither What is his errand? what saith he? List for we are slaves to Dorian lords henceforth

Enter TALITHYBIUS

Talithybius Hecuba thou knowest me from my many journeys to and fro as herald twixt the Achæan host and Troy no stranger I to thee lady even aforetime I Talithybius now sent with a fresh message

Hec Ah kind friends tis comel what I so long have dreaded

Ta The lot has decided your fates already if that was what you feared

Hec Ah mel! What city didst thou say Thessalian Phthian or Cadmean?

Ta Each warrior took his prize in turn ye were not all at once assigned

Hec To whom hath the lot assigned us severally? Which of us Trojan dames doth a happy fortune await?

Ta I know but ask thy questions separately not all at once

Hec Then tell me whose prize is my daughter hapless Cassandra?

Ta King Agamemnon hath chosen her out for himself

Hec To be the slave girl of his Spartan wife? Ah mel!

Ta Nay to share with him his stealthy love

Hec What! Phœbus virgin priestess to whom the god with golden locks granted the boon of maid enhood?

Ta The dart of love hath pierced his heart love for the frenzied maid

Hec Daughter cast from thee the sacred keys and from thy body tear the holy wreaths that drape thee in their folds

Ta Why! is it not an honour high that she should win our monarch's love?

Hec What have ye done to her whom late ye took from me—my child?

Ta Dost mean Polyxena or whom dost thou inquire about?

Hec To whom hath the lot assigned her?

Ta To minister at Achilles' tomb hath been appointed her

Hec Woe is mel! I the mother of a dead man's slave! What custom what ordinance is this amongst Hellenes good sir?

Ta Count thy daughter happy tis well with her

Hec What wild words are these? say is she still alive?

Ta Her fate is one that sets her free from trouble

Hec And what of mail clad Hector's wife sad Andromache? declare her fate

Ta She too was a chosen prize Achilles son did take her

Hec As for me whose hair is white with age, who need to hold a staff to be to me a third foot whose servant am I to be?

Ta Odysseus king of Ithaca hath taken thee to be his slave

Hec O God! Now smite the close shorn head! tear your cheeks with your nails God help mel! I have fallen as a slave to a treacherous foe I hate a monster of lawlessness one that by his double tongue hath turned against us all that once was friendly in his camp changing this for that and that for this again Oh weep for me ye Trojan dames! Undone! undone and lost! ah woe! a victim to a most unhappy lot!

Ch Thy fate royal mistress now thou knowest but for me what Hellene or Achæan is master of my destiny?

Ta Ho servants! haste and bring Cassandra forth to me here that I may place her in our captain's hands and then conduct to the rest of the chiefs the captives each hath had assigned Hail what is the blaze of torches there within? What do these Trojan dames? Are they firing the chambers because they must leave this land and be carried away to Argos? Are they setting themselves aflame in their longing for death? Of a truth the free bear their troubles in cases like this with a stiff neck Ho therel open! lest their deed which suits them well but finds small favour with the Achæans bring blame on me

Hec 'Tis not that they are setting aught ablaze but my child Cassandra frenzied maid comes rushing wildly hither

Enter CASSANDRA carrying torches

Cassandra Brin the light uplift and show its flame! I am doing the god's service see! see! making his shrine to glow with tapers bright O Hymen king of marriage! blest is the bridegroom blest am I also the maiden soon to wed a princely lord in Argos Hail Hymen king of marriage! Since thou my mother art ever busied with tears and lamentations in thy mourning for my father's death and for our country dear I at my own nuptials am making this torch to blaze and show its light in thy honour O Hymen king of marriage! Grant thy light too Hecate at the maiden's wedding as the custom is. Nimble lift the foot aloft lead on the dance with cries of joy as if to greet my father's happy fate To dance I hold a sacred duty come Phœbus lead the way for tis in thy temple mid thy bay trees that I minister Hail Hymen god of marriage! Hymen hail Come mother mine and join the dance link thy steps with me and circle in the gladsome measure now here now there Salute the bride on her wedding-day with hymns and cries of joy Come ye maids of Phrygia in raiment fair sing my marriage with the husband fate ordains that I should wed

Ch Hold the frantic maiden royal mistress mine lest with nimble foot she rush to the Argive army

Hec Thou god of fire tis thine to light the bridal

*As. Miserly*

*Her. Pitious the fate—*

*I. Of our city*

*Her. Smouldering in the sm. ke.*

*As. Come my husband come to me!*

*Her. Ah hapless w. c. (thou callest on my son who  
lith in the tomb*

*As. Thy w. c. defender even I*

*Her. Do thou, who erst didst make the Achæans  
grieve, eldest of the sons I bore to Priam in the days  
gone b. take me to thy rest in Hades' halls!*

*As. Better are these regrets, unhappy moth-  
er, than these woes to bear our city ruined and sor-  
row evermore to sorrow added, though the w. l. of  
a. w. her en. sure the day that son of thine es-  
corted his doom, be that for a bride accursed bro'ght  
destruction on the Trojan citad. There lie the  
p. corpses of the slain by the shrine of Pallas for  
victims to carry off and Troy is com. to slavery's  
yoke.*

*Her. O my country, O unhappy land, I weep for  
thee now I fit behind, now dost thou beh. lid thy  
p. and and thee my house I weep, wherein  
I suffered trav. l. O my children! eit of her city  
is your mother is, she now is losin. you. Oh, what  
mourning and what sorrow! oh, what endless streams  
I tear in our houses! The dead alone forg. t. their  
griefs and nev. r. shed a tear*

*As. What sweet r. l. to sufferers, t. s. to w. ep. to  
mourn, lament and chant the dirge that tells of  
grief!*

*As. Dost thou see this, mother of that Hector  
who once laid low in battle many a son of Argos?*

*Her. I see that t. is her en. s. way to exalt what  
was accounted naught and ruin what they most  
esteemed*

*As. Hence with my child as booty and I borne  
the noble are to la. cry brought—a bitter bitter  
change*

*Her. This is necessary's grim law, it was but now  
Cassandra was torn with brutal violence from my  
arms.*

*As. Alas, las! it seems a second Asa hath appeared  
to wrong thy daughter, b. t. there be o. w. t. ills for  
thee.*

*Her. A beyond all count or measure, re my  
sorrows, g. l. ies a the il. n. th. strug. le to be first.*

*I. Th. d. ught. r. Polyxena is dead, I in at  
Achilles' tomb am offering to his lifeless corpse*

*Her. O woe is m. l. This that rid. l. Talithybis  
long. nec. told m. a truth obscurely ur. t. ed*

*I. I saw her w. th. m. eyes so I lighted from  
the chariot and covered her corpse w. th. man. t.  
nd smot. pon m. breast*

*Her. Alas! m. hild for thv. shal. lowed sacri-  
fic. l. and y. t. gun, ah me! so that thy shameful  
death!*

*I. Her death was even as I was, and yet that*

*Pare. he had been exposed to die on account of an  
unk. l. l. l. g. the mo. v. b. would have if he grew  
to man. est. but shepherd had found him on the  
hills and reared him.*

death of hers was after all a happier fate than this  
my life

*Her. Death and life are not the same, my child,  
the one is annihilation, the other keeps a place for  
I hope.*

*I. Hear O mother of children! g. e. ear to what  
I u. ge so well, that I may cheer my drooping sp. rit  
Tis all one I say, ne. er to have been born and t. be  
dead and better far is death than l. se with m. serv.  
For th. dead feel no sorrow any more and kno. no  
grief, but he who has known prosperity and has  
fallen on evil days feels his spirit straying from the  
scene of form. r. l. vs. Now that child of th. ne. s. dead  
as though she ne. er had seen the l. ght and l. t. le. he  
recks of her calamity, whereas I who aimed at a  
fair repute, though I won a higher lot than most,  
yet missed my luck in life. For all that stamps the  
wife a woman chaste, I st. ove to do in Hector's  
home. In the first place, whether there is a slur upon  
a woman or whether there is not, the v. r. fact of  
her not staying at home brings in its tra. n. an evil  
name, therefore I gave up an wish to do so and  
abode e. r. within my house, nor would I admit the  
cle. er gossip women lo. e. but conscious of a heart  
that told an honest tale I was content therewith.  
And e. t. would I keep a silent tongue and modest  
eye before m. lo. d. and well I knew w. ere I might  
rule my lord, and where it was best to yield to h. m.  
th. same whereof hath reached the Achæan host  
and proved my ruin, so when I was taken capti. e.  
Achilles son w. o. l. d. ha. e. me as his w. fe and I must  
serve in the house of my deriders. And f. I set aside  
my love for Hector and ope my heart to th. new  
lo. d. I hall appear a tra. v. ess to the dead, while f.  
I hate him, I shall incur my master's d. spleasu. e.  
And yet th. ex. an. a single night remo. es a woman's  
d. s. l. k. for he husband nat. I d. hate the w. man  
who, when the bath lost he, former lord, trans. f. rs  
her lo. e. by marry. ng a other. Not e. n. th. horse  
if from his f. l. low torn, all cheerfully draw th.  
y. ke and yet the brutes ha. n. n. th. speech nor  
sense to h. lp them and a e. b. natu. s. man s. in  
senors. O Hector m. l. in thee I found my husband  
amply dow. red with w. d. om, n. ble b. rth and f. r.  
tune a bra. man. nd a m. g. t. y. whilst thou d. st  
tak. m. e. f. om my fath. s. house a spotless bride  
th. y. self the first to make this maiden wife. But now  
death hath l. umed thee and I to H. l. l. as am soon  
to soil a captive doomed to wear the y. ke of slav. ry.  
Hath not then the dead Polyxena, for whom thou  
waded less e. il to bear than I? I have n. t. so much  
a h. pe the last revou. of every human heart, nor  
do I begu. l. myself with dreams of f. ture bliss, the  
very thought w. h. reel is sweet*

*As. Thou art in the self same plight as I, thy  
lamentations for thyself remind m. of my own sad  
case*

*Her. I never yet ha. e. set foot on a ship's deck,  
though I ha. e. seen such things in pictures and know  
of them from hearsay. Now sail rs, if there come a  
storm of moderate forc. are a. l. ex. ertness t. save  
themselves b. t. o. l. one at th. tiller stands, another*

to take my place thereon? Lose no further time in watching for a favouring breeze to fill thy sails doomed as thou art to carry from this land one of the three avenging spirits Fare thee well mother mine! dry thy tears O country dear! yet a little while my brothers sleeping in the tomb and my own father true and ye shall welcome me yet shall victory crown my advent amongst the dead when I have overthrown the home of our destroyers the house of the sons of Atreus

*Exit TALTHYBIUS and CASSANDRA*

*Ch* Ye guardians of the grey haired Hecuba see how your mistress is sinking speechless to the ground! Take hold of her! will ye let her fall ye worthless slaves? lift up again from where it lies her silvered head

*Her* Leave me lying where I fell my maidens—unwelcome service grows not welcome ever—my sufferings now my troubles past afflictions yet to come all claim this lowly posture Gods of heaven! small help I find in calling such allies yet is there something in the form of invoking heaven whenso we fall on evil days First will I descant upon my former blessings so shall I inspire the greater pity for my present woes Born to royal estate and wedded to a royal lord I was the mother of a race of gallant sons no mere ciphers they but Phrygia's chiefest pride children such as no Trojan or Hellen or barbarian mother ever had to boast All these have I seen slain by the spear of Hellas, and at their tombs have I shorn off my hair with these my eyes I saw their sire my Priam butchered on his own hearth and my city captured nor did others bring this bitter news to me. The maidens I brought up to see chosen for some marriage high for strangers have I reared them and seen them snatched away. Nevermore can I hope to be seen by them nor shall my eyes behold them ever in the days to come And last to crown my misery shall I be brought to Hellas a slave in my old age And there the tasks that least befit the evening of my life will they impose on me, to watch their gates and keep the keys me Hector's mother or bake their bread and on the ground in stead of my royal bed lay down my shrunken limbs with tattered rags about my wasted frame a shameful garb for those who once were prosperous Ah woe is me! and this is what I bear and am to bear for one weak woman's wooing! O my daughter O Cassandra! whom gods have summoned to their frenzied train how cruel the lot that ends thy virgin days! And thou Polyxena! my child of sorrow where oh! where art thou? None of all the many sons and daughters have I born comes to aid a wretched mother Why then raise me up? What hope is left us? Guide me who erst trod so daintily the streets of Troy but now am but a slave to a bed upon the ground nigh some rocky ridge that thence I may cast me down and perish after I have wasted my body with weeping Of all the prosperous crowd count none a happy man be fore he die

*Ch* Sing me Muse a tale of Troy a funeral

dirge in strains unheard as yet with tears the while for now will I uplift for Troy a piteous chant, telling how I met my doom and fell a wretched captive to the Argives by reason of a four footed beast that moved on wheels in the hour that Achæa's sons left at our gates that horse loud rumbling on its way with its trappings of gold and its freight of warriors and our folk cried out as they stood upon the rocky citadel Up now ye whose toil is o'er and drag this sacred image to the shrine of the Zeus born maiden goddess of our Ilum! Forth from his house came every youth and every grey head too and with songs of joy they took the fatal snare within Then hastened all the race of Phrygia to the gates, to make the goddess a present of an Argive hand am bushed in the polished mountain pine Dardania's ruin a welcome gift to be to her the virgin queen of deathless steeds and with nooses of cord they dragged it as it had been a ship's dark hull to the stone built fane of the goddess Pallas and set it on that floor so soon to drink our country's blood But as they laboured and made merry came on the pitchy night loud the Libyan flute was sounding and Phrygian songs awoke while maidens beat the ground with airy foot uplifting their glad some song and in the halls a blaze of torchlight shed its flickering shadows on sleeping eyes In that hour around the house was I singing as I danced to that maiden of the hills the child of Zeus when lo! there rang along the town a cry of death which filled the homes of Troy and little babes in terror clung about their mothers skirts as forth from their ambush came the warrior band the handiwork of maiden Pallas. Anon the altars ran with Phrygian blood and desolation reigned o'er every bed where young men lay beheaded a glorious crown for Hellas won as for her the nurse of youth but for our Phrygian father land a bitter grief Look Hecuba! dost see Andromache advancing hither on a foreign car? and with her clasped to her throbbing breast is her dear Astyanax Hector's child

*Enter ANDROMACHE*

*Her* Whither art thou borne unhappy wife mounted on that car side by side with Hector's brazen arms and Phrygian spoils of war with which Achilles son will deck the shrines of Phthia on his return from Troy?

*Andromache* My Achæan masters drag me hence

*Her* Woe is thee!

*An* Why dost thou in note of woe utter the dirge that is mine?

*Her* Ah me!

*An* For these sorrows

*Her* O Zeus!

*An* And for this calamity

*Her* O my children!

*An* Our day is past

*Her* Joy is fled and Troy is thrown

*An* Woe is me!

*Her* Dead too all my gallant sons!

*An* Alack and well a-day!

*Her* Ah me for my—

## THE TROJAN WOMEN

2-8-9

that orb with the holy hills where first Athena  
made her bow to a branch to appear a crown for  
holy heads and a glory unto happy Athens.  
The distant sun in his holy brooch stood with that  
great anchor Alcmæa's son to sack our city Ilium  
to drive by on the dry and tent from Hellas, what  
has he led the chosen power of Hellas, reared for  
the needs demand him. And at the fair stream of  
Scamander his sea-borne ship and fastened  
cannon to the stern, and forth therefrom he took the  
bow his hand could deftly shoot to be the doom  
of Lacedæmon and with the ruddy breath of fire he  
ward the mansion squared by Phœbus line and  
cloud, and naked the land of Troy so to be in two  
stracks with the bloodstained spear-dart-eyed Dar-  
danus was.

In vain it seems, thou Phrygian boy, pacing with  
dainty step mid the golden chalices, dost thou fill  
the cup of Zeus, a service passing fair, seeing  
that the land of thy birth is being consumed by fire.  
Thy cheer re-echoes to our cries and, as bird be-  
wails a young one we bewail our husbands or our  
children, or our grey-haired mothers. The dew-fed  
springs where thou didst bathe, the course where  
thou didst train are now no more but thou beside  
the throne of Zeus art sitting with a calm, sweet  
smile upon thy fair young face while the spear of  
Hellas burns the land of Priam waste. Ah! Lo, the Love  
who once didst seek these Dardanian halls, deep-seated  
in the hearts of heaven's gods, how has he done it thou  
make Troy to tower in those days, alluring her with  
deceit! But I will cease to urge reproaches against  
Zeus for while we win and dawn, whose light to man  
is dear, turned a baleful eye upon our land and  
we shed the ru of our citadel though she had  
within her bridal bower husband from this land,  
whom on day a car of gold and span-led stars  
carried up and carried thither great source of hope  
to this native country but all the love the gods once  
had for Troy is passed away.

Enter HELEN

Menelaus. Ha! thou radiant one by whose fair  
face I now shall capture her that was my wife. I see  
Helen for I am that Menelaus, who hath toiled so  
hard, and Achæa's host To Troy I came not so  
much as men suppose to take this woman but to  
punish him who from his house stole my wife, traitor  
to my hospitality. But he by his own will, hath  
paid the penalty, ruined and his country too, by  
the war. I will not and I will come to bear that  
Spartan woman hence — as if I have a mind to call  
her through she once was ours. I now she is but  
among the other Troy dames who have these  
reasons to excuse. For then — the ever-much toiled  
to take her, I had been granted her to me  
to wed or I would have carried back with me  
to Argos now I propose to put her to death in Troy but I carry her to Hellespont sea-  
borne ship and then surrender her to death, rec-  
ommence all these friends were slain in Ilium.

Garnard.

Ho! my trusty men enter the tent and drag her  
out to me by her hair with many a murder soul and  
when a favouring breeze shall blow to Hellas will  
we can see her.

Helen. O thou that dost support the earth and  
rearest thyself upon whosoever thou art a riddle past  
our ken! be thou Zeus, or natural necessity or man's  
intellect to thee I pray for thou hast thou treadest  
on a senseless path, all thy dealings with mankind  
are by violence and guile.

Menelaus. Set a g. the prayer thou offerest  
unto her.

Helen. I thank thee Menelaus, if thou wilt slay  
that wife of thine. Let shame the guilt of her lest  
she smite thee with secret. For she marries the  
ever-famous one throws their towns, and burns their  
houses, no potent as her witcheries! Well I know  
her so dost thou and those her returns too.

Exit HELEN

Helen. Menelaus! this prelude well may fill me  
with alarm for I am hated with violence by thy  
servants hands not brought before these tents. Still  
though I am well as I sure thou hatest me, yet  
I would I saw myself what thou and Hellas have de-  
cided about my life.

Menelaus. To judge thy case required no great exact-  
ness, the host with one consent — that host whom  
thou didst wrong — handed thee over to me to die.

Helen. May I answer thy decision, proving that my  
death if to die I am, will be unjust?

Menelaus. I came not to argue but to slay thee.

Helen. Hear her Menelaus let her not die for want  
of that and I will answer her again for thou know-  
est now that of her villainies in Troy and the whole  
case of this ruined up will assure her death against  
all chance of an escape.

Menelaus. This boon need leisure still, if she wishes to  
speak, the less I grant. Yet will I grant her this  
because of thy words, that she may hear them, and  
not for her own sake.

Helen. Perhaps thou wilt not answer me from count-  
ing me a foe, whether my words seem good or ill.  
Yet will I put my charges and thine over against  
each other and then reply. The accusers I sup-  
pose thou wilt advance against me. First then, she  
was the author of these troubles by giving birth to  
Paris, next old Priam ruined Troy and me be-  
cause he did not slay his babe Alexander, baleful  
semblance of a fire-brand Ion. Now hear what I  
lowered. The Paris was to judge the claims of three  
rival goddesses so Paris offered him command of  
all the Phœgians, and the destruction of Hellas.  
If Paris promised he should spread his domain over  
Asia and the utmost bounds of Europe if he would  
decide for her but Cyprus spoke in rapture of my  
beauty, and promised him this boon, if she should  
be the preferred one or those twins for beauty.  
Now mark the difference I deduce from this. Cyprus  
won the day over them, and thus she hath my mar-  
riage proved of benefit to Hellas, that we are not  
subject to barbarian rule, neither conquered by the  
strife nor yet by tyrants crushed. What Hellas



sets himself to work the sheets a third meantime is baling out the ship but if tempestuous waves arise to overwhelm them they yield to fortune and commit themselves to the driving billows Even so I by reason of my countless troubles am dumb and forbear to say a word for Heaven with its surge of misery is too strong for me Cease Oh cease my darling child to speak of Hector's fate no tears of thine can save him honour thy present lord offering thy sweet nature as the bait to win him If thou do this thou wilt cheer thy friends as well as thyself and thou shalt rear my Hector's child to lend stout aid to Ilum that so thy children in the after time may build her up again and our city yet be established But lo! our talk must take a different turn who is this Achæan menial I see coming hither sent to tell us of some new design?

*Enter TALITHYBIUS*

*Ta* Oh hate me not thou that erst wert Hector's wife the bravest of the Phrygians! for my tongue would fain not tell that which the Danaï and sons of Pelops both command

*An* What is it? Thy prelude bodeth evil news

*Ta* 'Tis decreed thy son is—how can I tell my news?

*An* Surely not to have a different master from me?

*Ta* None of all Achæa's chiefs shall ever lord it over him

*An* Is it their will to leave him here a remnant yet of Phrygia's race?

*Ta* I know no words to break the sorrow lightly to thee

*An* I thank thee for thy consideration unless indeed thou hast good news to tell

*Ta* They mean to slay thy son there is my hateful message to thee

*An* O God! this is worse tidings than my forced marriage

*Ta* So spake Odysseus to the assembled Hellenes and his word prevails

*An* Oh once again ah me! there is no measure in the woes I bear

*Ta* He said they should not rear so brave a father's son

*An* May such counsels yet prevail about children of his!

*Ta* From Troy's battlements he must be thrown Let it be even so and thou wilt show more wisdom cling not to him but bear thy sorrows with heroic heart nor in thy weakness deem that thou art strong For now here hast thou any help consider this thou must thy husband and thy city are no more so thou art in our power and I alone am match enough for one weak woman wherefore I would not see thee bent on strife or any course to bring thee shame or hate nor would I hear thee rashly curse the Achæans For if thou say aught whereat the host grow wroth this child will find no burial nor pity either But if thou hold thy peace and with composure take thy fate thou wilt not leave his

corpse unburied and thyself wilt find more favour with the Achæans

*An* My child! my own sweet babe and priceless treasure! thy death the foe demands and thou must leave thy wretched mother That which saves the lives of others proves thy destruction even thy sire's nobility to thee thy father's valiancy has proved no boon O the woful wedding rites that brought me erst to Hector's home hoping to be the mother of a son that should rule in Asia's fruitful fields instead of serving as a victim to the sons of Danaus! Dost weep my babe? dost know thy hapless fate? Why clutch me with thy hands and my garment cling nestling like a tender chick beneath my wing? Hector will not rise again and come gnawing his famous spear to bring thee salvation no kinsman of thy sire appears nor might of Phrygian hosts one awful headlong leap from the dizzy height and thou wilt dash out thy life with none to pity thee! Oh to clasp thy tender limbs a mother's fondest joy! Oh to breathe thy fragrant breath! In vain it seems these breasts did suckle thee wrapped in thy swaddling clothes all for naught I used to toil and wore myself away! Kiss thy mother now for the last time nestle to her that bare thee twine thy arms about my neck and join thy lips to mine! O ye Hellenes cunning to devise new forms of cruelty why slay this child who never wronged any? Thou daughter of Tyndarus thou art no child of Zeus but sprung I trow of many a sire first of some evil demon next of Envy then of Murder and of Death and every horror that the earth begets That Zeus was never sire of thine I boldly do assert bane as thou hast been to many a Hellene and barbarian too Destruction catch thee! Those fair eyes of thine have brought a shameful ruin on the fields of glorious Troy Take the babe and bear him hence hurl him down if so ye list then feast upon his flesh! 'Tis heaven's high will we perish and I cannot ward the deadly stroke from my child Hide me and my misery cast me into the ship's hold for 'tis to a fair wedding I am going now that I have lost my child!

*Ch* Unhappy Troy! thy thousand thou hast lost for one woman's sake and her accursed wooing

*Ta* Come child leave fond embracing of thy woful mother and mount the high coronal of thy ancestral towers there to draw thy parting breath as is ordained Take him hence His should the duty be to do such herald's work whose heart knows no pity and who loveth ruthlessness more than my soul doth

*Exit ANANDRO SACHIE and TALITHYBIUS with ASTYANAX*

*Hec* O child son of my hapless boy an unjust fate robs me and thy mother of thy life How is it with me? What can I do for thee my luckless babe? for thee I smite upon my head and beat my breast my only gift for that alone is in my power Woe for my city! woe for thee! Is not our cup full? What is wanting now to our utter and immediate ruin?

*Ch* O Telamon King of Salamis the feeding ground of bees who hast thy home in a sea gull's ile

## THE TROJAN WOMEN

2-59

that Earth the holy hills where first Ath na  
made the grey oak branch to appear a crown for  
brave heads and a glory unto happy Athens,  
thou didst come in kn. fil brotherhood with that  
great son of Alcmæon to sack our city Ilium  
in days gone by on the ad e t from Hellas, what  
was he but the chosen Power of Hellas, venged for  
thy words denied him, and at the last s' cam of  
Greeks to sit at his sea borne ship and fastened  
cables to the stern, and f' rth therefrom he took the  
bow his hand could defil shoot to be th doom  
of Lacedæmon and with th ruddy breath of fire he  
warded th' masonry squared by Phæbas line and  
dash'd and scind the land of Troy so wice in two  
sacks to th' bloodstained wear d-stro ed Dar  
danus walls.

In vain it seems, thou Phrygian boy, I fear, w th  
dear rep and thv golden chalice, dost thou fill  
t' h the cu, f Zeus, a serv ce posson fair seeing  
th' lead of th' birth is born consumed b fire.  
Th' shore re-echoes to our cries and as a bird be  
wails to you, g so we bewail our husbands or our  
children, or our grey haired mothers. The dew fed  
springs where thou didst bathe the course where  
thou didst train, are now no more b it thou beside  
the throne of Zeus art situn with a calm sweet  
smile pon thv fair young face while the spear of  
H lish s' th' land f Prum waste. Ah! Lo e Lo e  
ho no e didst seek these Dardian halls, d'ep-seated  
in the hearts of hea enly gods, how b h did t thou  
make Troy to tower in those da s, allving her with  
dignity! But I will cease to urg reproaches again t  
Zeus for hite winged dawn whose li ht to man  
a da turned bal ful eye upon our land and  
w shed the ruin of o r cradel, though sh had  
w shed her bridal bowers a husband from th s land  
whom on a day a car of gold and spangled stars  
can ht up nd earned thither great source of hope  
to his nau coun ry but all the lo e the gods once  
had for Troy is passed away

ENTER MENELAUS.

Menelaus. Hail! thou radiant orb by whose fair  
li ht I now shall capture her that was my wife e en  
H lish for I am that Menelaus, who hath toiled so  
hard, I find A hea s host To Tr y I came not so  
much as men oppose t e k th' woen n but to  
punish him who from m' house stole m' wif tra sor  
to m' hospitality. H t h by hea en s will, hath  
paid the penalty ruined and his country too, by  
the w' f f H lish. And I am come t bear that  
spurs eman hence—w f I h e no m nd to call  
be though she once was m' e for now sh is but  
e among th' h Trojan dames who share th' se  
tent's com ex. For the —the eri men who toiled  
to tak h r th' the fear—ha granted her e m  
to s' or f l il, to spur nd carry ba k w th me  
s' Agre. Now m purpose is not to put her to  
des ban Troy but to ca m her to Hellas, m' sea  
bor wife, nd then a tender her to death, rec  
ommence to all whose E crys w'f aliam in Ilium.

Garrick.

H l my trusty men enter the tent and drag her  
out to me by her hair w th many a murder soul and  
when f' a' r' u' n' breeze shall blow to Hellas will  
we co e v her

Her O thou that dost support the earth and  
retest thereupon whosoe er thou art a riddle past  
our ken' be thou Zeus, or natur l necessity or man s  
mt llect, to thee I pray for thou, h thou treadest  
o'er a n asdes path, all th' dealin' with mankind  
are by justice guided

Mr How now? Strange the prayer t' ou offeres  
unto hea en!

Her I thank thee Men laus, if thou wilt slay  
that wif of thine Yet shun the s' bit of her lest  
she smite thee with regret For she ensnares the  
eyes f men, o r throws their towns and burns their  
houses, so potent are her witcheries! Well I know  
her so dost thou and those her 7 times too.

EARTH LAY

Ulder Menelaus! this pr fude well may fill me  
with alarm for I am haled with olence by thy  
servants hands and brow ht before these tents. Still  
though I am well w h sure thou hatest me yet  
would I sum qu' s what thou and H lish have de  
cided about m' life

Mr To jud e thv case required no great exact  
ness the host w th one consent—that host whom  
thou didst wrong—handed thee over to me to d e

Her May I answer th' s decision, pr m, that m'  
death, f to d e I m will be unjust?

Mr I came n t to argu but to slay thee.

Her Hear her Men laus let her not d e for want  
of that and let m' answer h r again for thou know  
est na ht of her villainies in Tro nd the whole  
case if thus summed up, will insure her death against  
all chance of an escape

Mr This boon need leisure st il if she wishes to  
peak the lea e s' p n Yet will I grant her thv  
because of thy words, that she may hear them, and  
not for her own sake

Her Perhaps thou wilt not answer me from count  
ng m' a foe whether m' words seem good or ill.  
Y t will I put m' charges and th' n over against  
each other and then reply to the accusat on. I sup  
pose thou wilt advance against me. First then she  
was the a thor of these troubles by g ring birth to  
Paris next old Prum ruined Troy and me be  
cause h did not slay h s babe Alexander bal ful  
sembla c of a fire brand ion s' a. Hear what fol  
l wed Th' Paris was to judg the claims of three  
n al goddesses in Pala off red him command of  
al the Phrygians, nd th' destruction of Hellas  
Hera promised h should spread his domain on o'er  
Asia and the utmost bounds f Europe if he would  
decide for her b t C prs spoke in raptur of m' y  
lo l ex, a d promised him this boon, if she should  
h e s' th pref e c e o'er those twa n for beauty  
now ra l the wif ren I deduce from this Cypri  
wo the d v o e s th' and thus far hath m' mar  
rage pro ed of ben fit to Hellas, that ve are not  
subject to barbarian rul neither conquered a the  
st ife nor yet by r' s e crushed What Hellas

gained was ruin to me a victim for my beauty sold and now am I reproached for that which should have set a crown upon my head But thou wilt say I am silent on the real matter at issue how it is I started forth and left thy house by stealth With no morn goddess at his side he came my evil genius call him Alexander or Paris as thou wilt and him didst thou thrice guilty wretch leave behind thee in thy house and sail away from Sparta to the land of Crete I nough of this! For all that followed I must question my own heart not thee what frantic thought led me to follow the stranger from thy house traitress to my country and my home? Punish the goddess show thyself more mighty even than Zeus who though he lords it over the other gods is yet her slave wherefore I may well be pardoned Still from hence thou mightest draw a specious argument against me when Paris died and Earth concealed his corpse I should have left his house and sought the Argive fleet since my marriage was no longer in the hands of gods That was what I fain had done yea and the warders on the towers and watchmen on the walls can bear me witness for oft they found me seeking to let myself down stealthily by cords from the battlements but there was that new husband Deiphobus that carried me off by force to be his wife against the will of Troy How then my lord could I be justly put to death by thee with any show of right seeing that he wedded me against my will and those my other natural gifts have served a bitter slavery instead of leading on in triumph? If 'tis thy will indeed to master gods that very wish displays thy folly

Ch O my royal mistress defend thy childrens and thy country's cause bringing to nought her persuasive arguments for she pleads well in spite of all her villainy 'tis monstrous this!

Hec First will I take up the cause of those goddesses and prove how she perverts the truth For I can never believe that Hera or the maiden Pallas could have been guilty of such folly as to sell the one her Argos to barbarians or that Pallas ever would make her Athens subject to the Phrygians coming as they did in mere wanton sport to Ida to contest the palm of beauty For why should goddess Hera set her heart so much on such a prize? Was it in win a nobler lord than Zeus? or was Athena bent on finding amongst the gods a husband she who in her dislike of marriage won from her sire the boon of remaining unwed? Seek not to impute folly to the goddesses in the attempt to glose over thy own sin never wilt thou persuade the wise Next thou hast said—what well may make men jeer—that Cyprus came with my son to the house of Menelaus Could she not have stayed quietly in heaven and brought thee and Amyclæ to boot to Ilum? Nay! my son was passing fair and when thou sawest him thy fancy straight became thy Cyprus for every sensual act that men commit they lay upon this goddess and rightly does her name of Aphrodite begn a the word for senselessness so when thou didst catch sight of him in gorgeous foreign garb

glorize with gold thy senses utterly forsook thee Yea for in Argos thou hadst moved in simple state but once free of Sparta 'twas thy fond hope to deluge by thy lavish outlay Phrygia's town that flowed with gold not was the palace of Menelaus rich enough for thy luxury to riot in Had my son earned thee off by force so thou savest what Spartan saw this? what cry for help didst thou ever raise though Castor was still alive a vigorous youth and his brother also not yet amid the stars? Then when thou wert come to Troy and the Argives were on thy track and the mortal combat was begun whenever tidings came in thee of Menelaus prowess him wouldst thou praise to grieve my son because he had so powerful a rival in his love but if so the Trojans prospered Menelaus was nothing to thee Thy eye was fixed on Fortune and by such practice wert thou careful to follow in her steps, careless of virtue's cause And then in spite of all thou dost assert that thou didst try to let thyself down from the towers by stealth with twisted cords, as if loth to stay? Pray then wert thou ever found fastening the noose about thy neck or whetting the knife as a noble wife would have done in regret for her former husband? And yet full oft I advised thee saying Get thee gone daughter and let my sons take other brides I will help thee to steal away and convey thee to the Achaean fleet oh end the strife twixt us and Hellas! But this was bitter in thy ears For thou wert wantoning in Alexander's house vain to have obsequence done thee by barbarians Yea, 'twas a proud time for thee and now after all thou hast bedizen'd thyself and come forth and hast dared to appear under the same sky as thy husband revolting wretch! Better hadst thou com'd in tattered raiment covering humbly in terror with hair shorn short if for thy past sins thy feelings were one of shame rather than effrontery O Menelaus hear the conclusion of my argument ere 't HELLAS by slaying her as she deserves and establish this law for all others of her sex even death to every traitress to her husband

Ch Avenge thee Menelaus on thy wife as 't worthy of thy home and ancestors clear thyself from the reproach of effeminacy at the lips of Hellas, and let thy foes see thy spirit

Me Thy thoughts with mine do coincide that she without constraint left my palace and sought a stranger's love and now Cyprus is introduced for mere bluster Away to those who shall stone thee and by thy speedy death require the heavy toils of the Achæans that thou mayst learn not to bring shame on me!

Hec Oh by thy knees I implore thee impute not that heaven sent affliction to me nor slay me pardon I entreat!

Hec Be not false to thy allies whose death this woman caused on their behalf and for my children's sake I sue to thee

Me Peace reverend dame to her I pay no heed Lo! I bid my servants take her hence aboard the ship wherein she is to sail

He Oh never let her set foot with us the same ship as thee.

How now? is she less than of yore?

Her Who lo eth nee must lov' always

We Who that depends how those we lo'e are maid. But thy wish shall be granted she shall not set foot upon the same ship as thine for thy sake we surely sound and when she comes to Argos she shall die a shameful death as is her due and impen the need of chastity on all her sex in easy task yet shall her fate strike their foolish hearts with terror even though they be more lost to shame than she.

Enter Helen and singing Helen with him

So then thus have I delivered into Achæans' hand O Zeus, thy share in Ilium and thy far rant altar the offerings of burnt sacrifice with smoke of earth to heaven uprisen and hot P'rygian and gleams of Ida tangled with its growth where rills of melting snow pour down their flood at thy sunlit land that bounds the world at the knees of the gods first. 'Gone are thy sacrifices gone the dancer's cheerful shout gone the girls of the gods a night closed in! Thy images of carved gold are now no more and Phrygia's holy festivals, even I return a year to earth full moon, are ended now 'Tis thus that fills me with anxious thought whether I thou O king seated on the throne hast been cast down, earnest I tell that my city is desert and prevent thy frowny fiery blast Ah! my husband fondly lovest thou art a wanderer specter un washed adorned lies thy corpse whither the sea thence sped by we will carry me to Argos land of seeds, where round Cyclops' wall of stone upreared to heaven There in the gate the children gather hanging round their mothers' necks, and weep their piteous lamentation, O mother woe me! I fear from this night I hear bear me away from thee to that dread ship now rowing the deep to sacred Salamis to the hills on the Isthmus that overlook the seas, the key to the gates of Perseus. Oh may the blazing thunderbolt be led in might from thy holiest home smite the barge of Menelaus full of death as it is crossing the Ægean main so that carrying me away in bitter sorrow I may be shewn of Ilium to be a slave in Hades, but she day by day of Zeus still keeps her golden marrow, and light of maiden hearts. Never may he catch his home in Laonia or his father's hearth and home come to the town of Pitane or the temple of the goddess the gates of bronze have long taken his captive his whole marriage brought down to Ilium though the gift and bread he and we feed now on the surface of the sea. Ah me ah me! new troubles on my sorrowful life I look for those that will refresh hold harlots we are! Thy corpse of a man who in the Danae house will slay by his hand our little battlement.

A chorus of

sons of Sparta was so called.

A chorus of the Danae House, temple on the Acropolis.

Enter TALTYBIUS and attendants bearing the corpse of ASTYANAX on HECTOR'S shield

To Hecuba one ship alone delays its plash against, and it is soon to sail to the shores of Phthia freighted with the remnant of the spoils of Actium for Neoptolemus is already out at sea having heard that new calamities have befallen Peleus, for Acæstus, son of Pelas hath banished him the realm. Wherefore he is gone too quick to indulge in any delay and with him goes Andromache who drew many a tear from me what time she started hence wailing her country and crying her farewell to Hector's tomb. And she could not master herself to bury this poor dead child of Hector who breathed his last when from the turrets hurled contention too that he would not carry this shield the terror of the Achæans—this shield with plates of brass which his father would guard himself—to the home of Peleus or to the same bed where he himself the mother of this corpse would be led a bitter night to her but let her bury the child there in stead of in a coffin of cedar or a tomb of stone and to thy hands commit the corpse that thou mayst deck it with robes and garlands as best thou canst with thy present means for she is far away and her master's haste prevented her from burying the child herself. So we when thou the corpse hast decked will bear the earth above and set thence on a spear but do thou with thy best speed perform this allotted task. One told home that I already spared thee for I crossed Scamander's stream and buried the corpse and cleansed its wounds. But now I go to do a grave for him that our united efforts should beget a task may speed our ship toward home.

Exit Taltybius

Her Place the child upon the ground and Hector's shield so defiled so ended a pious spirit a bitter grief for me to see O Achæans, more reason have ye to boast of your promises than your wisdom! Why have ye in error of this child been guilty of a murder none watched before? Did we fear that some day he would ear again the fallen walls of Troy? It seems then ye were a thing after all when though Hector's funeral in the war were prospered us and I had ten thousand there to bury him we still agreed we matched and yet now that our city is taken a dear Phrygian lady we fear a tender babe like this! Out upon his fearful cry who fears, but neither yet hath reasoned out the cause. Ah! he believed that his pious death indeed! Had I bidden for this city when thou hadst tasted of the sweet of manhood of marriage and of godlike power or else with a worst of a blessing if a bit he were blest I now ask one glimpse of him thereof thou knowest them no more my child and have no joy of them though he to all. Ah poor babe! how sadly has thy own father's wall shone as it is that Leda's woe shone from his head the look thy mother fondled and so oft caressed from such thy own fractured bones the face of murder grown—breast to do my shocking theme O how does how meet the end yet retain of his father

and yet ye lie limp in your sockets before me! Dear mouth so often full of words of pride death hath closed thee and thou hast not kept the promise thou didst make when nestling in my robe Ah mother mine many a lock of my hair will I cut off for thee and to thy tomb will lead my troops of friends taking a fond farewell of thee But now tis not thy hand that buries me but I on whom is come old age with loss of home and children am burying thee a tender child untimely slain Ah mel those kisses numberless the nurture that I gave to thee those sleepless nights—they all are lost! What shall the bard inscribe upon thy tomb about thee?

Argives once for fear of him slew this child! Foul shame should that inscription be to Hellas O child though thou hast no part in all thy father's wealth yet shalt thou have his brazen shield wherewith to find a tomb Ah! shield that didst keep safe the comely arm of Hector now hast thou lost thy valiant keeper! How fair upon thy handle lies his imprint and on the rim that circles round the target are marks of sweat that trickled oft from Hector's brow as he pressed it against his beard in battle's stress Come bring forth from such store as we have adornment for the hapless dead for fortune gives no chance now for offerings fair yet of such as I possess shalt thou receive these gifts Foolish mortal he! who thinks his luck secure and so rejoices for fortune like a madman in her moods springs to wards this man then towards that and none ever experiences the same unchanging luck

Ch Lol all is ready and they are bringing at thy bidding from the spoils of Troy garniture to put upon the dead

Hec Ah! my child tis not as victor o'er thy comrades with horse or bow—customs Troy esteems without pursuing them to excess—that Hector's mother decks thee now with ornaments from the store that once was thine though now hath Helen whom the gods abhor reft thee of thine own yea and robbed thee of thy life and caused thy house to perish root and branch

Ch Woe! thrice woe! my heart is touched and thou the cause my mighty prince in days now passed!

Hec About thy body now I swathe this Phrygian robe of honour which should have clad thee on thy marriage day wedded to the noblest of Asia's daughters Thou too dear shield of Hector victorious parent of countless triumphs past accept thy crown for though thou share the dead child's tomb death cannot touch thee for thou dost merit honours far beyond those arms that the crafty knave Odysseus won

Ch Alas! ah mel thee O child shall earth take to her breast a cause for bitter weeping Mourn thou mother!

Hec Ah mel

Ch Wail for the dead

Hec Woe is mel

Ch Alas! for thy unending sorrow!

Hec Thy wounds in part will I bind up with bandages a wretched leech in name alone without reality but for the rest thy sire must look to that amongst the dead

Ch Smite oh smite upon thy head with frequent blow of hand Woe is mel

Hec My kind good friends!

Ch Speak out Hecuba the word that was on thy lips

Hec It seems the only thing that heaven concerns itself about are my troubles and Troy hateful in their eyes above all other cities In vain did we sacrifice to them Had not the god caught us in his grip and plunged us headlong beneath the earth we should have been unheard of nor ever sung in Muses' songs furnishing to bards of after-days a subject for their minstrelsy Go bury now in his poor tomb the dead wreathed all duly as befits a corpse And yet I deem it makes but little difference to the dead although they get a gorgeous funeral for this is but a cause of idle pride to the living

*The corpse is carried off to burial*

Ch Alas! for thy unhappy mother who o'er thy corpse hath closed the high hopes of her life! Born of a noble stock counted most happy in thy lot ah! what a tragic death is thine! Ha! who are those I see on yonder pinnacles darting to and fro with flaming torches in their hands? Some new calamity will soon on Troy alight

*Enter TALTYBIUS above Soldiers are seen on the battlements of Troy torch in hand*

Ta Ye captains whose allotted task it is to fire this town of Priam to you I speak No longer keep the firebrand idle in your hands but launch the flame that when we have destroyed the city of Ilium we may set forth in gladness on our homeward voyage from Troy And you ye sons of Troy—to let my orders take at once a double form—start for the Achæan ships for your departure hence soon as ever the leaders of the host blow loud and clear upon the trumpet And thou unhappy grey-haired dame follow for yonder come servants from Odysseus to fetch thee for to him thou art assigned by lot to be a slave far from thy country

Hec Ah woe is mel! This surely is the last the utmost limit this of all my sorrows forth from my land I go my city is ablaze with flame Yet thou aged foot make one painful struggle to hasten that I may say a farewell to this wretched town O Troy that erst hadst such a grand career amongst barbarian towns soon wilt thou be reft of that splendid name! Lo! they are burning thee and leading us men now from our land to slavery Great gods! Yet why call on the gods? They did not hearken even aforetime to our call Come let us rush into the flames for to die with my country in its blazing ruin were a noble death for me

Ta Thy sorrows drive thee frantic poor lady Go lead her hence make no delay for ye must deliver her into the hand of Odysseus conveying to him his prize

Hec O son of Cronos prince of Phrygia father

\*The arms of Achilles

of our race, dost thou behold our sufferings now  
worthy of the stock of Dardanus?

Ch. H. sees them, but our mighty city is a city  
no more, and Troas day is done.

Her. Woe! thrice woe upon me! Ilium is ablaze  
the houses of Pergamos and its towers walls are  
now one sheet of flame.

Ch. As the smoke soars on wings to heaven so  
sinks our city to the ground beneath the spear. With  
hateful hate both fire and foeman's spear devour  
each house.

Her. Harken my child canst hear your mother's  
voice.

Ch. Thou art calling on the dead with voice of  
lamentation.

Her. Yea, as I stretch my aged limbs upon the  
ground, and beat upon the earth with both my hands.

Ch. I follow thee and kneel in asking from the  
deities woe for my hapless husband.

Her. I am being dragged and hurried away—

Ch. O the sorrow of that cry!

Her. From my own dear country to dwell be-  
neath master's roof, Woe to me! O Priam Priam  
slain, unburned I feel without a friend now but dost  
thou know of my cruel fate.

Ch. No, for over his eyes black death hath drawn  
his pall—a holy man by sinners slain!

Her. Woe for the temples of the gods! Woe for  
our dear city!

Ch. Woe!

Her. Murderous flame and foeman's spear are now  
your lot.

Ch. Soon will ye tumble to our own loved soil  
and be forgotten.

Her. And the dust mounting to heaven on wings  
like smoke will rob me of the sight of my home.

Ch. The name of my country will pass into ob-  
scurety—it is scattered far and wide, and hapless  
Troy has ceased to be.

Her. Didst thou hear that and know its purport?

Ch. Aye 'twas the crash of the citadel.

Her. The shock will overwhelm our city utterly. O  
woe is mine! trembling quaking limbs support my  
feet! I go away to face the day that begins thy  
sorrow.

Ch. Woe for our unhappy town! And yet to the  
Achaean fleet advance.

Her. Woe for thee O land that nursed my little  
babes!

Ch. Ah! woe!

Exeunt OWNES

# ION

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| HERMES            | XUTHUS            |
| ION               | OLD MAN SERVANT   |
| CHORUS OF CREUSAS | SERVANT of Creusa |
| HAND MAIDS        | PYTHIA, PRIESTESS |
| CREUSA            | ATHENA            |

*Before Apollo's temple at Delphi. Enter HERMES*

*Hermes* Atlas who bears upon his brazen back the pressure of the sky, ancient dwelling of the gods, begat *Uria* from a daughter of one of those gods, and she bare me *Hermes* to mighty *Zeus* to be the servant of the powers divine. Lo! I am come to this land of *Delphi* where sits *Phœbus* on the centre of the world and giveth oracles to men, ever chanting lays prophetic of things that are to be. Now there is a city in *Hellas* of no small note, called after *Pallas*, goddess of the golden lance, there did *Phœbus* force his love on *Creusa*, daughter of *Irechtheus* beneath the rock of *Pallas*, northward of *Athens*, steep realm called *Macræ* by the kings of *Attica*. And she without her father's knowledge—for such was the god's good pleasure—bore the burden in her womb unto the end, and when her time came, she brought forth a child in the house and carried him away to the selfsame cave wherein the god declared his love to her, and she cradled him in the hollow of a rounded ark, and cast him forth to die, observant of the custom of her ancestors, and of earth-born *Erichthonius*, whom the daughter of *Zeus* gave into the charge of the daughters of *Agræus*, after setting on either side to keep him safe, a guard of serpents twain. Hence in that land among the *Erechthidæ* 'tis a custom to protect their babes with charms of golden snakes. But ere she left the babe to die, the young mother tied about him her own brodered robe. And this is the request that *Phœbus* craves of me, for he is my brother, co-brother to those children of the soil that dwell in glorious *Athens*, for well thou knowest *Athens* a city, and take a new-born babe from out the hollow rock, his radle and his saddling clothes as well, and bear him to my prophetic shrine at *Delphi*, and set him at the entering in of my temple. What else remains shall be my care, for that child is mine, that thou may'st know it. So I to do my brother *Lovias* a service, took up the woven ark and bore it off, and at the threshold of the shrine I have laid the babe, after opening the lid of the wicker cradle, that the child might be seen. But just as the sun god was starting forth to run his course, a priestess chanced to

enter the god's shrine, and when her eyes lit upon the tender babe she thought it strange that any *Delphian* maid should dare to cast her child of shame down at the temple of the god, wherefore her purpose was to remove him beyond the altar, but from pity she renounced her cruel thought, and the god to help his child did second her pity, to save the babe from being cast out. So she took and brow'd him up, but she knew not that *Phœbus* was his sire, nor of the mother that bare him, nor yet did the child know his parents. While yet he was a child around the altar that fed him, he would ramble at his play, but when he came to man's estate, the *Delphians* made him treasurer of the god and steward of all his store, and found him true, and so until the present day he leads a holy life in the god's temple. Meantime *Creusa*, mother of this youth, is wedded to *Xuthus*, and thus it came to pass a war broke out 'twixt *Athens* and the folk of *Chalcedon*, who dwell in the land of *Eubœa*, and *Xuthus* took part therein, and helped to end it, for which he received the hand of *Creusa* as his guerdon, albeit he was no native, but an *Achæan*, sprung from *Eolus*, the son of *Zeus*, and after many years of wedded life he and *Creusa* still are childless, wherefore they are come to this oracle of *Apollo* in their desire for offspring. To this end is *Lovias* guiding their destiny, nor hath it escaped his ken, as some suppose. For when *Xuthus* enters this shrine, the god will give him his own son, and declare that *Xuthus* is the sire, that so the boy may come to his mother's home and be acknowledged by *Creusa*, while the marriage of *Lovias* remains a secret, and the child obtains his rights, and he shall cause him to be called *Ion*, founder of a realm in *Asia*, through all the breadth of *Hellas*. But now will I get me to yon grotto,neath the laurel's shade, that I may learn what is decreed about the child. For I see the son of *Lovias* now coming forth to leave the gateway in front of the temple, with boughs of laurel. I greet him first of all the gods by his name *Ion*, which he soon shall bear. *Exit*

*Enter ION.*

*Ion* Lo! the sun god is even now turning towards the earth his chariot, car resplendent, before yon fire

<sup>1</sup>The daughters of *Cecrops*, a mythical king of *Attica*.

<sup>2</sup>The *Eubœa*, a sea called from *Chalcedon*, a king of *Eubœa*.

the stars return to night a mysterious gloom from  
 kith to kith the peaks of Parnassus, where  
 no man may set foot are all ablaze and hail the  
 out of the mortal service To Phoebus roof mounts  
 the smoke of prayer, offering of the desert there  
 on the holy tripod sits the Delphian priestess, chant  
 in to the ears of Hellas in numbers loud and clear  
 from doth proclaim the Delphians, voices of  
 Phoebus, way to Castalia's gush fountain as oil  
 clear and when it has bathed you in its waters  
 pure enter to shrine and keep your lips in hol  
 meter that I may be so careful to utter words of  
 good omen among yourselves to those who wish  
 to converse with me while I with laurel spears and  
 sacred wreaths and drops of water sprinkle over  
 the floor will pour the entrails to the shrine of Phoebus  
 in task as a day from childhood's hour and  
 in his eye how will I put to flight the flocks of feather  
 ed fowls that harm his sacred offering for here in  
 Phoebus shrine which uttered me I mean or an  
 orphan, is hearken and receive him.

Come, thou tender hand of youth, gathered from  
 various climes wait upon this glorious god, thou  
 that nearest clearest the altar of Phoebus hard by his  
 shrine where hol fountains water ever gush with cease  
 less flow beneath the marble hallowed stair where  
 with I breathe a tender floor with hol do so  
 soon as the swift sun and wind his flight so he  
 in me daily inspiration. Hail Paeon, prince of heal  
 ing art as doth bless the youth child of Laonia  
 Fair the service that I render thee Phoebus, be  
 for the house, bounteous the seat of proffer a  
 glorious task I count to serve not to mortal man but  
 to the gods what for I never weary of perform  
 ing hol service. Phoebus is to me as the father that  
 beget me for as such I praise the god that is my  
 lord To Phoebus, who dwells in the shrine  
 whom I call by that his faithful name of father Hail  
 Paeon, heaven god, good luck to thee and thy  
 wife of Latona My task is nearly done I mean  
 with the laurel broom, so now from golden ewer  
 will I sprinkle with the sacred water from Castalia's  
 gush fountain sea turning the liquid dew with hands  
 from all defilement free Oh man, I cease this  
 to serve Phoebus, or if I do, my fortune seems good  
 to me

His last words the feathered deities hear in their  
 seats on Parnassus I forbear to write on the com  
 ing of the guard done Thou herald of Zeus  
 that carries the name of other men with those  
 of mine once more shall an arrow mistake  
 thee

Lo, another comes from towards the altar a  
 woman take thy bow thy plumes hew here  
 I bid Phoebus with the thorn shall ever  
 be from her as I was and settle at  
 Delos were for I thou art not hearken, thy  
 blood shall choke the entrance of the sacred  
 He will now bid comes now Does it seem so  
 to me of the law for I stand beneath the  
 golden Veridian tree in bowden there as  
 Does not bid me And and thy own and

the streams of swart Alpheus, or get thee to the  
 woods Isthmian then, that Phoebus off runs and his  
 shrine may take no hurt I am loth to slay ye ye  
 messengers to mortal man of messengers from hea  
 ven still must I serve Phoebus, to whose tasks I am de  
 voted, nor will I cease to minister to those that give  
 me food

### ENTER ONES OF CREUS'S RANDOM IDEAS

Creus I it is in the holy Athens only that there  
 are courts of the gods with fine colonnades, and the  
 worship of Apollo, guardian of the ways but here  
 too, at the shrine of Latona, son of Latona, hines  
 the lovely e of Latona's shrine

Ch II Just look at this here is the son of Zeus  
 himself with his scepter of gold the water snake of  
 Latona Do look at him my friend!

Ch I Yes, I see And close to him stand another  
 with blazing torch uplifted who is he Can this be  
 the warrior Iolus whose story I told on my broad  
 ery who battles with the son of Zeus his labours and  
 helps him in the road

Ch III Oh! but look at this a man mounted on  
 a winged horse killing a fire breathing monster with  
 three bodies

Ch I I am turning my eyes in every direction  
 Behold the rout of the giants carried on these walls  
 of stone

Ch II Yes, yes, good friends, I am looking

Ch I Does she her stand above Esculapion  
 brandishing her snake with the Gorgon's head?

Ch VI Yes, Paeon, my own goddess

Ch VII Acus, dost see the master thunderbolt and  
 shining with the far-darting hands of Zeus?

Ch VIII I do, tis bursting with the flame of Minerva,  
 that deadly foe

Ch IX, Broomus too, the god of revelry is slain  
 in another of the scenes of Earth with his thrills of  
 re-erecting a foe battle

Ch I Thou that art stationed by this shrine, to  
 thee I do address my prayer pass the threshold of  
 these courts, with our fair wish!

Ion Now we must not remain idle

Ch X, Yes, I bid thee about something I have  
 heard

Ion What wouldst thou ask?

Ch XI I will call upon that the temple of Phe  
 bus stand upon the centre of the world?

Ion, Yes, there it stands with islands decked  
 and porticos all around

Ch XII E'en so the legend is told

Ion If ye could red sacrificial cake before the  
 shrine and have such a wish to ask Phoebus, ap  
 proach the altar but enter not the inner sanctu  
 ary so ye have sacrificed there

Ch XIII I understand but we have no mind to  
 utter words that would show the pictures here with  
 out will amuse us

Ion, Feast your eyes on all ye may

Ch XIV My mistress go we leave to see if we  
 visited chambers

Ion Whose handmaids do ye owe or yield to?

Ch XV The temple, where Paeon dwells, is the



# ION

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| HERMES             | XUTHUS            |
| ION                | OLD MAN SERVANT   |
| CHORUS OF CREUSA'S | SERVANT of Creusa |
| HANDMAIDENS        | PYTHIAN PRIESTESS |
| CREUSA             | ATHENA            |

*Before Apollo's temple at Delphi Enter HERMES*

*Hermes* Atlas who bears upon his brazen back the pressure of the sky ancient dwelling of the gods begat *Atua* from a daughter of one of those gods and she bare me *Hermes* to mighty *Zeus* to be the servant of the powers divine. Lo! I am come to this land of *Delphi* where sits *Phœbus* on the centre of the world and giveth oracles to men ever chanting lays prophetic of things that are to be. Now there is a city in *Hellas* of no small note called after *Pallas* goddess of the golden lance there did *Phœbus* force his love on *Creusa* daughter of *Erechtheus* beneath the rock of *Pallas* northward of *Athens* steep realm called *Macraë* by the kings of *Attica*. And she without her father's knowledge—for such was the god's good pleasure—bore the burden in her womb unto the end and when her time came she brought forth a child in the house and carried him away to the selfsame cave wherein the god declared his love to her and she cradled him in the hollow of a rounded ark and cast him forth to die observant of the custom of her ancestors and of earth-born *Erichthonius* whom the daughter of *Zeus* gave into the charge of the daughters of *Agraulus* after setting on either side to keep him safe a guard of serpents twain. Hence in that land among the *Erechthidae* 'tis a custom to protect their babes with charms of golden snakes. But ere she left the babe to die the young mother tied about him her own bordered robe and this is the request that *Phœbus* craves of me for he is my brother. O brother to those children of the soil that dwell in glorious *Athens* for well thou knowest *Athens* city and take a new-born babe from out the hollow rock his cradle and his swaddling clothes as well and bear him to my prophetic shrine at *Delphi* and set him at the entering in of my temple. What else remains shall be my care for that child is mine that thou mayst know it. So I to do my brother *Lovias* a service took up the woven ark and bore it off and at the threshold of the shrine I have laid the babe after opening the lid of the wicker cradle that the child might be seen. But just as the sun god was starting forth to run his course a priestess chanced to

enter the god's shrine and when her eyes lit upon the tender babe she thought it strange that any *Delphian* maid should dare to cast her child of shame down at the temple of the god wherefore her purpose was to remove him beyond the altar but from pity she renounced her cruel thought and the god to help his child did second her pity to save the babe from being cast out. So she took and brought him up but she knew not that *Phœbus* was his sire nor of the mother that bare him nor yet did the child know his parents. While yet he was a child around the altar that fed him he would ramble at his play but when he came to man's estate the *Delphians* made him treasurer of the god and steward of all his store and found him true and so until the present day he leads a holy life in the god's temple. Mean time *Creusa* mother of this youth married to *Xuthus* and thus it came to pass a war broke out 'twixt *Athens* and the folk of *Chalcedon* who dwell in the land of *Eubœa* and *Xuthus* took part therein and helped to end it for which he received the hand of *Creusa* as his guerdon albeit he was no native but an *Achæan* sprung from *Eolus* the son of *Zeus* and after many years of wedded life he and *Creusa* still are childless wherefore they are come to this oracle of *Apollo* in their desire for offspring. To this end is *Lovias* guiding their destiny nor hath it escaped his ken at some suppose. For when *Xuthus* enters this shrine the god will give him his own son and declare that *Xuthus* is the sire that so the boy may come to his mother's home and be acknowledged by *Creusa* while the marriage of *Lovias* remains a secret and the child obtains his rights and he shall cause him to be called *Ion* founder of a realm in *Asia* through all the breadth of *Hellas*. But now will I get me to yon grotto beneath the laurel's shade that I may learn what is decreed about the child. For I see the son of *Lovias* now coming forth to cleanse the gateway in front of the temple with boughs of laurel. I greet him first of all the gods by his name *Ion* which he soon shall bear.

*Exit*

*Enter IO*

*Ion* Lo! the sun god is even now turning towards the earth his chariot car resplendent before yon fire

\*Th *Eubœans* are so called from *Chalcedon* a king of *Eubœa*

†The daughters of *Cecrops* a mythic king of *Attica*

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L stars retire to his s m sterious gloom from  
forth the firmament th peaks f Parnassus, where  
no man ma set foot are llablaze and hail the car  
of day for mortal sers ce T Phœbus oof mounts  
in the smoke of myrrh offeru of the desert there  
on the hol tripod sits th Delphian priestess, chant  
w t th ears f Hellas in numbers l ud whate er  
A w o doth proclaim. Y Delphians, votaries of  
Phœbus, wail to Ca talia s gush fountain at sil er  
clea and hen v ha e bathed you in it waters  
pve enter the shrine nd keep our lps n hol  
sience wait t ma be w ll ca f l to utt rwo ds of  
good omen amonst joursef es to those who w h t  
consult th oracle while I w th laur l sprays and  
sacred wreaths and drops of way r pss kled o r the  
floor will punish th entrance t the shrin of Phœ-  
bus, m task ea h day from childhood hour and  
w h m bow ul l put to flit the flocka of feath-  
ered fowls that harm his sacred offeruvs f r h re in  
Phœbus shru, which utt ed me I minister an  
orphan, fatherless and motherless.

Come thou tender laurel shoot gath red f our  
gardens d me to wa t pon th gl n us god thou  
that sweepst clean th altar f Phœb s hard b his  
w h e be holy founts, that e r gub w th ease  
less flow bedew the m rrl s hallow ed spray whe  
with l clea se the temple floor th li clo day so  
soon as the swift sun w d winns his flight on hu b  
in m daly ministratun Had Pæan p n e of heal  
r t b est, sh d doubly blest be thou, child of Latona!  
For the service that I rende to thee Phœbus, be  
fore thy house, h ourn thy seat of p phœv a  
precious to k l cou t t o sers not m rral man b t  
deathless gods wherefo e I never weary f p e r m  
in holy services. Phœbus sit m s th fathe that  
b eok me, for as such I pra se this god that g es me  
food. Tis Phœbus, who dwell th in the temple  
boon I call by that b lpf l name of fathe Had  
Pæan, healan god good l ck t thee and blessing  
child f Latona! W t k s s earch d f sweeping  
r h the la rel broom so a from a g ld n ewer  
all s ren kle er th ground water from Ca talia s  
gushon, r r r n, scatt ring th liquid dew w th hand  
from all defilement free Oh ma l cea e thus  
to wrv Phœbus, or if I do, may fo t mul upon  
m!

Ha! ther come, the feathered w bes, lea in the  
beris on Parnassus. I forbid e to settle on th cop-  
ping or enter th gilded dome Thou berald f Zeus,  
that masterest the wght f other buds w th those  
taw of thine, one mor shall m a ow o ertake  
thee.

Lo! nother comes sa l g town d th litar a  
m a d n time tak thv bright flames lew h r  
w t that Phœbu tun th th son hall er  
w e there from th bow so fl a nd settle t  
t e Dela mer for f thou w h not hea ken, thy  
b rd w ll bok the utteranc f th f u m lod  
Ha hat ew bard comes now. Does t mea to  
h m rit of drv traw for t brood be with the  
phœv Sown shall m rwa g g bow d n there wa  
Dost not hea m r Away and ear thy voun amud

the streams of swi lun Alpheus or get thee to the  
woods Isthmian glen that Phœbus offeruvs and his  
shrine may take n hurt I am loth m slay ye ve  
messengers to mortal man of messages from heav n  
still must I sers e Phœbus, to whose w k s I am de-  
oted nor will I cease to minister to those that g e  
me food

Enter CHORUS OF CRET S S HANDMAIDENS

Chorus I It is not in h ly Athens only that there  
are courts f the gods with f e colonnades, and the  
worship of Apollo, giv dian of h ghways but here  
too, at th shr of Leto, son of Latona shines  
the lo ly eve of da on faces twain

Ch II Just look at this! he e is the son of Zeus  
kullin with his scam tar of gold the watersnake of  
Lerna D o look at him m friend!

Ch I Yes, I see. And close to him stand n ther  
with a blazin torch uplifted who is he? Can th s be  
th warri r Iolaus whose torv is told on my broid-  
ery who shares with the son of Zeus his labours and  
lps him in th m l?

Ch III Oh! b t look at th a man mounted on  
a win ed horse kullin, a fire breathing monster with  
three bod es.

Ch I I am turn ng m y yes n every d rection  
Behold the rout f the giants carved on these walls  
of tone

Ch IV Yes, yes, good friends, I am looking  
Ch V D st se her sta d s go er Enceladus  
brandishun her shield with the Gorgon s head?

Ch VI I see P lla, m own goddess.  
Ch VII A w n dost see the massy thunderbolt all  
afame in the far d s tun hands f Zeu?

Ch VIII I do t s blast n w th its flame Numa,  
that deal foe

Ch IX. M omus too, the god of ev lry is sla-  
ing anoth r f the sons of Earth w th his thyrus of  
v e ve meant f battle

Ch I Thou that art statuo ed by th fane t  
thee I d add ess me may we pass the threshold of  
these aults, w th our fair white feet?

Io v v ye must n t strain r ladies.  
Ch X May I k thee bo t something I ha e  
hea d?

Io What wouldst thou k?  
Ch XI Is it call true that th temple of Phœ-  
bus sta d pon th cent f the world?

Ion Aye there s stands w th ga linds decked  
and go eous flarou d

Ch XII E en so th legend sa th.

I If ha offered a sacrificial cak before the  
hri e and ha u ht wish to ask Phœbus, ap-  
p o n b the litar but enter n t the inmost sanctu-  
ary sa e cha eac ussed heep

Ch XIII I understand but we have no mind to  
trespa gun t the god slaw the pictures here with  
out will am se us.

I n Feast you eyes on all ye may  
Ch XIV M m tress ga me leave to see these  
sulted chamber

I Whose handmaids do v ow y oursel es?  
Ch XV The templ where Pallas dw lls, s the

nursing home of my lords But lo! here is she of whom thou askest

*Ion* Lady whose'er thou art I see thou art of noble birth and thy bearing proves thy gentle breeding For from his bearing one may mostly judge whether a man is nobly born Yet am I much amazed to see thee close thine eyes in grief and with tears bedew thy noble face when thou standest face to face with the holy oracle of Loxias Why lady art thou thus disquieted? Here where all others show their joy at sight of Phœbus sanctuary thine eye is wet with tears

*Enter CREUSA*

*Creusa* Most courteously sir stranger dost thou express surprise at these my tears the sight of this temple of Apollo recalled to me a memory of long ago and somehow my thoughts went wandering home though I am here myself Ah hapless race of women! ah ye reckless gods! What shall I say? to what standard shall we refer justice if through the injustice of our lords and masters we are brought to ruin?

*Ion* Why lady art thou thus cast down past all finding out?

*Cr* 'Tis naught I have shot my bolt for what remains I say no more nor seek thou further to inquire

*Ion* Who art thou and whence? who is the father that begat thee? by what name are we to call thee?

*Cr* Creusa is my name the daughter of Erechtheus I my native land is Athens

*Ion* A glorious city thine lady a noble line of ancestry! with what reverence I behold thee!

*Cr* Thus far no further goes my luck good sir

*Ion* Pray is the current legend true—

*Cr* What is thy question? I fain would learn

*Ion* Was thy father's grandsire really sprung from Earth?

*Cr* Yes Erichthonius was but my high birth avails me not

*Ion* Is it true Athena reared him from the ground?

*Cr* Aye and into maidens' hands though not his mother's—

*Ion* Consigned him did she? as 'tis wont to be set forth in painting

*Cr* Yes to the daughters of Cecrops to keep him safe unseen

*Ion* I have heard the maidens opened the ark wherein the goddess laid him

*Cr* And so they died dabbling with their blood the rocky cliff

*Ion* Even so But what of this next story? Is it true or groundless?

*Cr* What is thy question? Ask on I have no calls upon my leisure

*Ion* Did thy sire Erechtheus offer thy sisters as a sacrifice?

*Cr* For his country's sake he did endure to lay the maids as victims

*Ion* And how didst thou alone of all thy sisters escape?

*Cr* I was still a tender babe in my mother's arms

*Ion* Did the earth really open its mouth and swallow thy father?

*Cr* The sea god smote and slew him with his trident

*Ion* Is there a spot there called Macræ?

*Cr* Why ask that? what memories thou recallest! Ion Doth the Pythian god with his flashing fire do honour to the place?

*Cr* Honour yes! Honour indeed! would I had never seen the spot!

*Ion* How now? dost thou abhor that which the god holds dear?

*Cr* No no but I and that cave are witnesses of a deed of shame

*Ion* Lady who is the Athenian lord that calls thee wife?

*Cr* No citizen of Athens but a stranger from another land

*Ion* Who is he? he must have been one of noble birth

*Cr* Xuthus son of Æolus sprung from Zeus

*Ion* And how did he a stranger win thee a native born?

*Cr* Hard by Athens lies a neighbouring township Eubœa

*Ion* With a bounding line of waters in between so I have heard

*Cr* This did he sack making common cause with Cecrops sons

*Ion* Coming as an ally maybe he won thy hand for this?

*Cr* Yes this was his dower of battle the prize of his prowess

*Ion* Art thou come to the oracle alone or with thy lord?

*Cr* With him But he is now visiting the cavern of Trophonius

*Ion* As a spectator merely or to consult the oracle?

*Cr* 'Tis his wish to hear the self same answer from Trophonius and Phœbus too

*Ion* Is it to seek earth's produce or fruit of off-spring that ye come?

*Cr* We are childless though wedded these many years

*Ion* Hast thou never been a mother? art thou wholly childless?

*Cr* Phœbus knows whether I am childless

*Ion* Unhappy wife! how this doth mar thy fortune else so happy!

*Cr* But who art thou? how blest I count thy mother!

*Ion* Lady I am called the servant of Apollo and so I am

*Cr* An offering of thy city or sold to him by some master?

*Ion* Naught know I but this that I am called the slave of Loxias

*Cr* Then do I in my turn pity thee sir stranger

*Ion* Because I know not her that bare me or him that begat me

*Cr* Is thy home here in the temple, or hast thou a house to dwell in?

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Ion. Thy god's whole temple is my house: what  
 thou sayst I take me.

Cr. Was it as a child or young man that thou camest  
 to the temple?

Ion. Those who seem to know the truth, say I  
 was a babe.

Cr. What Del-phian maid then weaned thee?

Ion. I never knew a mother breast me. But she who  
 brought me up—

Cr. Who was she, unhappy youth? I see thy suffer-  
 ing in my own.

Ion. The priestess of Phoebus. I look on her as my  
 mother.

Cr. Until thou camest unto man's estate, what  
 nurture hadst thou?

Ion. The altar fed me, and the bounty of each  
 casual guest.

Cr. Who is thy mother then, whose breast she was?

Ion. Maybe in birth was some poor woman's  
 wife.

Cr. Hast thou any store for thy dress as costly  
 enough?

Ion. The god I set against me these robes: wear  
 them thou, if thou wilt to requite into thy  
 birth.

Ion. Ah! yes, lady! but I have no clue at all to  
 guide me.

Cr. Ah! I know another woman who hath suf-  
 fered like mother did.

Ion. Who is she? If she would but help me in the  
 task, how happy would I be!

Cr. Tis she on whose altar I have preceded my  
 husband hither.

Ion. What are thy wishes? be sure I will serve thee,  
 lad.

Cr. I could fain obtain a secret answer from Apollo  
 to oracle.

Ion. Name it, then: the rest will I undertake for  
 thee.

Cr. I fear then this story: I am ashamed.

Ion. Thou wilt thou accomplish now? be for them  
 as good as slow to act.

Cr. A friend I must assert that Phoebus loveth  
 her.

Ion. Phoebus to a mortal woman? Strange lad  
 art thou.

Cr. Yes, and I bare the god a child as thoust her  
 father knoweth.

Ion. It cannot be: some man did wrong her, and  
 we are ashamed of it.

Cr. Thus she died as thou sayst, and she hath suffered  
 further woe.

Ion. How so? if she was wedded to a god?

Cr. The babe she bore she did expose.

Ion. Where is the child who was thus cast forth?  
 be ready.

Cr. No man knoweth. That is the cry than I  
 would with oracle.

Ion. But if he be no more, how did he perish?

Cr. She supposes that he is devoured the hapless  
 boy.

Ion. What proof led her so far from this open air?

Cr. She came to the place where she exposed him  
 but found him no longer there.

Ion. Were any drops of blood upon the path?

Cr. No, she saw, and yet she ranged the ground  
 to and fro.

Ion. How long is it since the babe was destroyed?

Cr. The age and his would measure out the self  
 same years were he alive.

Ion. Hath she given birth to no other child since  
 then?

Cr. The god doth wrong her, and wretched is she  
 in having no child.

Ion. But what if Phoebus privily removed her  
 child and is retaining it?

Cr. Then is he acting unfairly in keeping to him-  
 self also, as he ought to share.

Ion. Ah! methinks misfortune sounds so like my  
 own.

Cr. Thee too, fair sir, thy poor mother misses, I  
 am sure.

Ion. Oh! call me not back to piteous thoughts: I  
 had so gott'n.

Cr. I am dumb, proceed with that which touches  
 my equity.

Ion. Dost know the one weak point in this thy  
 story?

Cr. 'Tis all weak in that poor lady's case.

Ion. How should the god declare that which he  
 willeth hidden?

Cr. He must if here upon the tripod he sits for all  
 Hellas to seek to.

Ion. He is ashamed of the deed: do not question  
 him.

Cr. We but his own cum has he sorrows too.

Ion. There is none who will act as thy mad woman  
 in this. For were Phoebus in his own temple proved a  
 villain, he would surely seek his vengeance on the  
 man who expounded to thee his oracles: dearest then  
 lady, we must not prophesy against the god's will,  
 for it would be the breath of folly in us, were we to  
 try and make the gods again their will declare re-  
 lictant truths either by sacrifice of sheep at their  
 altars, or by omens from birds. For those answers  
 we strive to catch from heaven lady, are goods  
 that bring a blessing on our going, but what they  
 freely offer the by-way is fit.

Cr. Many are the chances that befall the many  
 tribes of men, and I believe are their forms. But scarce  
 on happy scene canst thou find in all the life of man.

Cr. Ah! Phoebus, be as it were are thou unjust to  
 that bent sufferer: how cause I now in plead-  
 ing. Thou dost not preserve thy child as in duty  
 bound, nor wilt thou for all thy prophetic skill

answer his mother's question, that if he be no  
 more a mound may be raised over him or if he live,  
 he may some day be restored to his mother's eyes.  
 His answer is thus the horse of oracles if the god pre-  
 vents me from learning what I wish to ask. But lo!  
 I see my noble lord Nuthus, high at hand return-  
 ing from the land of Trophonius say nothing as to  
 my husband of what I have said thee, lest I incur  
 reproach for meddling about secrets, and the matter

take a different turn to that which I sought to give it. For women stand towards men in a difficult position and the virtuous from being mingled with the wicked amongst us are hated: such is our unhappy destiny.

*Enter XUTHUS*

*Xuthus* First to the god all hail! for he must receive the first fruits of my salutation and next all hail to thee, my wife! Has my delay in arriving caused thee alarm?

*Cr.* By no means, but thou art come at an anxious time. Tell me what response thou bringest from Trophonius, touching our future hopes of mutual offspring.

*Xu.* He deigned not to forestal the prophecies of Phœbus. This only did he say: that neither thou nor I should return unto our house childless from the shrine.

*Cr.* Majestic mother of Phœbus, to our journey grant success, and may our previous dealings with thy son now find a better issue!

*Xu.* It will be so, but who acts as the god's spokes-man here?

*Ion* I serve outside the shrine, others within, who stand near the tripod, even the noblest of the Delphians chosen by lot, sir, stranger.

*Xu.* 'Tis well. I have attained the utmost of my wishes. I will go within, for I am told that a victim has been slain in public before the temple for strangers, and to-day—for it is a lucky day—I would fain receive the god's oracle. Do thou, my wife, take branches of laurel and seated at the altars pray to the gods that I may carry home from Apollo's shrine an answer that bodeeth well for offspring.

*Cr.* All this shall be. Now, at any rate, if Lœvius would retrieve his former sins, even though he can not be my friend entirely, yet will I accept whatever he designs to give, because he is a god.

*Exit XUTHUS and CREUSA*

*Ion.* Why doth this stranger lady hunt dark reproaches against the god unceasingly, either out of affection for her on whose behalf she seeks the oracle, or maybe because she is hiding something needing secrecy? Yet what have I to do with the daughter of Erechtheus? She is naught to me. No, I will go to the laver and from golden ewers sprinkle the holy water. Yet must I warn Phœbus of what is happening to him: he ravishes a maid and proves unfaithful to her, and after secretly begetting a son leaves him to die. O! Phœbus, do not so, but as thou art supreme, follow in virtue's track, for whosoever of mortal men transgresses him the gods punish. How then can it be just that you should enact your laws for men and yourselves incur the charge of breaking them? Now I will put this case, though it will never happen. Wert thou wert Poseidon and Zeus, the lord of heaven, to make atonement to mankind for every act of lawless love, we would

ing the evil deeds of gods, but ratify such examples.

*Cr.* On thee I call, Athena, mother of heroes, no kindly goddess lent her aid, thou wert by Titan Prometheus of Zeus. Come, O lady, Victory, to thy shrine, winging thy way from the heights of Olympus to the city's streets, pass beside the dance encircled by thy daughter of Latona, to the ethereal goddesses, fair sisters of Phœbus, in prayer, fair maidens, that the ancient theus may obtain by clear oracles children, though late it come. For a settled source of all surpassing bliss, as see in their ancestral halls a splendor, young parents blest with offspring, their sires their wealth in due succession, children, yea, for they are a defense, and add a charm to wealth, a fatherland, a saving help in battle, the pomp of wealth, or royal maintenance, nurture of noble children. The children, and him who thinks it good, I life amongst my children, blessed wealth, may I hold fast.

Ye haunts of Pan and rocks have Macrae where Agrauios daughters, lightly o'er the green grass lawns of Pallas, to the music of the pipe, what time thou Pan art piping thine, where a maiden once that hapless, unhappy mother! exposed her, sue of her woful wooing for birds, to rend a bloody banquet! Never told in women tale or legend that gods by daughters of earth have an

*Enter ION*

*Ion.* Attendant maids, that wait mistress here at the steps of the temple, incense say, hath Xuthus already, pod and the sanctuary, or doth he seek to ask yet further of his childlessness?

*Ch.* He is still in the temple, passed this threshold yet. But hast thou stepped at the outlet of the door, and see my master this moment coming?

*Xu.* All hail my son, that word first greeting to thee.

*Ion.* 'Tis well with me, do but and then both of us will be happy.

*Xu.* Give me thy hand to grasp thy brace.

*Ion.* Art thou in thy senses, sir, or is ful god reft thee of them?

*Xu.* I am in my senses, for I have

is not my own, but only finding my own that I love  
 full well.

*Ion.* Hands off! or thou shalt feel an arrow pierce  
 thine.

*Ion.* What dost thou think me now that thou find  
 out me thy own, lost and dearest?

*Ion.* I am not fond of schooling boys and crazy  
 romances.

*Ion.* Kill me, burn me! I thou wilt for if thou  
 dost, thou wilt be thy father's murderer.

*Ion.* Thou art father indeed! Oh! is not news like  
 to come by make me like it?

*Ion.* Not so my tale as it proceeds, will prove to  
 thee but I assert.

*Ion.* Pray what hast thou to tell me?

*Ion.* That I am thy own father and thou my very  
 child.

*Ion.* Who says so?

*Ion.* Lovers, who gave thee nurture thou hast thou  
 wert my son.

*Ion.* Thou art thy own witness.

*Ion.* Nay I have learnt the answer of the god.

*Ion.* Thou art mistaken in the dark night thou  
 hast heard.

*Ion.* It seems then I do not hear aught.

*Ion.* What said Phœbus?

*Ion.* That the man who met me—

*Ion.* When and where?

*Ion.* A I came forth from the god's temple—

*Ion.* Well! what should happen to him?

*Ion.* Should be my own true son.

*Ion.* Thine own true son, or a gift from others?

*Ion.* A gift, but mine for all that.

*Ion.* Am I the first that thou didst meet?

*Ion.* I have met no other to son.

*Ion.* Whence came that piece of luck?

*Ion.* To both I awake causes surprise.

*Ion.* Ah! but who was my mother?

*Ion.* I cannot tell.

*Ion.* Did not Phœbus tell thee that?

*Ion.* I was so pleased with this, I did not ask him.

*Ion.*

*Ion.* I must have sprung from mother earth.

*Ion.* The ground brings forth no children.

*Ion.* How can I be thine?

*Ion.* I know not I refer it to the god.

*Ion.* Come, let us try another theme.

*Ion.* Bet or board it, as thou wilt.

*Ion.* Dost thou err and love in all that matters?

*Ion.* I am in the four of truth.

*Ion.* Ere thou didst win Erechtheus daughter?

*Ion.* Never once.

*Ion.* Could it be then thou didst begot me?

*Ion.* The true conceives themselves.

*Ion.* I that case how am I father?

*Ion.* That puzzles me.

*Ion.* Alas that long journey too?

*Ion.* That, too, perplexes me.

*Ion.* Dost thou in disguise come by com to the Pythia's rock?

*Ion.* Yes, I join in thy mystic rites of Bacchus.

*Ion.* Dost thou lodge with one of the public houses?

*Ion.* With one who at Delphi—

*Ion.* Instructed thee? or what is it thou sayest?

*Ion.* Among the frantic votaries of Bacchus.

*Ion.* Wert thou sober or in thy cups?

*Ion.* I had indulged in the pleasures of the wine-cup.

*Ion.* That is just the history of my birth.

*Ion.* Fare hath discovered thee my son.

*Ion.* How came I to the temple?

*Ion.* May be the maid exposed thee.

*Ion.* I have escaped the shame of slavish birth.

*Ion.* Acknowledge then thy father my son.

*Ion.* It is not right that I should mistrust the god.

*Ion.* Thou art in his there.

*Ion.* What more can I desire—

*Ion.* Thine eyes now open to the sights they should.

*Ion.* Than from a son of Zeus to spring?

*Ion.* Which is indeed thy lot.

*Ion.* May I embrace the author of my being?

*Ion.* A put thy trust in the god.

*Ion.* Hail to thee father mine.

*Ion.* With joy that title I accept.

*Ion.* This day—

*Ion.* Hath made me blest.

*Ion.* Ah, mother dead! shall I ever see thee too?

Now more than ever do I long to gaze upon thee  
 whose ere thou art. But thou perhaps art dead and I  
 shall never see thee chance.

*Ion.* We share the good luck of thy house but still  
 I could have wished my mistress too, and Erech-  
 theus I have had been blest with child.

*Ion.* My son albeit the god hath for thy devoted  
 brought his oracle to true issue and united thee  
 to me while thou, too, hast found what most thou  
 dost desire till now unconscious of it still as touch-  
 ing the answer so proper to thee I feel an equal  
 yearning that thou, my child may find thy mother  
 and I thy wife that bare thee unto me. May be we  
 shall disco-  
 ver thus, if we leave it to time. But now  
 leave the courts of the god and thus homeward  
 of the land come to Athens. Accordance with thy  
 father's wishes, for there his happy realm and bound-  
 less wealth await thee nor shalt thou be trau-  
 matised with baseness and poverty to boot because in one  
 of these respects thou son than lackest but thou  
 shalt be renowned alike for birth and wealth. Art  
 silent? wilt thou dost fix thy eyes upon the ground? Thou  
 art lost in thought and by this sudden change from  
 thy former cheerfulness, thou tritest thy father  
 with demands.

*Ion.* Things assume a different form according as  
 we see them before us, so far off I am glad at what  
 has happened since I have found in thee a father  
 but here I am on some points which I am now dead  
 in Athens, I am told—that glorious city of a na-  
 tive race—owns no alien in which case I shall find  
 entrance there and twofold disadvantage as  
 an alien's son and base born. I am branded with  
 the reproach, while as yet I am unsproven I shall  
 get the name of a mere nobody a son of nobodies  
 and if I win my way to the best place in the  
 state and seek to become one I shall be hated by

those who have no influence for superiority is gall  
ing while amongst men of worth who could show  
their wisdom but are silent and take no interest in  
politics I shall incur ridicule and be thought a fool  
for not keeping quiet in such a fault-finding city  
Again if I win a name amongst the men of mark who  
are engaged in politics still more will jealous votes  
bar my progress for thus father it ever went to  
be they who have the city's ear and have already  
made their mark are most bitter against all rivals  
Again if I a stranger come to a home that knows  
me not and to that childless wife who before had  
thee as partner in her sorrow but now will feel the  
bitterness of having to bear her fortune all alone—  
how I ask shall I not fairly earn her hatred when  
I take my stand beside thee while she still child-  
less sees thy dear pledge with bitter eyes and then  
thou have to choose between deserting me and re-  
garding her or honouring me and utterly confound-  
ing thy home? How many a murder and death by  
deadly drugs have wives devised for husbands! Be-  
sides I pity that wife of thine father with her child-  
less old age beginning she little deserves to pine in  
barrenness a daughter of a noble race That princely  
state we fondly praise is pleasant to the eye but yet  
in its mansions sorrow lurks for who is happy or by  
fortune blest that has to live his life in fear of violence  
with many a side-long glance? Rather would I  
live among the common folk and taste their bliss  
than be a tyrant who delights in making evil men  
his friends and hates the good in terror of his life  
Perchance thou wilt tell me Gold outweighs all  
these evils and wealth is sweet I have no wish to  
be abused for holding tightly to my self nor yet to  
have the trouble of it Be mine a moderate fortune  
free from annoyance! Now hear the blessings father  
that here were mine first leisure man's chiefest  
joy with but moderate trouble no villain ever  
drove me from my path and that is grievance hard  
to bear to make room and give way to sorry knaves  
My duty was to pray unto the gods or with mortal  
men converse a minister to their joys not to their  
sorrows And I was ever dismissing one batch of  
guests while another took their place so that I was  
always welcome from the charm of novelty That  
honesty which men must pray for even against their  
will custom and nature did conspire to plant in me  
in the sight of Phœbus Now when I think on this  
I deem that I am better here than there father So  
let me live on here for tis an equal charm to joy in  
high estate or in a humble fortune find a pleasure

Ch Well said! if only those I love find their hap-  
piness in thy statement of the case

Xu Cease such idle talk and learn to be happy  
for on that spot where I discovered thee my son  
will I begin the rites since I have chanced on the  
general banquet open to all comers and I will offer  
thy birth sacrifice which aforetime I left undone  
And now will I bring thee to the banquet as my  
guest and rejoice thy heart and take thee to the  
Athenian land as a visitor forsooth not as my own  
son For I will not grieve my wife in her childless

sorrow by my good fortune. But in time will I seize  
a happy moment and prevail on her to let thee wield  
my sceptre over the realm Thy name shall be Ion  
in accordance with what happened for that thou  
wert the first to cross my path as I came forth from  
Apollo's sanctuary Go gather every friend thou  
hast and with them make merry over the flesh of  
sacrifice on the eve of thy departure from the town  
of Delphi On you ye handmaids silence I enjoin  
for if ye say one word to my wife death awaits you

Exit XUTHOS

Ion Well I will go one thing my fortune lacks,  
for if I find not her that gave me birth life is no life  
to me my father and if I may make the prayer  
Oh may that mother be a daughter of Athens! that  
from her I may inherit freedom of speech For if a  
stranger settle in a city free from aliens, even though  
in name he be a citizen yet doth he find himself  
tongue-tied and debared from open utterance

Exit ION

Ch Weeping and lamentation and the beginning  
of mourning I foresee when my mistress shall see  
her lord blest with a son while she is childless and  
forlorn What was this oracle thou didst vouchsafe  
prophetic son of Latona? Whence came this boy  
thy foster-child who lingers in thy temple? who was  
his mother? I like not thy oracle I fear there's some  
treachery In terror I await the issue of this chance  
for strange are these tidings and strange it is that  
the god declares them to me There is guile con-  
nected with this wife's fortune All must allow that  
Shall we good friends throw off disguise and tell  
our mistress this story about her husband in whom  
her all was centred and whose hopes poor lady she  
once shared? But now in misery is she plunged while  
he enjoys the smiles of fortune to hoary old she  
drifteth fast while he her lord pays no regard to  
his loved ones—the wretch who came an alien to  
her house to share great wealth and failed to guard  
her fortune! Perdition catch this traitor to my lady!  
never may he succeed in offering to the gods upon  
their blazing altar a hallowed cake with flames that  
augur well! He shall know to his cost my regard for  
my mistress Now are sure and new found son bent  
on the approaching feast Hail ye peaks of Parnassus  
that rear your rocky heads to heaven where Bac-  
chus with uplifted torch of blazing pine bounds  
nimbly amid his bacchanals that range by night!  
Never to my city come this boy! let him die and  
leave his young life as it dawns! For should our city  
fall on evil days thus bringing in of strangers would  
supply it with a reason Enough enough for us  
Erechtheus hne that erst held sway!

Enter CREUSA AND OLD SERVANT

Gr Aged retainer of my father Erechtheus while  
yet he lived and saw the light of day mount to the  
god's prophetic shrine that thou mayst share my  
gladness if haply Loras great king vouchsafe an  
answer touching my hopes of offspring for sweet it  
is to share with friends prosperity and sweet like-  
wise to see a friendly face if any ill befall—which  
God forbid! As thou of yore didst tend my sire so

For the mistress thou hast, I take his place in  
my lot.

Alas! Do not the masters bear good  
will to the nobles? Leave thou hast never  
been there upon those anthers of thine the  
charm of the soul's hand, I prithee to the shrine  
had to lean upon! 'Tis a steep path thither, truly  
but lead the end to good in steps and make en-  
tire stride.

O Come follow then, and look where thou art  
tried.

O S. Behold thou hast steps, loiter not thou hast  
not.

O Lead on the staff as thou climbest this wind  
is my staff.

O S. Even this staff is a blind good when I see  
no way to the end.

O True, but do not yield through fatigue.

O S. I never will, but I am not master of that  
which is made no more.

O Alas, my master my trusty servants at the loom  
and the distaff in my lord hath sated as  
though the question of oil, which brow he  
wether be it give me good news, will cause  
me to mistress who will not prove faithless to her  
word.

O O for a!

O S. The period of your speech is unlucky.

O Yes or no?

O S. Can it be that the oracles delivered to my  
man were not true?

O. Even if a husband is to die with that  
which be it death?

O What means this piteous strain? What force  
has slain?

O. We we to speak or keep silent? What shall  
we do?

O Speak for thou hast somewhat to tell that  
troubles me.

O Then speak I will, thou hast once to die were  
more O mistress mine! never wait thou hold babe  
with arms or clasp him to the breast.

O There would I were dead!

O S. I do not.

O O we are we for my calamity! I am be-  
trayed I suffer and see that poisons life good  
friends.

O S. Ah, my child, is death to us!

O The death which grief does is a weapon thrown by  
the hand of mine.

O S. See the lamentation.

O No, but sorrow lodges here.

O S. Tell me learn—

O Alas, what further news is there for me?

O S. Whether our master is in the same place his  
adversities are mine, or thou art alone in the  
world.

O On him, old as Lous hath bestowed son,  
and he is enjoying his good fortune apart from it.

O Hence his boundless and further evil crown  
gail, grief for me to mourn.

O S. The child of whom thou speakest—is he

some woman's destined babe or did the god declare  
the fate of one already born?

O A youth already born and grown to man's  
estate in Phœbus gave to him for I was there my  
self.

O What sayest thou? nor tongue nor lip should  
speak the word thou tellest me.

O S. And me. But declare more clearly how this  
oracle is fulfilled—its fulfilment and say who is the  
child.

O. Whomso the husband first should meet a he  
rescued from the shrine him the god gave him for  
his son.

O Alas! my fate seems, has doomed me to a  
childless life and all I scorn am I to dwell in my  
halls, without an heir.

O S. To whom did the oracle refer? whom did  
our poor lady's husband meet? how and where did  
he see him?

O. Dear must ere mine dost know that youth  
that was sweeten under shrine? He is that son.

O Oh! for women's claim the liquid air beyond  
the land of Hellas, away to the western stars, to keep  
the anarchy of my soul, my friends!

O S. Dost know the name his father gave to him,  
or is that left unsettled and unsaid?

O He called him Ion, because he was the first to  
cross his path.

O Who is his mother?

O That I cannot say. But—to tell thee all I  
know old master's lord is gone, with fortune's step,  
into the hallowed tent there to offer on this child's  
behalf such gifts and virtues as are offered for  
birth, and with his new found son to celebrate the  
fest.

O S. Mistress mine, we are betrayed by the hus-  
band's fellow-sufferers thou and I, to a drear-land  
plot to oust us and drive us from Erechtheus  
halls. And this I say not from my hatred of the lord  
but because I hear, three more love than him for he,  
after come gasp, near to thy city and the home,  
and wedding thee and of thy home—taking full  
possession, has been detected in a secret marriage  
with another woman, by whom he hath children.  
His secret will I now disclose when he found three  
burens he was not content to share with thee thy  
hand lot, but took to himself a wife to be his wealthy  
partner and thus begat a son whom he sent  
abroad, gave him to some Dædalian maid to nurse  
and to escape detection, the child was dedicated to  
the god and reared in his temple. But when he heard  
his boy was grown to manhood, he persuaded there  
to come hither to inquire about thy child's state.  
And after that was not the god that lived, but the  
husband, who long had been earning the child, and  
he it was that won the name of filchhood, in end  
the were detected refer to the end, where  
as if he feared exposure to reveal all others, be-  
cause the sovereignty in this son of his,  
Lakgave he devised a new name, seemed to suit  
the circumstances, Ion, because, as I assert, he  
met him on his way.



*Ch* Ah! how I ever hate the wicked who plot unrighteousness and then cunningly trick it out. Far rather would I have a virtuous friend of no great intellect than a knave of subtiler wit.

*O S* Of all thy wretched fate this will be the crowning sorrow—the bringing to thy house to be its lord some slave girl's child whose mother is unknown, himself of no account. For this evil had been to itself confined, had he persuaded thee pleading thy childlessness to let him establish in the house some high born mother's son, or if this had displeased thee, he ought to have sought a daughter of Æolus in marriage. Wherefore must thou now put thy woman's wit to work, either take the dagger or by guile or poison slay thy husband and his son, ere they deal out death to thee, since if thou spare him thou wilt lose thy own life, for when two foes meet beneath one roof, one or the other must rue it. Myself too am ready to share thy labour with thee, and to help destroy the child when I have made my way into the chamber where he is furnishing the feast and so repaying my masters for my maintenance. I am willing either to die or still behold the light of life. 'Tis but a single thing that brands the slave with shame—his name—in all else no upright slave is a whit worse than free born men.

*Ch* I too, beloved mistress, am ready to share thy fate, be it death or victory.

*Cr* Ah! my suffering soul! how am I to keep silence? Am I to disclose the secrets of my love and lose all claim to modesty? What is there to keep me back any longer? With whom have I to put myself in virtue's lists? Hath not my husband proved untrue? Home and children both are torn from me, all hope is dead. I have not realized my wish to set the matter straight by hushing up my former union and saying naught about my son of sorrow. Not by the starry seat of Zeus, by her whose home is on my rocks, and by the hallowed strand of Triton's mere with brimming flood, I will no more conceal my love, for if I can lift that burden from my breast I shall rest easier. With tears my eyes are streaming and my heart is wrung with anguish for the treacherous counsels both of men and gods—traitors they! as I will show ungrateful traitors to their lord!

*O*! thou who dost awake that tuneful lyre with seven strings, till to its sweet note of music the lifeless pegs of wild or horn resound again, thou child of Latona, to yon bright orb of thine will I publish thy reproach. Yes! I saw thee come the glint of gold upon thy locks, as I was gathering in my folded robe the saffron blooms that blazed like flowers of gold, and by my lily wrist didst thou catch me and ledst me to the cavern's bed, what time I cried aloud upon my mother's name—thou a god to mate with me in shameless wise to pleasure lady Cyprus! Then to my sorrow I bore thee a son, whom though an anguish thrilled my mother's breast. I cast upon that bed of thine, where thou didst join in woful wedlock, this unhappy maid. Ah! woe is me! that poor babe I bare thee is now no more, winged fowls have borne and devoured him, but thou art gaily carolling

unto thy lyre some song of joy. Hark! thou son of Latona, to thee I call for that thou dispensest warnings there at thy golden throne on earth's centre planted nill I proclaim a word into thy ear. O! thou wicked bridegroom who art bringing in my husband's house an heir, though from him thou hast received no boon, I hile that child of thine and woe hath died unrecognized, a prey to carrion birds, his mother's swaddling clothes all lost. Delos hates thee now, thy bay tree loves thee not, whose branches sprout beside the tufted palm, where in holy throes Latona, big with child by Zeus, gave birth to thee.

*Ch* Ah me! what store of sorrows is here disclosed enough to draw a tear from every eye!

*O S* Daughter with pity am I filled as a gaze upon thy face, my reason leaves me, for just as I am striving to lighten my spirit of its sea of troubles, comes another wave astern and catches me by reason of thy words, for no sooner hadst thou uttered this tale of present troubles than thou didst turn aside into a fresh track of other woes. What is it thou sayest? What charge against Apollo dost thou bring? What child is this thou dost assert that thou didst bear? Where was it in the city that thou didst expose him for beasts to rejoice over his burial? Tell me once again.

*Cr* Old friend, although to meet thine eye I am ashamed, yet will I tell thee.

*O S* Full well I know how to lend my friends a generous sympathy.

*Cr* Then hearken, dost know a cave toward the north of Cecrops' rock, that we call Macræ?

*O S* I know it, there is the shrine of Pan, and his altar hard by.

*Cr* That was the scene of my dire conflict.

*O S* What conflict? see how my tears start forth to meet thy words.

*Cr* Phœbus forced me to a woful marriage.

*O S* Was it then this, my daughter, that I noticed myself?

*Cr* I know not, but I will tell thee if thou speak the truth.

*O S* At the time thou wert mourning in secret some hidden complaint?

*Cr* Yes, 'twas then this trouble happened, which now I am declaring to thee.

*O S* How then didst conceal thy union with Apollo?

*Cr* I bore a child, hear me patiently, old friend.

*O S* Where? and who helped thy travail? or didst thou labour all alone?

*Cr* All alone, in the cave where I became a wife.

*O S* Where is the child? that thou mayst cease thy childless state.

*Cr* Dead, old friend, to beasts exposed.

*O S* Dead? did Apollo, evil god, no help afford?

*Cr* None, my boy is in the halls of Hades.

*O S* Who then exposed him? surely not thyself.

*Cr* Myself, when, beneath the gloom of night, I had wrapped him in my robe.

*O S* Did no one share thy secret of the babe's exposure?

O Fortune and secrecy alone.  
 O S. How couldst thou in the caern leave thy babe?  
 O Ah! how? but still I did with many a word of pity entered to him.  
 O S. Oh for thy hard heart! Oh for the gods, more hard than I!  
 O Hadst thou but seen the babe stretch forth his hands to me!  
 O S. To find thy mother's breast to nestle in thy arms?  
 O B. He— kept thee from him suffered grievous wrong from me.  
 O S. How camest thou to think of casting forth the babe?  
 O Methought the god would save his own begotten child.  
 O S. Ah me! what storms assail thy family's prosperity?  
 O Why weepst thou, old man with thy head close rind?  
 O S. To see the sorrows I share and thee.  
 O Such is our mortal life none abideth in our state.  
 O S. Daughter let us cease to dwell on themes of woe.  
 O What must I do? Misfortune leads us helpless.  
 O S. Avenge thee on the god who first did injure thee.  
 O How can I, weak mortal as I am outrun those terrible powers?  
 O S. Set fire to Apollo's awful sanctuary.  
 O I am afraid my present sorrows are enough for me.  
 O S. Then what thou canst that dare—the husband's death.  
 O I'd respect his form so long as the days last he was good and true.  
 O S. At least then, slay the boy who hath appeared to us lately.  
 O How can I? would it were possible! how I wish to do.  
 O S. Arm thy followers with daggers.  
 O I will about it but where is the deed to be done?  
 O S. In the sacred tent where he is feasting his friends.  
 O The murder will be too public and slaughters are poor support.  
 O S. Ah! thou art turning coward! Deline some scheme thyself.  
 O Well, I too have subtle plans that cannot fail.  
 O S. If both conditions be fulfilled, I will assist thee.  
 O Harken then knowest thou the battle of the earth-born men?  
 O S. Surely the fight at Phlegræa was eddying with gods.  
 O There Earth brought Gorgon forth and awful monster.  
 O S. To aid her sons maybe and cause the gods to hold?

O Yes and Pallas, daughter of Zeus, slew the monster.  
 O S. What strange form had it assumed?  
 O A breast plate of imperscutable body.  
 O S. Is this the tale I heard in days of yore?  
 O That Athena wears its skin upon her corslet.  
 O S. Is it thus that Pallas wears, called by men her arms?  
 O Thus was the name it received that day she came to do battle for the gods.  
 O S. How daughter can this harm thy enemies?  
 O Hast heard of Enchthionius, or no? of course thou hast.  
 O S. Him whom Earth produced the founder of thy race?  
 O To him whilst yet a babe did Pallas give—  
 O S. Hal! what? thou hast something yet to add.  
 O Two drops of Gorgon's blood.  
 O S. What power could they exert on the nature of a human creature?  
 O The one with death is fraught the other cures disease.  
 O S. What held them when she tied them to the child's body?  
 O With links of gold she fastened them thus to mortal and Enchthionius.  
 O S. And at his death it came to thee?  
 O Yes and here at my wrist I wear it.  
 O S. How works the spell of this double gift of Pallas?  
 O Each drop of gore which trickled from the hollow ear—  
 O S. What purpose does it serve? what virtue does it carry?  
 O Wards off disease and nourishes man's life.  
 O S. What loth that second drop effect of which thou madest mention?  
 O It kills, for it is envenomed from the Gorgon's snakes.  
 O S. Dost thou carry this charm mixed in one phial, or separate?  
 O Separately for good is no companion for evil.  
 O S. Daughter dear thou art fully armed with all thou needest.  
 O B. Thus must the boy die and thou must do the deadly deed.  
 O S. How and where? thine it is to speak, and man to dare and do.  
 O In Athens, when to my house he comes.  
 O S. That is not wisely said I may object to thy plan thou to mine.  
 O How so? Hast thou the same mistrust that I experience?  
 O S. Thou wilt get the credit of his death although thou slay him not.  
 O True men say stepdames are jealous of their husband's children.  
 O S. Kill him her then, that so thou mayst deny the monster.  
 O Well, thus I do anticipate the pleasure.  
 O S. Yes and thou wilt from thy husband keep the secret he would keep from thee.

*Cr* Dost thou then what to do? Take from my arm this golden bracelet Athena's gift some ancient craftsman's work and seek the spot where my lord offering secret sacrifice then when their feasting is o'er and they are about to pour drink offering to the gods take this phial in thy robe and pour it into the young man's goblet not for all but for him alone providing a separate draught who thinks to lord it o'er my house And if once it pass his lips never shall he come to glorious Athens but here abide of life bereft

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*Ch* Daughter! of Demeter goddess of highways queen as thou art of haunting powers of darkness oh! guide as well the hand that fills by day a cup of death against those to whom my revered mistress sending a philtre of the gore that dripped from hellish Gorgon's severed head yea against him who would obtrude upon the halls of the Erechthidae Never may alien from alien stock lord it o'er my city nor none save noble Erechtheus sons! For if this deadly deed and my lady's aims pass unfulfilled and the right moment for her daimos go by and with it the hope which now sustains her either will she seize the whetted knife or fasten the noose about her neck and by ending one sorrow by another will go down to other phases of existence For never will that daughter of a noble line while life is hers endure within the sunshine of her eyes the sight of alien rulers in her halls I blush for that god of song if this stranger is to witness the torch dance that heralds in the twentieth dawn around Callichorus fair springs a sleepless votary in midnight revels what time the star lit firmament of Zeus the moon and Nereus fifty daughters that trip it lightly o'er the sea and the eternal rivers tides join the dance in honour of the maiden with the crown of gold and her majestic mother where this vagabond by Phœbus favoured thinks to reign entering into other man's hard toil Look to it all ye bards who in malicious strains expose our amours and unholy bonds of lawless love see how far our virtue surpasses man's disloyalty Change the burden of your song and keep your spiteful verse to brand man's faithlessness For this scion of the stock of Zeus shows himself a heedless wight denying to the mistress of his halls the lot of mutual offspring and paying all his court to some strange love hath got ten him a bastard son

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*Hecate*  
Bacchus was escorted with a solemn torch process on from Athens to Eleusis on the 20th day of the month Boedromion.

*Servant* Ladies of another land where may I find your mistress daughter of Erechtheus? For I have searched each nook and corner of this town and cannot find her

*Ch* What news my fellow thrall? why that hurried gait? what tidings bringest thou?

*S* I am pursued the rulers of this land are seeking her to stone her to death

*Ch* Alas what is this tale? say not we are detected in our secret plot for murdering the boy?

*Se* Thou hast guessed aright nor wilt thou be the last to share the trouble

*Ch* How was the hidden scheme laid bare?

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*Ch* How so? I do conjure thee tell us all For if to die or yet to live be ours 'twere sweeter so when we know all

*Se* Soon as Vuthus husband of Creusa had left the god's prophetic shrine taking with him his new found son to hold the feast and sacrifice that he designed to offer to the gods himself departed to the place where leaps the Bacchic flame with blood of sacrifice to dew the double peaks of Dionysus for the son now offered to his gaze and thus he spoke

My son abide thou here and raise a spacious tent by craftsmen's toiling skill and if I remain long time away after I have sacrificed to the gods of thy birth let the feast be spread for all friends present There with he took the heifers and went his way Mean time his stripling son in solemn form set up with upright stays the tent inclosed but not with walls taking good heed to guard it against the blazing mid day sun nor less against his westerling beams the limit of his course in oblong space of five score feet he meted out so that it contained ten thousand feet within that measure's square as science phrases it intending to invite all Delphi to the feast Then from the temple treasury tapestry he took and there with made a shelter wondrous sight to see First o'er the roof tree he threw a canopy of robes an offering Hercules the son of Zeus had brought unto the god from his Amazonian spoils On them was brodered many a pictured scene to wit Heaven marshalling his host of stars upon the vaulted sky there was the sun god urging on his steeds toward his fiery goal the bright star of evening at his heels Night too in sable robes went hurrying by drawn by a single pair and the stars did bear her company Across the zenith a Pleiad sailed and Orion too with falchion dight was there above was the bear making his tail to turn upon the golden pole Up shot the moon's full face that parts the months in twain there too the Hyades showed their unerring light to mariners and Dawn that brings the morning back was chasing the stars before her Next on the sides he hung yet other tapestry barbarian ships bearing down on the fleet of Hellas and monsters half man half beast the capture of the Thracian steeds the hunting of savage stags and lions fierce while at the entry Cecrops close to his daughters was wreathing his coils an offering of some Athen

was tary and in the midst of the banquet hall he  
 set forth gold and silver heralded and invited to  
 the feast. All citizens who would come. Then  
 when the tent was full they decked themselves with  
 garland and took their fill of the rich viands. Soon  
 after they had put from them the pleasure of eating  
 came an old man and stood in the midst where his  
 officious request provoked loud laughter among the  
 guests for he would draw from the drinking pitchers  
 water to wash the hands that was wasting as  
 he ate the food and in his charge he took  
 the golden beakers, setting himself naked to this  
 office. Now when they were come to the time for the  
 players and the rillations ended out that  
 aged servant. Hence with these two cups being  
 larger goblets, that our guests may find a quick  
 route to their loss. Thereon came servants bend-  
 ing beneath the weight of goblets charged with silver  
 and golden chalices and that old man as if to do his  
 youthful lord's special service chose up and offered  
 to him a brimming bumper when he had carried it  
 to him in that potent philtre which he said his  
 mistress gave him to end the young man's day  
 on earth and now man knew that he was just as he was  
 laid in found held in his hand the drink-offering the  
 others followed to give some service to the wife of a  
 lord. For I report whereat the stinging as on  
 him had been reared within the house amid reputed  
 wealth, deemed thus a woman and he did them ill a  
 feast got, but that first drink-offering to the gods  
 he poured upon the ground and had rather do  
 the like and take occasion upon them while we are  
 in the Phœnician new filling high the sa-  
 cred bowls. While thus we were busied omens a flight  
 of doves and ravens in the sent forth these dire  
 lessly in the courts of Loxias. Soon the guest he  
 poured away the lucid juice those that try to  
 did dip their beaks the draught into their  
 feathered throats. Now all the rest occurred about  
 from the gods. What to do that settled on the  
 spot he the son new found had poured his wine  
 no sooner had he tasted the cool than he was  
 bed feathered in mind he was mad and so com-  
 ing loud with red tongue who wailed cries and all  
 the sea-terrors gathered there marvelled to see the  
 creature pour for he lay writhing in the coils of death,  
 and he called his name in his loud  
 Forthwith the sons outcried by their  
 hands. They all looked at the  
 across the bow of the ship. Who said it was to  
 me? Proclaim to old man he said he was the offi-  
 cious and then the husband of I took the  
 cup. While that he caught the voice heard by the  
 man and set his hands upon him that he might take the  
 old man and handed in the act. So was he detected  
 and not a stroke could be laid on him. Creusa da-  
 ged and all the sick of his poisoned drink  
 Forth rushed the young man, whom the oracle of  
 Loxias had named take with him the  
 quaters, and he found Delphic blessings mad  
 there. Of hollowed soul a stranger woman  
 daughter of Erechtheus, seeks to poison me. And

the lords of Delphi decreed by general vote that my  
 mistress should be hurried from the rock to die be-  
 cause she strived to slay the priest and compass his  
 death in the temple. So now is the whole city seek-  
 ing her who hath to her sorrow sped a hapless jour-  
 ney for coming to the boon of offspring from  
 Phœbus she hath lost her life and children too.

Ch Ah me! I see no way at all to turn death's  
 hand and all ere this I brought to light owing  
 to that fatal draught of the wine god's juice mixed  
 for death with drops of viper's gore. Quick to slay  
 detected is our offspring to the dead for me my lie  
 must end in woe while death by stoning waits my  
 mistress. How can I escape? Shall I take wings and  
 fly away or creep beneath the dark caverns of  
 the earth striving to hunt the doom of death by  
 stone? Or shall I mount the car drawn by swiftest  
 steed or embark upon a ship? No man may hide  
 his guilt so when some god of his own will steals  
 him away. Ah! my poor mistress! what suffering  
 now awaits thy soul? Must then our wish to work  
 a other harm end in our own discomfort as just ce-  
 doth decree?

## EMERCEUS

O My trusty maid the men of death are on my  
 track, the vote of Delphi goes against me they  
 give me up to die.

Ch Unhappy one! we know thy sad mischance  
 how thou art placed.

Ch Oh! whether can I fly? I scarce had I the  
 taste of my pursuers from the house in my race for  
 lost my wealth, lone that I have thus far escaped  
 my foes.

Ch Where couldst thou fly except to the altar?

Ch What good is that to me?

Ch To slay a suppliant is to be damned.

Ch Aye but that I have given me over to death.

Ch O ly! thou fall into their hands.

Ch Look! here they come cruel champions of  
 vengeance eager to brazen dishonour.

Ch Set thee down upon the altar for I cannot offer  
 myself if thou art slain there thou wilt fire upon  
 thy mother the stain of blood. Flee hence  
 must bear out for tune.

## EMERION

O Father Cephæus with the bull-shaped  
 head! what perils to thy child or draught on with  
 my eyes that I do see a murderous gleam in whose  
 heart's shadowed ocean teeming o'er those  
 Gorgon drops of venom which rears the soul to  
 compass my death. See! her that the peaks of Parnassus  
 and the wings of her hair for  
 the eagle beheadled amid the rocks.  
 My luck star hath kept me from going to Athens  
 there I fall beneath the power of step-mother  
 For I have gazed thy feet grow towards me—the full  
 extent of thy bright hostility—what yet amongst  
 my friends I hadst thought to have met me up with  
 thy house my road to Hades halls had led direct  
 from thence. Thy altar hall not so as there o'er  
 Apollo's courts for that perils thou implorest cries  
 out more loudly for me and my mother who though

Cr Dost know then what to do? Take from my arm this golden bracelet Athena's gift some ancient craftsman's work and seek the spot where my lord is offering secret sacrifice then when their feast is o'er and they are about to pour drink offering to the gods take this phial in thy robe and pour it into the young man's goblet not for all but for him alone providing a separate draught who thinks to lord it o'er my house And if once it pass his lips never shall he come to glorious Athens but here abide of life bereft

O S Go thou within the house of our public hosts I the while will set about my appointed task On aged foot grow young again in action for all that time saith no to thee Go and thy mistress against her enemy help slay and drag him from her house 'Tis well to honour piety in the hour of for tune but when thou wouldst harm thy foe no law doth block thy path

*Exeunt CREUSA and OLD SERVANT*

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Hecate

Bacchus was escorted with a solemn torch process on from Athens to Eleusis on the 20th day of the month Boedromion.

Servant Ladies of another land where may I find your mistress daughter of Erechtheus? For I have searched each nook and corner of this town and cannot find her

Ch What news my fellow thrall? why that hurried gait? what tidings bringest thou?

S I am pursued the rulers of this land are seeking her to stone her to death

Ch Alas what is thy tale? say not we are detected in our secret plot for murdering the boy?

Se Thou hast guessed aright nor wilt thou be the last to share the trouble

Ch How was the hidden scheme laid bare?

Se The god found means to master wrong with right unwilling to see his shrine polluted

Ch How so? I do conjure thee tell us all For if to die or yet to live be ours 'twere sweeter so when we know all

Se Soon as Luthus husband of Creusa had left the god's prophetic shrine taking with him his new found son to hold the feast and sacrifice that he designed to offer to the gods himself departed in the place where leaps the Bacchic flame with blood of sacrifice to dew the double peaks of Dionysus for the son now offered to his age and thus he spake

My son abide thou here and raise a spacious tent by craftsmen's toiling skill and if I remain long time away after I have sacrificed to the gods of thy birth let the feast be spread for all friends present There with he took the heifers and went his way Mean time his stripling son in solemn form set up with upright stays the tent inclosed but not with walls taking good heed to guard it against the blazing midday sun nor less against his westerling beams the limit of his course an oblong space of five score feet he meted out so that it contained ten thousand feet within that measure's square as science phrases it intending to invite all Delphi to the feast Then from the temple treasury tapestry he took and there with made a shelter wondrous sight to see For over the roof tree he threw a canopy of robes an offering Heracles the son of Zeus had brought unto the god from his Amazonian spoils On them was brodered many a pictured scene to wit Heaven marshalling his host of stars upon the vaulted sky there was the sun god urging on his steeds toward his fiery goal the brilliant star of evening at his heels Night too in sable robes went hurrying by drawn by a single pair and the stars did bear her company Across the zenith a Pleiad sailed and Orion too with falchion drawn was there above was the bear making his tail to turn upon the golden pole Up shot the moon's full face that parts the months in twain there too the Hyades showed their unerring light to mariners and Dawn that brings the morning back was chasing the stars before her Next on the sides he hung yet other tapestry barbarian ships bearing down on the fleet of Hellas and monsters half man half beast the capture of the Thracian steeds the hunting of savage stags and lions fierce while at the entry Cecrops close to his daughters was wreathing his coils an offering of some Athen





absent in the flesh is never in name far from me  
Behold this cursed woman see the web of trickery  
she hath woven! yet comes she cowering to Apollo's  
altar thinking to escape the punishment of her mis-  
deeds

*Cr* I warn thee not to slay me both in my own  
name and in his at whose altar I am stationed

*Ion* What hast thou to do with Phœbus?

*Cr* This body I devote unto that god to keep

*Ion* And yet thou wert for poisoning his minister?

*Cr* But thou wert not Apollo's any longer but  
thy father's

*Ion* Nay I was his son that is in absence of a  
real father

*Cr* Thou wert so then now 'tis I not thou who  
am Apollo's

*Ion* Well thou art not guiltless now whereas I  
was then

*Cr* I sought to slay thee as an enemy to my house

*Ion* And yet I never invaded thy country sword  
in hand

*Cr* Thou didst and thou it was that wert casting  
a fire brand into the halls of Erechtheus

*Ion* What sort of brand or flaming fire was it?

*Cr* Thou didst design to seize my home against  
my will and make it thine

*Ion* What! when my father offered me a kingdom  
of his getting?

*Cr* How had the sons of Æolus any share in the  
realm of Pallas?

*Ion* Arms not words he brought to champion  
it

*Cr* No mere ally could enter into an inheritance  
in my land

*Ion* And was it then from fear of consequences  
that thou didst try to slay me?

*Cr* Yes lest I should myself perish if thou wert  
spared

*Ion* Doth thy childlessness make thee envious  
that my father found me?

*Cr* And thou wilt thou rob the childless of her  
home?

*Ion* Had I then no share at all in my father's heri-  
tage?

*Cr* All that his sword and shield had won was  
thine and thine alone

*Ion* Quit the altar and sanctuary built for gods

*Cr* Go bid thy own mother wherever she is do  
that

*Ion* Shalt thou escape all punishment after try-  
ing to kill me?

*Cr* Not if thou choose to butcher me within this  
streets

*Ion* What joy can it give thee to be slain amid  
the sacred wreaths?

*Cr* There is one whom I shall grieve of those who  
have grieved me

*Ion* Oh! 'tis passing strange how badly the deity  
hath enacted laws for mortal men contrary to all  
sound judgment for instance they should never  
have suffered impious men to sit at their altars but  
should have driven them away for it was nowise

right that hands unclean should touch the altars of  
the gods though the righteous deserved to find a  
refuge there from their oppressors instead of good  
and bad alike having recourse to the same divine  
protection with equal success

*Enter PYTHIAN PRIESTESS*

*Pythian Priestess* Refrain thyself my son for I  
the priestess of Phœbus chosen from all the maids  
of Delphi in accordance with the tripod's ancient  
rite have left that prophetic seat and am pass-  
ing o'er this threshold

*Ion* Hail to thee dear mother mine—mother  
though thou didst not give me birth

*P P* Yes so have I ever been called and the title  
causes me no regret

*Ion* Hast heard how this woman plotted my  
death?

*P P* I have thou too art wrong because of thy  
harshness

*Ion* Am I not to pay back murderers in their coin?

*P P* Wives ever hate the children of a former  
marriage

*Ion* 'Is I hate stepdaughters for their evil treatment  
of me

*P P* Do not so but leaving as thou art the shrine  
and setting forth for thy country—

*Ion* What then wouldst thou advise me do?

*P P* With clean hands seek Athens attended by  
good omens

*Ion* Surely any man hath clean hands who slays  
his enemies

*P P* Do not thou do this but take the counsel  
that I have for thee

*Ion* Say on whatever thou sayst will be prompted  
by thy good will

*P P* Dost see this basket that I carry in my arms?

*Ion* An ancient ark with chaplets crowned

*P P* Herein I found thee long ago a newborn  
babe

*Ion* What savest thou? there is novelty in the  
story thou art introducing

*P P* Yes for I was keeping these relics a secret  
but now I show them

*Ion* How camest thou to hide them on that day  
now long ago when thou didst find me?

*P P* The god wished to have thee as his servant  
in his courts

*Ion* Does he no longer wish it? How am I to know  
this?

*P P* By declaring to thee thy sire he dismisses  
thee from this land

*Ion* Is it by his command thou keepest these re-  
lics or why?

*P P* Love put in my heart that day—

*Ion* What purpose? Oh! speak finish thy story

*P P* To preserve what I had found until the pres-  
ent time

*Ion* What weal or woe doth this import to me?

*P P* Herein were laid the swaddling clothes in  
which thou wert enwrapped

*Ion* These relics thou art producing may help me  
to find my mother

was brought to light he de used a way of deliver  
 ance fear ng that th u wouldst be slain by thy  
 mother's wiles and sh by thine Now it was hang  
 Apollo's wish to keep this matter secret awhile and  
 then in Athens to ackno led e this lady as thy  
 mother and thyself as th child of her and Phœbus.  
 But to end the business and discharge his oracles for  
 the god I bid you hea ken for such was my pur  
 pose in yoking my chariot steeds Do thou Cecusa  
 take this stripling and to Cecrops ha d set forth  
 and there upon the monarch's throne establish him,  
 for from Erichtheu stock is he sprung and there  
 fore hath right to rule that land of mæc Th o g't  
 Hellas shall his fame extend for his children—four  
 branches springin from one root—shall gi e their  
 names t the land and to the tribes of folk therein  
 that dw ll upo the rock I lon Teleon shall be the  
 first and next n order shall come th Il pletes and  
 A gades and the the Ægico es called afier my  
 ægis, shall form one tribe And their children aga n  
 shall in the time ppon ted found an land home  
 amid the Cyclades a d n th sea-coo t thereby  
 strengthenng my cou try so th y shall dwell upon  
 th shores of tw o c ntinents, of Europe and of Asia  
 on eithe sid the strait and i honour of Ion's name  
 shall they be called Ionians and win th in high re  
 nowa From Xuthus too and th e I see coru n  
 stock arise Dorus, whence the famous Dorian state  
 will spring and after him Achæus so th kind f  
 Pelops he shall lord t o er the seas bo d n h to  
 Rhum, and his folk that bea h's name, hall win  
 th proud d nction of their leader's titl Thus in  
 d hath Apollo rightl done first d d be delæ et thee  
 of thy babe without sickness, so that thy friends  
 k ew naught a d after thou didst bear this child  
 and i swaddling clothes hadst laid him he had

Hermes carry him in his arms hither and did rear  
 him sufferin him not to die Now therel re hold  
 thy peace as to this thy ch ld's real parentage that  
 Xuthus may delight in his fond fancy and thou  
 lady continue i enjoy thy blessn So fare ye well  
 for to you I bring tid ngs of a happier fate after this  
 respite f om affliction

Ion O Pallas daughter of alm ghty Zeus in full  
 assu ance will we accept thy words for I am con  
 vinced of my parentage from Loxias and this lady  
 which even before was not incredible

Cr To what I say give ear My former blame of  
 Phœbus now is turned to praise, because he now re  
 stores to me the babe whom erst he slighted Now  
 are these portals fair unto mine eyes and thus oracle  
 of the god though before I hated them With joy  
 now I even chn to the knocker on the door and  
 salute the gates

At I commend thee for thy sudden chan e and  
 thy fair w rds about th god Ti ever thus Heav  
 en's justice may tarry awhile, yet comes it at the  
 last in no wise weakened

Cr My son I t us set out for home.

At Go I will follow.

Ion A gu de we well may prize.

Cr Aye and one that holds our city dear

At Go sit thee down upon the throne of thy an  
 cestors.

I n 'Tis my her tag and I v lue it

Ch All hail, Apollo, son of Zeus and Latona! 'Tis  
 only right that he, whose house is sore beset with  
 trouble should reverence God and keep good heart  
 for at th last the righteous find their just reward  
 but the wicked, as their nature is, will never  
 prosper

Exeunt omnes

*Cr* With fear I tremble still

*Ion* Dost thou doubt my reality?

*Cr* Far from me had I banished these hopes  
Whence O whence lady didst thou take my babe  
into thy arms? Who carried him to the courts of  
Lœvius?

*Ion* 'Tis a miracle! Oh! may we for the rest of our  
career be happy as we were hapless heretofore

*Cr* In tears wert thou brought forth my child  
and with sorrow to thy mother didst thou leave her  
arms but now I breathe again as I press my lips to  
thy cheek in full enjoyment of happiness

*Ion* Thy words express our mutual feelings

*Cr* No more am I of son and heir bereft my  
house is established and my country hath a prince  
Erechtheus growneth young again no longer is the  
house of the earth born race plunged in gloom but  
lift its eyes unto the radiant sun

*Ion* Mother mine since my father too is here  
let him share the joy I have brought to thee

*Cr* My child my child what sayst thou? How is  
my sin finding me out!

*Ion* What meanest thou?

*Cr* Thou art of a different far different stock

*Ion* Alas for me! Am I a bastard then born in  
thy maiden days?

*Cr* Nor nuptial torch nor dance my child ush-  
ered in my wedding and thy birth

*Ion* O mother mother! whence do I draw my  
base origin?

*Cr* Be witness she who slew the Gorgon

*Ion* What meanest thou?

*Cr* She that on my native rocks makes the olive  
clad hill her seat

*Ion* Thy words to me are but as cunning riddles  
I cannot read them

*Cr* Hard by the rock with nightingales melodi-  
ous Phœbus

*Ion* Why dost thou mention Phœbus?

*Cr* Forced on me his secret love

*Ion* Say on for thy story will crown me with  
fame and fortune

*Cr* And as the tenth month came round I bore a  
child to Phœbus in secret

*Ion* Oh! thy happy tidings if thy story is true

*Cr* And about thee as swaddling clothes I fast-  
ened this my maiden work the faulty efforts of my  
loom But to my breast I never held thy lips or  
suckled or washed thee with a mother's care but in  
a desert cave wert thou cast out to die for taloned  
lites to rend and feast upon

*Ion* An awful deed! O mother!

*Cr* Fear held me captive and I cast thy life away  
my child I would though loth have slain thee too

*Ion* Thou too wert all but slain by me most im-  
piously

*Cr* O the horror of all I suffered then! O the hor-  
ror of what is to follow now! To and fro from bad to  
good we toss though now the gale is shifting round  
May we remain steady! the past brought sorrows  
enough but now hath a fair breeze sprung up my  
son to waft us out of woe

*Ch* Let no man ever deem a thing past hope  
for when he turns an eye towards what is happen-  
ing now

*Ion* O Fortune! who ere now hast changed the  
lot of countless mortals first to grief and then to  
joy again to what a goal my life had come even to  
staining my hands with a mother's blood and en-  
during sufferings ill deserved! Ah well! may we not  
learn these truths duly in all that the bright sun  
embraces? O mother in thee have I made a happy  
discovery and from my point of view there is no  
fault to find with my birth but what remains I fain  
would speak to thee apart Come hither for I would  
say a word in thine ear and o'er these matters cast  
the veil of silence Bethink thee mother carefully  
didst thou make the fatal slip that maidens will  
touching secret amours and then upon the god  
wouldst foist the blame in thy anxiety to escape the  
shame of my birth asserting that Phœbus is my sire  
albeit the god was not the parent

*Cr* Nay by our queen of Victory Athena that  
fought by Zeus in days gone by his on his ear  
against the earth born giants I swear no mortal is  
thy father my son but King Lœvius himself who  
brought thee up

*Ion* How then is it he gave his own child to an  
other father declaring that I was begotten of Lu-  
thus?

*Cr* Begotten he never said but as a gift he  
doth bestow thee his own son on him for friend  
might give to friend even his own son to rule his  
house

*Ion* Mother mine this thought disturbs my  
breast as well it may whether the god speaks truth  
or gives an idle oracle

*Cr* Hear then my son the thought that hath  
occurred to me Lœvius out of kindness is establish-  
ing thee in a noble family for hadst thou been called  
the god's son thou hadst never inherited a father's  
home and name How couldst thou when I strove  
to hide my marriage with him and would have slain  
thee privately? But he for thy interest is handing thee  
over to another father

*Ion* Not thus lightly do I pursue the inquiry nay  
I will enter Apollo's shrine and question him whether  
I am the child of a mortal sire or his own son  
(*ATHENA appears above the temple*) Hail who is that  
hovering o'er the incense smoking roof and show-  
ing to our gaze a heavenly face bright as the sun?  
Let us fly mother that we see not sights divine un-  
less haply it is right we should

*Athena* Fly not! I am not gone ye seek to shun but  
alike in Athens and this place your kindly friend  
'Tis I Pallas after whom your land is named that  
am here by Apollo sent in headlong haste for he  
thought not fit to appear before you twain lest his  
coming might provoke reproaches for the past but  
thus he sends to proclaim to you his words how that  
this is thy mother and Apollo thy sire while thy  
self he doth bestow as seems him good not indeed  
on him that begat thee nay but that he may bring  
thee to a house of high repute For when this matter

83-1

He No word then that thou dost hate H-len.  
B Who art thou? Whence comest? What  
name am I to call thee?

T My name is Teucer son of Telamon,  
and Salamis is the land that nurtured me.

H Then why art thou in these meadows  
in the night?

T A wanderer I an exile from my native land.  
He Thine must be a pitious lot who from the  
country drives thee out.

T My father Telamon. Could I find nearer  
and a dearer?

H But why? This case is sure! How hit it  
will.

Te The death of Aias my brother at Troy was  
my ruin.

H How so? surely 'twas not the sword that  
stole his life away?

T If I throw myself on his own blade I did  
it. Was he mad? for who with sense endorsed  
would bruise himself thus?

T Dost thou know a hit of Achilles, son of  
Peleus?

H He came so I have heard to woo Helen's love.  
Te When he died he left his arms for his com-  
rades' content.

H Will if he did, what harm herein to Aias?

Te When another won these arms to himself he  
put an end.

H Art thou then a sufferer by woes that be  
fictitious?

T Yes, because I did not join him in his death.  
H So thou camest as stranger to them in  
mourning town?

Te Aye and, after help to seek, I myself did  
learn what ruin meant.

H Is Troy already fired and utterly by flames  
consumed?

T Yes, so that not so much as an outline of her  
wall is now to be seen.

H Ooe is that, poor Helen! thou art the cause  
of Phrygia's ruin.

T And of Achaia too. Ah! 'tis a tale of grievous  
misery!

H How long is it since the city was sacked?

T A half seven fruitful seasons have come and  
gone.

H And how much longer did it abide in  
Troy?

Te Almost a weary month, till through a ten full  
years the moon had bled her course.

H And did y' capture that Sports dame?

T Menelaus caught her by the hair and was for  
driving her away.

H Odst thou thyself behold that unhappy one?  
or art thou speaking from hearsay?

T As plain as I now see thee. I then saw her.

H Consider! neither were he and I engaged  
in love's sport by her art.

T Methinks thee of some other topic no more of  
her?

H Art thou so sure this fancy was reliable?

Te With these eyes I saw her face to face if so be  
I see thee now.

He Hath Menelaus reached his home by this time  
with his wife?

Te No he is neither in Argos nor yet by the  
streams of Eurotas.

He Ah me! here is evil news for those to whom  
thou art teller!

Te 'Tis said he disappeared with his wife.

He Did not all the Argives make the passage  
together?

Te Yes but a tempest scattered them in every  
direction.

H In what quarter of the broad ocean?

Te They were cross'd the Aegean in mad chan-  
nel.

He And after that doth no man know of Men-  
elaus' arm?

Te No, none but through Hellas is he reported  
to be dead.

He Then am I lost! Is the daughter of Thestius  
alive?

T Dost speak of Leda? She is dead, and dead  
and gone.

He Was it Helen's shame that caused her death?

Te Aye, 'tis said she had the noose about her  
noble neck.

He Are the sons of Tyndareus still alive or not?

Te Dead and cruel is a double tort.

He Which is the more cruel? Report? 'Tis me  
for my sorrow!

Te Men say that they are gods in the likeness  
of stars.

He That is happy news but what is the other  
rumour?

Te That they by self-inflicted wounds gave up  
the ghost because of their sister's shame. But enough  
of such talk! I have no wish to multiply my woes.

The reason of my coming to this royal palace was a  
wish to see that famous prophetess Theonoe. Do  
thou mean afford, that I from her may obtain  
an oracle how I shall steer a favourable course to the  
sea-girt shores of Cyprus for thence Apollo hath de-  
clared my home shall be given to the name of  
Salamis, my island home, in honour of that father  
land across the sea.

H That shall thy oracle itself explain as stran-  
ger but do thou leave these hopes and flee ere the  
son of Proteus, the ruler of this land catch sight of  
thee. Now is he away with his trusty hounds track-  
ing his savage quarry to the death for every stranger  
that catches thence from the land of Hellas doth  
he slay. His reason never ask, know my lips are  
sealed for what would word of mine avail thee?

T Lady thy word are fair. Heavens grant thee  
a life equal for this kindness! For thou hast seen  
thou dost resemble Helen, thy soul is not like hers,  
may I say different. Perdition seize her! May she  
reach the streams of Eurotas! But thine be  
go so to eremore lady!

He Ah me! what pitious urge shall I strive to  
utter now that I am begun my strain of bitter

## HELEN

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HELEN

TEUCER

CHORUS *ladies attendant  
on Helen*

MENE LAUS

PORTRESS *an old woman*

MESSENGER

THEONOE

THEOCLYMENUS

THE DIOSCURI

*Tomb of Proteus in the island of Pharos Enter HELEN*

*Helen* Lo! these are the fair virgin streams of Nile the river that waters Egypt's tilth fed by pure melting snow instead of rain from heaven Proteus during his lifetime was king of this land dwelling in the isle of Pharos and ruling o'er Egypt and he took to wife one of the daughters of the sea Psamathe after she left the embrace of Æacus Two children she bare in this his palace a son Theoclymenus who hath passed his life in dutious service to the gods and likewise a noble daughter her mother's pride called Eido in her infancy but when she reached her youthful prime the age for wedded joys renamed Theonoe for well she knew whatever the gods design both present and to come for she had won this guerdon from her grandsire Nereus Nor is my fatherland unknown to fame even Sparta or my sire Tyndareus for a legend tells how Zeus hived his way to my mother Leda's breast in the semblance of a bird even a swan and thus as he fled from an eagle's pursuit achieved by guile his amorous purpose if this tale be true My name is Helen and I will now recount the sorrows I have suffered To a hollow vale on Ida came three goddesses to Paris for beauty's prize contending Hera and Cypris and the virgin child of Zeus eager to secure his verdict on their loveliness Now Cypris held out my beauty—if aught so wretched deserves that name—as a bribe before the eyes of Paris saying he should marry me and so she won the day wherefore the shepherd of Ida left his steading and came to Sparta thinking to win me for his bride But Hera indignant at not defeating the goddesses brought to naught my marriage with Paris and gave to Priam's princely son not Helen but a phantom endowed with life that sh made in my image out of the breath of heaven and Paris thought that I was his although I never was—an idle fancy! More over the counsels of Zeus added further troubles unto these for upon the land of Hellas and the hapless Phrygians he brought a war that he might lighten mother earth of her myriad hosts of men and to the bravest of the sons of Hellas bring renown So I was set up as a prize for all the chivalry of Hellas to test the might of Phrygia yet not I but my name alone for Hermes caught me up in the

embracing air and veiled me in a cloud for Zeus was not unmindful of me and he set me down here in the house of Proteus judging him to be the most virtuous of all mankind that so I might preserve my marriage with Menelaus free from taint Here then I abide while my hapless lord has gathered an army and is setting out for the towers of Ilium to track and recover me And there by Scamander's streams hath many a life breathed out its last and all for me and I that have endured all this am accursed and seem to have embroiled all Hellas in a mighty war by proving a traitress to my husband Why then do I prolong my life? Because I heard Hermes declare that I should yet again make my home on Sparta's glorious soil with my lord—for Hermes knew I never went to Ilium—that so I might never submit to any other's wooing Now as long as Proteus gazed upon yon glorious sun I was safe from marriage but when o'er him the dark grave closed the dead man's son was eager for my hand But I from regard to my former husband am throwing myself down in suppliant wise before this tomb of Proteus praying him to guard my husband's honour that though through Hellas I bear a name dishonoured at least my body here may not incur disgrace

*Enter TEUCER*

*Teucer* Who is lord and master of this fenced palace? The house is one I may compare to the halls of Pluto with its royal bulwarks and towering buildings Ha! great gods! what sight is here? I see the counterfeit of that fell murderous dame who ruined me and all the Achæans May Heaven show its loathing for thee so much dost thou resemble Helen! Were I not standing on a foreign soil with this well aimed shaft had I worked thy death thy reward for resembling the daughter of Zeus

*He* Oh! why poor man whoever thou art dost thou turn from me loathing me for those troubles Helen caused?

*Te* I was wrong I yielded to my anger more than I ought my reason was the hate all Hellas bears to that daughter of Zeus Pardon me lady for the words I uttered

*He* Who art thou? whence comest thou to visit this land?

*Te* One of those hapless Achæans am I lady

309-355

Oh There is much that falsehood seems to make quite clear

If The word of truth hath a very different sound to falsehood.

Oh Thou art indeed a misfortune, rather than to lack.

He Fear gods not with terrors as with a garment, and takes not in her train.

Oh What friend hast thou within thy palace?

He All are my friend here save him who seeks to wed me.

Oh The action then is clear let us sit seat at the tomb

He To what words or ad we art thou leading up?

Go in and question the daughter of the ocean Nereid who knoweth all things even Thetis whether thy husband is still alive or whether he hath left the life of us and when thou knowest for certain, be glad or sorrowful, as fits thy fortune But before thou hast any correct information, what shall sorrow avail thee? Nay has been it not less to this tomb and seek the maiden's company that she may tell thee the truth, for from her shalt thou learn all. If thou abide here in this bounding what prospect hast thou? And I will myself go in with thee and with thee inquire of the maiden's oracles for us a woman bounden to share a sister's trouble.

He Kind friends, I welcome your advice Come on, come on, that ye may learn the result of my struggle within the palace.

Oh Thy invitation comes to my willing ears.

He Woe for this heavy day! Alas! what sorrowsful tidings shall I hear?

Oh Dear mistress mine, be not a prophetic sign of sorrow forecasting lamentation.

He What is the fate of my poor husband? Dost thou still behold the life turning towards the sunset? Sunset and the stars in their courses?

Oh

He Of sorrow the dead beneath the earth, is he to death conveyed?

Oh Of the future take brighter view whatever shall befall.

He On thee I call and thee advise, Eurystheus green with sin and red, I tell me if the sorrow of my husband's death be true.

Oh What boots this staring, staring woe?

He About my neck will I fasten the dead's noose from above or drive the sword-points into my self armed thrust deep on my throat to sever the sinning to cut my flesh, a sacrifice to those goddesses and all that men do. Pray, who in days gone by could wake the corpse of his prince around his bed.

Oh Oh my sorrow be ended elsewhere and I will be best!

He Woe is thy name? Thou through death's door dost go, but we are not dead and hast suffered death were for the girl that Cyprus gave to me, hath caused a sea of blood to flow and man and eve to

weep with grief on grief and tear on tear All this hath Helen suffered and mothers have lost their children and virgin sisters of the slain have cut off their tresses by the swollen tide of Phrygian Sea monster And the land of Hellas hath lifted her voice of woe and broken forth in wailing lament on her head, and making tender cheeks to stream with gore beneath the rending mail. Ah! blessed maid Calisto, who lost a son already didst find favour with Zeus, in the semblance of a beast four footed, how much happier was thy lot than my mother's, for thou hast changed the burden of thy grief and now with six sweet are weeping in thy sluggy monster-shape yet, and hers was a happier lot, when on a day Artemis drove from her choir changed to a hind with horns of gold, the fair Titanian maid, daughter of Leto, because of her beauty but my fair form hath proved the curse of Dardanian Troy and doomed Achaea's sons.

Enter MELEAUS, ERECHUS HELEN and CHORUS  
Meleaus. Ah! Pelops, my victor long ago or thy rival Oenoneus in the chariot race on Parnassus plain, wouldst thou hast ended thy career amongst the gods that day thou wert beguiled into making a banquet for them, or ever thou hadst begotten my father Atreus, to whom were born by Europe his wife, Agamemnon and myself Meleaus, an illustrious pair and hence I make no idle boast, for was a son his host, I trow that I their leader can lead or to the sea to Troy using no violence to make them follow me, but leading all the chivalry of Hellas by olivary consent. And some of these must we number mid the slain, and some to their joy have escaped the sea, borne to their homes a vain name's loss reckoned dead. But I poor wretch, go wandering o'er grey Ocean's swell weary space, lone as that which saw me sack the towers of Ilum and for all my longing, to reach my country I am not counted worthy of this boon by heaven, but to Libya desert cheerless roads ends have I sailed, to each and all of them and whosoever I draw me near my native land, the storm wind drives me back and on and on yet have I sailing breezes filled my sails, to let me reach my fatherland. And now a wretched, shipwrecked manner my friends all lost, am I cast up upon this hot and my ship is shattered to a thousand pieces amongst the rocks and my keel was wrecked from the cunning fastenings thereof did I with difficulty escape, most unexpectedly and Helen also, for her had I rescued from Troy and had with me. But the name of this country and its people I know not for I bided to mine with the crowd I question them, asks for very name the men my courtesies who reduce me to these sorry ways. For when a man of his degree meets with adversity he feels the strangeness of his former state more keenly than a sufferer of long standing. Our ways are ways, me for I have neither food, nor raiment to gird myself withal behold the fact before you is just from—I am clad in tatters cast up from the ship with all the robes I once did wear, glorious attire and ornaments, both the sea

*lamentation?* What Muse shall I approach with tears or songs of death or woe? Ah me! ye Sirens Earth's virgin daughters winged maids come oh! come to aid my mourning bringing with you the Libyan flute or pipe to waft to Persephone's ear a tearful plaint the echo of my sorrow with grief for grief and mournful chant for chant with songs of death and doom to match my lamentation that in return she may receive from me besides my tears dirges for the departed dead beneath her gloomy roof!

*Enter CHORUS*

*Chorus* Beside the deep blue water I chanced to be hanging purple robes along the tendrils green and on the sprouting reeds to dry them in the sun god's golden blaze when lo! I heard a sound of woe a mournful wail the voice of one crying aloud in her anguish yea such a cry of woe as Naiad nymph might send ringing o'er the hills while to her cry the depths of rocky grotts re-echo her screams at the violence of Pan

*He* Woel woel ye maids of Hellas booty of barbarian sailors! one hath come an Achæan mariner bringing fresh tears to me the news of Ilium's overthrow how that it is left to the mercy of the foe man's flame and all for me the murderess or for my name with sorrow fraught While for anguish at my deed of shame hath Leda sought her death by hanging and on the deep to weary wandering doomed my lord hath met his end and Castor and his brother twin glory of their native land are vanished from men's sight leaving the plains that shook to their galloping steeds and the course beside reed-fringed Eurotas where those youthful athletes strove

*Ch* Ah misery! Alas! for thy grievous destiny! Woe for thy sad lot lady! Ah! 'twas a day of sorrow meted out for thee when Zeus came glancing through the sky on snowy pinions like a swan and won thy mother's heart What evil is not thine? Is there a grief in life that thou hast not endured? Thy mother is dead the two dear sons of Zeus have perished miserably and thou art severed from thy country's sight while through the towns of men a rumour runs consigning thee my honoured mistress to a barbarian's bed and mid the ocean waves thy lord hath lost his life and never never more shalt thou fill with glee thy father's halls or Athena's temple of the Brazen House

*He* Ah! who was that Phrygian who was he that felled that pine with sorrow frownt for Ilium and for those that came from Hellas? Hence it was that Priam's son his cursed barque did build and sped by barbarian oars sailed unto my home in quest of beauty woman's curse to win me for his bride and with him sailed the treacherous queen of Love on slaughter bent with death alike for Priam's sons and Danu too Ah me! for my hard lot! Next Hera stately bride of Zeus seated on her golden throne sent the son of Maia swift of foot who caught me up as I was gathering fresh rose buds in the folds of my robe that I might go to the Brazen House and bore me through the air to this love

less land making me an object of unhappy strife twixt Hellas and the race of Priam And my name is but a sound without reality beside the streams of Simois

*Ch* Well I know thou hast a bitter lot to bear still 'tis best to bear as lightly as we may the ill that life is heir to

*He* Good friends to what a fate am I united? Did not my mother bear me to be a monster to the world? For no woman Hellene or barbarian gives birth to babes in eggs inclosed as they say Leda bare me to Zeus My life and all I do is one miracle partly owing to Hera and partly is my beauty to blame Would God I could rub my beauty out like a picture and assume hereafter in its stead a form less comely and oh! that Hellas had forgotten the evil fate that now I bear and were now remembering my career of honour as surely as they do my deeds of shame Now if a man doth turn his eyes to a single phase of fortune and meets ill usage heaven's hands 'tis hard no doubt but still it can be borne but I in countless troubles am involved First although I never sinned my good name is gone And this is a grief beyond the reality if a man incurs blame for sins that are not his Next have the gods removed me from my native land to dwell with men of barbarous habits and reft of every friend I am become a slave though free by birth for amongst barbarians all are slaves but one And the last anchor that held my fortunes the hope that my husband would return one day and rid me of my woes is now no more lost since the day he died My mother too is dead and I am called her murderess unjustly it is true but still that injustice is mine to bear and she that was the glory of my house my darling child is growing old and grey unwedded still and those twin brethren called the sons of Zeus are now no more But 'tis fortune not my own doing that hath crushed me with sorrow and slain me And this is the last evil of all if ever I come to my native land they will shut me up in prison thinking me that Helen of Ilium in quest of whom Menelaus came thither Were my husband still alive we might have recognized each other by having recourse to tokens which ourselves alone would know But now this may not be nor is there any chance of his escape Why then do I prolong my life? What fortune have I still in store? Shall I choose marriage as an alternative of evils and dwell with a barbarian lord seated at his sumptuous board? No! when a husband she loathes is mated with a woman even life is loathly to her Best for her to die but how shall I die a noble death? The dangling noose is an uncomely end even slaves consider it a disgrace to stab oneself hath something fair and noble in it 'tis a small thing that moment of ridding the flesh of life Yes it must be I am plund'ed so deep in misery for that beauty which to other women is a boon to me hath been a very bane

*Ch* Helen never believe that the stranger who'er he was that came has spoken naught but truth

*He* Yet he said so clearly that my lord was dead

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wander out his life, nor yet his hand reach'd to his ear  
of his eyes in wandering drags out a pitious  
corner left of every hand, without door to every  
corner of the world, as he roams with him from Troy  
Ere mine.

H Lo one again I seek the th' heron this touch  
with Throce's sweet tidings in my ears, she that  
knoweth all things of a truth for she hath my lord  
in her hand and in the life of day albeit he is wander-  
ing to and fro after me a weary woman and I desire  
him to come to me to reach the limit of his toils.  
So come in the wanderer's land. But one thing did  
she leave behind her to escape when he had come?  
And I retraced from him that question clearly  
so 'd was I when she told me he was safe. For she  
said that he was somewhere near this shore, cast up  
by a wreck of the band of friends. Ah! when  
shall I see him come? How welcome will the ad-  
vice be! He who is thus Am I been scared by your  
talk of Proteus' warnings now. Oh! let me, like a  
corner at a friend, or a court of Bacchus, en-  
grouch the touch for there is something wild 'bout  
his low's looks, who is never to be trusted now.

Mrs. He then! thou that with fear'd effort seek-  
est to reach the basement of the tomb and the pu-  
lan of burnt masonry near there. Wherefore art thy  
with what restless aims? Let us sit of  
the affairs of men!

H O friends! I am born to this. This low  
is known to me from the tomb, and is every-  
thing and give me to his master whose word I was seek-  
ing in road.

Mrs. No robber, I, or master of evil.

H At any is the path wherein thou art clad,  
is mine.

Mrs. Can thy heart be so far from me?

H I do so, now that I have reached this spot.

Mrs. Who art thou whom do I behold in thee,  
and?

H Nay, who art thou? The self same reason  
proceeds in both.

Mrs. I never saw closer resemblance.

H Great God! Yea, for I recognize our friends  
of God.

Mrs. Art thou from Hellas, or native of this  
land?

H From Hellas, but I would learn the story too.

Mrs. Lad! in late I see a wandering likeness to  
Helen.

H And I to thee to Menelaus I know not what  
to say.

Mrs. Well thou hast recognized any? must I  
tell the story?

H Hail to thy will, arms restored at last!

Mrs. Well, indeed! Lay not thy eyes on my robe.

H The robe that Trojans wear is better weathered.

Mrs. O Helen, give of Eris, send us visions  
to our hearts!

H I see thou behavest no specter of the earth,  
attendant on the queen of pharos.

Mrs. Not yet am I in my right person the first-  
hand of two wives.

He What other woman calls thee lord?

Mrs. The name of your cave, whom I from  
Troy convert.

H Thou hast none other wife but me.

Mrs. Can it be my mind is wandering, my is it  
fall?

H Dost not believe thou seest in me thy wife?

Mrs. Thy form resembles her, but the real truth  
robs me of this belief.

H Observe me well, what need hast thou of  
dear proof?

Mrs. Thou art like her that will I never deny.

H Who then shall teach thee, mine it be that  
own eyes.

Mrs. Helen is my Cleopatra. I have another wife.

H To Troy I never went that was a phantom.

Mrs. Pity who follows living bodies?

H Thine, whence thou hast a wife of heaven's  
workmanship?

Mrs. What god's handiwork? Strife is the tale  
thou tell.

H Here made it as a sculpture, I knew me from  
Paris.

Mrs. How then couldst thou have been here, and  
in Troy at the same time?

H The same cave be in many a place at once,  
though not the host.

Mrs. Command me! the sorrows I know but with me  
suffer.

He What! will leave me, and take that phan-  
tom away?

Mrs. For thy likeness unto Helen, first let me well.

H Remind us there I loved my lord only to lose  
the.

Mrs. The greatness of my troubles at Troy con-  
vinced me thou dost not.

H Ah, was it not who was ever more unfor-  
tunate than I? Those whom I love best are leaving  
me, nor shall I ever reach Hellas, my own dear  
land.

Mrs. (Enter her hand.) At last I find thee  
Menelaus, for an anxious search, not till I have  
wandered through the length and breadth of this  
foreign strand I am sent by thy countrymen, whom  
thou shalt leave behind.

H What news surely you are not being spoiled  
by the barbarians?

Mrs. A miracle hath happened, my words are too  
weak for the reality.

Mrs. Speak for judging by this last, thou hast  
seen news.

Mrs. My countrymen the countless tools have all  
been taken in vain.

Mrs. That is an odd tale of woe to women's ears,  
let news.

Mrs. Thy wife hath disappeared, none was  
left to embrace her in heaven's bow is hidden,  
and as we left the hollowed cave where we were  
guarding her she faded in this, the barren Phry-  
gian, and all Achaea's race for me upon Scamander's  
strand by Hecate's arms, she died from day to day in  
the false belief that Helen was in the hands of Paris.

Mrs. Well, thou hast recognized any? must I  
tell the story?

H Hail to thy will, arms restored at last!

Mrs. Well, indeed! Lay not thy eyes on my robe.

H The robe that Trojans wear is better weathered.

Mrs. O Helen, give of Eris, send us visions  
to our hearts!

H I see thou behavest no specter of the earth,  
attendant on the queen of pharos.

Mrs. Not yet am I in my right person the first-  
hand of two wives.



swallowed and in a cavern's deep recesses have I hidden my wife the cause of all my trouble and have come hither after straitly charging the survivors of my friends to watch her. Alone am I come seeking for those there left some help if haply I may find it after careful search. So when I saw this palace girt with towering walls and stately gates of some prosperous lord I drew nigh for I have hope to obtain somewhat for my sailors from this wealthy house whereas from houses which have no store the inmates for all their goodwill could furnish naught. Hail there who keeps the gate and will come forth to bear my tale of woe into the house?

*Enter PORTRESS*

*Portress* Who stands before the door? Begone from th' house! stand not at the court yard gate annoying my masters! otherwise shalt thou die for thou art a Hellene born and with them have we no dealings.

*Men* Mother herein sayest thou rightly on all points. 'Tis well I will obey but moderate thy words.

*Po* Away! stranger my orders are to admit no Hellene to this palace.

*Men* Ha! do not seek to push me hence or thrust me away by violence.

*Po* Thou dost not heed my words and therefore hast thyself to blame.

*Men* Carry my message to thy master in the palace.

*Po* Some one would rue it methinks were I to take thy message.

*Men* I come as a shipwrecked man and a stranger whom heaven protects.

*Po* Well get thee to some other house than this.

*Men* Nay but I will pass into the house so listen to me.

*Po* Let me tell thee thou art unwelcome and soon wilt be forcibly ejected.

*Men* Ah me! where are now those famous troops of mine?

*Po* Elsewhere may be thou wert a mighty man thou art not here.

*Men* O fortune! I have not deserved such contumely.

*Po* Why are thy eyes with tear-drops wet? Why so sad?

*Men* 'Tis the contrast with my fortunes erst so blest.

*Po* Hence! then and give thy friends those tears.

*Men* What land is this? whose is the palace?

*Po* Proteus lives here. It is the land of Egypt.

*Men* Egypt? Woe is me! to think that hither I have sailed!

*Po* Pray what fault hast thou to find with the race of Nile?

*Men* 'Twas no fault I found my own disasters I lament.

*Po* There be plenty in evil case thou art not the only one.

*Men* Is the king of whom thou speakest here within?

*Po* There is his tomb his son rules in his stead.  
*Men* And where may he be? abroad or in the house?

*Po* He is not within. To Hellas is he a bitter foe.  
*Men* His reason pray for this enmity? the results whereof I have experienced.

*Po* Beneath this roof dwells the daughter of Zeus, Helen.

*Men* What meanst thou? what is it thou hast said? Repeat I pray thy words.

*Po* The daughter of Tyndareus is here who erst in Sparta dwelt.

*Men* Whence came she? What means this business?

*Po* She came from Lacedæmon hither.

*Men* When? Surely I have never been robbed of my wife from the cave!

*Po* Before the Achæans went to Troy, sir stranger. But get thee hence for some hath hath chanced within whereas the whole palace is in an uproar. Thou comest most unseasonably and if my master catch thee death will be thy stranger's gift. Thus say I because to Hellas I am well disposed albeit I gave thee harsh answers for fear of my master.

*Exit PORTRESS*

*Men* What can I think or say? For after my previous troubles this is a fresh piece of ill luck I hear if indeed after recovering my wife from Troy and bringing her hither and putting her for safety in the cave I am then to find another woman living here with the same name as my wife. She called her the begotten child of Zeus. Can there be a man that hath the name of Zeus by the banks of Nile? The Zeus of heaven is only one at any rate. Where is there a Sparta in the world save where Eurotas glides between his reedy banks? The name of Tyndareus is the name of one alone. Is there any land of the same name as Lacedæmon or Troy? I know not what to say for naturally there are many in the wide world that have the same names cities and women too there is nothing then to marvel at. Nor yet again will I fly from the alarm a servant causes for there is none so cruel of heart as to refuse me food when once he hears my name. All have heard of Ilum's burning and I that set it ablaze am famous now throughout the world. I mene lous. I therefore wait the master of this house. There are two issues I must watch if he prove some what stern of heart I will to my wreck and there conceal myself but if he show any sign of pity I will ask for help in this my present strait. This is the crowning woe in all my miseries to beg the means of life from other princes prince though I be myself still needs must I beg this is no saying of mine but a word of wisdom. Naught in might exceed this dread necessity.

*Enter CHORUS*

*Ch* I have heard the voice of the maiden inquiring. Clear is the answer she hath vouchsafed within yon palace declaring that Menelaus is not yet dead and buried passed to the land of shades where darkness takes the place of light but on the stormy main is

wearing out his life, nor yet hath reached the haven of his country—wanderer dragged out a piteous exile—lost of every friend, set upon foot in every corner of the world as he is, yet still in from Troy.

Er. or Helen

H. Lo! once again I seek the shelter of this tomb—Thoonoe's sweet tidings in my ears—she that knoweth all things of a truth—she saith my lord is still alive, and in the light of day albeit he is roam—er and fir after many a weary voyage, and further shall he come whenso he reach the limit of his trials, no more in the wanderer's life. But one thing did she leave unsaid—I he to escape when he hath come? And I framed from skin that quest on clear—glad was I when she told me he was safe. For she said that he was somewhere nigh this shore—cast up by shipwreck with a handful of friends. Ah! when shall I see thee come? How welcome will thy advent be! He who is this? Am I being misled by some trick of Proteus' impious son? Oh! let me bide a courier at its speed—story of Bacchus, approach the tomb! for there is something wild about this fellow's looks, who is eager to overtake me.

Men. Hither! thou that with fearful effort seek to reach the basement of the tomb and the pillar—burnt sacrifice, say thee! Wherefore art thou? Ah! with what speechless amazement the sight of thee affects me!

H. Friends! I am being ill-treated. This fellow is keeping me from the tomb and is eager to take and murder me—his master whose woman I was seeking to a road.

Men. Robber! or murderer of all.

H. At any rate the b where thou art had a night.

Men. Stay thy hasty flight—put fear aside.

H. I do so, now that I have reached this spot.

Men. Who art thou? Whom do I behold in thee?

H. Nay, who art thou? Thine self—same reason prompts us both.

Men. I never saw a close resemblance.

H. Great God! Yea, for to recognize our friends is I God.

Men. Art thou from Hellas, native of this land?

H. From Hellas, but I would learn the story soon.

Men. Lady, in thee I see a wondrous likeness to Helen.

H. And I in thee? Men. I know not what to say.

Men. Well, thou hast recognized right a mass of man's sorrows.

H. Hail! to thy wife's arms restored at last!

Men. R! indeed! Lay not finger on my robe.

H. Thine wife that Tyndareus, my father gave thee.

Men. O Hecate, grant of light send thy visions gloriously!

H. In me thou beholdest no spectre of the night, attendant on the queen of phantoms.

Men. Nor yet am I in my single person the husband of two wives.

He. What other woman calls thee lord?

Men. The inmate of yonder chamber—whom I from Troy con-

He. Thou hast none other wife but me.

Men. Can it be my mind is wandering, my sight failing?

He. Dost thou believe thou seest in me thy wife?

Men. Thy form resembles her—but the real truth robs me of this belief.

He. Observe me well—what need hast thou of clearer proof?

Men. Thou art like her—that will I never deny.

He. Who then shall teach thee—unless it be thine own eyes?

Men. Herein is my dilemma—I have another wife.

He. To Troy I never went—that was a phantom.

Men. Pray, who fashions liars' bodies?

He. Thine air—whence thou hast a wife of heaven's workmanship.

Men. What god's hand work? Strange is the tale thou tellest.

He. Hera made it as a substitute, to keep me from Paris.

Men. How then couldst thou have been here and in Troy at the same time?

He. The same may be in many a place at once, though not in the body.

Men. Unhand me! these sorrows I brought with me suffice.

He. What! wilt leave me, and take that phantom bride away?

Men. For thy likeness unto Helen, fare thee well.

He. Ruined! in thee I found my lord only to lose thee.

Men. The greatness of my troubles at Troy connects me—thou dost not.

He. Ah, woe is me! who was ever more unfortunate than I? Those whom I love best are leaving me, nor shall I ever reach Hellas, my own dear native land.

Messenger (Enter hurriedly). At last I find thee.

Men. I have, after an anxious search, not till I have wandered through the length and breadth of this foreign strand I am sent by thy comrades, whom thou didst leave behind.

Men. What news? surely you are not being pined by the barbarians?

M. A miracle hath happened—my words are too weak for the reality.

Men. Speak! judging by this haste, thou hast strange news.

Men. My message is thy countless toils have all been told in vain.

Men. That is an old tale of woe to mourn! come thy way?

M. Thy wife hath disappeared, soaring away into the embracing air in heaven, he now is hidden, and as she left the hall wedded where we were guarding her, she hailed us thus, 'O hapless Phrygians, and all Achaean race! for me upon Scamander's strand by Hera's arts ye died from day to day in the false belief that Helen was in the hands of Paris.'

But I since I have stayed my appointed time and kept the laws of fate will now depart unto the sky, that gave me birth but the unhappy daughter of Tyndareus through no fault of hers hath borne an evil name without reason (*Catching sight of HELEN*) Daughter of Leda hail to thee so thou art here after all! I was just announcing thy departure to the hidden starry realms little knowing that thou couldst fly at will I will not a second time let thee flout us thus for thou didst cause thy lord and his comrades trouble all for naught in Ilium

*Men* This is even what she said her words are proved true O longed for day how hath it restored thee to thy arms!

*He* O Menelaus dearest husband the time of sorrow has been long but joy is now ours at last Ah friends what joy for me to hold my husband in a fond embrace after many a weary cycle of yon blazing lamp of day!

*Men* What joy for me to hold my wife! but with all the questions I have to ask about the interval I know not with which to begin now

*He* O rapture! the very hair upon my head starts up for joy! my tears run down! Around thy neck I fling my arms dear husband to hug my joy to me

*Men* O happy happy sight! I have no fault to find my wife the daughter of Zeus and Leda is mine again she whom her brothers on their snow white steeds whilst torches blazed made my happy bride but gods removed her from my home Now is the deity guiding us to a new destiny happier than of yore

*He* Evil unto good transformed hath brought us twain together at last dear husband but late though it be God grant me joy of my good luck!

*Men* God grant thee joy! I join thee in the self same prayer for of us twain one cannot suffer with out the other

*He* No more my friends I mourn the past no longer now I grieve My own dear husband is restored to me whose coming from Troy I have waited many a long year

*Men* I to thee and thou to me And after these long long years I have at last discovered the fraud of the goddess But these tears in gladness shed are tears of thankfulness rather than of sorrow

*He* What can I say? What mortal heart could ever have had such hope? To my bosom I press thee little as I ever thought to

*Men* And I to mine press thee who all men thought hadst gone to Ida's town and the hapless towers of Ilium

*He* Ah mel ah mel that is a bitter subject to begin on

*Men* Tell me I adjure thee how wert thou from my home conveyed?

*He* Alas! alas! 'tis a bitter tale thou askest to hear

*Men* Speak for I must hear it all that comes is Heaven's gift

*He* I loathe the story I am now to introduce

*Men* Tell it for all that 'Tis sweet to hear of trouble past

*He* I ne'er set forth to be the young barbarian's bride with oars and wings of lawless love to speed me on my way

*Men* What deity or fate tore thee from thy country then?

*He* Ah my lord! 'twas Hermes the son of Zeus, that brought and placed me by the banks of Nile

*Men* A miracle! Who sent thee thither? O monstrous story!

*He* I wept and still my eyes are wet with tears. 'Twas the wife of Zeus that ruined me

*Men* Hera? wherefore should she afflict us twain?

*He* Woe is me for my awful fate! Woe for those founts and baths where the goddesses made briber still that beauty which evoked the fatal verdict!

*Men* Why did Hera visit thee with evil regarding this verdict?

*He* To wrest the promise of Cyprus—

*Men* How now? Say on

*He* From Paris to whom that goddess pledged me

*Men* Woe for thee!

*He* And so she brought me hither in Egypt in my sorrow

*Men* Then she gave him a phantom in thy stead as thou tellest me?

*He* And then began those woes of thine ah mother! woe is me!

*Men* What meanest thou?

*He* My mother is no more my shameful marriage made her fix the noose about her neck

*Men* Ah me! is our daughter Hermione yet alive?

*He* Still unwed and childless still she mourns my fatal marriage

*Men* O Paris who didst utterly overthrow my home here was thy ruin too and theirs those countless mail clad Danai

*He* From my country city and from thee heaven cast me forth unhappy and accursed because I left—and yet not I—home and husband for a union of foul shame

*Ch* If haply ye find happiness in the future it will suffice when to the past ye look

*Mes* Menelaus grant me too a portion of that joy which though mine own eyes see I scarcely comprehend

*Men* Come then old friend and share with us our talk

*Mes* Was it not then in her power to decide all the trouble in Troy?

*Men* It was not I was tricked by the gods into taking to my arms a misty phantom form to my sorrow

*Mes* How so? was it then for this we vainly toiled?

*Men* 'Twas Hera's handiwork and the jealousy of three goddesses

*Mes* Is this real woman then thy wife?

*Men* This is she trust my word for that

*Mes* Daughter how changeable and inscrutable is the nature of God! With some good end doth he vary men's fortune—now up now down one suffers another who ne'er knew suffering is in his turn

to awful ruin brought ha'ing no assurance in his  
 lot from day to day Thou and thy husband have  
 had your share of trouble—thou in what the world  
 has said be in battle's heat For all thy strength that  
 he strove he got him nought while now without  
 a effort made every blessing fortune boasts is his.  
 And thou in spite of all hast brought no shame  
 upon thyself and sure of those twin sons of Zeus, nor  
 art thou guilty of those rumoured crimes. Nay, I again  
 do I recall thy wedding rites, remembering thy blaz-  
 ing torch I bore beside thee in a four-horsed chariot  
 at full gallop while thou with thy lord a new  
 made bride went driving from thy happy  
 home. A sorry servant he whose regardeth not his  
 master's interest sympathizing with his sorrows and  
 his joys. Still I thought I was born yet may I be  
 numbered amongst honest servants for in heart  
 thou hast not in name I am free. For this is better  
 far than in my sin I person to suffer these two evils,  
 I feel my heart corrupt and as the slave of others  
 to be at my neighbor's beck and call.

*Men.* Come old friend oft hast thou stood side  
 by side with me and taken thy full share of toil so  
 we be partners in my happiness. Go I'll my com-  
 rades, whom I'll be behind the state of matters he  
 shall find them and the issue of my for-  
 tunes and bid them wait upon the beach and abide  
 the result of the struggle which I now am in  
 and if perchance we find a way to take this lady from  
 the land by stealth tell them to keep good watch  
 that we may share the luck and escape if possible  
 from the barbarian's clutches.

*H.* It shall be done. O king now I see how  
 worthless are thy secret tricks, how full of falsehood  
 nor is there after all aught truly worthy in the blaze  
 of success in the cry of leather and iron as follow  
 the tyrant on that bird can help mankind. Cal-  
 chus ne'er by word or sign showed the host the  
 truth when he saw his friends in my behalf of a  
 phantom nor did Helenus but the city was  
 stormed. Alas! Perhaps should I have said not  
 but as will that thou shouldst so. Then why do  
 I employ these prophets? Better were it to sacri-  
 fice to the gods and crave a blessing than proph-  
 ecy from a man who was but devoted as a bait to catch  
 a falsehood and so may get us rich by doing out  
 of both. Nay, I sound judgment and discernment  
 the best I see.

*Enter Menelaus and Cassandra.*

*Ca.* My views about secrets coincide exactly with  
 the old man's who hath the gods upon his side  
 all his best secret in his house.

*H.* Good! so far all is well. But how earnest thou  
 poor little bird safe from Troy? though I ought  
 know you I find I feel a longing to learn all that  
 thy friend has to tell.

*Men.* That on his sentence of the king I cannot  
 host I question. Why should I tell thee of our  
 losses in Egeon or of the beacon upon the heights  
 on Euboea or of my last to Crete and the cities of  
 Laibon or of the peak of Peuce? For I should  
 never satisfy thee with the tale and by telling  
 thee should add to my own pain though I suffered

enough at the time and so would my grief be  
 doubled.

*He.* Thy answer shows more wisdom than my  
 question. Omit the rest and tell me only this how  
 long wert thou a weary wanderer on the wide sea's  
 face?

*Men.* Seven long years did I see come and go,  
 besides those ten in Troy.

*H.* Alas, poor sufferer! 'twas a weary while. And  
 thou hast thence escaped only to bleed here.

*Men.* How so? what wilt thou tell? Ah wife thou  
 hast ruined me.

*He.* Thou hast been slain by him whose house this is.

*Men.* What have I done to merit such a fate?

*He.* Thou hast arrived unexpectedly to thwart  
 my marriage.

*Men.* What! is some man bent on wedding my  
 wife?

*He.* Aye and on heaping those insults on me  
 which I have borne to endure.

*Men.* I believe you are potentate or a ruler of  
 this land?

*He.* The son of Proteus, king of the country.

*Men.* This was that daidymon, I heard the serv-  
 ant tell.

*He.* At which of the barbarian's gates wert thou  
 stand?

*Men.* Here whence like a beggar I was like to be  
 driven.

*He.* Surely thou wert not begging actuals? Al-  
 ways is me!

*Men.* That was what I was doing though I had  
 not the name of beggar.

*H.* Of course thou knowest, then all about my  
 marriage.

*Men.* I do. But whether thou hast escaped thy  
 lot I know not.

*He.* Be assured I have kept my body chaste.

*Men.* How wilt thou convince me of this? If true  
 thy word is sweet.

*He.* Dost see the wretched tat on I have kept at  
 this tomb?

*Men.* I see alas! a bed of straw but what hast  
 thou to do with it?

*He.* There I have escape from this marriage as a  
 suppliant.

*Men.* For want of an altar or because it is the  
 barbarian way?

*He.* This was as good a protection to me as the  
 gods' temples.

*Men.* Why I not then even bear thee homeward  
 on my ship?

*H.* The sword far sooner than thy wife's em-  
 brace is waiting thee.

*Men.* So should I be of all men the most miserable.

*H.* Put shame aside and fly from this land.

*Men.* Let us go to the beach? 'twas for thy sake I  
 sacked Troy.

*He.* Better so, than that our union should cause  
 thy death.

*Men.* Oh! these are coward words, unworthy of  
 those of us at Troy!

*He* Thou canst not slay the prince thy possible intention

*Men* Hath he then a body which steel cannot wound?

*He* Thou shalt hear But to attempt impossibilities is no mark of wisdom

*Men* Am I to let them bind my hands and say nothing?

*He* Thou art in a dilemma some scheme must be devised

*Men* I had liefer die in action than sitting still

*He* There is one hope and only one of our safety

*Men* Will gold or daring deeds or winning words procure it?

*He* We are safe if the prince learn not of thy coming

*Men* Will any one tell him it is I? He certainly will not know who I am

*He* He hath within his palace an ally equal to the gods

*Men* Some voice divine within the secret chambers of his house?

*He* No his sister Theonoe men call her

*Men* Her name hath a prophetic sound tell me what she doth

*He* She knoweth everything and she will tell her brother thou art come

*Men* Then must we die for I cannot escape Eriken

*He* Perchance we might by suppliant prayers win her over

*Men* To what end? To what vain hope art thou leading me?

*He* That she should not tell her brother thou art here

*Men* Suppose we persuade her can we get away?

*He* Easily if she connive thereat without her knowledge no

*Men* Be that thy task women deal best with women

*He* I will not fail be sure to clasp her knees

*Men* Come then only suppose she reject our proposals?

*He* Thou wilt be slain and I slutt wedded by force

*Men* Thou wilt betray me that force of thine is all an excuse

*He* Nay by thy life I swear a sacred oath

*Men* What meanest thou? dost swear to die and never to another husband yield?

*He* Yes by the self same sword I will fall by thy side

*Men* On these conditions touch my right hand

*He* I do so swearing I will quit the light of day if thou art slain

*Men* I too will end my life if I lose thee

*He* Ho v shall we die so as to insure our reputation for this?

*Men* I will slay thee and then myself upon the summit of the tomb But first will I in doubtful fight contest another's claims to thee and let who will draw a gh! for I will not sully the lustre of my

*Trojan fame* not will I on my return to Hellas incur a storm of taunts, as one who robbed Theseus of Achilles saw Aias son of Telamon fall a weltering corpse and the son of Neleus of his child bereft shall I then flinch myself from death for my own wife? No no! For if the gods are wise or a brave man by his foes laid low they lightly sprinkle the earth that is his tomb while cowards they cast forth on barren rocky soil

*Ch* Crant heaven that the race of Tantalus may at last be blest and pass from sorrow unto joy!

*He* Ah woe me! Yea all my lot is woe O Menelaus we are utterly undone! Behold! from forth the house comes Theonoe the prophetess The palace echoes as the bolts are unfastened fly! yet what use to fly? For whether absent or present she knows of thy arrival here Ah me! how lost am I! Saved from Troy and from a barbarian land thou hast come only to fall a prey to barbarian words

*Enter THEONOE with handmaids*  
*Theonoe* Lead on bearing before me blazing brands and as sacred rites ordain purge with incense every cranny of the air that I may breathe heaven's breath free from taint meanwhile do thou in case the tread of unclean feet have soiled the path wave the cleansing flame above it and brandish the torch in front that I may pass upon my way And when to heaven ye have paid the customs I exact bear back into the house the brand from off the hearth What of my prophecy Helen? how stands it now? Thou hast seen thy husband Menelaus arrive without disguise rest of his ships and of thy counterfeits Ah hapless man! what troubles hast thou escaped and art come hither and yet knowest not whether thou art to return or to abide here for there is strife in heaven and Zeus this very day will sit in solemn conclave on thee Hera who erst was thy bitter foe is now grown kind and is willing to bring thee and thy wife safe home that Hellas may learn that the marriage of Paris was all a sham as signed to him by Cypris but Cypris fain would mar thy homeward course that she may not be convicted or proved to have bought the palm of beauty at the price of Helen in a futile marriage Now the decision rests with me whether to ruin thee as Cypris wishes by telling my brother of thy presence here or to save thy life by taking Hera's side keeping my brother in the dark for his orders are that I should tell him whensoever thou shouldst reach these shores Ho! one of you go show my brother this man is here that I may secure my position

*He* Maiden at thy knees I fall a suppliant and seat myself in this sad posture on behalf of myself and him whom I am in danger of seeing slain after I have so hardly found him Oh! tell not thy brother that my husband is returned in these loving arms save us I beseech thee never for thy brother's sake sacrifice thy character for uprightness by evil and unjust means bidding for his favour For the deity hates violence and biddeth all men get lawfully gains without plundering others Wealth unjustly gotten

though it bring some power is to be eschewed. The breath of heaven and the earth are man's common heritage: who can store his home without taking the goods of others, or wrest them away by force. We did Hecuba at a critical time to my sorrow witness to thy father's safe keeping for this my lord who now is here and who to reclaim me. But how can he recover me if he be slain? How could he restore the living to the dead? Oh! consider ere that thou wilt fly and thy father's too would the deity or would thy dead sire restore thee to thy native woods, or would they forbear restore them. I feel sure. It is not therefore in him that thou shouldst touch me; it is important to thy wanton brow rather than to thy virtuous father's life if thou, prophetic as thou art and believing in divine providence, shalt pervert the just intention of thy father and gratify thy unrighteous brother as shameful thou shouldst be a full knowledge of thy heinous sin, both what is and what is not, and yet be ignorant of justice. Oh! save my wretched life from the troubles which beset it, granting this as a ransom to our good fortune for every human soul loves Helen, seeing that there is gone a rumour throughout Hellas that I was false unto my lord and took up my abode in Phrygia's sumptuous halls. Now if I come to Hellas, and set foot once more in Sparta, they will hear and see how they were wronged by the wiles of goddesses, while I was no mistress to my friend. For all and so will I recover to my virtuous name again, and I shall give me due happiness in marriage when no man now will wed and lead in this vaunted life in Egypt shall enjoy thy treasures in my home. Had Menelaus met his doom (now funeral pyre) with tears should I be cherished his memory in far-off land but must I lose him now when he is alive and safe? Ah! my lady, I beseech thee, not so grant me this boon, I pray and reflect thy father's justice for this is the fairest ornament of children, when the child's virtues are resembles to parents in character.

Oh! Piteous thy pleading and a piteous object thou! But I fain would hear that Menelaus would say to his life.

Now I will not deem to throw myself at thy knees, or wet mine eyes with tears for were I to play the coward, I should most foully blot my Trojan fame. And yet men say it shows a noble soul to let a tear-drop fall in misfortune. But that will not be the honourable course that I will choose in preference. I brazen if what I shall say is honourable. Art thou disposed to see a stranger seeking in meer justice to recover his wife, why then restore her and so ease thy boot if not this will not be thy first business a time that I have suffered, thou hast uttered a evil name. Al that I deem worthy of me and borest all that will touch thy heart most dear! Al! I enter at the tomb of thy sire with eyes for his lost. Oad lying beneath this

tomb of stone repon... pay back thy trust! I ask of thee my wife whom Zeus sent hither unto thee to keep for me. I know thou canst never restore her to me thyself, for thou art dead but this thy daughter will never allow her father once so glorious whom I invoke in his grave to bear a tarnished name for the decision rests with her now. There too, great god of death, I call to my assistance who hast reared all many a corpse slain by me for Helen, and art keeper thy wage either restore those dead now to life again or compel the daughter to show herself a worthy equal of her virtuous sire and give me back my wife. But if ye will rob me of her I will tell you that which she omitted in her speech. Know then, maiden, I by an oath am bound first to meet thy brother sword to sword when he or I must die there is no alternative. But if he refuse to meet me fairly front to front and seek by guile to chase away us suppliants slain in this tomb I am resolved to slay Helen, and then to plunge this two-edged sword through my own heart. Upon the top of the sepulchre, that our streamer's blood may trickle down the tomb and our two corpses will be lying and bead upon this polished slab a source of deathless grief to thee and to thy sore reproach. Never shall thy brother wed Helen, nor shall any other I will bear her hence myself, if not to my house in my rate to death. And why this era resolve? Were I to resort to women's ways and weep I should be a pitiful creature, not a man of action. Slay me if it seem thee good I will die in honourably but better I eld to what I see that thou mayest act with justice, and I recover my wife.

Oh! On thee, maiden, it rests to judge between these arguments. Decide in such way as to please one and all.

Then Nature and my inclination lean towards pity myself too, I respect and I will never sully my father's fair name, or gratify my brother in the cost of bringing to self into open discredit. For justice hath her temple firmly founded in my nature and since I have this heritage from Verus I will strive to see a Menelaus hereafter see it is Hera's will to stand thy friend, I will go in my own name. My Cyprian be so ourable to me! thou hast in me she hath no part and I will try to remain a maid always. As for thy reproaches 'must my father at this tomb do I have the same words to utter I should be wronging thee did I not restore thy wife for my sire, were he living would have given her back into thy keeping and there to her I go for there is recompense for these things as well amongst the dead as amongst all those who breathe the breath of life. The soul indeed of the dead lies no more yet hath it a consciousness that lasts for ever eternal as the ether into which it takes the final journey. Briefly then to end the matter I will observe thy silence on all that ye proposed I should and never with my counsel will I aid my brother's wanton will. For I am done him good service, though he little thinks it if I turn him from his godless life to holiness. Wherefore devise yourselves some way of

<sup>1</sup>Slain in a prisoner of war to grace some hero's funeral obsequies.

escape my lips are sealed I will not cross your path First with the goddesses begin and of the one—and that one Cypris—crave permission to return unto thy country and of Hera that her goodwill may abide in the same quarter even her scheme to save thee and thy husband And thou my own dead sure shalt never in so far as rests with me lose thy holy name to rank with evil doers *Exit THEOPOE*

*Ch* No man ever prospered by unjust practices but in a righteous cause there is hope of safety

*He* Menelaus on the maiden's side are we quite safe Thou must from that point start and by contributing thy advice devise with me a scheme to save ourselves

*Men* Harken then thou hast been a long while in the palace and art intimate with the king's attendants

*He* What dost thou mean thereby? for thou art suggesting hopes as if resolved on some plan for our mutual help

*Men* Couldst thou persuade one of those who have charge of cars and steeds to furnish us with a chariot?

*He* I might but what escape is there for us who know nothing of the country and the barbarian's kingdom?

*Men* True a dilemma Well supposing I conceal myself in the palace and slay the king with this two edged sword?

*He* His sister would never refrain from telling her brother that thou wert meditating his death

*Men* We have not so much as a ship to make our escape in for the sea hath swallowed the one we had

*He* Hear me if haply even a woman can utter words of wisdom Dost thou consent to be dead in word though not really so?

*Men* 'Tis a bad omen still if by saying so I shall gain aught I am ready to be dead in word though not in deed

*He* I too will mourn thee with hair cut short and dirges as if women's way before this impious wretch

*Men* What saving remedy doth this afford us twain? There is a flaw out of deception in thy scheme

*He* I will beg the king of this country leave to bury thee in a cenotaph as if thou hadst really died at sea

*Men* Suppose he grant it how e'en then are we to escape without a ship after having committed me to my empty tomb?

*He* I will bid him give me a vessel from which to let drop into the sea's embrace thy funeral offerings

*Men* A clever plan in truth save in one particular suppose he bid thee rear the tomb upon the strand thy pretext comes to naught

*He* But I shall say it is not the custom in Hellas to bury those who die at sea upon the shore

*Men* Thou removest this obstacle too I then will sail with thee and help stow the funeral garniture in the same ship

*He* Above all it is necessary that thou and all thy

sailors who escaped from the wreck should be at hand

*Men* Be sure if once I find a ship at her moorings, they shall be there man for man each with his sword

*He* Thou must direct everything only let there lie winds to waft our sails and a good ship to speed before them!

*Men* So shall it be for the deities will cause my troubles to cease But from whom wilt thou say thou hadst tidings of my death?

*He* From thee declare thyself the one and only survivor telling how thou wert sailing with the son of Atreus and didst see him perish

*Men* Of a truth the garments I have thrown about me will bear out my tale that they were rags collected from the wreckage

*He* They come in most opportune but they were near being lost just at the wrong time Maybe that misfortune will turn to fortune

*Men* Am I to enter the palace with thee or art we to sit here at the tomb quietly?

*He* Abide here for if the king attempts to do thee any mischief this tomb and thy good sword will protect thee But I will go within and cut off my hair and exchange my white robe for sable weeds and rend my cheek with this hand's blood thirsty nail For 'tis a mighty struggle and I see two possible issues either I must die if detected in my plot or else to my country shall I come and save thy soul alive O Hera! awful queen who sharpest the couch of Zeus grant some respite from their toil to two unhappy wretches to thee I pray tossing my arms upward to heaven where thou hast thy home in the star spangled firmament Thou too that didst win the prize of beauty at the price of my marriage O Cypris! daughter of Dione destroy me not utterly Thou hast injured me enough afore time delivering up my name though not my person to live amongst barbarians Oh! suffer me to die if death is thy desire in my native land Why art thou so inveterate in mischief employing every art of love of fraud and guileful schemes and spells that bring bloodshed on families? Wert thou but moderate only that!—in all else thou art by nature man's most welcome deity and I have reason to say so *Exit HELEN*

*Ch* Three let me invoke tearful Philomel lurking neath the leafy covert in thy place of song most tuneful of all feathered songsters oh! come to aid me in my dirge trilling through thy tawny throat as I sing the piteous woes of Helen and the fearful fate of Trojan dames made subject to Achæa's spear on the day that there came to their plains one who sped with foreign oar across the dashing billows bringing to Priam's race from Lacedæmon thee his hapless bride O Helen—even Paris' luckless bride groom by the guidance of Aphrodite And many an Achæan hath breathed his last amid the spear men's thrusts and hurtling hail of stones and gone to his sad end for these their wiles cut off their hair in sorrow and their houses are left without a bride and one of the Achæans that had but a single ship

and I— a barren heath on sea-wet Euboea, and  
 down full many of Leda's weeks— then on the  
 rocks of Carthage and the shores that front the  
 Egyptian main, by the treacherous plain be-headed  
 when thou, O Menelaus, from the very day of  
 the start, didst dash to hurtless hills, far from  
 Leda's side before the breath of the storm, bearing  
 on thy ship a prize that was no prize, but a phantom  
 not made by Hera out of cloud for the Danaans  
 to struggle over. What mortal claims thy search— to  
 the utmost limit, to be e found out the nature of  
 God, or of his omens, or of that which comes be-  
 neath men as he doth this world of man tossed to  
 and fro by wars of contrivance and strange vic-  
 tories? Thou, Helen, art the daughter of Zeus for  
 thy art was the bird that perched in Leda's bosom  
 and yet for all that art thou become a b word for  
 a kind era, thro' h the l ith a d breadth of  
 Hades, s fa thens, trea urous wife and goddess  
 woman, nor can I tel what certainty is, who ever  
 can pass by t monst men. That which gods pro-  
 duce he I found true. O son, and ye who try to  
 win by meet of valour through war and sordid  
 raids of Leda's seeking this to till this mortal  
 soil, in wildernesses for I knowd not us as to  
 death— there will never be any lack of sin! In the  
 tyrannic men the maidens of the land of Phrygia left  
 their bridal houses, though a husband m— have  
 perished, quarrel n— O Helen. And now Troy  
 sees a e p Hades' kingly in th world below and  
 for hath dard on her walls as dart th flame of  
 Zeus, and thou art broken— woe on woe to hapless  
 women in their misery

Enter Menelaus, and  
 Theoclymenus.

Theoclymenus. All hail, my father's son! I bled  
 thee Protesilaus, the place where men pass o'er, that  
 I might of me greet thee and as ever as I go out and  
 in, I Leda son Theoclymenus, call on thee father.  
 His words, s to w pass— take my hands and  
 become my How often he I blamed myself for  
 being foolish— those miscreants with death! I have  
 just heard that son of Helen has come o'er to  
 my land, near a Leda's corner of the guard, a spy  
 may be or a would be lord of Helen— death shall be  
 his for if dead I can catch him. Ha! I find all my  
 power apparently first rated at double of Tra-  
 chetes has deserted by war at the beach and sailed  
 we from my shores. He there, upon the batti-  
 ment the horses from Leda's side, how forth in  
 chariot service, that the woman whom my heart  
 set, may not get away from these shores unseen,  
 or wa of a word! I can take. (Enter a man.)  
 Yet for I see the object of my pursuit is still  
 in my power, and has not fled. How good had I  
 been thou art to tell me— what were the end of  
 this rancour and from the far head hast thou  
 Leda's with the steel, be— what thy cheeks die  
 the with pain but I d— I it in remote  
 noons of the— what thou art plotting or  
 how ye thou hast brand some warning voice within,  
 art— in darkness with grief?

H. My lord— for a word I have learnt to say

that man—I am undone my luck is gone I cease  
 to be

Theoc. In what misfortune art thou plung'd?  
 What hath happened?

H. Menelaus, ah woe! how can I say it? is dead  
 my husband.

Theoc. I show no exultation in this news, yet am  
 I b— better.

He

Theoc. How knowest thou? Did Theoclymenus tell thee  
 this?

H. Both she and he— who was there when he  
 perished.

Theoc. What hath he— am I— who actually an-  
 nounces this for certain?

H. One half of man he comes to— I with him to!

Theoc. Who and where is he? that I may learn  
 this word and

He. There he is, sitting, crouched beneath the  
 shelter of this tomb.

Theoc. Great Jove! what a band! of men bly  
 men!

H. Ah woe! my husband too is in  
 like plight.

Theoc. From what country is this fellow? whence  
 landed he—?

H. From Hellas, one of the Achaeans who sailed  
 with my husband.

Theoc. What kind of death doth he declare that  
 Menelaus died?

H. The most pitious of all amid the watery  
 wa of the sea.

Theoc. On what part of the savage ocean was he  
 slain?

He. Cast up on the hurtless rocks of Libya.

Theoc. How was it that man did not perish if he  
 was with him aboard?

H. There are times when a wife has more luck  
 than their betters.

Theoc. Where left he— wreck on coming hither.

He. There where perdition catch it but not  
 Menelaus!

Theoc. He slept but on what vessel came this man?

H. According to his story sailors fell in with him  
 and picked him up.

Theoc. Where then is that murderous thing that  
 was sent to Troy in thy stead?

H. Dost mean the phantom-form of cloud? It  
 hath passed into the air.

Theoc. O Phrygia, and you land of Troy how  
 frustrates this ruse!

He. I too have shared with Phrygia's fate their  
 misfortunes.

Theoc. Did this fellow leave thy husband un-  
 aid, or constrain him to the grave?

H. Unharm'd was he for me said lot!

Theoc. Wherefore hast thou shorn the tresses of  
 thy golden hair?

H. His remembrance has been fondly in this heart,  
 while he has been

Theoc. Are thy tears to grieve sorrow for this  
 calamity?



*He* An easy task no doubt to escape thy sister's detection!

*Theoc* No surely impossible! Wilt thou still make this tomb thy abode?

*He* Why jeer at me? canst thou not let the dead man be?

*Theoc* No, thy loyalty to thy husband's memory makes thee fly from me.

*He* I will do so no more: prepare at once for my marriage.

*Theoc* Thou hast been long in bringing thyself to it: still I do commend thee now.

*He* Dost know thy part? Let us forget the past.

*Theoc* On what terms? One good turn deserves another.

*He* Let us make peace: be reconciled to me.

*Theoc* I relinquish my quarrel with thee: let it take wings and fly away.

*He* Then by thy knees: since thou art my friend indeed—

*Theoc* What art so bent on winning that to me thou stretchest out a suppliant hand?

*He* My dead husband would I fain bury.

*Theoc* What tomb can be bestowed on lost bodies? Wilt thou bury a shade?

*He* In Hellas we have a custom: whenever one is drowned at sea—

*Theoc* What is your custom? The race of Pelops truly hath some skill in matters such as this.

*He* To hold a burial with woven robes that wrap no corpse.

*Theoc* Perform the ceremony: rear the tomb where'er thou wilt.

*He* 'Tis not thus we give drowned sailors burial.

*Theoc* How then? I know nothing of your customs in Hellas.

*He* We unmoor and carry out to sea all that is the dead man's due.

*Theoc* What am I to give thee then for thy dead husband?

*He* Myself I cannot say: I had no such experience in my previous happy life.

*Theoc* Stranger, thou art the bearer of tidings I welcome.

*Men* Well, I do not nor yet doth the dead man.

*Theoc* How do ye bury those who have been drowned at sea?

*Men* Each according to his means.

*Theoc* As far as wealth goes: name thy wishes for this lady's sake.

*Men* There must be a blood-offering first to the dead.

*Theoc* Blood of what? Do thou show me and I will comply.

*Men* Decide that thyself: whatever thou givest will suffice.

*Theoc* Amongst barbarians 'tis customary to sacrifice a horse or bull.

*Men* If thou givest at all, let there be nothing mean in thy gift.

*Theoc* I have no lack of such in my rich herds.

*Men* Next an empty bier: decked and carried in procession.

*Theoc* It shall be so: what else 'tis customary to add?

*Men* Bronze arms for war was his delight.

*Theoc* These will be worthy of the race of Pelops, and these will we give.

*Men* And with them all the fair increase of productive earth.

*Theoc* And next: how do ye pour these offerings into the billows?

*Men* There must be a ship ready and rowers.

*Theoc* How far from the shore does the ship put out?

*Men* So far that the foam in her wake can scarce be seen from the strand.

*Theoc* Why so? wherefore doth Hellas observe this custom?

*Men* That the billow may not cast up again our expiatory offerings.

*Theoc* Phœnician rowers will soon cover the distance.

*Men* 'Twill be well done and gratifying to Menelaus too.

*Theoc* Canst thou not perform these rites well enough without Helen?

*Men* This task belongs to mother, wife or child: none.

*Theoc* 'Tis her task then: according to thee to bury her husband.

*Men* To be sure: piety demands that the dead be not robbed of their due.

*Theoc* Well: let her go: 'tis my interest to foster piety in a wife. And thou: enter the house and choose adornment for the dead. Thyself too will I not send empty handed away: since thou hast done her a service. And for the good news thou hast brought me: thou shalt receive raiment instead of going bare and too'd too that thou mayst reach thy country: for as it is I see thou art in sorry plight. As for thee, poor lady, waste not thyself in a hopeless case. Menelaus has met his doom: and thy dead husband cannot come to life.

*Men* This then 'tis thy duty: fair young wife be content with thy present husband and forget him who has no existence: for this is thy best course in face of what 'is happening. And if ever I come to Hellas and secure my safety, I will clear thee of thy former ill repute: if thou prove a dutiful wife to thy true husband.

*He* I will never shall my husband have cause to blame me: thou shalt thyself attend us and be witness thereto. Now go within: poor wanderer and seek the bath and change thy raiment. I will show my kindness to thee: and that without delay. For thou wilt perform all service due with kinder feeling for my dear lord Menelaus: if at my hands thou meet with thy deserts.

*Exit THEOCLYMENUS, HELEN, MENELAUS.*

*Ch* Through wooded glen, o'er torrent's flood and ocean's booming waves rushed the mountain goddess: mother of the gods in frantic haste: once

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lon 200, yea nung f r her daughter lost whos name  
men d re not utter loudly rattled the Bacch c c s-  
tan ts in shr ll a c rd what time those maidens,  
su fit as whirl nds sped forth with the goddess on  
ll char ot joked to w ld creatu es, in q est f her  
that was t ashed from tle cruel g cho r of var ns  
here was Artemis w th her bow and there the grim  
yed goddess, heathen in mo l and spear in ha d  
But Ze s looked down from his throne in hea en  
d turned the issue otherrh ther Soo a therr ther  
eased f om h r wild wanderin toa in s elang her  
d ught r st len so subtly, as to baffle all pursu t she  
crossed the snow-capped he fts of Id s nymphs  
a d n mu hca th d w n armo t the rocks and  
brush ood deep t snow a d d nyt to man all  
ne ease to his t llag from those b rren h lds, she  
asted the h man race m r would she let the leafy  
t ndr ls yld luxuriant fodd r fo th cattle where  
f re man a beast lay dying no sacrifice was flected  
t th gods, a d on the altz w re no cakes to burn  
yea and h made the d w fed f u ts of crystal  
water t ce se their fl n f r iustate sorrow f r  
h r child But w n fo gods nd tr bes of men al be  
h mad a end to se t cherr Zeus spoke out  
king t sooth the mother s moody soul Ye  
cat iv G ce go b n h from Demeter s angry  
hea t th grief he wanderi gs bring upon her for  
h child and go ye M es too with tune ful choor  
The ron did Cyp us, f rest of the blessed gods, first  
c t h p the era lung c mbal, nat e t that lond  
and the d um tch t hr stretched skin a d the  
D met r muled and i he hand d d take the d ep-  
t ed fute most pleased with it loud note  
Thou stwaddled sth une ersho l l thaved ae  
n d fia ce of ll night a d thou hast i curred my  
da ght r the wrath of the great mother by d sre  
g rd g be sac tices. Oh! mu hrv s the wive in a  
dress of dappled faw kin m v ge n that in meth  
und a sac ed thersu i wh l ng tambo noes  
stru k as they e ol in t untreas w lly stream  
g for the re elry of B om and l kemse t the  
l pless g ls of the goddess wh n th moon looks  
d w n a d heed h ada c oe the scene Thou  
e t co bid t n thy harms lon

Enter HELEN

He My f end with the pulsc all goes well  
fo u f th da ght of Pcor s, wh m pri y to  
our realth sch me told r b ther n th ng wh n  
q estoned t my husba d s c mung b to fo my  
ke decia ed h m dead and buried Most f tunate  
t u m l d h th had t e l k to get these weapons  
f ll is ow h mself clad m th ba ness he wa to  
plu g to th sea his stalw t arm thru t th o gh  
the buckl trap and n h r ht ha d pear o  
f t f ion g ion et the dead H hath  
g rded h mself most serv eably f the fray t o  
mph r bow f ba b tan soes when a w  
abou d n curst h p n read of h rag from  
th w eck hath h d ned th r bes l ga e fo his  
n nd l have d shed h l mbs in wate f om  
the t eam both h long bath wa ted B t m t  
b v l f f om th house comes fo th the man

who thinks he has me in his power prepared to be  
h s bride and thy goodwill I also claim and thy  
strict silence if haply when we sa e oursel es we  
may sa e thee too w me day

Enter TEUCLYMENUS and MENELAUS

Theoc Adv nce in order ser ants, as the stranger  
hath directed bearing the funeral g its the sea de  
mands But thou Helen if thou vlt not in scon  
struc my words, be persuaded and here ab de for  
thou wilt do thy husband equal service hether  
thou art p sent or not For I am afraid that some  
sudden hock of fond regret may prompt th e to  
plunge into the swoll n tide in an ecstasy of rati  
tude to and thy f rmer husba d for thy grief for  
him though he is lost is run i ll to excess

He O my new lord needs must I honour him  
w th whom I first shared married joys for I could  
even d e with my hu band so well I lo ed him yet  
bo v could he thank m rse I to share death s  
doom with him? Still let me go and pay his fu eral  
r tes unto the dead m person The gods grant thee  
the boon I ish and this stran er too, for th e ac st  
ance he is lend ng herel And thou halt find in me  
a wife fit to bare thy ho se since thou art render  
ing kindness to Menelaus and to me fo sur ly these  
eve ts are to some good fortune tending But n  
appoint someone to g ve us a sh p wher in to con  
ey these gifts that I may find thy kindness made  
c mplete

Theoc (To an attendant) Go thou and furni h  
them w th a S donian galley of fifty oars and rowers  
also

He Sh ll m t he command the sh p who is order  
ing th fun ral?

Theoc Most certainly my sa lors are to obey  
h m

He R per the ord r that they may clearly un  
derst d thee.

Theoc I repeat st nd w ll do so yet awa m if that  
s thy pleasu e

He Good luck to thee and to me in my des gns!

Theoc Oh! waste n t thy fu comple ion with  
excess ve weepin

He Th s day hall show my gratitude to thee.

Theoc The state of the dead m nothingness to  
tol f r th m s va n

He In what I say thus w o ld as well as that hath  
haz

The Thou shalt not find in me a husband at all  
inferio t M nely

He With th ha e I o fault to find good lu l  
s all I ne d

Theo Th t rests with thyself if thou sh v thy  
self a lo t g wise t m

He Th s is not a lesson I shall hav to learn n w  
to lo e m friends

Theoc Is it thy wish that I sho ld escort thee in  
person yth acti e and?

He God fo b d! hec m not thy ser ant serv  
t O king!

Theoc Up and away! I am n t concer ed with  
c t ms wh ch the r ce of P lops holds My house

pure for Menelaus did not die here go some one now and bid my vassal chiefs bring marriage offerings to my palace for the whole earth must re-echo in glad accord the hymn of my wedding with Helen to make men envious Go stranger and pour into the sea's embrace these offerings to Helen's former lord and then speed back again with my bride that after sharing with me her marriage feast thou may'st set out for home or here abide in happiness

*Exit THEOCLYMENUS*

*Men* O Zeus who art called the father of all and god of wisdom look down on us and change our woe to joy! Lend us thy ready help as we seek to drag our fortunes up the rugged hill if with but thy finger tip thou touch us we shall reach our longed-for goal Sufficient are the troubles we ere this have undergone Full oft have I invoked you gods to hear my joys and sorrows I do not deserve to be for ever unhappy but to advance and prosper Grant me but this one boon and so will ye crown my future with blessing

*Reunt MENELAUS and HELEN*

*Ch* Hail thou swift Phœnician ship of Sidon! dear to the rowers mother to the foam leader of fair dolphins gambols what time the deep is hushed and still and Ocean's azure child the queen of calm takes up her parable and says Away! and spread your canvas to the ocean breeze Hol sailors hol come grip your oars of pine speeding Helen on her way to the sheltered beach where Perseus dwelt of yore <sup>1</sup> It may be thou wilt find the daughters<sup>2</sup> of Leucippus beside the brimming river<sup>3</sup> or before the temple of Pallas when at last with dance and revelry thou joinst in the merry midnight festival of Hyacinthus him whom Phœbus slew in the lists by a quoit hurled o'er the mark wherefore did the son of Zeus ordain that Laconia's land should set apart that day for sacrifice there too shalt thou find the tender maid <sup>4</sup> whom ye left in your house for as yet no nuptial torch has shed its light for her

Oh! for wings to cleave the air in the track of Libyan cranes whose serried ranks leave far behind the wintry storm at the shrill summons of some veteran leader who raises his exultant cry as he wings his way n'er plains that know no rain and yet bear fruit <sup>5</sup> full increase Ye feathered birds with necks out stretched comrades of the racing clouds on! on! till ye reach the Pleiads in their central station and Orion lord of the night and as ye settle on Eurotas banks proclaim the glad tidings that Menelaus hath sacked the city of Dardanus and will soon be home Ye sons of Tyndareus at length appear speeding in your chariot through the sky denizens of heaven's courts beneath the radiant whirling stars guide this lady Helen safely n'er the azure main across the foam flecked billows of the deep blue sea sending the mariners a favouring gale from Zeus

<sup>1</sup> *ie* to Mycenæ said to have been founded by Perseus

<sup>2</sup> The daughters of Leucippus were princesses of Athens and Artemis

<sup>3</sup> *ie* the Eurotas in Sparta and the temple of the Brazen House

<sup>4</sup> *ie* Hermione

and from your sister snatch the ill repute of wedded with a barbarian even the punishment bequeathed to her from that strife on Ida's mount albeit she never went to the land of Ilum to the battlements of Phœbus

*Enter THEOCLYMENUS and MESSENGER*

*Messenger* O king at last have I found thee in the palace for new tidings of woe art thou soon to hear from me

*Theoc* How now?

*Mes* Make haste to woo a new wife for Helen hath escaped

*Theoc* Borne aloft on soaring wings or treading still the earth?

*Mes* Menelaus has succeeded in bearing her hence twas he that brought the news of his own death

*Theoc* O monstrous story! what ship conveyed her from these shores? Thy tale is past belief

*Mes* The very ship thou didst thyself give the stranger and that thou may'st briefly know all he is gone taking thy sailors with him

*Theoc* How was it? I long to know for I never gave it a thought that a single arm could master all those sailors with whom thou wert despatched

*Mes* Soon as the daughter of Zeus had left this royal mansion and come unto the sea daintily picking her way most craftily she set to mourn her husband though he was not dead but at her side Now when we reached thy docks well walled we began to launch the fastest of Sidonian ships with her full complement of fifty rowers and each task in due succession followed some set up the mast others ranged the oars with their blades ready and stored the white sails within the hold and the rudder was let down astern and fastened securely While we were thus employed those Hellenes who had been fellow voyagers with Menelaus were watching us it seems and they drew nigh the beach clad in the rags of shipwrecked men—well built enough but squalid to look upon And the son of Atreus directly he saw them approach bespoke them craftily introducing the reason for his mourning Ye hapless mariners how have ye come hither? Your Achaean ship where wrecked? Are ye here to help bury dead Atreus son whose missing body this lady daughter of Tyndareus is honouring with a cenotaph? Then they with feigned tears proceeded to the ship bearing aboard the offerings to be thrown into the deep for Menelaus Thereat were we suspicious and communed amongst ourselves regarding the number of extra passengers but still we kept silence out of respect for thy orders for by intrusting the command of the vessel to the stranger thou didst thus spoil all Now the other victims gave no trouble and we easily put them aboard only the bull refused to go forward along the gangway but rolled his eyes around and kept bellowing and arching his back and glaring askance toward his horns he would not let us touch him But Helen's lord cried out O ye who had waste the town of Ilum come pick up your bull the dead man's offering on your stout shoulders as is the way in Hellas and cast him into the

hold and a be poke he drew his sword in read-  
ness The they at his command came and caught  
up the bull and carried him bodily on to the deck  
And Menelaus stroked the horse on neck and br w  
coaxing it to go aboard At length when the ship  
was fully freighted Helen climbed the ladder with  
grace I stepped and took her seat midway b' twixt the  
rowers benches, and he sat by her side e'en Menelaus  
who was called dead and the rest equally h  
aided on the right and left the fifth ship sat them  
down ea h beside his man with sword concealed  
beneath their cloaks and the billows soon were echo-  
ing to the rowers song as we heard the boatswain's  
note Now when we were put out a space not very  
far n'r ry near the helmsman asked Sh'ld we  
we strain or sail yet further o'ur course or will  
thus serve For this it is to command the ship  
And he a sw'nd 'Tis far enough for me while  
in his right hand he gripp'd his sword and stepped  
on to the prow then ta' ding o'er the bull to slay  
it ever a word said he of any dead man but cut its  
throat and thus mad pray Poseidon lo'd of  
the sea whose home is in the deep and ye holy  
dau hit (N' eus, bring me and my wife safe and  
sound to Ithaca's strand from hence! An' a gush  
of blood fur me for the stranger spouted into  
the tide One cried This is treachery in thy voy-  
age why should we now sail? N' upland Cith-  
erods h' l'm m' t in thy rudder But the son of  
Atreus, ta' ding whe he lew the bull called to  
his comrades, Why do ye sh' p'ck Hellas, delay  
t' smut and lo, the barbarians sling th' m from  
the ship into the waves? While t' thy crew the  
boatswain cried the opposite comma'd H' l'som  
of ye eat h' up cha' ce' ypa's b' tak up th' benches,  
o's tech th' ea'blad from th' thol a d' best o' r  
the b' ai's f' these our foregn foes Fo' th' up  
sprang each man the on' part arm'd w' th' poles that  
sail use the oth' r' w' th' sw' ds And th' ship ran  
do' w' th' blood wh'le f'lele from her seat pon  
the te' n' th' s' heered them n' Whe' e' u' the fame  
re' won in Troy? show t' a' n' t' these ba' bo' ans  
The th' y' ha' ted t' the fray some would fall  
and some rise pag' while m' b' s' had t' shou' seen  
land low n' death But Menelaus full a' mour  
mad h' as r' d' hand to ny point wh' e  
b' s' h' l' e' s' per e' d' h' c' m' d' e' s' in distress  
so e' leapt from th' ship d' swam and he cleared  
th' be' f' e' s' th' y' s' Th' n' did the p'unc' set  
h' m' self t' ceer a d' b' l' i' d' n' mak' a' n' t' right  
cou' s' e' H' l' l' as So th' set up th' m' a' t' nd fa-  
ou' g' b' re' z' e' d' d' th' s' re' clea' way while  
I l' m' death escap'd I t' m' self down b' th' an-  
b' cha' t' th' sea d' s' s' s' w' pent one  
th' w' m' s' p' e' d' c' c' u' d' m' a d' d' c' w' me t'  
land s' b' n' g' t' thee this message Ah! th' s'  
n' g' h' m' se' e' ab' l' t' m' ank' nd than a' p' r' u' d' n' t'  
d' stru' t'

Ch' I would t' h' a' b' e' l' e' d' that Menelaus  
could ha' luded and ther' O king, in the way  
h' did on h' s' comu' g'

Theo' Woe m' m' t' continued by a w' man's trick

My bride hath escaped me If the ship could have  
been pursued and overtaken I would have used  
every means forthwith to catch the strangers as it  
is, I will engage myself upon my treacherous sister  
in that she sa Menelaus in my palace and d d not  
tell me Wherefore shall she ne'ermore deceive an-  
other by her prophetic art

Enter PORTRE S

Po Ho therel whether away so fast my lord? on  
what bloody thought's tent?

Theo' Wh' ther justice calls me Out of my path!

Po I will not loose thy robe for on grievous mis-  
chief art thou bent.

Theo' Shalt thou a slave control thy master?

Po Yea f'r I am in my senses

Theo' I should n't say so if thou wilt not let  
me—

Po N' v' b' t' that I never ill

Theo' Slay my sister most accursed

Po Say rather most righteous

Theo' Rightous? she who betrayed me

Po Th' re's an honourable treachery which us-  
right to commit

Theo' By giving my br'de to another?

Po Only to those who had a better right

Th' c' Who hath any rights o'er mine?

Po He that re'ed her f'om her father

Theo' N' y' but f'r e' g' a' her to me

Po And destiny took her away

Theo' 'Tis n' t' f'r thee to decide my affairs.

Po Only suppos'ng min' be the better counsel

Theo' So I am thy subj'ct not thy ruler

Po Aye a subject bound to do the right and  
execute the w' on

Theo' It seem' thou art eager to be slain

I Slay me thy ste shalt tho; never slay with  
my consent b' t' m' per ha' e' f'r to d' e' for their  
maste' is the fairest death that noble slaves can  
b' d'

THE M' SCURT appears above the stage

The D' occurs Restra' n' those batals of rage that  
hurry thee to ndu lengths O Theoclymenus king  
of t' s' e' o' n' r' y' We as the twin son of Zeus that  
call to th' e' by n' m' whom Leda bore one day  
w' th' H' len tw' ba' hath fled from thy palace F'r  
th' u' a' t' w' r' o' th' for m' a' rage never destined for  
thee no t' th' y' sister Theonoe, d' u' h' t' of a Ne-  
read goddess, w' n' g' n' the because he honours  
the o' d' of God nd h' t' father s' j' at behests For  
it was d' ained that H' l' n' s' could b' d' e' with n' th' y'  
halls p' till the p' s' e' n' t' me but s' e' c' Troy  
razed to the ground a d' the h' th' l' n' t' her name to  
the goddesses o' l' n' g' e' n' d' the stay ow must  
the b' e' m' e' d' in the self same wedlock as before  
and reach her hom' nd share it with her b' s' b' a d'  
W' th' h' l' d' t' n' th' m' a' l' g' a t' blade from th' y' ster  
nd be' e' e' l' a' t' s' e' l' e' r' e' m' is act' n' g' w' th' discret' o'  
Lo g' long a d' had we t' e' r' s' a' d' s' e' n' g' th' s'  
Zeus has mad' us god but we were too w' o' k' f'  
destin' as well a th' d' u' e' s' who m' l' l' e' d' these things  
to be Th' s' m' y' b' d' d' in to the wh' l' to m' y' s' t' e' r'  
I say S' u' d' on with th' y' hu' band a d' ye shall have

a prosperous breeze for we thy brethren twain  
will course along the deep and bring you safely to  
your fatherland And when at last thy goal is reached  
and thy life ended thou shalt be famous as a god-  
dess and with thy twin brethren share the drink  
offering and like us receive gifts from men for such  
is the will of Zeus Yea and that spot<sup>1</sup> where the son  
of Maia first appointed thee a home when from  
Sparta he removed thee after stealing an image of  
thee from heaven's mansions to prevent thy mar-  
riage with Paris even the isle that bes like a sentinel  
along the Attic coast shall henceforth be called by  
thy name amongst men for that it welcomed thee  
when stolen from thy home Moreover Heaven or-  
dains that the wanderer Menelaus shall find a home

within an island of the blest for to noble souls hath  
the deity no dislike albeit these oft suffer more than  
those of no account

*Theoc* Ye sons of Leda and of Zeus I will forego  
my former quarrel about your sister nor seek to  
slay mine own any more Let Helen to her home  
repair if such is Heaven's pleasure Ye know that  
ye are sprung of the same stock as your sister best  
of women chastest too had then for the true no-  
bility of Helen's soul a quality too seldom found  
amongst her sex!

*Ch* Many are the forms the heavenly will as-  
sumes and many a thing God brings to pass con-  
trary to expectation that which was looked for is  
not accomplished while Heaven finds out a way for  
what we never hoped even such has been the issue  
here

*Exeunt OWES*

<sup>1</sup>Cranac off Sunium or Macti

## ANDROMACHE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANDROMACHE

MAID

CHILDS OF PHEBIAN

WOMEN

HERMON

NIELS

MOLOSSUS

PELEUS

NICES OF HERMON

OESTES

MESSEGER

THETIS

*Before the temple of Thetis in Thessaly. Enter  
ANDROMACHE.*

*Andromache* O ity of Thetis, glory of Asia,  
hence on day I came to Priam's princely home  
th many a rich and costly thing in my dowry  
affianced u t Hector to be the mother of his chil-  
dren I Andromache, en ted nam in days of yore,  
but now of all women that ha e been or yet shall be  
the most unfortunate for I ha e h d to see my  
husband Hector slain by Achilles, and the babe As-  
tranax, whom I bore my lord, hu led from the tow-  
ering battlements, when the Hellenes sacked our  
Trojan hom and I myself am come to Hellas as a  
sis e though I was esteemed a dau hter of a race  
most free m en t Neoptolemus that island prince,  
and set part for him as his pecial prize from the  
spoils f Troy And her I dwell upon the boundanes  
of Phthia and Pharsalus town wh re Thetis sit,  
the goddess f Thetis abode with Peleus apart from  
the world a ood r the throng of m n whet fore  
the folk of Thessaly call it th sacred pla e of Th us,  
in honour of the goddess's marriag Here d ells the  
son f A hiles and suffers Peleus still to rul Phar-  
salus not w shu g to assum the scepter while the  
old man li es. Within these halls ha I born boy  
t the son of Achilles, my master Now foretun for  
all m miserv f e r had a hope to lead me on that  
f my child were safe I might find som help and  
pr tection from my woes but now my rd in scorn  
f his bondmaid charms hath wedded that Spartan  
Hermion I am tormentd by h r most cruelly f r  
the saith that I by secret en hantment m makin  
her barren nd distasteful t he husband and that  
I des t take h plac in this house ouster her  
the n hial m t en by forc whereta I at first sub-  
mitted gainst m ill and on ha e resu ed my  
pla be alms his Zeus my witness that it was not  
f m own f e will I became her rival!

But I cannot on in he and she loner to kill  
m nd her father Menelaus is an accomplic in  
this. E en on is h w ths rived f om Sparta f r  
this erv purpose whil I n terness am come to tak  
up position here in the shir e of Thetis djoining

the house if hapl t may sa e me from death for  
Peleus nd his descendants hold it in honour as a  
symbol of his marriag e th the Nereid My only  
son am I secretly conveying to a neighbour's house  
n fear for his life For his ire stands not by my side  
to lead his ad and cannot a ail his child at all, being  
absent in the land of Delphi wher he is offerin  
recompense to Loxias for the madness he commit-  
ted when on a day he went to Pytho and dema ded  
of Pherbus satisfaction for his father's death if haply  
his prayer m,ht a ert those past sins and win for  
him the god's goodwill hereafter

*Enter* t id.

*Maid* Most ess mine be sure I do not hesitate to  
call thee by that name seen, that I thought it thy  
n h t in thine own house also, wh n we dw lt in  
Troy land s I was e er thy friend and thy hus-  
band's while yet he was li e so now have I come  
w th stra ge tid gs, in terror lest any f ou mas-  
ters learn hereof but still out of g t v f r thee for  
Menelaus and his dau hter are formid dire plots  
again t thee, wher eol thou must bewa

*And* Ah! kind companion of my bonds e for such  
thou art to her who m thy queen is now sunk in  
misery what are the doing? What new schemes are  
they devising in th r eerness to take away my  
wretched lif?

*Maid* Alas! poor lady, the intend to slay thy son  
whom thou hast pri ly con eyed from out the  
house

*And* Ah me! Has she heard that my babe was put  
out of h r reach? Who told her? Woe is me! how  
utterly wndon!

*Maid* I know not but thou much of their schemes  
I heard m self and Menelaus has left the house to  
f tch him

*And* Th n am I lost ah my child! those vultures  
twain will take and slay thee whil he who is called  
thy fith r lingers still in Delphi

*Maid* True I had be been here thou wouldst not  
have fared so hardly I am su e but as it is, thou  
art friendless.

*And* Ha e no tidings come of the possible arm al  
f Peleus?

*Ma* He is too old to help thee if he came

*An* And yet I sent for him more than once

*Ma* Surely thou dost not suppose that any of thy messengers heed thee?

*An* Why should they? Wilt thou then go for me?

*Ma* How shall I explain my long absence from the house?

*An* Thou art a woman thou canst invent a hundred ways

*Ma* There is a risk for Hermione keeps no care less guard

*An* Dost look to that? Thou art dousing thy friends in distress

*Ma* Not so never taunt me with that I will go for of a truth a woman and a slave is not of much account even if aught befall me

*An* Go then while I will tell to heaven the lengthy tale of lamentation mourning and weeping that has ever been my hard lot (*Exit MAIO*) for tis woman's way to delight in present misfortunes even to keeping them always on her tongue and lips But I have many reasons not merely one for tears—my city's fall my Hector's death the hardness of the lot to which I am bound since I fell on slavery's evil days undeservedly 'Tis never right to call a son of man happy till thou hast seen his end to judge from the way he passes it how he will descend to that other world

Twas no bride Paris took with him to the towers of Ithum but a curse to his bed when he brought Helen to her bower For her sake O Troy did eager warriors sailing from Hellas in a thousand ships capture and make thee a prey to fire and sword and the son of sea born Thetis mounted on his chariot dragged my husband Hector round the walls ah woe is me! while I was hurried from my chamber to the beach with slavery's hateful pall upon me And many a tear I shed as I left my city my bridal bower and my husband in the dust Woe woe is me! why should I prolong my life to serve Hermione? Her cruelty it is that drives me hither to the image of the goddess to throw my suppliant arms about it melting to tears as doth a spring that gushes from the rock

*Enter CHORUS OF PHITHIAN WOMEN*

*Chorus* Lady thus keeping thy weary station without pause upon the floor of Thetis shrine Phthian though I am to thee a daughter of Asia I come to see if I can devise some remedy for these perplexing troubles which have involved thee and Hermione in fell discord because to thy sorrow thou sharest with her the love of Achilles son Recognize thy position weigh the present evil into the which thou art come Thou art a Trojan captive thy rival is thy mistress a true born daughter of Sparta Leave then this home of sacrifice the shrine of our sea goddess How can it avail thee to waste thy comeliness and disfigure it by weeping by reason of a mistress's harsh usage? Might will prevail against thee why vainly toil in thy feebleness? Come quit the bright sanctuary of the Nereid divine Recognize that thou art in bondage on a foreign soil in a strange city

where thou seest none of all thy friends luckless lady cast on evil days Yea I did pity thee most truly Trojan dame when thou camest to this house but from fear of my mistress I hold my peace albeit I sympathize with thee lest she whom Zeus daughter bore discover my good will toward thee

*Enter HERMIONE*

*Hermione* With a crown of golden workmanship upon my head and about my body this embroidered robe am I come hither no presents these I wear from the palace of Achilles or Peleus but gifts my father Menelaus gave me together with a sumptuous dowry from Sparta in Laconia to insure me freedom of speech Such is my answer to you but as for thee slave and captive thou wouldst fain oust me and secure this palace for thyself and thanks to thy enchantment I am hated by my husband thou it is that hast made my womb barren and cheated my hopes for Asia's daughters have clever heads for such villainy yet will I check thee therefrom nor shall this temple of the Nereid avail thee aught neither its altar or shrine but thou shalt die But if or god or man should haply wish to save thee thou must atone for thy proud thoughts of happier days now past by humbling thyself and crouching prostrate at my knees by sweeping out my halls and by learning as thou sprinklest water from a golden ewer where thou now art Here is no Hector no Priam with his gold but a city of Hellas Yet thou miserable woman hast gone so far in wantonness that thou canst lay thine down with the son of the very man that slew thy husband and bear children to the murderer Such is all the race of barbarians father and daughter mother and son sister and brother mate together the nearest and dearest stain their path with each other's blood and no law restrains such horrors Bring not these crimes amongst us for here we count it shame that one man should have the control of two wives and men are content to turn their attention to one lawful love that is all who care to live an honourable life

*Ch* Women are by nature somewhat jealous and do ever show the keenest hate to rivals in their love

*An* Ah! well a day! Youth is a bane to mortals in every case that is where a man embraces injustice in his early days Now I am afraid that my being a slave will prevent thee listening to me in spite of many a just plea or if I win my case I fear I may be damaged on this very ground for the high and mighty cannot brook refuting arguments from their inferiors still I will not be content of betraying my own cause Tell me proud young wife what assurance can make me confident of wresting from thee thy lawful lord? Is it that Laconia's capital yields to Phrygia? is it that my fortune outstrips thine? or that in me thou seest a free woman? Am I so elated by my youth my full healthy figure the extent of my city the number of my friends that I wish to supplant thee in thy home? Is my purpose to take thy place and rear myself a race of slaves mere appendages to my misery? or supposing thou bear no children will any one endure that sons of

na should rule o'er Phthia? Ah no! there is the love that Hellas bears me both for Hector's sake and for my own humbl' rank forsooth that never knew a queen's estate in Troy. 'Tis not my so cery that makes thy husband hat' thee, nay but thy own fault to prove thyself his help-meet. Herein lies his sole harm. 'Tis not a beauty lady but virtuous acts that win our husband's hearts. And though I gill thee to be told so, albeit thy city in Lacomia is no doubt a man's city yet thou findest no place for his Scythian displayin' wealth midst poverty and settin' Menelaus above Achilles and that is what alienates thy lord. Take heed for a woman thou hast bestowed upon a worthless husband must be with him content and never add a ce presumptuous claims. Suppose thou hadst wedded a prince of Thessaly the blood of blood and melt in snow where one lord shares his affections with a host of wives, wouldst thou have slain them? If so thou wouldst have set a stigma of iniquity on all our sex. A shameful charnel and yet herein we suffer more than men though we make a good stand against it. Ah! my dear lord Hector for thy sake would I enbrook my life in Cyprus led thee a trav' and oft in da' gone by I bid thy bastard babes to my own breast, to spare thee a cause for grief. By this curse I bound my husband to me by virtue chains, which thou wilt see so much as I the drops of dew from his eyes settle on the lord in thy jealousies. Oh! seek not to surpass thy mother in harshness for men for tis well that all wise children should avoid the habit of such evil mothers.

Mystrassime be persuaded to come to terms with her as far as readily comes within thy power.

He. Wh' this has thy too this bandying of words as if forsooth thou wert the virtuous?

I. Thy present claims may rate give thee small and little rest.

He. Wh' man may my bosom never harbour such ideas as this!

I. Thou art young to speak on so delicate a subject.

He. I for thee, thou dost not speak thereof, but thou canst not put it into action again I see.

He. Canst thou not conceal thy passions of jealousy?

I. What! doth every woman put this first of all?

I. Yet if thy passions are happy otherwise thy life is no honour in speaking of them.

He. My husband is a not standard for our city.

I. Alas in Asia and in Hellas of many attends her own.

He. Clever quibble! yet dost thou must not.

I. Dost see the image of Thyris with her eyes on thee?

He. A bitter foe to thy country because of the death of Achilles.

I. 'Twas not I that slew him, but Helen that mother of thine.

He. Pray is it thy intention to probe my wounds yet deeper?

An. Behold I am dumb my lips are closed.

He. Tell me that which was my only reason for coming hith.

I. No! all I tell thee is, thou hast less wisdom than thou needest.

He. Wilt thou leave these hallowed precincts of the sea goddess?

An. Yes, if I am not to die for it otherwise I never will.

He. Since that is thy resolve I shall not even wait my lord's return.

I. No! yet will I at any rate ere that surrender to thee.

He. I will bring fire to bear on thee and pay no heed to thy entreaties.

An. Kindle thy blaze then the gods will witness it.

He. And make thy flesh to writhe by cruel wounds.

An. Be in thy but have stain the altar of the goddess with blood, for she will just thy iniquity.

He. Barbarian creature! hard need in impudence wilt thou brave death itself? Still will I find speedy means to make thee quit this year of thy free will such a but have I to lure thee with. But I will hide my meaning which the element itself shall soon declare. Yes, keep thy seat for I will make thee rise, though molten lead is holden thee there before Achilles son thy trusted champion arrive.

LEANDER'S ENTRANCE.

My trusted champion yes! how stricken it is that thou, some god hath devised cures for mortals against the venom of reptiles no man ever yet hath discovered a fit to cure a woman's venom which is far worse than viper's sting or scorpion's flame so terrible a curse as we to mankind.

Ca. Ah! what sorrows did the son of Zeus and Maia herald in the day he came to Leda's lap and

ing that four young ones of goddesses, all girded for the fray in battle ready about their beauty to the shepherd's fold where dwelt the youthful herdsmen.

Alone by the hearth of his lonely hut. Soon as they reached the wooded glen in gushan mountain

songs they bathed their dazzling skin then sought the son of Priam comparing their rival charms in more than one rous phrase. But Cyprus won the day by her deceitful promises, sweet-sounding words,

but fraud hit wild ruthless overthrow to Phrygia's hapless town and Ilum's towers. Would God his mother had smitten him a cruel death blow on the head before he made his home on Ida slopes, in the hour Cassandra standing by the holy bay tree cried out. She him forth will bring most grievous harm on Priam's town. To every prince she went to every kinsman for the babe's destruction. Ah! had they listened Ilum's daughters not had I the yoke of slavery and thou lady hadst been established in the royal palace and Hellas had been freed of all the anguish she suffered during those ten long years her sons were wandering spear in hand round the walls of Troy. Brader had never been left desolate, nor hoary fatherless children.



*EMEL MENELAUS WITH MOLOSSUS*

*Menelaus* Behold I bring thy son with me whom thou didst steal away to a neighbour's house with out my daughter's knowledge. Thou wert so sure this image of the goddess would protect thee and those who hid him but thou hast not proved clever enough for Menelaus. And so if thou refuse to leave thy station here he shall be slain instead of thee. Wherefore weigh it well wilt die thyself or see him slain for the sin whereof thou art guilty against me and my daughter?

*An* O fame! fame! full many a man ere now of no account hast thou to high estate exalted. Those in deed who truly have a fair repute I count blest but those who get it by false pretences I will never allow have aught but the accidental appearance of wisdom. Thou for instance caustic that thou art didst thou ever wrest Troy from Priam with thy picked troops of Hellenes? thou that hast raised such a storm at the word of thy daughter a mere child and hast entered the lists with a poor captive unworthy I count thee of Troy's capture and Troy still more disgraced by thy victory. Those who only in appearance are men of sense make an outward show but inwardly resemble the common herd save it be in wealth which is their chiefest strength.

Come now Menelaus let us discuss this argument. Suppose I am slain by thy daughter and she work her will on me yet can she never escape the pollution of murder and public opinion will make thee too an accomplice in this deed of blood for thy share in the business must needs implicate thee. But even supposing I escape death myself will ye kill my child? Even then how will his father brook the murder of his child? Troy has no such coward's tale to tell of him nay he will follow duty's call his actions will prove him a worthy scion of Peleus and Achilles. Thy daughter will he thrust forth from his house and what wilt thou say when seeking to be troth her to another? wilt say her virtue made her leave a worthless lord? Nay that will be false. Who then will wed her? wilt thou keep her without a husband in thy halls grow a grey in widowhood? Unhappy wretch! dost not see the flood gates of trouble opening wide for thee? How many a wrong against a wife wouldst thou prefer thy daughter to have found to suffering what I now describe? We ought not on trifling grounds to promote serious mischief nor should men if we women are so deadly a curse bring their nature down to our level. Not if as thy daughter asserts I am practising sorcery against her and making her barren right willingly will I without any crouching at altars submit in my own person to the penalty that lies in her husband's hands seeing that I am no less chargeable with injuring him if I make him childless. This is my case but for thee there is one thing I fear in thy disposition it was a quarrel for a woman that really induced thee to destroy poor Ilum's town.

*Ch* Thou hast said too much for a woman speaking to men that discretion hath shot away its last shaft from thy soul's quiver.

*Men* Woman these are petty matters unworthy as thou sayest of my despotic sway unworthy too of Hellus. Yet mark this well his special fancy of the hour is of more moment to a man than Troy's capture. I then have set myself to help my dau hter because I consider her loss of a wife's rights a grave matter for whatever else a woman suffers is secondary to this if she loses her husband's love she loses her life therewith. Now as it is right Neoptolemus should rule my slaves so my friends and I should have control of his for friends if they be really friends keep nothing to themselves but have all in common. So if I wait for the absent instead of making the best arrangement I can at once of my affairs I show weakness not wisdom. Arise then leave the goddess's shrine for by thy death this child escapeth his whereas if thou refuse to die I will slay him for one of you twain must perish.

*An* Ah me! tis a bitter lot thou art offering about my life whether I take it or not I am equally unfortunate. Attend to me thou who for a trifling cause art committing an awful crime. Why art thou bent on slaying me? What reason hast thou? What city have I betrayed? Which of thy children was ever slain by me? What house have I fired? I was forced to be my master's concubine and spite of that wilt thou slay me not him who is to blame passing by the cause and hurrying to the inevitable result? Ah me! my sorrow! Woe for my hapless country! How cruel my fate! Why had I to be a mother too and take upon me a double load of suffering? Yet why do I mourn the past and o'er the present never shed a tear or compute its griefs? I that saw Hector butchered and dragged behind the chariot and Ilum piteous sight! one sheet of flame while I was haled away by the hair of my head to the Argive ships in slavery and on my arrival in Phthia was assigned to Hector's murderer as his mistress. What pleasure then has life for me? Whither am I to turn my gaze? to the present or the past? My babe alone was left me the light of my life and him these ministers of death would slay. Not they shall not if my poor life can save him for if he be saved hope in him lives on while to me there's shame to refuse to die for my son. Lo! here I leave the altar and give myself into your hands to cut or stab to bind or hang. Ah! my child to Hades now thy mother passes to save thy dear life. Yet if thou escape thy doom remember me my sufferings and my death and tell thy father how I fared with fond caress and streaming eye and arms thrown round his neck. Ah! yes his children are to every man as his own soul and whose sneers at this through impetence though he suffers less anguish yet tastes the bitter in his cup of bliss.

*Ch* Thy tale with pity fills me for every man alike stranger though he be feels pity for another's distress. Menelaus tis thy duty to reconcile thy daughter and this captive giving her a respite from sorrow.

*Men* Hol straths catch me this woman hold her fast for tis no welcome story she will have to hear.

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It was to make thee less the bold star of the god  
 does that I bled thy child's death before thine eyes,  
 and to induce thee to go myself up to me to die  
 so stands the case be well assured but as for this  
 child my daughter shall decide whether she will  
 so him or no. Get thee hence into the house and  
 see how to handle thine insolence in speaking to  
 the Lee, she is that thou art.

A. Alas! thou hast by thy teachers bewailed me I  
 was dead and.

Mrs. Proclaim it to the world I do not deary.

I I was counted cleanness amongst you who  
 dwell by thine Eurates?

Mrs. Yes, and amongst Trojans too, that those  
 who suffer should retaliate?

A. Thinkest thou God's hand is shortened and  
 that thou wilt not be punished?

Mrs. Where'er that comes, I am ready to bear it.  
 But the life will I have.

A. Alas! likewise say this tender child, whom  
 thou hast bred from death to me.

Mrs. Not I, but I will go with him to my dear sister  
 to stay if she will.

A. Ah! no! who not begin my mourning then  
 for thee to child?

Mrs. Of a truth to do my sure home that I have  
 left.

A. O citizens of Sparta, the best of all the rare  
 of men, schemers of guile and murderers in the  
 vices of evil plots with crooked minds and tortuous  
 method and set on horse those who is wrong  
 that should turn in Hellas. What crime is what  
 in your list? How vile is murder with you? How  
 glorious ye are! One word from your lips, mother  
 in your heart, this is what men always find in you.  
 Perdition catch ye! Still death is not so vile as  
 you think, it is not for my life ended in the  
 dust that barren Tro was destroyed in the sword  
 that glorious warrior whose spear and shield  
 and his three quarters the field and seek thy ship. But  
 now your woman has thou enslaved the terrors  
 of the people in would be murdered. Strike then!  
 for this my tongue shall be silent rather thee or that  
 daughter of mine. For thou hast thou wert a great  
 actor in Sparta, who so was I in Troy. And if I am  
 now in worse plight I presume not thou on this thou  
 too mayest be so.

Enter a p. Omen, she that is, and no more.

Ch. Never did never will I commend in all wives  
 or sons of different mothers, a cause of strife of her  
 sisters, and give in every house I could find a  
 husband content with one whose right he shares  
 with no other. Not even in states is dishonour  
 with better to bear than undisciplined rule. I will  
 do better hardens and gives favour amongst the  
 citizens. O citizens will the Mass now stand that is  
 in the list of ministers by the way. But sit or stand  
 are drifting manners, the divided counsel of the  
 wife is not conducive to strength and their counsel  
 is seldom has less weight than the wife nor intellect  
 of the man. A man who has not authority for  
 his is the essence of power. Alas! in home and state.

when or men care to find the proper moment. This  
 Spartan the daughter of the great chief Menelaus.  
 poor as this for the harsh kindred but fiery against  
 a rival, and is bent on slaying the hapless Trojan  
 maid and her child to further her bitter quarrel.  
 'Tis a wonder gods and laws and kindness all forbade.  
 Ah! hadst thou remission for this deed will visit thee yet.

But lo! before the house I see those two united  
 souls, condemned to die. Alas! for three poor helms  
 and for three unhappy child who are dying on account  
 of the mother's marriage though thou hast  
 no share therein and canst not be blamed by the  
 mortal house.

Enter MENELAIUS, CLYTEMNESTRA AND  
 MOLOCHUS.

Ch. B. hold me yourself on the downward path,  
 my hands so tightly bound with cords that they  
 bleed.

M. O mother mother mine! I too share  
 thy downward path, and lo! death thy will.

Ch. A cruel sentence's rulers of Ethiopia!

M. Come father! succour those thou lovest.

Ch. Run there and take my dear! I on thy  
 mother's bosom, I on in death and in the grave.

M. Ah, woe is mine what will become of me and  
 thee too, mother mine!

M. A. I to the world below! from hence I  
 ever came the pair of you two different cases  
 necessitate your deaths my sentence takes away thy  
 life and my daughter Hermione's requires his for  
 I would be the first of folly to let our women's  
 sons, when we might kill them and remove the dan-  
 ger from our house.

A. O husband mine! I would I had thy strength  
 arms and spear to save me son of Priam.

M. Ah, woe is mine what will I now find to  
 turn death's stroke and?

A. Embrace thy master's knees, my child and  
 pray to him.

M. Spare O spare my life kind master!

A. Mine veins are wet with tears, which track  
 down my cheeks, as doth a sunless spring from a  
 smooth rock. Ah! mine!

M. What remedy alas! can I provide me against  
 mine?

M. Wh. fall at my knees in supplication? hard  
 as the rock and deaf the wave am I. My own  
 friends have I beloved but for thee have I no hope of  
 affection for with I cost me a great part of my  
 life to capture Troy and this mother so thou shalt  
 reap the fruit thereof and into Hades' halls descend.

Ch. Behold! I see Paeon drawing with sword  
 sternly he haster hither.

Enter PAEON, with attendants.

P. As (Ca. see at a distance right) What  
 means this? I ask you and you, executioner why is  
 the police in an uproar? What a treason what men  
 our lawless march near? Men laws hold thy  
 hand. Seek not to outrun justice (To his attendants)  
 Forward! faster faster! for this matter methinks  
 admits of no delay now if ever would I have resumed  
 the vigour of my youth. First however will I breathe

new life into this captive being to her as the breeze that blows a ship before the wind Tell me by what right have they pinioned thine arms and are dragging thee and thy child away? like a ewe with her lamb art thou led to the slaughter while I and thy lord were far away

*An* Behold them that are haling me and my child to death as thou seest aged prince Why should I tell thee? For not by any urgent summons alone but by countless messengers have I sent for thee No doubt thou knowest by hearsay of the strife in this house with this man's daughter and the reason of my ruin So now they have torn and are dragging me from the altar of Thetis the goddess of thy chiefest adoration and the mother of thy gallant son without any proper trial yea and without waiting for my absent master because forsooth they knew my defencelessness and my child's whom they mean to slay with me his hapless mother though he has done no harm But to thee O sire I make my supplication prostrate at thy knees though my hand cannot touch thy friendly beard save me I adjure thee reverend sir or to thy shame and my sorrow shall we be slain

*Pe* Loose her bonds I say ere some one rue it untill her folded hands

*Men* I forbid it for besides being a match for thee I have a far better right to her

*Pe* What! art thou come hither to set my house in order? Art not content with ruling thy Spartans?

*Men* She is my captive I took her from Troy

*Pe* Aye but my son's son received her as his prize

*Men* Is not all I have his and all his mine?

*Pe* For good but not evil ends and surely not for murderous violence

*Men* Never shalt thou wrest her from my grasp

*Pe* With this good staff I'll stain thy head with blood!

*Men* Just touch me and see! Approach one step!

*Pe* What! shalt thou rank with men? chief of cowards son of cowards! What right hast thou to any place amongst men? Thou who didst let a Iryan rob thee of thy wife leaving thy home without bolt or guard as if forsooth the cursed woman thou hast there was a model of virtue No! a Spartan maid could not be chaste even if she would who leaves her home and bares her limbs and lets her robe float free to share with youths their races and their sports—customs I cannot away with Is it any wonder then that ye fail to educate your women in virtue? Helen might have asked thee this seeing that she said goodbye to thy affection and tripped off with her young gallant to a foreign land And yet for her sake thou didst marshal all the hosts of Hellas and lead them to Ilum whereas thou shouldst have shown thy loathing for her by refusing to stir a spear once thou hadst found her false yea thou shouldst have let her stay there and even paid a price to save ever having her back again But that was not at all the way thy thoughts were turned wherefore many a brave life hast thou ended and many an aged mother hast thou left childless in her

home and grey haired sires of gallant sons hast left. Of that sad band am I a member seeing in thee Achilles murderer like a malignant fiend for thou and thou alone hast returned from Troy without a scratch bringing back thy splendid weapons in thee. splendid cases just as they went As for me I ever told that amorous boy to form no alliance with thee nor take unto his home an evil mother's child for daughters bear the marks of their mothers ill repute into their new homes Wherefore ye wooers take heed to this my warning Choose the daughter of a good mother And more than this with what wanton insult didst thou treat thy brother bidding him sacrifice his daughter in his simpleness! So fearful wast thou of losing thy worthless wife Then after capturing Troy—for thither too will I accompany thee—thou didst not slay that woman when she was in thy power but as soon as thine eyes caught sight of her breast thy sword was dropped and thou didst take her kisses fondling the shameless traitress, too weak to stem thy hot desire thou caustic wretch! Yet spite of all thou art the man to come and work havoc in my grandson's halls when he is absent seeking to slay with all indignity a poor weak woman and her babe but that babe shall one day make thee and thy daughter in thy home rue it even though his birth be trebly base Yea for oft ere now hath seed sown on barren soil prevailed over rich deep tilth and many a bastard has proved a better man than children better born Take thy daughter hence with thee! Far better is it for mortals to have a poor honest man either as married kin or friend than a wealthy knave but as for thee thou art a thing of naught

*Ch* The tongue from trifling causes contrives to breed great strife amongst men wherefore are the wise most careful not to bring about a quarrel with their friends

*Men* Why pray should one call these old men wise or those who once had a reputation in Hellas for being so? when thou the great Peleus son of a famous father connected with me by marriage employest language disgraceful to thyself and abusive of me because of a barbarian woman though thou shouldst have banished her far beyond the streams of Nile or Phasis and ever encouraged me seeing that she comes from Asia's continent where fell so many of the sons of Hellas victims to the spear and likewise because she shared in the spilling of thy son's blood for Paris who slew thy son Achilles was brother to Hector whose wife she was And dost thou enter the same abode with her and deign to let her share thy board and suffer her to rear her brood of vipers in thy house? But I after all this foresight for thee old man and myself am to have her torn from my clutches for wishing to slay her Yet come now for there is no disgrace in arguing the matter out suppose my daughter has no child while this woman's sons grow up wilt thou set them up to rule the land of Phthia barbarians born and bred to lord it over Hellenes? Am I then so void of sense because I hate injustice and thou so full of

cleverness? Consider yet another point: as thou hast in me a daughter (I then to some citizen, and hast thou seen her thus treated? wouldst thou have sat looking on in silence? I *know not*. Dost thou then like a former rail thus at thy nearest friends? Again, thou mayst say husband and wife have an equally strong case if she is wronged by him, and similarly if he find her guilty of indiscretion in his house, yet he! he has ample powers in his own hands, she depends on parents and friends for her case. So didst thou I mean in the case of my own kin? Thou art in thy duty for thou wilt do me more good by speaking of my generalship than by concealing it. Helen trouble was not of her own choosing, but sent by heaven, and it proved a great benefit to Hellas, her sons, till then untamed in war or arms, turned to deeds of prowess, and it is experience which teaches man all he knows. I showed my wisdom in refraining from slaying my wife directly. I can hit a hit of her. Would that thou too hadst ne'er slain Phocion! All this I bring before thee in pure good faith, not from anger. But if thou resent it, thy tongue may wait till I can yet shall I gain by prudent forethought?

Oh, cease now from idle words, 'twere better far for fear ye both alike go wrong.

Alas! what evil customs now prevail in Hellas! Where'er the host sets a trophy over the foe, men no more consider this the work of those who really toiled, but the general gets the credit. Now he was but one among ten thousand others! brandish his spear, his oil, did the work of one, but yet he wins more praise than they. Again, as mortuaries in all the grandest of office they scorn the common folk, though they re-echo what themselves whereas those others are ten thousand times more wise than they if damn combine with judgment. Even so boys and the braver exalted by the toilsomeness of toils of others, now take our seats in all the swollen pride of Trojan fame and Trojan generalship. But I will teach thee henceforth to consider Iliac Paris for less term, less than Peleus, unless forthwith thou go from this roof, thou and thy children, down to the sea, where an own true son will lead through his hands the hair of her head for her barrenness will not let her escape fruitfulness in others, because she has no children herself. Still if she is unlucky in the matter of offspring is that a reason why we should be left childless? Begon! I will tell thee, go! I will soon see I am no longer hindered from loosening her hand. (Takes out coin) Arise these mables, go, I mean, will you take the twisted thongs that bind thee. Out on thee, coward! is this how thou hast galled her wrists? Dost thou think thou wert like a lion or bull? or wert afraid we would snatch a sword and find herself against thee? Come, hark, evil to thee now! I will release her bonds, I will be near thee in the case to be thy battles. If our reputation for prowess in the battles of the few be taken from you Spartans, in all else, be very sure, you have not your inferiors.

Oh! The race of old men practises no restraint and their testiness makes it hard to check them.

Men! Thou art only too ready to rush into base whil as for me I came to Phthia by constraint and have therefore no intention either of doing or suffering anything, mean. Now must I return home for I have no time to waste for there is a city not so very far from Sparta, which fortune was friendly but now is hostile against her will I march with my army and bring her into subjection. And when I have arranged that matter as I wish I will return and face to face with my son in law I will go to my reason of the story and hear his. And if he punish her and for the future she exercise self-control, she shall find me do this like, but if he storm, I'll storm as well, and every act of mine shall be a reflex of his own. As for thy babbling, I can bear it easily for like to a shadow as thou art thy voice is all thou hast and thou art powerless to do aught but talk.

Enter MENELAOS.

Pe! Lead on my child safe beneath my sheltering wing, and thou too, poor lady, for thou art come into a quiet house after the rude storm.

Alas! Hea reward thee and all thy race, old sire, for having saved my child and me his hapless mother! Oal! beware lest they fall upon us twain in some lonely spot upon the road and force me from thee when thou see the same my weakness, and this child's tender years take heed to this, that we be not a second time made captives, after escape now.

Pe! Forbear such words, prompted by a woman's cowardice. Go on thy way, who will lay a finger on you? Methinks he will do it to his cost. For by heaven, grace I rule over many a knight and spearman bold in my kingdom of Phthia, yea, and myself can still stand straight, no bent old man as thou dost think, such a fellow as that a mere look from me will put to flight in spite of my years. For even an old man, be he brave, is worth a host of raw youths for what avails a fine figure if a man is a coward?

Enter PELEUS, ANDROMACHE, and MOLOCHUS.

Oh! to have ne'er been born or sprung from noble sires, to hear to manions richly stored for if a hit toward ever befall there is no lack of champions for sons of noble parents, and there is honour and glory for them when they are proclaimed sons of illustrious lines, time detracts not from the legacy these good men leave, but the light of their goodness still burns on when they are dead. Better is it not to win discreditable victory than to make justice miscarry by an invidious exercise of power for such a victory thou hast when thou think it sweet for the moment grows barren in time and comes to thy dear family reproach. This is the life I count, and this the life I set before me as my ideal, to exercise no activity beyond what is in fit either in the marriage-chamber or in the state. O god son of Aeneas! now am I sure that thou wert with the Lapithae, when thy famous spear when they fought the Centaurs and on Argo's deck didst pass the cheerless strait beyond the sea beat Symplegades on her



cleverness? Consider yet another point say th u  
had t gi en a da hter of thine t some citizen and  
had t be seen h thu t eated w l d t thou ha e  
sat looks g s silence? I trow not Dost thou then  
for a f rigner rail thus at thy nearest friends? A-ast  
thou must say h sha d and wif ha e an equally  
stron case if she is wronged by him a d similarly  
f he find her guilty of ndict u n in his house yet  
w hile he has mpt po e s in his own hands she  
d pends on parents and friends for her case Surely  
then I am right in helping my own knd! Thou art  
in thy dotu e f r thou wilt d me mo e good by  
speaking f my g aeralship than by concealing it  
H len s t ouble wa not of her own choosing but  
sent b hea n and it pro d great benefit  
H llas her so till th n u tried n war or arms,  
t needt deeds spro ess, a distise peren ewhich  
tes hes man ll he knows I showed my wud m in  
frai g from slaying my w fe directly I ca ght  
ght f b s Would that thou too hadst ne er slau  
Phocru! All th I bring befo e thee in pure good  
ll, ot from nger B t if thou esent t thy  
tongue may wa ull it ache yet hall I gain by pru  
dent forethought

Ch. Cease now from all words, t were better far  
f fear je both alik go wrong

F Ala! what ilust ms ow pre il in Hellas!  
Whe er il e host sets up a trophy o r the foe men  
mo co ader this the wo k of those who really  
toled b t the ge ral g ll the cred t for t Now he  
was but on among ten thousand others to brandish  
his spea he onl did the work of o but y t he  
us mor praise than they Agau s magistrates in  
all the grande of office they scorn the common  
folk though they re naught themsel es whereas  
those th rs a t thousa d t mes more wise than  
they if daring omb with judgment E en so  
thou a d thv b ther exalted by th to some ef  
f r f th n n take n seat in all the su llen  
prnd f T o j lam nd T o j an g n ralskip But  
I ll teach thee hencef rth to conside Idsean P n  
foe less t mbl than Peleus, unless f rthw th thou  
pa k from tl roof thou and thy childless da gh  
t roo, whom my on true son will hale through  
his halls ll th ba of h r head for her ba enness  
will t let her endure fru t fness in th rs, because  
sh has hld herself. Si ll f she is unlucky in  
th matte f fpring is that a reason why we  
should be l f ch kiles Bego ely arlets, l ther  
po! I ll soon see f anyone will hind r m fr m  
kooning h hands. (T o n o c ) Arise these  
t mbl g ha d f m ew l t th twisted  
thongs that bund thee Out on thee owardl s thus  
how thou hast galled h s wrist? Ddst thi k thou  
ert lshun p lion or bull? o we t frad h  
ould snatch sword nd d fend herself gaunst  
three Come, h l d end t th mother s arms  
h lp me loose her bonds I will vet rer thee in  
Ph h r t be chet ll iter foe If y reputation for  
proven nd th battles ye ha s fought were taken  
from you Spartans, in all else be cry sure, you  
ha t not you inferiors.

Ch The race of old men practises no restraint  
and their testiness makes t hard to check them

Men Tho art only too ready to ru h into buse  
w hile as for me I came to Phthia by constraint and  
ha e therel re no intention either of doing or suf  
fering anything mean No must I return home for  
I have no time to waste for there is a civy not so  
very far f om Sparta which aforetime was friendly  
but now is hostile against her will I march with my  
a mv and bring her into subject on And when I  
ha e arranged that matter as I wish I w ll return  
and face t face w th my son in law I w ll give my  
crs on of the story and hea hus And if he pu ish  
her and f r the f tu e she exercise self-control she  
shall find me do the like but if he storm I ll storm  
as well and every act of m ne shall be a reflex of his  
own As for thy babbling I can bear it easily for  
like to a shadow as thou art thy voice is all thou  
ha t nd thou art powerless to do aught but talk.

ERU MENELAUS

Pe Lead on my child saf beneath my sheltering  
wing and th u too, poor lady for thou art come  
into a qu t ha en after the rude storm

A Hes en reward thee nd all thy race old sure,  
for ha ung saved my child and me h shapless mother! O h  
beware lest they fall upon us twain in some  
lonely spot upon the road nd force me fr m thee  
when the see thy e my weakness, and thus ch ld s  
tender years mll heed to this that we be not a  
second time made capti e after escaping now

Pe Forbear such words, prompted by a woman s  
coward e. Go on thy way who will lay a finger on  
you? Methinks he will do it to his cost For by  
hea en s grace I rule o er many a kn ght and spear  
ma bold n my kingdom of Phthia yea and my  
self can st ll stand stra ght no bent ld man as thou  
dost think such a fellow as that a mere look from  
me will put to flight m pte of my years. For e en  
an old man be he bra e is worth a host of raw  
youths for what a rals a fi e fiou e if a man is a  
coward?

EXCERPTS: v d om CRZ, and IOLOSSUS

Ch Oh! to have ne e been bo n o sprun from  
nobl sures th heu to man ns richly sto ed for  
if a ght untow d e et befall the e is n lack f  
champions f r sons f oble pa nts, a d there s  
ho ur and gl ry f r them when they are proclaimed  
scions f illustrious lin s t me detracts not from the  
l gacy these good men lea but the l ght of their  
goodness still fr m on when they r dead B iter  
is it n t to win a discredit bl vctory than t make  
just ce miscarry by an in idous e se of power  
for such a ct ry th u h n n think it sweet for the  
morn nt g ows barren in time a d c mes very near  
ben g a family r proa h. Thus is th life I commend  
this the life I set befo e me as any ideal, m ex cise  
noa thorsv beyond what sri h ther in the mar  
riage-chamber o m the state O aged son of Ea u l  
now am I e e that thou wert with the Lapithae,  
w ld g thy famous spear when th y fought the  
Ce turs and on Argo s deck didst pass the cheer  
less strait beyond the sea beat Symplegades on her

new life into this captive being to her as the breeze that blows a ship before the wind Tell me by what right have they pinioned thine arms and are dragging thee and thy child away? like a ewe with her lamb art thou led to the slaughter while I and thy lord were far away

*An* Behold them that are haling me and my child to death as thou seest aged prince Why should I tell thee? For not by one urgent summons alone but by countless messengers have I sent for thee No doubt thou knowest by hearsay of the strife in this house with this man's daughter and the reason of my ruin So now they have torn and are dragging me from the altar of Thetis the goddess of thy chiefest adoration and the mother of thy gallant son without any proper trial yea and without waiting for my absent master because forsooth they knew my defencelessness and my child's whom they mean to slay with me his hapless mother though he has done no harm But to thee O sire I make my supplication prostrate at thy knees though my hand cannot touch thy friendly beard save me I adjure thee reverend sir or to thy shame and my sorrow shall we be slain

*Pe* Loose her bonds I say ere some one rue it untie her folded hands

*Men* I forbid it for besides being a match for thee I have a far better right to her

*Pe* What! art thou come hither to set my house in order? Art not content with ruling thy Spartans?

*Men* She is my captive I took her from Troy

*Pe* Aye but my son's son received her as his prize

*Men* Is not all I have his and all his mine?

*Pe* For good but not evil ends and surely not for murderous violence

*Men* Never shalt thou wrest her from my grasp

*Pe* With this good staff I'll stain thy head with blood!

*Men* Just touch me and see! Approach one step!

*Pe* What! shalt thou rank with men? chief of cowards son of cowards! What right hast thou to any place amongst men? Thou who didst let a Phrygian rob thee of thy wife leaving thy home without bolt or guard as if forsooth the cursed woman thou hadst there was a model of virtue Not a Spartan maid could not be chaste even if she would who leaves her home and bares her limbs and lets her robe float free to share with youths their races and their sports—customs I cannot away with Is it any wonder then that ye fail to educate your women in virtue? Helen might have asked thee this seeing that she said goodbye to thy affection and tripped off with her young gallant to a foreign land And yet for her sake thou didst marshal all the hosts of Hellas and lead them to Ilion whereas thou shouldst have shown thy loathing for her by refusing to stir a spear once thou hadst found her false yea thou shouldst have let her stay there and even paid a price to save ever having her back again But that was not at all the way thy thoughts were turned wherefore many a brave life hast thou ended and many an aged mother hast thou left childless in her

home and grey haired sires of gallant sons hast left. Of that sad band am I a member seeing in thee Achilles murderer like a malignant fiend for thou and thou alone hast returned from Troy without a scratch bringing back thy splendid weapons in their splendid cases just as they went As for me I ever told that amorous boy to form no alliance with thee nor take unto his home an evil mother's child for daughters bear the marks of their mothers ill repute into their new homes Wherefore ye wooers, take heed to this my warning Choose the daughter of a good mother And more than this with what wanton insult didst thou treat thy brother bidding him sacrifice his daughter in his simplicity! So fearful wast thou of losing thy worthless wife Then after capturing Troy—for thither too will I accompany thee—thou didst not slay that woman when she was in thy power but as soon as thine eyes caught sight of her breast thy sword was dropped and thou didst take her kisses fondling the shameless traitress, too weak to stem thy hot desire thou cattif wretch! Yet spite of all thou art the man to come and work havoc in my grandson's halls when he is absent seeking to slay with all indignity a poor weak woman and her babe but that babe shall one day make thee and thy daughter in thy home rue it even though his birth be trebly base yea for oft ere now hath seed sown on barren soil prevailed o'er rich deep tilth and many a bastard has proved a better man than children better born Take thy daughter hence with thee! Far better is it for mortals to have a poor honest man either as married kin or friend than a wealthy knave but as for thee thou art a thing of naught

*Ch* The tongue from trifling causes contrives to breed great strife amongst men wherefore are the wise most careful not to bring about a quarrel with their friends

*Men* Why pray should one call these old men wise or those who once had a reputation in Hellas for being so? when thou the great Peleus son of a famous father connected with me by marriage employ language disgraceful to thyself and abusive of me because of a barbarian woman though thou shouldst have banished her far beyond the streams of Nile or Phasis and ever encouraged me seeing that she comes from Asia's continent where fell so many of the sons of Hellas victims to the spear and likewise because she shared in the spilling of thy son's blood for Paris who slew thy son Achilles, was brother to Hector whose wife she was And dost thou enter the same abode with her and design to let her share thy board and suffer her to rear her brood of vipers in thy house? But I after all this foresight for thee old man and myself am to have her torn from my clutches for wishing to slay her Yet come now for there is no disgrace in arguing the matter out suppose my daughter has no child while this woman's sons grow up wilt thou set them up to rule the land of Phthia barbarians born and bred to lord it over Hellenes? Am I then so void of sense because I hate injustice and thou so full of

deverness? Consider yet another point now thou hast - en do better of those to some citizen, and had'st thou seen her thus treated would'st thou have set looking on in silence? I know not. Dost thou then for former call thus at th' nearest friends? Again thou ma'st as husband and a f' ha an equally true cas, if she is wrong'd by him, and similarly if he find her guilty of indiscretion in his house - et while he has imp' powers in his own hands, she d' ven on parents and friends for her care. Surely thou I am right in hel'ing my own kin? Thou art in th' duty for thou wilt do me more good b' speaking of m' gen' ralsup than by conceal'g it. Helen trouble was not of her own choosing but sent by her en, and is prov'd a great benefit to Hellas. Her eyes, till then wasted in war or arms, turned to deeds of prowess, and it is experiment w'ls b' testam' man I b' know. I showed my wisdom in t' leaving from slaying my wife direct! I caught h' f' her. Would that thou too hadst ne'er slain Paucos! All this I bring before thee in pur' good, but not from a-g'et. But if thou resent t' thy tongue may wa' till it aches yet shall I win by prudent forethou'ht.

Ch. Cease now from idle words, sweet better far for fear ye both awake go to rest.

P. Alas! what e' customs now prevail in Hellas! Where'er the host sets up a trophy o'er th' foe even no more consider th' work of those who really toiled, but th' general gets th' credit for it. Now he wa' but on amor' ten thousand others to brandish his spear. He only did the work of one b' t' he was more praise than they. Again, as magistrates in th' grandeur of office they scorn the common folk, tho' b' they are taught themselves to ab'reat those there ar' t' a thousand times more wise than they if daring combine with judgment. If en so bou and th' brother exalted by th' toadyism of fox' (others, now tak' you seats in all the swollen pride of Troy's fame and Trojan generalship. But I will teach thee henceforth t' consider Idæan Paris a few terms less than P' r'ies, unless fort' I sh' thou pack from th' roof, thou and thy childrens dare b' ter too, doom my own true son will tal' thron' b' his kin by th' h'z of her head for her barren ess, not let her endure fruitfulness in thers, because she ha no hold herself. Still if sh' is unlucky in th' matter of off'prin' is that a reason why we should be let' d' klies? Begon' 's var' is, let her go! I will soon see if a tone will hinder me from boom' b' r' brand' (T. A. ou er) And these I m' gh' d' (m' will unite the w'sted things that bind thee. Out on thee coward! t' this bow thou hast gaw'd her wrists. Did t' the k' thou art in h' p' a lion or bul'?) or wert afraid she would stat' h' sword and del'nd h' self against thee? Come h'ill r'le to th' mothe's r'ans hel' me loose her bond. I will t' fear thee n' f' it is to be the butt for thy reputation's f' power and h' battles have fought a' taken down you Spartans, I all else be cry sure you m' not your inferiors.

Ch. The race of old men practises no restraint and their testimony makes it hard to check them.

Mrs. Thou art only too ready to rush into abuse while as for me I came to Phthia b' constraint and ha' t' therefore no intention either of doing or suffering anything mean. Now must I return home for I ha' e no t' me to w'ave for there's a city not so ery far from Sparta, which sometime was friendly but now is hostile against b' r will I march with my army and brin' her into subjection. And when I ha' atra ged that master as I wish I will return and face to face with my son in law I will go t' my version of the story and hear his. And if he punish her and for th' future she exercise self-control she shall find me do the like but if he storm, I'll term as well and every act of mine shall be a r'f'ers of his own. As for thy hubbub I can bear it easily for like to a shadow as thou art th' voice is all thou hast and thou art powerless to do aught but talk.

Enter Menelaos.

Pe. Lead on my child safe beneath my sh' l'ring wing and thou too, poor lady for thou art come into a qu' er ha' ena' er the rude storm.

At. If en reward thee and all th' race old are, for ha' ing saved m' child and me his hapless mother! Only beware lest they fall upon us twain in some loose! For upon the road and force me from thee, when they see th' are m' weakness, and this child's tender reart' take heed to this, that we be not a second t' me made cap' t' e after escaping now.

Pe. Forbear such words, prompted by a woman's cowardice. Go on thy way who will lay a finger on you? Methinks he will do it to his cost. For by her en a grace I rule o'er many a knight and great man hold a my husband of Phthia. Yea, and my self can still stand stra'ht no bent old man as thou dost think such a fellow as that a mere look from me will put to flight a spite of my years. For e'en an old man be he br' s' is worth a host of raw youths for what aails a fine figure if a man is a coward?

Enter Helen, Andromache, and Menelaos.

Ch. O! to ha' y' ne' been born, or sprung from noble m' ex, the l' is to mankind richly stored for if aught u' toward e'er to fall, there is no lack of champions for sons of noble parents, and there is honour and glory for them when they are proclaimed sons of illustrious lines. I me detracts not from the legacy these good men lea' e but the light of their goodness still burn on wh' a they are dead. Better is not to win discreditable story this to make just' m' m'ary by an id'ious ex' ruse of power for such a t' tory thou h' men think it sweet for the moment, grows barren in time and comes very near being a family epeoa. This is the l'f. I commend this life I set before me as my ideal, to exercise no authority beyond what's right either in th' mar' r' s chamber or in the state. O a' ed son of (Æacus! now am I sure that thou wert with the Laphiaz, a' Idm thy famous spear wh' n they fought th' Centaurs and on Argo's deck didst pass th' cheerless strait beyond the sea beat Symplegades on her



voyage of note and when in days long gone the son of Zeus spread slaughter round Troy's famous town, thou too didst share his triumphant return to Europe.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse* Alas! good friends what a succession of troubles in to-day provided us! My mistress Hermione within the house deserted by her father and in remorse for her monstrous deed in plotting the death of Andromache and her child is bent on dying for she is afraid her husband will in requital for this expel her with dishonour from his house or put her to death because she tried to slay the innocent. And the servants that watch her can scarce restrain her efforts to hang herself, scarce catch the sword and wrest it from her hand. So bitter is her anguish, and she hath recognized the villainy of her former deeds. As for me, friends I am weary of keeping my mistress from the fatal noose do ye go in and try to save her life for if strangers come, they prove more persuasive than the friends of every day.

*Ch* Ah yes! I hear an outcry in the house amongst the servants, confirming the news thou hast brought. Poor sufferer! she seems about to show a lively grief for her grave crimes for she has escaped her servants' hands and is rushing from the house, eager to end her life.

*He* (*Rushing wildly on to the stage*) Woe, woe is mine! I will tear my hair and scratch cruel furrows in my cheeks.

*Nu* My child what wilt thou do? Wilt thou disfigure thyself?

*He* Ah me! ah me! Begone, thou fine-spun veil float from my head away!

*Nu* Daughter cover up thy bosom fasten thy robe.

*He* Why should I cover it? My crimes against my lord are manifest and clear they cannot be hidden.

*Nu* Art so grieved at having devised thy rival's death?

*He* Indeed I am I deeply mourn my fatal deeds of daring alas! I am now accursed in all men's eyes!

*Nu* Thy husband will pardon thee this error.

*He* Oh! why didst thou hunt me to snatch away my sword? Give, oh! give it back dear nurse that I may thrust it through my heart. Why dost thou prevent me hanging myself?

*Nu* What! was I to let thy madness lead thee on to death?

*He* Ah me my destiny! Where can I find some friendly fire? To what rocky height can I climb above the sea or mud some wooded mountain glen there to die and trouble but the dead?

*Nu* Why vex thyself thus? on all of us sooner or later heaven's visitation comes.

*He* Thou hast left me, O my father left me like a stranded bark all alone without an oar. My lord will surely slay me no home is mine henceforth beneath my husband's roof. What god is there to whose statue I can as a suppliant haste? or shall I throw myself in slavish wise at slavish knees? Would I

could speed away from Phthia's land on bird's dark pinion, or like that pine built ship<sup>1</sup> the first that ever sailed betwixt the rocks Cyaneæ!

*Nu* My child I can as little praise thy previous sinful excesses, committed against the Trojan captive, as thy present exaggerated terror. Thy husband will never listen to a barbarian's weak pleading and reject his marriage with thee for this. For thou wast no captive from Troy whom he wedded, but the daughter of a gallant sire, with a rich dowry from a city too of no mean property. Nor will thy father forsake thee, as thou darest, and allow thee to be cast out from this house. Nay enter now nor show thyself before the palace, lest the sight of thee there bring reproach upon thee, my daughter.

*Ch* Lo! a stranger of foreign appearance from some other land comes hurrying towards us.

*Enter Orestes.*

*Orestes* Ladies of this foreign land! is this the home, the palace of Achilles' son?

*Ch* Thou hast it but who art thou to ask such a question?

*Or* The son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, by name Orestes, on my way in the oracle of Zeus at Dodona. But now that I am come to Phthia I am resolved to inquire about my kinswoman, Hermione of Sparta is she alive and well? for though she dwells in a land far from my own I love her none the less.

*He* Son of Agamemnon thy appearing is as a haven from the storm to sailors by thy notes I pray have pity on me in my distress, on me of whose fortunes thou art inquiring. About thy knees I twine my arms with all the force of sacred fillets.

*Or* Ha! what is this? Am I mistaken or do I really see before me the queen of this palace, the daughter of Menelaus?

*He* The same that only child whom Helen daughter of Tyndareus bore my father in his halls never doubt that.

*Or* O saviour Phœbus, grant us respite from our woe! But what is the matter? art thou afflicted by gods or men?

*He* Partly by myself, partly by the man who wedded me and partly by some god. On every side I see ruin.

*Or* Why what misfortune could happen to a woman as yet childless, unless her honour is concerned?

*He* My very complaint! Thou hast hit my case exactly.

*Or* On whom has thy husband set his affections in thy stead?

*He* On his captive, Hector's wife.

*Or* An evil case indeed for a man to have two wives.

*He* 'Tis even thus. So I resented it.

*Or* Didst thou with woman's craft devise a plot against thy rival?

*He* Yes, to slay her and her bastard child.  
*Or* And didst thou slay them or did something happen to rescue them from thee?

<sup>1</sup>Argo.

914-967

He is old Peleus who showed me to the weaker side  
Or I had thee thou any accomplish in it attempted

He is father come from Sparta for the very

Or And was he after all defeated by that old

Oh not but by fame and life hath gone and left me all alone

Or I understand thou art all of thy husband

Thou hast guessed it for he will have a right

to slay me What can I say for myself yet I be

vech thee by Zeus the god of our family and me

to a land as far as possible from this so that I may

the safe use for these very walls seem to cry out

Begone and I the father of Phthia hates me But

I may I do return ere that from the house of Phoe

bus will put me to death or a shameful charge

me leave too to his mistress whom I ruled before

is be some one I say He was it thou didst

go thus astray I was ruined by mischievous women

en who came to me and pushed me up in the roads

like these What! dost thou suffer the rule of a

me a bold man dwell with a thy husband and

share thy wedded night? By Heaven's queen! if it

ere my house she should not be the place of my mar

riage! And I like thee the words of these

Sisters thou knowest his bid part as a

was filled with milk thou! What need had I

about my lord? I had all I wanted wealth in

plenty a house which I was mistress and for

children mine would be born in wedlock while

dear would be born in half slaves to me Oh!

dear me—this truth I will repeat—should men

see me who have been allowed to make me

themselves to the house to teach them and I

he before invading Troy and marriage betrothed thee

to me and then afterwards promised thee to thy

present lord, you did he captured the city of Troy

So as soon as Achilles son returned to the father

for the father but entreated the bridegroom to

leave his marriage with thee telling him all I had

gone through and my present misfortune I might

get a wife I said from amongst friends but out of

their circle was no easy task for one exiled like my

self from home Thereafter grew about a taunting

me with my mother's murder and those blood

boistered friends And I was humbled by the fortunes

of my husband and though it is true I grieved yet did

I endure my sorrow and reluctantly departed

reminded of thy proposed husband Now therefore since

thou findest thy fortune so abruptly changed and

art fall in this new I days I have no help I will

take thee hence and place thee in thy father's hands

For let him pay his strong claims and in adversity

there is naught better than a kinsman's kindly aid

He As for my marriage my father must look to

it is not for me to decide that Yes like me hence

as soon as may be lest my husband come back to

his house before I am gone or Peleus hear that I am

deserting his son's abode and pursue me on horse

back

O Rest easy about the old marriage power and as

for Achilles son with all his intention to me ne

ver fear him such a crafty wit this hand hath won and

set his death with it so that none can move

where I will not speak before the time but he

me if he begins to work Delphi's rock will witness

it I but my allies in the Pythian land shall be by

the deaths this same murderer I have most of all

show that no one else shall marry thee my giftful

bride To his cost will he demand satisfaction of

his father for his father's blood nor shall his

repentance avail him who he is now submitting

to the god No! he shall pay with surety by Apollo's

hand and my false counsel too so shall he find out

my enmity For the deity upsets all to ruin of them

that hate him and utter the not to be high

mind

Enter Orestes and a slave

Ch O Phoebe! who dost fence thee with all I have

with a false counsel of a wet and the ocean god

congratulate me with thy delight and shall re

force do ye hand and dash out your own hands

in the war god must roar of the spear and na

ing Troy to wretchedness! My nay! all I shed for

ye! dead on the banks of the sea and many a bloody

to me I did ye join in the presence of

and I am sprung as a dead and gone longer in

Troy as in the blaze of fire on altar of the gods

in the smoke of revenge The son of Atreus is no

more slain by the hand of Hector and he himself

hath paid the debt of blood by death and I am his

child's hands receive her doom The god's own

hand gives him his own as I levelled against him

in the day his memory is set for him from a god

and is told his so he shall have her as a split his

own mother's blood O Hector! O the power do

how can I believe the story? Aeneas who ever

Hellenes gather was heard the voice of lamentation  
mothers weeping o'er their children's fate as they  
left their homes to mate with strangers Ah! thou  
art not the only one nor thy dear ones either on  
whom the cloud of grief hath fallen Hellas had to  
bear the visitation and thence the scourge crossed  
to Phrygia's fruitful fields raining the bloody drops  
the death god loves

*Enter PELEUS*

*Pe* Ye dames of Phthia answer my questions I  
heard a vague rumour that the daughter of Men-  
elaus had left these halls and fled so now am I come  
in hot haste to learn if this be true for it is the duty  
of those who are at home to labour in the interests  
of their absent friends

*Ch* Thou hast heard aright O Peleus all would  
it become me to hide the evil case in which I now  
find myself our queen has fled and left these halls

*Pe* What was she afraid of? explain that to me

*Ch* She was fearful her lord would cast her out

*Pe* In return for plotting his child's death? surely  
not?

*Ch* Yea and she was afraid of you captive

*Pe* With whom did she leave the house? with her  
father?

*Ch* The son of Agamemnon came and took her  
hence

*Pe* What view hath he to further thereby? Will  
he marry her?

*Ch* Yes and he is plotting thy grandson's death

*Pe* From an ambuscade or meeting him fairly  
face to face?

*Ch* In the holy place of Loxias leagued with  
Delphians

*Pe* God help us! This is an immediate danger  
Hasten one of you with all speed to the Pythian  
altar and tell our friends there what has happened  
here ere Achilles son be slain by his enemies

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Messenger* Woe worth the day! what evil tidings  
have I brought for thee old sire and for all who love  
my master! woe is me!

*Pe* Alas! my prophetic soul hath a presentiment

*Mei* Aged Peleus hearken! Thy grandson is no  
more so grievously is he smitten by the men of  
Delphi and the stranger! from Mycenae

*Ch* Ah! what wilt thou do old man? Fall not  
uplift thyself

*Pe* I am a thing of naught death is come upon  
me My voice is choked my limbs droop beneath  
me

*Mei* Hearken if thou art eager also to avenge  
thy friends lift up thyself and hear what happened

*Pe* Ah destiny! how tightly hast thou caught me  
in thy toils a poor old man at life's extreme verge!  
But tell me how he was taken from me my one  
son's only child unwelcome as such news is I fain  
would hear it

*Mei* As soon as we reached the famous soil of  
Phœbus for three whole days were we feasting our

eyes with the sight And this it seems caused sus-  
picion for the folk who dwell near the god's shrine  
began to collect in groups while Agamemnon's son  
going to and fro through the town would whisper  
in each man's ear malignant hints Do ye see you  
fellow going in and out of the god's treasure  
chambers which are full of the gold stored there by  
all mankind? He is come hither a second time on  
the same mission as before eager to sack the temple  
of Phœbus Thereon there ran an angry murmur  
through the city and the magistrates flocked to  
their council chamber while those who have charge  
of the god's treasures had a guard privately placed  
amongst the colonnades But we known naught  
as yet of this took sheep feed in the pastures of Par-  
nassus and went our way and stationed ourselves  
at the altars with vouchers and Pythian seals And  
one said What prayer young warrior wouldst thou  
have us offer to the god? Wherefore art thou come?  
And he answered I wish to make atonement to  
Phœbus for my past transgression for once I claimed  
from him satisfaction for my father's blood There  
upon the rumour spread by Orestes proved to have  
great weight suggesting that my master was lying  
and had come on a shameful errand But he crosses  
the threshold of the temple to pray to Phœbus be-  
fore his oracle and was busy with his burnt-offering  
when a body of men armed with swords set them-  
selves in ambush against him in the cover of the  
bay trees and Clytemnestra's son that had con-  
ceived the whole plot was one of them There stood  
the young man praying to the god in sight of all  
when lo! with their sharp swords they stabbed Achil-  
les unprotected son from behind But he stepped  
back for it was not a mortal wound he had received  
and drew his sword and snatching armour from the  
pegs where it hung on a pillar took his stand upon  
the altar steps the picture of a warrior grim then  
cried he to the sons of Delphi and asked them  
Why seek to slay me when I am come on a holy  
mission? What cause is there why I should die?  
But of all that throng of bystanders no man an-  
swered him a word but they set to hurling stones  
Then he though bruised and battered by the show-  
ers of missiles from all sides covered himself behind  
his mail and tried to ward off the attack hold his  
shield first here then there at arm's length but  
all of no avail for a storm of hurt arrows and jav-  
lins hurtling spits with double points and butcher's  
knives for slaying steers came flying at his feet and  
terrible was the war dance thou hast then seen thy  
grandson dance to avoid the marksman's lip At  
last when they were hemming him in on all sides  
allowing him no breathing space he left the helter-  
skelter of the altar the hearth where victims are placed  
and with one bound was on them as on the Trojans  
of yore and they turned and fled like doves when  
they see the hawk Many fell in the confusion some  
wounded and others trodden down by one another  
along the narrow passages and in that his holy  
house uprose unholy din and echoed back from the  
rocks Calm and still my master stood there in his

gleaming harness like a flash of light till from the inmost shrine there came a voice of thrilling horror—  
 turning the crowd to make a stand. Then fell Achilles son smitten through the flank by some Delphian's burn-blade some fellow that slew him with a host's help and as he fell there was not one that did not stab him, or cast a rock and batter his corpse. So his whole body once so fair was marred with savage wounds. At last they cast the lifeless clay lying near the altar forth from the fragrant lane. And we gathered up his remains forthwith and are bringing them to thee old prince to mourn and weep and honour with a deep-dug tomb.

Thus is how that prince who vouchsafes th' oracles to others, that judge of what is right for all the world hath revealed himself on Achilles' son, remembering his ancient quarrel as a wicked man would! How then can he be wise?

First MESSENGER.

The body of OPTOLEMUS is carried in o'er his  
 Ch! Lo! e'en now our prince is being carried on a bier from Delphi's land unto his home. Woe for him and his sad fate and woe for thee old sire! for this is not the welcome thou wouldst give a hilless son, the lion's whelp thyself too by this sad mischance done his sister's lot.

Pe! Ah! woe is me! he is a sad sight for me to see and take unto my halls! Ah me! ah me! I am undone through pity of Theodora! My line now ends! I have no child on left me in my home. Oh! the sorrows I seem born to endure! What fire and can I look to far relief! Ah dear lips and cheeks and hands! Would thy destiny had slain thee death flames! wails beside the banks of Simois!

Ch! Had he so died my aged lord, he had won his honour thereby and there had been the happier lot.

■ O marriage, marriage, woe to thee! thou hast of my home, thou destroyer of men's cities! Ah my child my boy! would that the honours of wedding there had hit with evil as I was to my children and house had not thrown down thee my son. Herma one dally nest! O that thy thunderbolt had slain her soon and that thou, ash mortal, hadst never begotten this great god Phœbus who is aiming that murderous shaft that pierces the hero-father's blood!

Ch! Woe! woe! I wish I had never seen of this cruel rites will I begin the mourning for my dead man.

Pe! Alas! and well a-day! I take up the tearful dirge to me! old and aged as I am.

Ch! To Hecate's decree God willed this heavy trok.

P! O! dear long child, thou hast left me all alone in this hall, old and childless by thy loss.

Ch! Thou shouldst have died old sire, before thy child.

P! Should I not tear my hair and stamp upon my head with my own blows? O! y! of both my children hath Phœbus robbed me.

Ch! What! dost thou have suffered, what sorrows thou hast seen, thou poor old man! what shall be thy life hereafter?

Pe! Childless, desolate with no hut to my grief, I must drain the cup of woe until I die.

Ch! 'Twas all in vain the gods wished thee joy on thy wedding day.

Pe! All my hopes have flown away, fallen short of my high boasts.

Ch! A lonely dweller in lonely home remain thou.

Pe! I have no city any longer there! on the ground my sceptre I cast and thou daughter of Nereus, beneath thy dim grotto, shalt we me groaning in the dust a ruined kin.

Ch! Look, look! (A dim form of divine appearance is seen hovering in mid air) What is that moving? what influence dost thou am I conscious of? Look, madam, mark it well, see yonder is some deity walked through the lustrous air and alighting on the plains of Phthia home of steeds.

THETIS descends on the stage.

Thetis O! Pity! because of my wedding days with thee now long ago! I Thetis am come from the halls of Nereus. And first I counsel thee not to grieve to excess in thy present distress, so I too who need me at home children to my sorrow have lost the child of our love! Achilles son of foot foremost of the sons of Hellen. Next will I declare why I am come and do thou give ear. Carry yonder corpse Achilles' son to the Pythian altar and there bury it as thou dost to Delphi that his tomb may proclaim the violent death he met at the hand of Orestes. And for his captive wife Andromache—she must dwell in the Molossian land united in honourable wedlock with Helenus, and with her thus babe, she will turn or as he is of all the line of Æacus, for from him a succession of prosperous kings of Molossia is to go on unbroken. So the race that springs from thee and me, my aged lord, must not thus be brought to naught, not nor Troy's line either for her fate too is cared for by the gods. Let her fall was due to the eager wish of Pallas. There too, that thou mayst know the meaning of my word, I will tell a goddess born and daughter of a god's love from all the ills that flesh is heir to and make a deity to know not death nor decay. From henceforth in the halls of Nereus shalt thou dwell with me god and goddess together. Thence shalt thou rise dry-shod from out the sea and see Achilles, our dear son, settled in his island home by the strand of Leuce, that is girdled by the Euxine sea. But get thee to Delphi, god! do thou carry this corpse with thee and after thou hast buried him, return and settle in the city which came forth followed in the Sepia's oaks of ether abid till from the sea I come with this of fifty years to be thy escort thence for fate's decree thou must fulfil such is the pleasure of Zeus. Cease then to mourn in the dead that is thy lot which heaven assigns to all and all must pay their debt to death.

P! Great queen, my honoured wife, from Nereus sprung all hail! thou art acting as befits thyself and thy children. So I will stay my grief at thy bidding goddess. And when I have buried the dead, will seek the glens of Pelion, or even the plain where I

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took thy beauteous form to my embrace (*Exit THE-  
TIS*) Surely after this every prudent man will seek  
to marry a wife of noble stock and give his daughter  
to a husband good and true never setting his heart  
on a worthless woman not even though she bring  
a sumptuous dowry to his house So would men  
ne'er suffer ill at heaven's hand

# EURIPIDES

*Ch* Many are the shapes of Heaven's denizens  
and many a thing they bring to pass contrary to our  
expectation that which we thought would be is not  
accomplished while for the unexpected God finds  
out a way E'en such hath been the issue of this  
matter

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*Exeunt OMNES*

## ELECTRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PEASANT of MYCENE

ELECTRA

ORESTES

CHORUS OF ARGIVE &amp; COUNTRY WOMEN

PYLADES

CLYTEMNESTRA

OLD MAN

MESSENGER

THE DOCTOR

Orth. borders of Argos E. &amp; Pylades

PEASANT O Argos, ancient land, and streams of  
 Lachus, whence on a day late afternoon sailed  
 the realm of Troy carrying her warriors aboard  
 a thousand ships, and after that had slain Priam who  
 a Roman a lion and captured the famous city  
 of Dardanus, he came hither to Argos and has set  
 his son the royal walls man a royal wall  
 of the barbarians. Thou hast well with him in  
 Troy yet as he lies in his own palace the guide  
 of his wife Clytemnestra and the hand of Ægisthus,  
 son of Thyestes. So he died and left behind him the  
 ancient sceptre of Tydides, and Ægisthus reigns in  
 his stead, with the daughter of Tydides, a  
 princess queen, his wife now as for those whom  
 he left in his hands, when he sailed to Troy, his son  
 Orestes and his tender daughter Electra—the boy  
 Orestes as it was like to be slain by Ægisthus, his  
 old foster father secretly removed to the land  
 of Phocis and gave to Strophius to bring up but  
 the maid Electra, born in his father's house and  
 soon as she had buckled into maidenhood, came all  
 the princes of Hellas asking her hand in marriage.  
 But Ægisthus kept her at home for fear lest she  
 bear son to some child who would overthrow  
 his throne, nor would he betroth her unto any. But  
 when thus there seemed some room for fear  
 lest she might bear some noble lord, child by  
 stealth and Ægisthus was minded to slay her by  
 force or though she had cruel heart, executed  
 the murder from his hand. For he could find ex-  
 cuses for his lawless deed, but she feared  
 that if she would incur for her children's  
 death. What force Ægisthus did used this when one  
 afternoon some who had carried his realm by  
 force set price to be paid to a woman  
 whose name was Electra to marry in marriage.  
 Some women were citizens of Mycena. It is not  
 I blame myself for my family was noble enough  
 but she certain impoverished, and some good birth  
 men. By making for her this weak alliance he  
 thought she would be little. I fear for some  
 men of his position had warned her to marry  
 her returned the request for marriage  
 or she was sleeping in which case Ægisthus  
 could be paid the penalty. But Orestes my son

now that I have rejected her maidenhood she  
 is still as thou hast valued her as I am, honour  
 forbids that I should so affront the daughter of a  
 better man. Yes, and I am sorry for Orestes, hapless  
 youth who is called my kinsman, to think that he  
 should ever return to Argos and behold his sister's  
 wretched marriage. And who counts me but a fool  
 for leaving a tender maid unto her when I have  
 her in my house to him I say he measures punishment  
 by the vicious standard of his own soul, a standard  
 like himself.

Enter ELECTRA.

ELECTRA O sad night nurse of the golden stars!  
 beneath thy pall I go to fetch water from the brook  
 with my pitcher poised upon my head, not indeed  
 because I am reduced to this necessity, but that to  
 the gods I may display thy affronts. Ægisthus puts  
 upon me and to the wild firmament pour out my  
 lamentation for my sire. For my own mother the  
 hateful daughter of Tydides, hath cast me forth  
 from her house to graze her lord for since the  
 hath born no other children to Ægisthus she puts  
 me and Orestes on one side at home.

PEASANT Oh! why poor maiden dost thou toil so hard  
 on my behalf, thou that afore time wert reared so  
 daintily? why canst thou not forego thy labour as  
 I had thee?

ELECTRA As a god I count thy kindness to me for in  
 my distress thou hast not er made a mock at me.  
 'Tis rare fortune when mortal find such healing  
 balm for their cruel wounds, as is my lot to find in  
 thee. Wherefore I owe thee, though thou forbade me  
 to lighten thy labours, a far stronger allowance,  
 and share all burden with thee to ease thy load.  
 Thou hast enough to do a road is only in that  
 I should keep thy house in order. For when the  
 colder comes that his home from the field is pleasant  
 to find all comfortable in the house.

PEASANT If such thy pleasure go thy way for after  
 all the pains no great distance from my house  
 and a break of day I will dine in my streets to my  
 glory and some my crop. For no matter though he has  
 the god names ever on his lips, can gather a livelihood  
 without hard work.

Exit PEASANT and ELECTRA.

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES.

ORESTES Ah! Pylades, I put thee first amongst men

for thy love thy loyalty and friendliness to me for thou alone of all my friends wouldst still honour poor Orestes in spite of the grievous plight whereto I am reduced by Ægisthus who with my accursed mother's aid slew my sire I am come from Apollo's mystic shrine to the soil of Argos without the knowledge of any to avenge my father's death upon his murderers Last night I went unto his tomb and wept thereon cutting off my hair as an offering and pouring o'er the grave the blood of a sheep for sacrifice unmarked by those who lord it o'er this land And now though I enter not the walled town yet by coming to the borders of the land I combine two objects I can escape to another country if any spy me out and recognize me and at the same time seek my sister for I am told she is a maid no longer but married and living here that I may meet her and after enlisting her aid in the deed of blood learn for certain what is happening in the town Let us now since dawn is uplifting her radiant eye step aside from this path For maybe some labouring man or serving maid will come in sight of whom we may inquire whether it is here that my sister hath her home. Lo! yonder I see a servant bearing a full pitcher of water on her shaven head let us sit down and make inquiry of this bondmaid if haply we may glean some tidings of the matter which brought us hither Pylades

(They retire a little)

Re enter ELECTRA

El Bestir thy lagging feet us hush time on on o'er thy path of tears! ah misery! I am Agamemnon's daughter she whom Clytemnestra hateful child of Tyndareus bare hapless Electra is the name my countrymen call me Ah mel for my cruel for my hateful existence! O my father Agamemnon in Hades art thou laid butchered by thy wife and Ægisthus Come raise with me that dirge once more uplift the woful strain that brings relief On on n'er thy path of tears! ah misery! And thou poor brother in what city and house art thou a slave leaving thy suffering sister behind in the halls of our fathers to drain the cup of bitterness? Oh! come great Zeus to set me free from this life of sorrow and to avenge my sire in the blood of his foes bringing the wanderer home to Argos

Take this pitcher from my head put it down that I may wake betimes while it is yet night my lamentation for my sire my doleful chant my dirge of death, for thee my father in thy grave which day by day I do rehearse rending my skin with my nails and smiting on my shaven head in mourning for thy death Woe woe! rend the cheek like a swan with clear loud note beside the brimming river calling to its parent dear that lies a dying in the meshes of the crafty net so I bewail thee my hapless sire after that fatal bath of thine laid out most piteously in death

Oh! the horror of that awe which backed thee so cruelly my sire! oh! the bitter thought that prompted thy return from Troy! With no garlands or victor's crowns did thy wife welcome thee but with his two-edged sword she made thee

the sad sport of Ægisthus and kept her treacherous paramour

Enter CHORUS OF ARGIVE COUNTRY WOMEN

Chorus O Electra daughter of Agamemnon to thy rustic cot I come for a messen'er hath arrived a highlander from Mycenæ one who lives on milk announcing that the Argives are proclaiming a sacrifice for the third day from now and all our maidens are to go to Hera's temple

El Kind friends my heart is not set on festivity nor do necklaces of gold cause any flutter in my sorrowing bosom nor will I stand up with the maidens of Argos to beat my foot in the mazy dance Tears have been my meat day and night ah misery! See my unkempt hair my tattered dress are they fit for a princess a daughter of Agamemnon or for Troy which once thought of my father as its captor?

Ch Mighty is the goddess so come and borrow of me brodered robes for apparel and jewels of gold that add a further grace to beauty's charms. Dost think to triumph o'er thy foes by tears if thou honour not the gods? 'Tis not by lamentation but by pious prayers to heaven that thou my daughter wilt make fortune smile on thee

El No god hearkens to the voice of lost Electra or heeds the sacrifices offered by my father long ago Ah woe for the dead! woe for the living wanderer who dwelleth in some foreign land an outcast and a vagabond at a menial board sprung though he is of a famous sire! Myself too in a poor man's hut do dwell wasting my soul with grief an evile from my father's halls here by the scarred hill side while my mother is wedded to a new husband in a marriage stained by blood

Ch Many a woe to Hellas and thy house did Helen thy mother's sister cause

El Hal (Catching sight of ORESTES and PYLADES) Friends I break off my lament yonder are strangers just leaving the place of ambush where they were couching and making for the house We must seek to escape the villains by flying thou along the path and I into my cottage

Or Stay poor maid fear no violence from me

El O Phœbus Apollo! I beseech thee spare my life

Or Give me the lives of others more my foes than thou!

El Begone! touch me not! thou hast no right to.

Or There is none I have better right to touch.

El How is it then thou waylayest me sword in hand near my house?

Or Wait and hear and thou wilt soon agree with me

El Here I stand I am in thy power in any case since thou art the stronger

Or I am come to thee with news of thy brother

El O best of friends! is he alive or dead?

Or Alive I would fain give thee my good news first

El God bless thee! in return for thy welcome tidings

Or I am prepared to share that blessing between us.

EL In what land is my poor br ther spending his dreary ex le?

Or His ruined life does not conſiſt to the cus toms of any one ty

EL S relv h does n t want for dailv bread?

Or Bread he has, but an evile s a h lpless man as best

EL What is this messag th u has t brow ht from him?

Or He aks, Art thou sh e and fmo. H e rt thou san g?

EL Well first thou seest how haggard I am grown

Or He wasted a th so row, that I weep for thee.

EL Next mak m head thorn and shs on like a Scythia s.

Or Thy brother s fate and father s death no doubt d stess thee.

EL Yes, ala ! f r what has e l more dear than these?

Or Ah! and what dost thou suppose m dearer to th brother?

EL He is far away, not h s t show his lo to me

Or Wher for rt thou li n here far from the c t?

EL I am wedded ur fatal match!

Or Alas! f r thy b other I pity him. Is thy husband f M enar?

EL He is t th man to whom my father ever thought I bett thn me.

Or T ll m all, that I may epo rt to thy b other

EL I l awrt from m husband in this house.

Or Th nl fit mat would be a hund or herd

EL Poor he is, et be d plst a ge rous con wd lon for me.

Or Wh what is this consideration that atts bes t th b hand?

EL H ha ev r presumed to claim from me a b hand

Or I b unde a ow I ha t t o does he d shu thee?

EL He thought h had no right to flout my a centn

Or How was it h was not e j ed at m nuch bride?

EL H does not econ the n ht of him who d pored f m hand

Or I nd r r nd h wa fr wd f the e geance f Ores as he cast

EL Ther was that sea b t h was a virtuous ma

Or Ah! nobl nature th H deserves kind treatm t

EL Yes, f s the wanderer return.

Or H did th owe m th g t at thi?

EL T h husband nothr bukr that a woman k ex tra ger

Or Wh el d f Eg thus put this affront on thee?

EL H den ll m t such a h band was t eaker m off r

Or T prev nt her bear g ones I suppose, who woud puni h lum

EL That was his plan God grant I may avenge me on him for t!

Or Does thv mother s husband know that thou art yet a ma d?

EL He does not our silence robs him of that k oaled e

Or Are these women friends of thine ho over hear our tale?

EL The ar and t ey will keep our con trisation perfectly secr t

Or What could Orestes do in this matter if he did t turn?

EL Canst thou ask? Shame on thee for that! Is not th th time for action?

Or But s ppose h comes, how could he slay his father s murderers?

EL By holdm m ung out the same fate that his father had meted out to h m by his foes.

Or W uldst thou be bra n enou h to b ip him slay his moth r?

EL A e with the self same ase that drank my father s blood

Or Am I to tell him this, and that thy purpose firm holds?

EL Once I ha m shed my mother s blood o er his then w loome death!

Or Ah! would Orestes were standing near to hear that!

EL I sh uld not know him ur if I saw h m

Or wonder you we e both children when you pa ted

EL The e is only one of my friends woud reco nate him

Or The man may be who is sa j to ha e snatched him away f m bein murdered?

EL Yes, the old serv nt who tended my father s chldhood l ng ago

Or Did thv father s corpse obt n burial?

EL S ch burial as it was, after his body had been flu g rth f om the palace

Or O God! how awful is thy sto y! Yes, th re is feeling aris g ev n from a th r s distress, that wn s the human heart Sav m that when I know the lo se tale which y t l needs must I ear I may carr it to thy ll ther F r pity thou h t has no place clowth h natu es, is bo n in the wise still it may cause much ef to find excess e cle rous m gt the w se

Ch f too am m mated by th sam desire s the stran e For dwell so f r f m the city I know nothing f the town s sea dals, nd I should like to hear bo t them now m self.

EL I wd tell you f I may and suely I may tell a fr end bout my own and mv f th r s gne ous m f tuncs. Now nce thou m vent m to speak I ent eat thee r tell Orestes of our sorrow first deser be th d e s I wear the loo l of squalo that ppresses m the ho el I inhab t lter my to al home tell h m how ha d I ha to w k at wea ng clothes m self r lse ll barely lad and do w thout how I carry home on my head war from the b ook no part have I in holy fest val, no fla m amid the



for thy love thy loyalty and friendliness to me for thou alone of all my friends wouldst still honour poor Orestes in spite of the grievous plight whereto I am reduced by Ægisthus who with my accursed mother's aid slew my sire. I am come from Apollo's mystic shrine to the soil of Argos without the knowledge of any to avenge my father's death upon his murderers. Last night I went unto his tomb and wept thereon cutting off my hair as an offering and pouring on the grave the blood of a sheep for sacrifice unmarked by those who lord it on this land. And now though I enter not the walled town yet by coming to the borders of the land I combine two objects. I can escape to another country if any spy me out and recognize me and at the same time seek my sister for I am told she is a maid no longer but is married and living here that I may meet her and after enlisting her aid in the deed of blood learn for certain what is happening in the town. Let us now since dawn is uplifting her radiant eye step aside from this path. For maybe some labouring man or serving maid will come in sight of whom we may inquire whether it is here that my sister hath her home. Lo! yonder I see a servant bearing a full pitcher of water on her shaven head let us sit down and make inquiry of this bondmaid if haply we may glean some tidings of the matter which brought us hither. Pylades.

(They retire a little)

Re-enter ELECTRA

El Bestir thy lagging feet tis high time on on or thy path of tears! ah misery! I am Agamemnon's daughter she whom Clytemnestra hateful child of Tyndareus bare hapless Electra is the name my countrymen call me. Ah me! for my cruel lot my hateful existence! O my father Agamemnon! in Hades art thou laid butchered by thy wife and Ægisthus. Come raise with me that dirge once more uplift the woful strain that brings relief. On on or thy path of tears! ah misery! And thou poor brother in what city and house art thou a slave leaving thy suffering sister behind in the halls of our fathers to drain the cup of bitterness? Oh! come great Zeus to set me free from this life of sorrow and to avenge my sire in the blood of his foes bring in the wanderer home to Argos.

Take this pitcher from my head put it down that I may wake betimes while it is yet night my lamentation for my sire my doleful chant my dirge of death for thee my father in thy grave which day by day I do rehearse rending my skin with my nails and smiting on my shaven head in mourning for thy death. Woe woe! rend the cheek like a swan with clear loud note beside the brimming river calling to its parent dear that lies a dying in the meshes of the crafty net so I bewail thee my hapless sire after that fatal bath of thine laid out most piteously in death.

Oh! the horror of that axe which hacked thee so cruelly my sire! oh! the bitter thought that prompted thy return from Troy! With no garlands or victor's crowns did thy wife welcome thee but with his two-edged sword she made thee

the sad sport of Ægisthus and kept her treacherous paramour.

Enter CHORUS OF ARGIVE COUNTRY WOMEN

Chorus O Electra daughter of Agamemnon to thy rustic cot I come for a messenger hath arrived a highlander from Mycenæ one who lives on milk announcing that the Argives are proclaim a sacrifice for the third day from now and all our maidens are to go to Hera's temple.

El Kind friends my heart is not set on festivity nor do necklaces of gold cause any flutter in my sorrowing bosom nor will I stand up with the maidens of Argos to beat my foot in the mazy dance. Tears have been my meat day and night ah misery! See my unkempt hair my tattered dress are they fit for a princess a daughter of Agamemnon or for Troy which once thought of my father as its captor?

Ch Mighty is the goddess so come and borrow of me brodered robes for apparel and jewels of gold that add a further grace to beauty's charms. Dost think to triumph or thy foes by tears if thou honour not the gods? 'Tis not by lamentation but by pious prayers to heaven that thou my daughter wilt make fortune smile on thee.

El No god hearkens to the voice of lost Electra or heeds the sacrifices offered by my father long ago. Ah woe for the dead! woe for the living wanderer who dwelleth in some foreign land an outcast and a vagabond at a menial board sprung though he is of a famous sire! Myself too in a poor man's hut do dwell wasting my soul with grief an exile from my father's halls here by the scarred hill side while my mother is wedded to a new husband in a marriage stained by blood.

Ch Man a woe to Hellas and thy house did Helen thy mother's sister cause.

El Hal! (Catching sight of ORESTES and PYLADES) Friends I break off my lament yonder are strangers just leaving the place of ambush where they were couching and making for the house. We must seek to escape the villains by flying thou along the path and I into my cottage.

Or Stay poor maid fear no violence from me.

El O Phœbus Apollo! I beseech thee spare my life.

Or Give me the lives of others more my foes than thou!

El Begone! touch me not! thou hast no right to.

Or There's none I have better right to touch.

El How is it then thou waylayest me sword in hand near my house?

Or Wait and hear and thou wilt soon agree with me.

El Here I stand I am in thy power in any case since thou art the stronger.

Or I am come to thee with news of thy brother.

El O best of friends! is he alive or dead?

Or Alive I would fain give thee my good news first.

El God bless thee! in return for thy welcome tidings.

Or I am prepared to share that blessing between us.

4 0-49)

For I will take this message to the old man if it seem good to thee but get thee in at once and there make ready. A woman when she hooses, can find duties in plenty to garnish a feast. Besides, there is quite enough in the house to satiate them with victuals for one day at least. 'Tis in such cases when I come to muse there in that I discern the right proportion of wealth whether to give to strangers, or to expend in curing the body when it falls sick but our daily food is a small matter for all of us rich as well as poor are in like case as soon as we are satiated.

Enter Electra and Orestes

Oh the famous boys, that on a day were brought to land at Troy by those countless oars what time elected by Herodotus when he related the story of the fall of Troy and of the death of Hector and of the death of Achilles noble son of Thetis when he was with Agamemnon at the bank of the Tiber. When Nestor did leave the beach strand bringing from Hephæstus golden shoes the haughty he had said that war was the best thing that was sought for by Pelion and Ossa's sons, ran on the sacred ground and the people of Amphibia where his knightly rewarth ran up a light for Hylas, the second son of Thetis, a warrior so fit to be the son of Atreus.

On that came I myself and set foot in the hall of Nestor told me that on the circle of thy life I was to be O son of Thetis, was wrought this blazing torch to thy Phrygian son the noblest of the gods with his sandals, was being held in the aid of Hermes the messenger of Zeus, that rural god himself. Boe while in the center of the hall in the bright light of the backs of his wings. O it is the too was the heart of choristers, Pleiades and Adonis, a dazzling light and make him flee and upon his golden sandals he was spinning, bearing in their talons the prey of his hunt. The man is now his best playmate. O lonely breath of flame here is a poor creature lead me to the door. The tower in the distance of footed steeds were prancing. He is the back pose of a loud of the hall which led these ways to the slaughter. Adding these malice and the dead of Tyndareus. Whence hall the gods of heaven send thee thy doom and I hall yet here to see the word of the oath of the gods.

Enter Orestes

Old man, what is the young prince, my master Agamemnon, doing here? When I nursed and brought him up, how steeply he approached to this house. He did climb these ladder feet of mine. Still I remember his friend as these I met and I will be old to him. He is the one who is up at the door. I see thee at this door—lo! He has brought thee the tender lamb from his own flock. He has taken from the dam, with his hands

and a young man.

too and cheese straight from the press, and the flask of choice old wine with fragrant bouquet. It is small perhaps, but pour a cup thereof to some weak drink and it is a luscious draught. Let some of the carriers these gifts into the house for the guests. For I would fain wipe from my eyes the rising tears from this tattered cloak.

Electra: Why stands the tear-drop in thine eye old father? Is it that my sorrows have been recalled to thee after an interval? or art thou bewailing the sad exile of Orestes, and my father's fate, whom thou didst once fondle in thy arms, in vain alas! for thee and for thy friend?

Orestes: Ah yes! in vain but still I could not bear to leave him thus and so I added this to my journey that I should go with his grave and falling thereupon wept over it desolate. Then did I open the wine skin, may I sit to thy guests, and poured a libation and set myrtle sprigs round the tomb. And lo! upon the grave itself I saw a black ram had been offered and there was blood not long poured forth and weaved locks of auburn hair. Much I wondered my daughter who had dared approach the tomb certainly was no Argive. My brother may perchance have come by stealth and going thither have done honour to his father's wretched grave. Look at the hair compare it with thy own to see if the colour of these curl locks is the same for children in whose veins runs the same father's blood have usually a close bodily resemblance in most points.

Electra: Old sir, thy words are unworthy of a wise man. I think myself my own brave brother would have come to this land by stealth for fear of Ægeus thus. In the next place how should our hair correspond? His is the hair of a gallant youth trained up in manly sports, mine a woman's curled and combed. Nay that is hopeless clue. Besides thou art oldest of many whose hair is of the same of us albeit not sprung from the same blood. No may be twas some tringer cut off his hair in fear at his tomb. I see that canst spy this land prize.

Orestes: Per thy foot in the print of his shoe and mark whether it responds with this, my child.

Electra: How should the foot make any impression on stone? or did the foot of brother and sister would not be the same in size for a man's is larger.

Orestes: Hast thou no mark, in the thy brother should come where by to recover the weaving of thy loom the robe where in I stretched him in death that day?

Electra: Dost thou get I was still a babe when Orestes left the country? and even if I had known him robe how should he mere child then be carrying the same name unless our clothes and bodies grow together?

Orestes: Where are these guests I fain would question them face to face about thy brother.

Electra: They are, in haste to leave the house.

Enter Orestes and Pylades. Orestes: Wellborn it seems but that may be a

dance a maiden still I turn from married dames and from Castor too to whom they betrothed me before he joined the heavenly host for I was his kinswoman Meantime my mother and the pools of Troy is seated on her throne and at her footstool slaves from Asia stand and wait captives of my father's spear whose Trojan robes are fastened with brooches of gold And there on the wall my father's blood still leaves a deep dark stain while his murderer mounts the dead man's car and fareth forth proudly grasping in his blood stained hands the sceptre with which Agamemnon would marshal the sons of Hellas Dishonoured lies his grave naught as yet hath it received a drink outpoured or myrtle sprays but bare of ornament his tomb is left Yes and tis said that noble hero who was wedded to my mother in his drunken fits doth leap upon the grave and pelt with stones my father's monument boldly gibing at us on this wise Where is thy son Orestes? Is he ever coming in his glory to defend thy tomb? Thus is Oreste flouted behind his back Oh! tell him this kind sir I pray thee And there be many calling him to come—I am but their mouthpiece—these suppliant hands this tongue my broken heart my shaven head and his own father too For tis shameful that the sire should have exterminated Troy's race and the son yet prove too weak to pit himself against one foe unto the death albeit he has youth and better blood to boot

Ch Lo! here is thy husband hurrying homeward his day's work done

Pe (*Entering and catching sight of strangers talking to Electra*) Ha! who are these strangers I see at my door? And why are they come hither to my rustic gate? can they want my help? for tis unseemly for a woman to stand talking with young men

El Dear husband be not suspicious of me For thou shalt hear the truth these strangers have come to bring me news of Orestes Good sirs pardon him those words

Pe What say they? is that hero yet alive and in the light of day?

El He is at least they say so and I believe them

Pe Surely then he hath some memory of his father and thy wrongs?

El These are things to hope for a man in exile is helpless

Pe What message have they brought from Orestes?

El He sent them to spy out my evil case

Pe Well they only see a part of it though may be thou art telling them the rest

El They know all there is nothing further they need ask

Pe Long ere this then shouldst thou have thrown open our doors to them Enter sirs for in return for your good tidings shall we find such cheer as my house affords Hol servants take their baggage with you make no excuses for ye are friends sent by one I love and poor though I am yet will I never show myanness in my habits

Or Fore heaven! is this the man who is helping

thee to frustrate thy marriage because he will not shame Orestes?

El This is he whom they call my husband who is me!

Or Ah! there is no sure mark to recognize a man's worth for human nature hath in it an element of confusion For instance I have seen ere now the son of a noble sire prove himself a worthless knave and virtuous children sprung from evil parents likewise dearth in a rich man's spirit and in a poor man's frame a mighty soul By what standard then shall we rightly judge these things? By wealth? An evil test to use By poverty then? Nay poverty suffers from this that it teaches a man to play the villain from necessity To martial prowess must I turn? But who could pronounce who is the valiant man merely from the look of his spear? Better is it to leave these matters to themselves without troubling For here is a man of no account in Argos with no family reputation to boast one of the common herd proved a very hero A truce to your follies! ye self deceivers swollen with idle fancies learn to judge men by their converse and by their habits of life who are noble Such are they who rule at both states and families while those forms of flesh devoid of intellect are but figure heads in the market place The strong arm again no more than the weak awaits the brittle shock for this depends on natural courage Well? absent or present? A man's son whose business brings us here deserves this of us so let us accept a lodging in this house (*Calling to his servants*) Hol sirs! go within A humble host who does his best in preference to a wealthy man for me! And so I thankfully accept this peasant's proffered welcome though I could have preferred that thy brother were conducting me to share his fortune in his halls May be he yet will come for the oracles of Loxias are sure but to man's divining Forewell say I

Exeunt ORESTES and PYLADES

Ch Electra I feel a warmer glow of joy suffice my heart than ever heretofore perchance our fortune moving on at last will find a happy resting place

El O reckless man who didst thou welcome strangers like these so far beyond thy station knowing the poverty of thy house?

Pe Why? if they are really as noble as they seem surely they will be equally content with rich or humble fare

El Well since thou hast made this error poor man as thou art go to my father's kind old forsire on the bank of the river Tanais the boundary between Argos and the land of Sparta he tend his flocks an outcast from the city bid him come hither to our house and make some provision for the strangers entertainment Glad will he be and will offer thanks to heaven to hear that the child whom once he saved is yet alive I shall get nothing from my mother from my ancestral halls for we should rue our message were she to learn unnatural wret that Orestes lieth

O M Yes, and when he sees thee there, he will  
in me thee to the feast

O M So help me God! He shall rue his in station.  
O M After that form thy own plan according to  
circumstances.

O M Good advice! But my mother where is she?  
O M At Argos but she will yet join her husband  
for the feast

O M Why did she not come forth with him?  
O M From fear of the citizens reproach she  
stayed behind

O M I understand she knows that the city sus-  
pects her

O M Just so her wickedness makes her hated.  
O M How shall I slay her and him together?

EL M: be the preparation of my mother's slaying!

O M Well, as for that other matter fortune will  
favour us.

EL Our old friend her must help us both.

O M Aye that will I but what is thy scheme for  
slaying thy mother?

EL Go, old man, and tell Clytemnestra from me  
that I have given birth to a son.

O M Some time ago, or quite recent?

EL Ten days ago, which are the days of my run-  
dition.

O M Suppose it done but how doth this help  
toward slaying thy mother?

EL She will come, when she hears of my confine-  
ment

O M What dost think she cares aught for thee,  
my child?

EL Oh yes! she will weep no doubt o'er my  
child's low state.

O M Perhaps she may but go back again to the  
port

EL Her death is certain, if she comes.

O M I that case I'll be some night up to the  
door of the house.

EL Why the I were a little thing to turn her  
in place into the road to Hades' halls.

O M Oh! to see this one day then die!

EL First of all, old friend act as my brother's  
guard

O M To the place where Ægisthus is now sacri-  
ficing to the gods?

EL Then go, find my mother and give her my  
message

O M Aye that I will so that she shall think the  
my words are true

EL (T' a str.) The work begins at once thou  
hast drawn the first lot in it is ready

O M I will go, I some one will show me the way

O M I will myself conduct thee not going loth.

O M O Zeus, god of my father, and my mother's  
father, be pity on us, for a precious loss has ours been.

EL O M ha e go on thy own adventures.

O M O Mera is not I M cent's altar, grant  
the victor I will see the great light

EL I will see the great light in the  
life death.

O M Thou too, my father sent to the land of

shades by wicked hands, and Earth the queen of  
all, to whom I spread my suppliant palms, up and  
champion thy dear children. Come with all the dead  
to aid all they who helped thee break the Phrygians  
power and all who hate ungodly crime Dost hear  
me father cum of my mother's rage?

EL Sure am I I heareth all but it's time to part.  
For this cause too I had thee strike Ægisthus dead  
because if thou fall in the struggle and perish I also  
die no longer number me amongst the living for  
I would stab myself with a two-edged sword And now  
will I go indoors and make all ready there for if  
there come good news from thee my house shall  
ring with women's cries of joy but, if thou art slain,  
different scene must then ensue. These are my  
instructions to thee

O M I know my lesson well.

EL Then show thyself a man (Exeunt CORYMBES  
AND OLD MAN) And you my friends ag-  
nail to me by ones the certain issue of this fray  
Myself will keep the sword only in my grasp for  
I will never accept defeat and yield my body to my  
enemies to insult

CH Still the story finds a place in time honoured  
legends, how on a day Patroclus the steward of his hand  
came breathing sweet music on his jointed pipe  
and brought with him from its tender dam on Ar-  
go's hills, a beauteous lamb with fleece of gold then  
stood a herald high upon the rock and cried aloud

Away to the place of assembly ye folk of Argos  
to behold the strange and awful sight purchased  
to our blessed rulers. Anon the dancers did obeisance  
to the family of Atreus the altar steps of heat  
gold were draped and through that Argos town  
the altars blazed with fire sweetly rose the light  
clear note the handmaid of the Muse's song and  
bade us were written on the golden lamb so that  
that Thetis had the luck for he won the guil-  
lotine of the wife of Atreus, and earned off to his  
house the strange creature and then coming before  
the assembled folk he declared to them that he had  
in his house that horned beast with fleece of gold  
in the self same hour it was that Zeus changed the  
radiant courses of the sun, the light of the sun, and  
the joyous face of dawn and drew his car athwart  
the western sky with fervent heat from heaven's  
fires, while northward fled the rainclouds, and Am-  
mon's strand grew parched and burnt and void of  
green when it was robbed of heaven's genial bowers.  
Thus said though I can scarce believe it thus  
turned round his glowing throne of gold it was  
the sons of men by this change, because use of the quart  
amongst them. Still, tales of horror have their use  
in making men regard the gods of whom thou hadst  
no thou hast when thou slowest thy husband thou  
mother 'this noble pair

Hark! my friends, did ye hear that noise like  
to the rumbling of an earthquake or am I the dupe  
of old fancy? Hark! hark! once more that wind  
born sound swells loudly on mine ears Electra! mis-  
tress mine! come forth from the house!

EL: ELECTRA.

sham for there be plenty such prove knaves Still  
I give them greeting

Or All hail father! To which of thy friends Elec-  
tra does this old relic of mortality belong?

El This is he who nursed my sire sir stranger

Or What! do I behold him who removed thy  
brother out of harm's way?

El Behold the man who saved his life if that is  
he liveth still

Or Hail why does he look so hard at me as if he  
were examining the bright device on silver coin?  
Is he finding in me a likeness to some other?

El May be he is glad to see in thee a companion of  
Orestes

Or A man I love full well But why is he walking  
round me?

El I too am watching his movements with amazement  
sir stranger

O M My honoured mistress my daughter Elec-  
tra return thanks to heaven—

El For past or present favours? which?

O M That thou hast found a treasured prize  
which God is now revealing

El Hear me invoke the gods But what dost thou  
mean old man?

O M Behold before thee my child thy nearest  
and dearest

El I have long feared thou wert not in thy sound  
senses

O M Not in my sound senses because I see thy  
brother?

El What meanst thou aged friend by these  
astounding words?

O M That I see Orestes Agamemnon's son be-  
fore me

El What mark dost see that I can trust?

O M A scar along his brow where he fell and cut  
himself one day in his father's home when chasing  
a fawn with thee

El Is it possible True I see the mark of the fall

O M Dost hesitate then to embrace thy own  
dear brother?

El No! not any longer old friend for my soul is  
convinced by the tokens thou showest O my brother  
thou art come at last and I embrace thee little as  
I ever thought to

Or And thee to my bosom at last I press

El I never thought that it would happen

Or All hope in me was also dead

El Art thou really he?

Or Aye thy one and only champion if I can but  
safely draw to shore the cast I mean to throw and  
I feel sure I shall else must we cease to believe in  
gods if wrong is to triumph over right

Ch At last at last appears thy radiant dawn O  
happy day! and as a beacon to the city hast thou  
revealed the wanderer who long ago poor boy!  
was exiled from his father's halls Now lady comes  
our turn for victory ushered in by some god Raise  
hand and voice in prayer beseech the gods that  
good fortune may attend thy brother's entry to the  
city

Or Enough! sweet though the rapture of this  
greeting be I must wait and return it hereafter Do  
thou old friend so timely meet tell me how I am  
to avenge me on my father's murderer and on my  
mother the partner in his guilty marriage Have I  
still in Argos any band of kindly friends? or am I  
like my fortunes bankrupt altogether? With whom  
am I to league myself? by night or day shall I ad-  
vance? point out a road for me to take against these  
foes of mine

O M My son thou hast no friend now in this  
hour of adversity No! that is a piece of rare good  
luck to find another share thy fortunes alike for  
better and for worse Thou art of every friend com-  
pletely left all hope is gone from thee be sure of  
what I tell thee on thy own arm and fortune art  
thou wholly thrown to win thy father's home and  
thy city

Or What must I do to compass this result?

O M Slay Thyestes son and thy mother

Or I came to win that victor's crown but how  
can I attain it?

O M Thou wouldst never achieve it if thou didst  
enter the walls

Or Are they manned with guards and armed sen-  
tinals?

O M Aye truly for he is afraid of thee and can  
not sleep secure

Or Well then do thou next propose a scheme,  
old friend

O M Hear me a moment an idea has just oc-  
curred to me

Or May thy counsel prove good and my per-  
ception keen!

O M I saw Ægisthus as I was slowly pained  
hither—

Or I welcome thy words Where was he?

O M Not far from these fields at his stable

Or What was he doing? I see a gleam of hope  
after our dilemma

O M I thought he was preparing a feast for the  
Nymphs

Or In return for the bringing up of children or  
in anticipation of a birth?

O M All I know is this he was preparing an sac-  
rifice oven

Or How many were with him? or as he alone  
with his servants?

O M There was no Argive there only a band of  
his own followers

Or Is it possible that any of them will recognize  
me old man?

O M They are only servants and they have never  
even seen thee

Or Will they support me if I prevail?

O M Yes that is the way of slave luckily for  
thee

Or On what pretext can I approach him?

O M Go to some place where he will see thee as  
he sacrifices

Or His estate is close to the road then I  
suppose

O.M. Yes, and when he sees thee there, he will  
 go to the first.

O. To help me God. He shall see his own nation,  
 O.M. And that form thy own plan according to  
 circumstances.

O. Good advice! But my mother, where is she?  
 O.M. At Atræus, but she will see you her husband  
 for the first.

O. Why did she not come forth with him?  
 O.M. From fear of the citizens' reproach she  
 saved herself.

O. I understand it, knows that the city sus-  
 pects her.

O.M. Just so her wickedness makes her hated.

O. How shall I say her and him together?

El. Maybe some remembrance of my mother's slave.

O. Well, as for that other matter, fortune will  
 favour us.

O. Our old friend here must help us both.

O.M. Ay, that will I, but what is thy scheme for  
 doing this mother?

El. Go, old man, and tell Clytemnestra from me  
 that I have given birth to a son.

O.M. Some time ago, or quite recently?

El. Ten days ago, which are the days of my men-  
 struation.

O.M. Suppose it does, but how doth this help  
 towards saving thy mother?

El. She will come, when she hears of my confes-  
 sion.

O.M. What! don't think she cares a bit for thee  
 or child?

El. Oh yes, she will weep no doubt over my  
 child's loss.

O.M. Perhaps she may, but go back again to the  
 point.

El. Her death is certain, if she comes.

O.M. In this case, let her come right up to the  
 door of the house.

El. Well, when I was a little thing, I turn her  
 away into the road to Hades' house.

O.M. Or to see this one die, then die?

El. First of all, old friend, let us my brother's  
 grave.

O.M. To the place where Electra is now sacri-  
 ficing to the gods?

El. Then go, find my mother, and give her my  
 message.

O.M. Ay, that I will, so that she shall think it  
 very near us, thus.

El. (To the men) The work begins at once, thou  
 hast done the first lot in the sacrifice.

O. I, I go, if word or will show me the way.

O.M. I will see you conduct thee neatly, both.

O. O Zeus, god of fathers, remember of my  
 loss, for my own loss, for a precious lot has ours been.

El. O, have pity on thy own descendants.

O. O Hera, goddess of marriage, what is right.

El. Yes, give it, so as to be on the side for our  
 father's death.

O. Thou too, my father, see to the land of

shades by wicked hands, and Earth, the queen of  
 all, to whom I spread my suppliant palms, up and  
 chairman the dear children. Come with all the dead  
 to aid, all they who helped thee break the Phrygians  
 power and who for a cowardly crime. Dost hear  
 me, father, victim of my mother's sin?

El. Sure am I beareth all, but 'tis time to part.  
 For this cause too I had thee strike, Electra down,  
 because, if thou fall in the struggle and perish, I also  
 die, no longer number me amongst the living, for  
 I will stab myself with a two-edged sword. And now  
 will I go indoors and make all ready there, for if  
 there come good news from thee, my house shall  
 ring with women's cries of joy, but, if thou art slain,  
 a different scene must then ensue. These are my  
 instructions to thee.

O. I know my lesson well.

El. Then show thyself a man. (Enter CLYTEMNESTRA,  
 STRABO, and OLD MAN.) And you, my friends, ag-  
 nize to me by eyes the certain issue of this day.  
 Myself will keep the sword ready in my grasp, for  
 I will never accept defeat, and yield my body to my  
 enemies to insult.

CL. All the story finds a place in this honoured  
 legend, how on a day Pan, the steward of husband  
 rearing, breathing sweet music on his jointed pipe,  
 and brought with him from his tender dam on his  
 give hills, a beautiful lamb with fleece of gold, then  
 and a herald led him upon the rock and cried aloud,  
 away to the place of assembly, a fane of Mycenæ!

To behold the stranger and awful sight, he rushed  
 to our best rulers. When the dancers did obedience  
 to the hymn of Atreus, the altar-steps of brass  
 gold were dyed red, and throu' that Argive town  
 the altar blazed with fire, sweetly rose the clear  
 note the handmaid of the Muse's song, and  
 heralds' feet were written on the golden lamb, saying  
 that Threus had the luck for him, won the wild  
 love of the wife of Atreus, and carried off to his  
 house the strange creature, and then crown before  
 the assembled folk he declared to them that he had  
 in his house that horned beast with fleece of gold.

In the self same hour it was that Zeus charmed the  
 radiant curves of the stars, the light of the sun,  
 and the power, face of dawn, and drove his car, he  
 the western sky with fire beat from his car a  
 fire, while northward fled the sunclouds, and Arcton's  
 starry girth grew parched and faint, and of  
 dew when it was robbed of her eternal showers.

'Tis said, thou hast I can scarce believe it, the sun  
 turned round his own throne of gold, to vex the  
 eyes of men by this change, because of the quarrel  
 amongst them. Still, tales of power have their use  
 in making men regard the rod of whom thou hadst  
 no thought, when thou sweetest thy husband, thou  
 mother of this noble pair.

Hark, my friends, did ye hear that noise like  
 to the rumbling of an earthquake, or am I the dream  
 of all fancy? Hark! once more that wind  
 borne sound rings loudly on mine ear. Electra! mis-  
 tress, come forth from the house!

Enter ELECTRA.

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sham for there be plenty such prove knaves Still  
I give them greeting

Or All hail father! To which of thy friends Elec-  
tra does this old relic of mortality belong?

El This is he who nursed my sire sir stranger  
Or What! do I behold him who removed thy  
brother out of harm's way?

El Behold the man who saved his life if that is  
he liveth still

Or Hail! why does he look so hard at me as if he  
were examining the bright device on silver coin?  
Is he finding in me a likeness to some other?

El May be he is glad to see in thee a companion of  
Orestes

Or A man I love full well But who is he walking  
round me?

El I too am watching his movements with amaze,  
sir stranger

O M My honoured mistress my daughter Elec-  
tra return thanks to heaven—

El For past or present favours? which?

O M That thou hast found a treasured prize  
which God is now revealing

El Hear me invoke the gods But what dost thou  
mean old man?

O M Behold before thee my child thy nearest  
and dearest

El I have long feared thou wert not in thy sound  
senses

O M Not in my sound senses because I see thy  
brother?

El What meanst thou aged friend by these  
astounding words?

O M That I see Orestes Agamemnon's son be-  
fore me

El What mark dost see that I can trust?

O M A scar along his brow where he fell and cut  
himself one day in his father's home when chasing  
a fawn with thee

El Is it possible? True I see the mark of the fall

O M Dost hesitate then to embrace thy own  
dear brother?

El Not any longer old friend for my soul is  
convinced by the tokens thou hast O my brother  
thou art come at last and I embrace thee little as  
I ever thought to

Or And thee to my bosom at last I press

El I never thought that it would happen

Or All hope in me was also dead

El Art thou really he?

Or Aye thy one and only champion if I can but  
safely draw to shore the cast I n can to thro' and  
I feel sure I shall else must I cease to believe in  
gods if wrong is to triumph over right

Ch At last at last appears thy radiant dawn O  
happy day! and as a beacon to the city hast thou  
revealed the wanderer who long ago poor boy  
was exiled from his father's halls Now lady comes  
a return for victory ushered in by some god Raise  
hand and voice in prayer beseech the gods that  
good fortune may attend thy brother's entry to the  
city

Or Enough! sweet though the rapture of this  
greeting be I must wait and return it hereafter Do  
thou old friend so timely met tell me how I am  
to avenge me on my father's murderer a d or my  
mother the partner in his guilty marriage Have I  
still in Argos any band of kindly friends? or am I  
like my fortunes bankrupt altogether? With whom  
am I to league myself? by night or day shall I ad-  
vance? point out a road for me to take against these  
foes of mine

O M My son thou hast no friend now in this  
hour of adversity Not that is a piece of rare good  
luck to find another share thy fortunes alike for  
better and for worse Thou art of every friend com-  
pletely left all hope is gone from thee be sure of  
what I tell thee on thy own arm and fortune art  
thou wholly thrown to win thy father's home and  
thy city

Or What must I do to compass this result?

O M Slay Thyestes son and thy mother

Or I came to win that victor's crown but how  
can I attain it?

O M Thou wouldst never achieve it if thou didst  
enter the walls

Or Are they manned with guards and armed sen-  
tinals?

O M Aye truly for he is afraid of thee and can  
not sleep secure

Or Well then do thou next propose a scheme  
old friend

O M Hear me a moment an idea has just oc-  
curred to me

Or May thy counsel prove good and my per-  
ception keen!

O M I saw Ægisthus as I was slowly pacing  
hither—

Or I welcome thy words Where was he?

O M Not far from these fields at his stables

Or What was he doing? I see a gleam of hope  
after our dilemma

O M I thought he was preparing a feast for the  
Nymphs

Or In return for the bringing up of children or  
in anticipation of a birth?

O M All I know is this he was referring to sac-  
rifice oxen

Or How many were with him? or was he alone  
with his servants?

O M There was no Argive there only a band of  
his own followers

Or Is it possible that any of them will recognize  
me old man?

O M They are only servants and they have nev-  
er even seen thee

Or Will they support me if I pre-ail?

O M Yes that is the way of slaves luckily for  
thee

Or On what pretext can I approach him?

O M Go to some place where he will see thee as  
he sacrifices

Or His estate is close to the road then I  
suppose

you in the dance lift him the nimble foot and be glad. Victory crowns thy brother, he hath won a sure wealth than ever a victor gained beside the streams of Alpheus, so raise a fair woman to victory the while I dance.

EL. O light of day! O bright careering sun! O earth and thou earth's mother, canst thou now make me open mine eyes in freedom, for Ægisthus is dead, my father's murderer. Come friends, let me burst out at my house contains to deck his head and wreath with crowns my exequuted brother's brow.

CL. Bring forth thy garments for his head, and we will lead the dance. The Muses too, now shall the royal line dear to us days gone by, resume its sway, as the realm, having laid low the usurper as thou dost, so let thy shout go up whose notes are those of joy.

*Electra enters with her corpse of Ægisthus.*

EL. Hail! glorious victor Orestes, son of a sure who won the day, death lives walls, accept this wreath I bind about the crescent of his hair. I am here, thou run the course unto the goal and reached the home, as not but thou hast slain thy brother Ægisthus, the murderer of our father. Thou son of Phidias, trusty squire whose training shows a father well worth, receive a garland from my hand, for thou no less than he hast a share in the enterprise, and so I pray good luck be thine for ever!

Or First recognize the gods, Electra, 's being, the shores of our fortune and then praise in their own way and fate. Yes, I come from his no stain. Electra is a creature, no mere pretence, not to talk of the more certain of this, I am bringing thee his corpse which, if thou wilt, expose for beast to rend, or set upon stake for birds, the children of the air to prey upon for now is he the slave, once called thy lord and master.

EL. I am ashamed to utter my wishes.

Or. What is it speak out for thou art through the gates of fear.

EL. I am ashamed to flout the dead, for fear some spirit avail me.

Or. No, no, no, blame thee for this.

Or. Our folk are bound to please and love scandal.

Or. Speak all thy mind, sister for we entered on this road, thy hand on terms admitting not of trace.

EL. Enough. (Turning to the corpse of Ægisthus) No, I wish of the magistrates shall I borrow no rest. With both still I end it? Which all I made plain. And yet I never ceased, as each day dawned, to rehearse the story I would tell thee to the fact, if ever I were freed from my old terms and now I am so I will go back with the abuse I had created there when all. Thou wert in my making and my brother's orphan, though had ever injured thee, and thou didst make a shameful marriage with my mother, his son slain by her who led the host of ill-fated men, he himself did it never go. True, such was the fall, thou wilt never dream that my mother would prove thy curse, when thou didst marry her, though thou

went wrong in my father's honour. Know this, who defiles his men's honour is a wretch, and is forced to take her to himself is a wretched sight, if he supposes she will be chaste as his wife, though she she turned against his former lord. Thine was a life most miserable, thou hast thou didst pretend, was otherwise well thou knowest how evilly thy marriage was, and my mother knew she had a villain for her husband. Sinners both, we took each other's lot, thy fortune, thou her curse. While everywhere in Argos thou wouldst hear such phrases as, that woman and her husband, never that man's wife. Yet is shameful for the wife and not the man to rule the house, wherefore I loath those children, who are called in the city not the sons of the man, their father but of their mother. For instance, if a man makes a great clutch above his rank, there is no talk of the husband but only of the wife. Herein lay thy great error due to ignorance, thou thoughtest thyself some one relying on thy wealth, but this is no hit to come to with us a space. Thy nature that stands fast, not wealth, for it is as abide upon a chandeliers man's home, but riches dishonestly acquired and in the hands of fools, soon take their flight, their blossom quickly shed. As for thy sons with women, I pass them by, not for maiden's lips to tempt them, but I will shrewdly hunt thereafter. And then thy arrogance! because forthwith thou hadst a palace and some looks to boast. May I never have a husband with a girl's face, but one that bears him like a man! For the children of these latter days, the life of arms, while those who are so far to see do only strive to grace the dance. Away from me! (Striking the corpse with her foot) Time has shown the villain little as thou reckest of the forfeit thou has paid for it. Let me suppose, though he has run the first stage of his course with joy, that he will get the better of justice, till he have reached the goal and ended his career.

CL. Terrible alike his crime and your revenge for me, it is the power of justice.

Or. 'Tis well. Carry his body within the house and hide it secretly, that when my mother comes, she may not see his corpse before she is smitten herself.

EL. Hold! let us strike out another scheme.

Or. How now? Are those allies from Mycenæ whom I see?

EL. No, it is another that bare me.

Or. Fled unto thee, not she is rushing, oh, braided! I see how proudly she rides in her chariot and fine robes!

Or. What must we do to our mother? Slay her?

EL. What! he gave seized thee at night of her?

Or. O God! how can I slay her that bare and suckled me?

EL. Say, her as she slew thy father and mine.

Or. O Phœbus, how foolish was thy oracle—

EL. Where Apollo is, who shall be wise?

Or. In his did no me commit thy crime—my mother's murderer!



*El* What is it good friends? how goes the day with us?

*Ch* I hear the cries of dying men no more I know

*El* I heard them too far off but still distinct

*Ch* Yes the sound came stealing from afar but yet 'twas clear

*El* Was it the groan of an Argive or of my friends?

*Ch* I know not for the cries are all confused

*El* That word of thine is my death warrant why do I delay?

*Ch* Stay till thou learn thy fate for certain

*El* No no we are vanquished where are our messengers?

*Ch* They will come in time to slay a king is no light task

*Enter MESSENGER*

*Messenger* All hail ye victors maidens of Mycenæ to all Orestes friends his triumph I announce Ægisthus the murderer of Agamemnon lies weltering where he fell return thanks to heaven

*El* Who art thou? What proof dost thou give of this?

*Me* Look at me dost thou not recognize thy brother's servant?

*El* O best of friends! 'twas fear that prevented me from recognizing thee now I know thee well What sayst thou? Is my father's hateful murderer slain?

*Me* He is I repeat it since it is thy wish

*Ch* Ye gods and Justice whose eye is on all at last art thou come

*El* I fain would learn the way and means my brother took to slay Thyestes son

*Me* After we had set out from this house we struck into the broad high road and came to the place where was the far famed King of Mycenæ Now he was walking in a garden well watered culling a wreath of tender myrtle sprays for his head and when he saw us he called out All hail! strangers who are ye? whence come ye? from what country? To him Orestes answered We are from Thessaly on our way to Alpheus binks to sacrifice to Olympian Zeus When Ægisthus heard that he said Ye must be my guests to day and share the feast for I am even now sacrificing to the Nymphs and by rising with tomorrow's light ye will be just as far upon your journey now let us go within Thewith he caught us by the hand and led us by the way refuse we could not and when we were come to the house he gave command Bring water for my guests to wash forthwith that they may stand around the altar near the laver But Orestes answered 'Tis as but now we purified ourselves and washed us clean in water from the river So if we strangers are to join your citizens in sacrifice we are ready King Ægisthus and will not refuse So ended they their private conference Meantime the servants that composed their master's bodyguard laid aside their weapons and one and all were busied at their tasks Some brought the bowl to catch the blood others took up baskets while others kindled

fire and set cauldrons round about the altars, and the whole house rang Then did thy mother's hus-  
band take the barley for sprinkling and began cast-  
ing it upon the hearth with these words Ye  
Nymphs who dwell among the rocks grant that I  
may often sacrifice with my wife the daughter of  
Tyndareus within my halls as happily as now and  
run seize my foes! (whereby he meant Orestes  
and thyself) But my master lowering his voice  
offered a different prayer that he might regain his  
father's house Next Ægisthus took from a basket  
a long straight knife and cutting off some of the  
calf's hair laid it with his right hand on the sacred  
fire and then cut its throat when the servants had  
lifted it upon their shoulders and thus addressed  
thy brother Men declare that amongst the Thes-  
salians this is counted honourable to cut up a bull  
neatly and to manage steeds So take the knife ye  
stranger and show us if rumour speaks true about  
the Thessalians Thereon Orestes seized the Dorian  
knife of tempered steel and cast from his shoulders  
his graceful buckled robe then choosing Pyllades to  
help him in his task he made the servants with-  
draw and catching the calf by the hoof proceeded  
to lay bare its white flesh with arm outstretched  
and he flayed the hide quicker than a runner ever  
finishes the two laps of the horses race course next  
he laid the belly open and Ægisthus took the in-  
trails in his hands and carefully examined them  
Now the liver had no lobe while the portal vein  
leading to the gall bladder portended a dangerous  
attack on him who was observing it Dark growls  
Ægisthus brood but my master asks Why so des-  
pondent good sir? Said he I fear treachery from  
a stranger Agamemnon's son of all men most I hate  
and he hates my house But Orestes cried What  
fear treachery from an evil thou the ruler of the  
city? Hol take this Dorian knife away and bring me  
a Thessalian cleaver that we by sacrificial feast may  
learn the will of heaven let me cleave the breast  
bone And he took the axe and cut it through  
Now Ægisthus was examining the entrails separatin  
them in his hands and as he was bending down the  
brother rose on tiptoe and smote him on the spine  
severing the vertebrae of his back and his body  
gave one convulsive shudder from head to foot and  
writhed in the death agony No sooner did his ser-  
vants see it than they rushed to arms a host to fight  
with two yet did Pyllades and Orestes of their val-  
iency meet them with brandished spears Then cried  
Orestes I am no foe that come against this city  
and my own servants but I have avenged me on the  
murderer of my sire I ill started Orestes Slave  
not my father's former thralls! They when they  
heard him speak restrained their spears and an old  
man who had been in the family many a long year  
recognized him Forthwith they crown thy brother  
with a wreath and utter shouts of joy And it is  
coming to show thee the head not the Gorgon's  
but the head of thy hated foe Ægisthus his death  
to-day has paid in blood a bitter debt of blood

*Ch* Dear mistress now with step as light as fawn

to virtue. If, as thou allegest my father slew thy daughter what is the wrong I and my brother have done thee? How was it thou didst not bestow on us our father's halls after thy husband's death instead of battering them to buy a paramour? Again, thy husband is not exiled for thy son's sake nor is he slain to avenge my death, although he by him this life is quenched twice as much as either my sister's was so if murder is to succeed murder in request, I and thy son Orestes must lay thee to a charge our father if that was just why so it is. Whosoever has his gaze on wealth or noble birth and weeds a wicked woman, is a fool better in a humble partner in his home, if she be virtuous, than a proud one.

Ch. Chance rules the marriages of women some I see turn out well, others ill amongst mankind.

Cl. Daughter was either thy nature to love thy father or this too one finds women loving their father others have a deeper affection for their mother I will forgive thee for myself am not so exceeding glad in the deed that I have done my child.

But thou—why thus unwashed and clad in soiled attire, now that the days of thy lying in are accomplished? Ah me for my sorry schemes! I have grieved my husband more anger more than either I should have done.

El. Thy sorrow comes too late the hour of remedy has gone from thee my father is dead Yet why not recall that evil thy own wandering son?

Cl. I am afraid his interest not his that I regard For they say he is worthy for his father's murder.

El. Why then dost thou encourage thy husband's bitter enmity against me?

Cl. In his way thou too hast a misbegotten nature.

El. Because I am grieved yet will I check my spirit.

Cl. I promise then he shall no longer oppress thee.

El. I am loath in my home to grow too proud.

Cl. Now there! us thou that art fanning the quarrel into new life.

El. I say no more my dread of him is enough on what to do.

Cl. Peace! Enough of this. Why didst thou summon me my child?

El. Thou hast heard I suppose of my confinement for this I pray thee since I know not how offer the customary sacrifice on the tenth day after birth for I am once born even as thou hast had a child before.

Cl. This is work for another even for her who did it thee.

El. I am alone in my travail and at the babe's birth.

Cl. Dost thou so late from neighbours?

El. None of us could make the poor his friends.

Cl. Well I will go myself to the gods a sacrifice for he himself complains of this day's and what I have done thee this service I will seek the goddess in my husband is so doing the same. Take this chariot brace, my servants, and in thy horses the stalls and when ye think that I have

flushed my offering to the gods, attend me, for I must I know pleasure myself in it.

*Going into the house*

El. Enter our humble cottage but per thee, take care that my smoke grained walls soil not thy robes now wilt thou offer to the gods a fitting sacrifice. There stands the basket and the knife is sharpened the same that slew the bull, by whose aid thou soon wilt lie a corpse and thou shalt be his bride in Hades' halls whose wife thou wast on earth. This is the boon I will grant thee while thou shalt pay me for my father's blood. *Exit ELECTRA.*

Ch. Misery is changing sides the breeze veers round and now blows fair upon my house. The day is past when my chief I'll murder in his bath and the roof and the very stones of the walls ran with his cry "O cruel wife why art thou murderer?" me on my return to my dear country after ten long years.

The tide is turning and justice that pursues the faithless wife is drawing within its grasp the murderer, who slew her hapless lord when he came home at last to these towers, Cyclopean walls—aye with her own hand she smote him with the sharpened steel herself though as uplifted. Unhappy husband! whatever the curse that possessed that wretched woman like a lioness of the hills that ran through the woodland for her prey she wrought the deed.

Cl. (Hushed) O my children be! Hush! I pray ye spare your mother!

Cl. Dost hear her cries within the house?

Cl. O God! hear!

Cl. I too bewail thee, dying by thy children's hands. God deals out His justice in His good time. A cruel fate is thine unhappy one yet didst thou sin in murdering thy lord.

Be thou loosed from this house thou come dabbled in their mother's fresh spilt gore thou shalt triumph proving the piteous duteous. There is not nor have ever been a more wretched than the line of Tantalus.

*The two corpses are shown*

*Enter ORESTES and ELECTRA.*

O. O Earth, and Zeus whose eyes are all beholding this foul deed of blood these two corpses lying here that I have slain in vengeance for my sister's slaying.

El. Tears all too weak for this, brother and I in the guilty cause. Ah, woe is mine! How hot my fury burned against the mother that she met!

O. Alas! if thy lot O mother mine! A piteous piteous doom, aye, were that that hast thou incurred at children's hands! Yet justly hast thou paid forfeit for our father's blood. Ah, Phœbus! thou wast the one that praised this vengeance thou art that hast brow-beaten these hideous scenes to light and caused the deed of blood. To what city can I go hence forth? what friend what man of any party will bear the sight of a mother's murderer like me?

*Two cries have been lost here.*

El How canst thou be hurt by avenging thy father?

Or Though pure before I now shall carry into exile the stain of a mother's blood

El Still if thou avenge not thy father thou wilt fail in thy duty

Or And if I slay my mother I must pay the penalty to her

El And so must thou to him if thou resign the avenging of our father

Or Surely it was a fiend in the likeness of the god that ordered thus!

El Seated on the holy tripod? I think not so

Or I cannot believe this oracle was meant

El Turn not coward! Cast not thy manliness away!

Or Am I to devise the same crafty scheme for h r?

El The self same death thou didst mete out to her lord Ægisthus

Or I will go in tis an awful task I undertake an awful deed I have to do still if it is Heaven's will be it so I loathe and yet I love the enterprise

ORESTES *withdraws into the house*

*Enter CLYTEMNESTRA*

Ch Hail! Queen of Argos daughter of Tyndareus sister of the two noble sons of Zeus who dwell in the flame lit firmament amid the stars whose guer don high it is to save the sailor toying on the sea All hail because of thy wealth and happy prosperity I do thee homage as I do the blessed gods Now is the time great queen for us to pay our court unto thy fortunes

Clytemnestra Alight from the car ye Trojan maids and take my hand that I may step down from the chariot With Trojan spoils the temples of the gods are decked but I have obtained these maidens as a special gift from Troy in return for my lost daughter a trifling boon no doubt but still an ornament to my house

El And may not I mother take that highly favoured hand of thine? I am a slave like them an exile from my father's halls in this miserable abode

Cl See my servants are here trouble not on my account

El Why thou didst make me thy prisoner by robbing me of my home like these I became a captive when my home was taken an orphan all forlorn

Cl True but thy father plotted so wickedly against those of his own kin whom least of all he should have treated so Speak I must albeit when a woman gets an evil reputation there is a feeling of bitterness against all she says unfairly indeed in my case for it were only fair to hate after learning the circumstances and seeing if the object deserves it otherwise why hate at all? Now Tyndareus has stowed me on thy father not that I or any children I might bear should be slain Yet he went and took my daughter from our house to the fleet at Aulis persuading me that Achilles was to wed her and there he held her o'er the pyre and cut Iphigenia's snowy throat Had he slain her to save his city from capture or to benefit his house or to preserve his

other children a sacrifice of one for many I could have pardoned him But as it was his reasons for murdering my child were these the wantonness of Helen and her husband's folly in not punishing the traitress Still wronged as I was my rage had not burst forth for this nor would I have slain my lord had he not returned to me with that frenzied madman and made her his mistress, keeping at once two brides beneath the same roof Women maybe are given to folly I do not deny it this granted, when a husband goes astray and sets aside his own true wife she fain will follow his example and find another love and th in our case hot abuse is heard, while the men who are to blame for this escape without a word Again suppose Menelaus had been secretly snatched from his home should I have had to kill Orestes to save Menelaus my sister's husband? How could thy father have endured this? Was he then to escape death for slaying what was mine while I was to suffer at his hands? I slew him turning as my only course to his enemies For which of all thy father's friends would have joined me in his murder? Speak all that is in thy heart and prove against me with all free speech that thy father's death was not deserved

El Justly urged! but thy justice is not free from shame for in all things should every woman of sense yield to her husband Whoso thinketh otherwise comes not within the scope of what I say Remember mother those last words of thine allowing me free utterance before thee

Cl Daughter far from refusing it I grant it again El Thou wilt not when thou hearest wreat thy vengeance on me?

Cl No indeed I shall welcome thy opinion

El Then will I speak and this shall be the prelude of my speech Ah mother mine! would thou hadst had a better heart for though thy beauty and Helen's win you praises well deserved yet are ye akin in nature a pair of wantons unworthy of Castor She was carried off tis true but her fall was voluntary and thou hast slain the bravest soul in Hellas excusing thyself on the ground that thou didst kill a husband to avenge a daughter the world does not know thee so well as I do thou who before ever thy daughter's death was decided yet soon as thy lord had started from his home wert combining thy golden tresses at thy mirror That wife who when her lord is gone from home sets to beautifying herself strike off from virtue's list for she has no need to carry her beauty abroad save she is seeking some mischief Of all the wives in Hellas thou wert the only one I know who wert overjoyed when Trov's star was in the ascendant while if it set thy brow was clouded since thou hadst no wish that Agamemnon should return from Troy And yet thou couldst have played a virtuous part to thy own glory The husband thou hadst was no whit inferior to Ægisthus for he it was whom Hellas chose to be her captain And when thy sister Helen wrought that deed of shame thou couldst have won thyself great glory for vice is a warning and calls attention

O! Woe! that but an eye makes even goss-shed  
do to her. Yes for in my breast and in every  
limb being drawn pure for the sorrows of man  
kind.

O! Never to see thee more!

El. Never again to stand within thy sight!

O! This is my last good-bye to thee.

El. Farewell, farewell, my city and my fellow  
countrymen. Adieu, farewell to you!

O! Art thou gone, sweet friend of the sea?

El. I go, thy friend, thy friend, my voice, my  
eye.

O! Go, Princes, and be happy, take and wed  
Electra.

O! Their only thought will be their marriage.

But hast thou to Athens, seeking to receive these  
hounds of hell, for thy sake on the track in fearful  
wise want masters, with snakes for hands, who  
reap a harvest of man's sorrow. But we twain must  
haste away o'er the Cilian main to seize the sea  
man's ship. Yet as we fling through heaven's expanse  
we help not the wicked, but whose in his life he  
perishes and justly all such we free from trouble  
toils and sin. Wherefore let no man be minded to  
act unjustly, or with men's forewarn set such  
the warning, I a god to mortals give.

O! Farewell! truly that mortal's is a happy lot  
who can thus free himself by a calamity.

Electra exits.

*El* Ah me! alas! and whither can I go? What share have I henceforth in dance or marriage rite? What husband will accept me as his bride?

*Or* Again thy fancy changes with the wind for now thou thinkest aright though not so formerly an awful deed didst thou urge thy brother against his will to commit dear sister Oh! didst thou see how the poor victim threw open her robe and showed her bosom as I smote her sinking on her knees poor wretch? My heart melted within me

*El* Full well I know the agony through which thou didst pass at hearing thy own mother's bitter cry

*Or* Ah yes! she laid her hand upon my chin and cried aloud My child I entreat thee! and she clung about my neck so that I let fall the sword

*El* O my poor mother! How didst thou endure to see her breathe her last before thy eyes?

*Or* I threw my mantle o'er them and began the sacrifice by plunging the sword into my mother's throat

*El* Yet 'twas I that urged thee on yea and like wise grasped the steel Oh! I have done an awful deed

*Or* Oh! take and hide our mother's corpse beneath a pall and close her gaping wound (*Turning to the corpse*) Ah! thy murderers were thine own children

*El* (*Covering the corpse*) There! thou corpse both loved and loathed still o'er thee I cast a robe to end the grievous troubles of our house

(*THE PROSCENA are seen hovering above the house*)

*Ch* See! where o'er the roof top spirits are appearing or gods maybe from heaven for this is not a road that mortals tread Why come they thus where mortal eyes can see them clearly?

*The Dioscuri* Harken son of Agamemnon We the twin sons of Zeus thy mother's brothers call thee even Castor and his brother Polydeuces 'Tis but now we have reached Argos after stilling the fury of the sea for mariners having seen the slaying of our sister thy mother She hath received her just reward but thine is no righteous act and Phœbus—but no! he is my king my lips are sealed—is Phœbus still abet the oracle he gave thee was no great proof of his wisdom But we must acquiesce herein Henceforth must thou follow what Zeus and destiny ordain for thee On Pylades bestow Electra for his wife to take unto his home do thou leave Argos for after thy mother's murder thou mayst not set foot in the city And those grim goddesses of doom that glare like savage hounds will drive thee mad and chase thee to and fro but go thou to Athens and make thy prayer to the holy image of Pallas for she will close the fierce serpents' mouths so that they touch thee not holding o'er thy head her ægis with the Gorgon's head A hill there is to Ares sacred where first the gods in conclave sat to decide the law of blood in the day that savage Ares slew Halirrhothius son of the ocean king in anger for the violence he offered to his daughter's honour from that time all decisions given there are most

holy and have heaven's sanction There must thou have this murder tried and if equal votes are given they shall save thee from death in the de iurion for Lotus will take the blame upon himself, since it was his oracle that advised thy mother's murder And thus shall be the law for all posterity in every trial the accused shall win his case if the votes are equal Then shall those dread goddesses stricken with grief at this vanish into a cleft of the earth close to the hill revered by men thenceforth as a place for holy oracles whilst thou must settle in a city of Arcadia on the banks of the river Alpheus near the shrine of Lycæan Apollo and the city shall be called after thy name To thee I say this As for the corpse of Ægisthus the citizens of Argos must give it burial but Menelaus who has just arrived at Nauplia from the sack of Troy shall bury thy mother Helen helping him for she hath come from her sojourn in Egypt in the halls of Proteus and hath never been to Troy but Zeus to stir up strife and bloodshed in the world sent forth a phantom of Helen to Ilium Now let Pylades take his maiden wife and bear her to his home in Achæa also he must conduct thy so called kinsman to the land of Phocis and there reward him well But go thyself along the narrow Isthmus and seek Cecropia's happy home For once thou hast fulfilled the doom appointed for this murder thou shalt be blest and free from all thy troubles

*Ch* Ye sons of Zeus may we draw near to speak with you?

*Dr* Ye may since ye are not polluted by this murder

*Or* May I too share your converse sons of Tyndareus?

*Dr* Thou too for to Phœbus will I ascribe this deed of blood

*Ch* How was it that ye the brothers of the revered woman gods too did not ward the doom goddesses from her roof?

*Dr* 'Twas fate that brought relentless doom to her and that thoughtless oracle that Phœbus gave

*El* But why did the god and wherefore did his oracles make me my mother's murderer?

*Dr* A share in the deed a share in its doom one ancestral curse hath ruined both of you

*Or* Ah sister mine! at last I see thee again only to be robbed in a moment of thy dear love I must leave thee and by thee be left

*Dr* Hers are a husband and a home her only suffering this that she is quitting Argos

*Or* Yet what could call forth deeper grief than exile from one's fatherland? I must leave my father's house and at a stranger's bar be sentenced for my mother's blood

*Dr* Be of good cheer go to the holy town of Pallas keep a stout heart only

*El* O my brother best and dearest! clasp me to thy breast for now is the curse of our mother's blood cutting us off from the home of our fathers

*Or* Thro' thy arms in close embrace about me Oh! weep as o'er my grave when I am dead

And when the Fates had fully formed the b sned  
 god he b ou fit him forth and crowned him with a  
 coronal of snakes, whence it is the thyrsus-beann  
 Menads hunt the snake in twine about their hair  
 O Thebes, nurse of Semele crown thyself a th ivy  
 burst forth, burst forth with blossoms f r of green  
 con olulus, a d with the boughs of oak and pine  
 y in the Bacchic re elsy don thy coat of dappled  
 fa n kin decking it with tufts of an cred hair  
 with re tent basod the sport e wand now wield  
 Anon shall the whole land be dancing when Brom  
 us leads his re llers to the hills, to th hals away!  
 where wa t him groups of ma dens from looms and  
 shuttle roused in frantic haste by Dionysus. O hid  
 den ca e f the Curetes! O hallon ed haunts in Crete  
 that saw Zeus born whe Corcyantes with crested  
 helms deved f r m in their grotto the ounded  
 tumbrel of ox hide man ling Bac hic minstrelsy w th  
 th shrill eet accents of the Phrygia But a gift  
 bestowed by them on mother Rhea t add its crash  
 of music in the Ba hantes shouts f joy b r frantic  
 satyrsw t from th m th r goddesses for their own  
 and added it to the r d n es in festu als, which glad  
 d nth heart (Dio yus, each third recure t year  
 Oh! happy that oytar when from the hurrying  
 revel rout bea kst earth in his holy robe of fawn  
 k hating the goat to drink t blood a banquet  
 sweet f flesh ancooked as he hastes to Phrygia s  
 or to Lib a sh ll while the an the Bromus god  
 exults with m es of E oe W th milk nd w ne and  
 streams of luscious honey flows the earth and Syran  
 nence smokes. While the B echante hold ng in his  
 hand a blazo t reh of pine uplifted on his wand  
 wa es it a t speeds alo g rous g wa den g o  
 tances, nd a he wa es t cries aloud with wa ton  
 tresses torn g in the breeze and thus to crown the  
 rev lry he raises loud his oice O o ye Bac  
 chanae, prid of Temolus with is ills of gold! to the  
 sound f the booming drum ha ung n joyous  
 str the praises of your y ous god w th Phrygian  
 scre i lifted high what time the holy lute with  
 sweet complaining note tes jout your hallowed  
 sport a cord ng well with feet that hurry wildly t  
 the hills like colt chat gambols t is m thers side  
 in the past w th gladson heart each B echante  
 bounds along

#### Enter TEA 2 3

Tea What lone e at the gates will call Cad  
 to s from the house Ag or s son who left th city  
 f Salon nd low ded he th town of Thebes? Go  
 on f you ou t him that T reus is seek  
 gh m be k ows h mself the reso of my coming  
 nd th compa il nd he ha made in our old age  
 t bind the th rrus w th lea es nd don th fawn  
 skin, town g our heads th while with y-sprays

#### Enter CADAM 3

Cad Best f fr nd I I wa in th house when  
 I heard thy o w se a t w I come pre  
 po nd d rved n th l erv f th god For t s but  
 n h I should may f w th I my mght my own  
 da gh son Dionysus, who hath shown his god  
 head v t men. Wh re re we to join the dance?

where plant the foot and shake the hoary head? Do  
 thou, Teireus, be my guide age lead ng a e for  
 thou art w se Ne or shall I weary night or day of  
 beat ng the earth w th my thyrsus. What joy to  
 forget our years?

Te Why then thou art as I am For I too am  
 you gawan and will essay the da ce

Te We will da e then in our chariot to the hill.

Te Nay thus would the god not have an equal  
 honour paid

Ca Well I will lead thee age leading age.

Te The god will guide us both thither without  
 tool

Ca Shall we alone of all the city dance in B c  
 chus bo our?

Te Yes for we alone are wue the rest are mad

Ca We stay too long come take my hand

Te There I link thy h d in my firm grip

Ca Mortal that I am I scorn not the gods.

Te No subtleties d I indul e about the powers  
 of hea a The faith we inherited from our fathers  
 old as t me itself no reasoning, shall cast down n l  
 though it were the s blest in ent on of wits re  
 fined Maybe some one will say I have no respect  
 for ay g ey hair in go ng to dance w th y round  
 my head not so, for the god d d not define whether  
 old or young should dance but from all alike he  
 claims a unversal homage and scores n ce calcula  
 t o s his worship

Ca Tet exas, since thou art blind I must prompt  
 thee what to say. Pentheus is coming h ther to the  
 house in haste, Echion s son to whom I resign the  
 g vernment How aared he looks! what strange tid  
 ings will he tell?

#### Enter PENTHEUS

Pentheus I had left my k ngdom f r awhile when  
 tid ngs of strange m sch f in ths c ty rea hed me  
 I hear that ur w men folk ha el f t their homes n  
 p etene of B echic rites, and on the wooded hills  
 rush wildly in and fro, honour in the dance ths  
 new god Dionysus, whose er he is and in the m dse  
 of each revel out the brimming wine bowl stands  
 and one by one they steal way to l n ly spots to  
 grat fy th ir lust pretending forsooth that they re  
 Menads bent on sac fice tho gh it m Aphrod te  
 they r placin before the Bacchic god As many  
 as I ca ght my ga le a keepin saf in the publc  
 p son fast bound and all who r gone forth will I  
 chase from the hills, in and Aga e too who bore  
 me to Ech on and Actron s m th r Autonoe In  
 sect rs of roa will I b nd them and soon put an end  
 to these outragous Bacchic rites. They say there  
 came a strange h th r trickst r and a sorcerer  
 f m Lydia's land with golden hair and perfumed  
 locks, the flush of wine upon his face a d in his  
 eyes each grace that Aphrod te gives by day nd  
 n ght h l gers in ou maidens company on the  
 plea of teach g Bacchic mysteries. One l t me  
 catch h m w th n these walls, nd I will put an end  
 to his thir us-beat g a d his wa l of his t esser,  
 f r I will cut his head from his body Th s is the  
 fellow who says that Dionysus s a god says that he

# THE BACCHANTES

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| DIONYSUS             | CADMUS           |
| PENTHEUS             | SERVANT          |
| CHORUS OF BACCHANTES | FIRST MESSENGER  |
| TEIRESIAS            | SECOND MESSENGER |
|                      | AGAVE            |

*Before the Palace of Pentheus at Thebes Enter*  
DIONYSUS

*Dionysus* Lo! I am come to this land of Thebes  
Dionysus the son of Zeus of whom on a day Semele the daughter of Cadmus was delivered by a flash of lightning I have put off the god and taken human shape and so present myself at Dirce's springs and the waters of Ismenus Yonder I see my mother's monument where the bolt slew her nigh her house and there are the ruins of her home smouldering with the heavenly flame that blazeth still—Hera's deathless outrage on my mother To Cadmus all praise I offer because he keeps this spot hallowed his daughter's precinct which my own hands have shaded round about with the vines clustering foliage

Lydia's glebes where gold abounds and Phrygia have I left behind o'er Persia's sun baked plains by Bactria's walled towns and Media's wintry clime have I advanced through Arabia land of promise and Asia's length and breadth outstretched along the brackish sea with many a fawn walled town peopled with mingled race of Hellenes and barbarians and thus is the first city in Hellas I have reached Thrice so have I ordained dances and established my rites that I might manifest my godhead to men but Thebes in the first city in the land of Hellas that I have made ring with shouts of joy girt in a fawn skin with a thyrsus my ivy bound spear in my hand since my mother's sisters who least of all should have done it denied that Dionysus was the son of Zeus saying that Semele when she became a mother by some mortal lover tried to fust her sin on Zeus—a clever ruse of Cadmus which they boldly asserted caused Zeus to slay her for the falsehood about the marriage Wherefore these are they whom I have driven frenzied from their homes and they are dwelling on the hills with mind distraught and I have forced them to assume the dress worn in my orgies and all the women folk of Cadmus stock have I driven raving from their homes one and all alike and there they sit upon the roofless rocks beneath the green pine trees mingling amongst the sons of Thebes For this city must learn however loth seeing that it is not initiated in my Bacchic rites and I must take up my mother's defence by

showing to mortals that the child she bore to Zeus is a deity Now Cadmus gave his sceptre and its privileges to Pentheus his daughter's child who wages war against my divinity thrusting me away from his drink offerings and making no mention of me in his prayers Therefore will I prove to him and all the race of Cadmus that I am a god And when I have set all in order here I will pass hence to a fresh country manifesting myself but if the city of Thebes in fury takes up arms and seeks to drive my votaries from the mountain I will meet them at the head of my frantic rout This is why I have assumed a mortal form and put off my godhead to take man's nature

O ye who left Tmolus the bulwark of Lydia ye women my revel rout! whom I brought from your foreign homes to be ever by my side and bear me company uplift the cymbals native to your Phrygian home that were by me and the great mother Rhea first devised and march around the royal halls of Pentheus smiting them that the city of Cadmus may see you while I will seek Cithæron's glens there with my Bacchanals to join the dance

*Exit DIONYSUS*

*Enter CHORUS*

*Chorus* From Asia o'er the holy ridge of Tmolus I harken to a pleasant task a toil that brings no weariness for Bromius sake in honour of the Bacchic god Who loiters in the road? Who lingers beneath the roof? Avaunt! I say and let every lip be hushed in solemn silence for I will raise a hymn to Dionysus as custom ayne ordains O happy he! who to his joy is initiated in heavenly mysteries and leads a holy life joining heart and soul in Bacchic revelry upon the hills purified from every sin observing the rites of Cybele the mighty mother and brandishing the thyrsus with ivy wreathed head he worships Dionysus Go forth go forth ye Bacchanals bring home the Bromian god Dionysus child of a god from the mountains of Phrygia to the spacious streets of Hellas bring home the Bromian god! whom on a day his mother in her sore travail brought forth untimely yielding up her life beneath the lightning stroke of Zeus winged bolt but forthwith Zeus the son of Cronos found for him another womb wherein to rest for he hid him in his thigh and fastened it with golden pins to conceal him from Hera

swave temper a d likewise for the c r v that the  
god infir et not a wonal egeance Come f llow me  
n th thy y wreathed staff try support me  
1111 frame as I do thine for it is unseemly that  
two old men should fall but let that pass For we  
must serve the Bacch e god the son of Zeus. Only  
Cadmus, beware lest Pentheus' brin sorrow t thy  
house it is not my prophetic art but circumstances  
that lead me to say this for the words of a fool are  
b

*Exeunt C. DANTS and REMAINS*

Ch II holiness, queen amongst the gods sweep-  
ing on g lden pan on m er the earth's dust hear the  
words of Pentheus, dost hear his proud blaspheming  
against B omus, the son of Semele first of all the  
blessed gods at e cry merry fest al? H it i  
to rouse the revellers to dance to la h away dull care  
and wake the flute where e m banquets of the  
god th luscious grape appears, n when the win  
cup r the fest e sheds sleep on men who wear the  
v r rray The end of all unbodled speech and law  
less senselessness m misery but the lfe f calm se  
pose and the rule of reason abide unshaken and support  
the home for far away in hea n though they  
d ll, the power d behold man state Soph  
u s v is not val as a d to dul e in thoughts be  
vond man s k n i t short n life and f man on  
such poor terms should a m too bu h he may miss  
the pleasures q b each These to my mind a e  
the xis f madmen and id ots. Oh! to make my  
241 Cyprus, isle of Aphrodite where I dwell the  
lo god round to south man s so l or to P phos,  
wh h that foreign n e ne r sed b rian, entwines  
with t hundred m thal Oh! lead me Brownian  
god celestial kind of Ba cho plums, to the hal  
lowed u pes of Olympus, where Pterian Nyses have  
their haunt most fa There d d l th Graces there  
is self desire the r t nes may h ld their re-  
els freely Th 104 sou god the son of Zeus, s an  
banqu ts, h s d lght n n p e a that g s of riches  
and n me d s of outh. Both to rich and poor  
l k hath b gra ted the delight f wine that makes  
ad pain to exw hateful t h m is e cry o e wh  
n th not t l th l of bliss, that l t through  
d nd bts of i True wind m is to k ep the  
bea t nd soul loof from o n subtle n ts. That  
bu h th less enl ghened sord appr v e nd prac  
nes. W accept

*Re-enters extra cts Enter ea r t l r g r g d i o-*  
*to nd*

ary at We a e om Pentheus, having ha ted  
down this pre a to which thou didst vend u forth  
not in a r hatch bet our g est n found on  
quarry am b dal t fl from us, but i lded  
himself about tru ple t s heek n blanched  
oor d d h roud colour cha ge but n th smile h  
bad me bind nd l d ham war and h wa ted  
enak g m t l k n eav one For c r v shame I said  
t hum. A p r t m ill u tra get d l lead thee  
henc but fent h u orde ed t who sent me lath r

The son of sorrow one of the many plays on names  
Eu. quies.

As for his votar es whom thou thyself d dst check  
seizing and band ng them hand and foot in the pub-  
lic gaol ll these have loosed the r bonds and fled  
into the meadows where they now are sportin call  
ing aloud on the Bromian god Their chains t li off  
their feet of the r own accord and doors flew open  
without man s hand t help Many a marvel both  
this tra get b on fit n th hum to our city of Thebes  
what r et remains must be thy care

Pe Loose his hands for now that I have h m in  
the net he is scarce su ft enou h to elude me So u  
stra er thou art not ill f oured from a wom s  
point of view which was thy real object in com ng  
to Thebes thy hair s long because thou hast ne er  
been a wrestler flowing right down thy cheeks most  
wanto h thy skin is wh te to help thee go n thy  
end n tanned by ray of sun but kept within the  
shade s thou goest in g est of lo e m th beauty s  
bait Come tell me first of thy race

Dr That needs no b agart s tongue s easily  
roll d may be thou know est Temolus by hearsay

Pe I know it the range that rings the city of Sar-  
dis round

D Thence l e one Lycia is my nati e home

Pe What makes thee b in these mysteries to  
H llas?

D Dion yus, the son of Zeus initiated me

Pe I th rea Zeus in Lydia who beg is new gods?

D No but Zeu who married Semele in Hellas.

Pe War at by n ht or n the face of day that he  
can trained the e?

Dr T t as face to face he intrusted his mysteries  
to me

P Pra what special feature stamps thy rites?

Dr That is a secret to be hidden from the uni u  
tated.

Pe What profit bring they to their votaries?

Dr Thou must not be told though tis well no t l  
know g

Pe A pr try piece of trickery to excite my curi-  
osity!

D A man of godless life is an abomination to the  
rites of th god

P Thou sayest thou didst see the god clearly  
what was h like?

D What h fancy chose I was not ther to rder  
th s

P Anoth r clever twist and turn of thine with  
out a word of answer

D He were a fool methinks, who would utter  
wisdom to a fool

Pe Hs t thou omeluthe first with this deits?

Dr All f r mers already celebrate these mys-  
te s th danc s

Pe Th reason being, they re far behind H ll nes  
in wisdom

D In this at least f s an advance thou h ther  
cu t ms diff e

Pe Is it b night o day thou performest these  
dev tions?

Dr By n gl t mostly darkness lends solemnity

P Calculated to entrap and corrupt women.



was once stitched up in the thigh of Zeus—that mild who with his mother was blasted by the lightning flash because the woman falsely said her marriage was with Zeus. Is not this enough to deserve the awful penalty of hanging: this stranger's wanton insolence, whose he be?

But lo! another marvel. I see Teiresias, our diviner, dressed in dappled fawn skins and my mother—father too wildly waving the Bacchic wand, droll sight enough! Father, it grieves me to see you two old men so void of sense. Oh! shake that ivy from thee! Let fall the thyrsus from thy hand, my mother's sire! Was it thou, Teiresias, urged him on to this? Art bent on introducing this fellow as another new deity amongst men, that thou mayst then observe the fowls of the air and make a gain from fiery divination? Were it not that thy grey hairs protected thee, thou shouldst sit in chains amid the Bacchanals for introducing knavish mysteries for where the glad some grape is found at women's feasts, I deny that their rites have any longer good results.

Ch. What impiety! Hast thou no reverence, sir, stranger, for the gods or for Cadmus who sowed the crop of earth-born warriors? Son of Echion as thou art, thou dost shame thy birth.

Te. When so a man of wisdom finds a good topic for argument, it is no difficult matter to speak well, but thou, though possessing a glib tongue as if endowed with sense, art yet devoid thereof in all thou sayest. A headstrong man, if he have influence and a capacity for speaking, makes a bad citizen because he lacks sense. This new deity, whom thou deridest, will rise to power. I cannot say how great through out Hellas. Two things there are: young prince that hold first rank among men, the goddess Demeter, that is the earth, call her which name thou please, she it is that feedeth men with solid food, and as her counterpart came this god, the son of Semele, who discovered the juice of the grape and introduced it to mankind, stalling thereby each grief that mortals suffer from soon as e'er they are filled with the juice of the vine, and sleep also he giveth sleep that brings forgetfulness of daily ills, the sovereign charm for all our woe. God, though he serves all other gods for libations, so that through him mankind is blest. He it is whom thou dost mock, because he was sewn up in the thigh of Zeus. But I will show thee this fair mystery. When Zeus had snatched him from the lightning's blaze, and to Olympus borne the tender babe, Hera would have cast him forth from heaven, but Zeus, as such a god well might, devised a counterplot. He broke off a fragment of the ether which surrounds the world and made thereof a hostage against Hera's bitterness, while he gave out Dionysus into other hands, hence in time men said that he was reared in the thigh of Zeus, having changed the word and invented a legend, because the god was once a hostage to the goddess Hera. This god too hath prophetic power, for there is no small prophecy inspired by Bacchic frenzy—for whenever the god in his full might enters the human frame, he makes his frantic votaries foretell the

future. Likewise he hath some share in Ares' rights for oft or ever a weapon is touched, a panic seizes an army when it is marshalled in array, and this too is a frenzy sent by Dionysus. Yet shalt thou behold him even on Delphi's rocks leaping o'er the cloven height, torch in hand, waving and brandishing the branch by Bacchus loved, yea and through the length and breadth of Hellas. Hearken to me, Pentheus, never boast that might alone doth sway the world, nor if thou think so unsound as thy opinion is, credit thyself with any wisdom, but receive the god into thy realm, pour out libations, join the revel rout, and crown thy head. It is not Dionysus that will force chastity on women in their love, but this is what we should consider, whether chastity is part of their nature for good and all, for if it is, no really modest maid will ever fall mid Bacchic mysteries. Mark this, thou thyself art glad when thousands throng thy gates, and citizens extol the name of Pentheus, he too I throw delights in being honoured. Wherefore I and Cadmus, whom thou jeerest so, will wreath our brows with ivy and join the dance, pair of grey beards though we be, still must we take part therein, never will I for any words of thine fight against heaven. Most grievous is thy madness, nor canst thou find a charm to cure thee, albeit charms have caused thy malady.

Ch. Old sir, thy words do not discredit Phœbus, and thou art wise in honouring Bromius, potent deity.

Ca. My son, Teiresias hath given thee sound advice, dwell with us, but erstep not the threshold of custom, for now thou art soaring aloft, and thy wisdom is no wisdom. Even though he be no god, as thou assertest, still say he is, be guilty of a splendid fraud, declaring him the son of Semele, that she may be thought the mother of a god, and we and all our race gain honour. Dost thou mark the awful fate of Actæon? Whom savage hounds of his own rearing rent in pieces in the meadows, because he boasted himself a better hunter than Artemis. Lest thy fate be the same, come let me crown thy head with ivy, join us in rendering homage to the god.

Pe. Touch me not away to thy Bacchic rites, thyself never try to infect me with thy foolery! Vengeance will I have on the fellow who teaches thee such senselessness. Away one of you without delay! I seek yonder seat where he observes his birds, wrench it from its base with levers, turn it upside down, o'erthrowing it in utter confusion, and toss his garlands to the tempest's blast. For by so doing shall I wound him most deeply. Others of you range the city and hunt down this girl-faced stranger, who is introducing a new complaint amongst our women and doing outrage to the marriage tie. And if haply ye catch him, bring him hither to me in chains, to be stoned to death, a bitter ending to his revelry in Trebes.

Enter Pentheus.  
Te. Unhappy wretch! thou little knowest what thou art saying. Now art thou become a saving mad man, even before unsound in mind. Let us away, Cadmus, and pray earnestly for him, spite of his

Ch. Indeed I was. Who was to protect me if thou shouldst meet with mischance? But how wert thou set free from the clutches of this godless wretch?

De. My own hands wrenched out my own salvation, and without trouble.

Ch. But I did not loath fast thy hands with cords?

De. There too I mock'd him, he thinks he bound me, crept in, nor ever touched or caught hold of me, but fed himself on fancy. For at the tall, to which he brot me for a goal, he found a bull, whose legs and hoofs he straightly tied breathing out fury to him, the sweet trouble from his bod and he from his eyes, but I from near at hand met cald looks on me. Meantime came the Bacchic god and mad the howl, quak'd his mother's tomb, reit the fur, but Pentheus, when thou hit his face was a tar and further and further he rushed, below his servants bro water but all in vain was every servant's busy toil. Thereon he left this labour be gone, and thence may be that I had escaped, rushed into the palace with his murderous sword unsheathed. Then did Bromus, so at least I seemed to me, looly tell of what I thou, hit and a phan tom in the hall, and he rushed after me, leading me home, and tabbed the ly as a god, thou he wounded me. Further the Bacchic god did other outrages, to him he dashed the building to the ground, and there I lies mass of ruin a night to make him rue more bitter in bonds, for he left from sheer loss he dropped his sword and fell fainting, for he a mortal frail, dared to war with a god, but I meantime quail'd left in house and am come to you with ever a thou hit of Pentheus. I see talks he will soon a year before the house at less I were in sound of spears than. What will be say I wonder, yet thus I will, be his fury never so great I will tell bear it for us a wise man's way to a bold his temper into due control.

Enter PEITHUS.

Pe. Shameful has it been treated that stranger whom but now I mad so fit in prison, hath escaped me. He is the man? What means this? How dost thou come forth, to greet thus in front of my gate.

De. His bet thou it and moderate thy fear.

Pe. How is it thou has escaped the furies and art alive?

De. Did I do so, or did I thou not bear me. The one will know me.

Pe. Who is that man? Is something new in the house?

De. He makes his listeners to grow for man.

Pe. De. A E. I want indeed thou hast here at Dionysus.

Pe. (To the women) Has every tower that hemms a word on.

De. What can I cannot give you even on a wall.

Pe. How wise thou art, for the windows is needed.

De. What more is needed, there is I most wise.

But first listen to yonder messenger and hear what he says, he comes from the hills with tidings for thee and I will a little pleasure not seek to fly.

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. Pentheus, ruler of this realm of Thebes! I come from Catharon where the dazzling, flakes of pure white snow create to fall.

Pe. What urgent news dost thou bring?

Me. I have seen, O king, those frantic Bacchantes, who darted in frenzy from this land with their white feet and I am come to tell thee and the city the wondrous deeds they do, deeds passing strange. But I fear would hear what I am freely to tell all I saw there or shorten my story for I fear the heavy temper sets the sudden bursts of wrath and more than princely rage.

Pe. Say on for thou shalt go unpunished by me in all respects for to be angered with the upper hit is wrong. The darts thy tale about the Bacchantes, the heavy punishment will I inflict on this fellow who brought his secret arts amongst our women.

Me. I was just driven to the herds of kine to a ridge of the hill as I fed them, as the sun shot forth his rays and mad the earth grow warm when lo! I see three revel bands of women. Autonoe was chief of one, thy mother Agave of the second, while Ino was the third. There the lay asleep, all tired out some were resting on branches of the pine, others had laid their heads in careless ease on oak leaves piled upon the ground, observing all modestly not, as thou sayest seeking to gratify their lusts alone amid the woods, by wine and soft sleep to merrily mad denced.

Agave in their mad thy mother uprose and cried aloud to wake them from their sleep, when she heard the lowing of maddened kine. And up she started to their feet brushing from their eyes keen's quick ening dew, a woodcock, a bit of grace and modesty young and old and maidens, it unwed. First on their shoulders they let stream their hair, then all did gird their fawn skins up, who hitherto had left the fastenings loose, girdling the dappled hides with snakes that licked their cheeks. Their breasts foodled in their arms gossamer or save a whelps of woe, and sock'd them, young too hers there with babes at home whose breast were full of milk or ewes, the worst of a yoke of oak or blowen on con ill will. And one took fire, the rams and struck it in on the earth, and forth there girded, lumpy spit and smooth plumed her wand into the lap of earth, and then the god sent up a fount of wine and all who wished for draught of milk had but to scratch the soil with their finger tips and there the had it in abundance, whel from every vine wreathed staff sweet ras of honey, and led.

Had I thou been there and seen this, thou wouldst have turned a prey to the god, whom now thou dost disown. Now we herd men and shepherds meet to discuss their trade and wondrous doings, then one who wanders off to town and bath a truck of speech, mad harangue in the market, "O ye who dwell upon the hallowed mountain terraces!

*Di* Day too for that matter may discover shame  
*Pe* This vile quibbling settles thy punishment  
*Di* Brutish ignorance and godlessness will settle  
 thine

*Pe* How bold our Bacchanal is growing! a very  
 master in this wordy strife!

*Di* Tell me what I am to suffer what is the griev-  
 ous doom thou wilt inflict upon me?

*Pe* First will I shear off thy dainty tresses

*Di* My locks are sacred for the god I let them  
 grow

*Pe* Next surrender that thyrsus

*Di* Take it from me thyself 'tis the wand of Dio-  
 nysus I am bearing

*Pe* In dungeon deep thy body will I guard

*Di* The god himself will set me free where'er I  
 list

*Pe* Perhaps he may when thou standest amid thy  
 Bacchanals and callest on his name

*Di* Even now he is near me and witnesses my  
 treatment

*Pe* Why where is he? To my eyes he is invisible

*Di* He is by my side thou art a godless man and  
 therefore dost not see him

*Pe* Seize him! the fellow scorns me and Thebes  
 too

*Di* I bid you bind me not reason addressing mad  
 ness

*Pe* But I say bind! with better right than thou

*Di* Thou hast no knowledge of the life thou art  
 leading thy very existence is now a mystery to thee

*Pe* I am Pentheus son of Agave and Echion

*Di* Well named to be misfortune's mate!

*Pe* Avaunt! Hol shut him up within the horses  
 stalls hard by that for light he may have patchy  
 gloom Do thy dancing there and these women  
 whom thou bringest with thee to share thy villain-  
 ies I will either sell as slaves or make their hands  
 cease from this noisy beating of drums and set them  
 to work at the loom as servants of my own

*Di* I will go for that which fate forbids can  
 never befall me For thus thy mockery be sure Dio-  
 nysus will exact a recompense of thee—even the  
 god whose existence thou deniest for thou art in-  
 juring him by haling me to prison

*Exit DIONYSUS guarded and PENTHEUS*

*Ch* Hail to thee Dirce happy maid daughter  
 revered of Achelous! within thy founts thou didst  
 receive in days gone by the babe of Zeus what time  
 his father caught him up into his thigh from out the  
 deathless flame while thus he cried Go rest my  
 Dithyrambus there within thy father's womb by  
 this name O Bacchic god I now proclaim thee to  
 Thebes But thou blest Dirce thrustest me aside  
 when in thy midst I strive to hold my revels graced  
 with crowns Why dost thou scorn me? Why avoid  
 me? By the clustered charm that Dionysus sheds  
 o'er the vintage I now there ver shall come a time  
 when thou wilt turn thy thoughts to Bromius What  
 furious rage the earth-born race displays even Pen-  
 theus sprung of a dragon of old himself the son of  
 earth-born Echion a savage monster in his very

men not made in human mould but like some  
 murderous giant pitted against heaven for he means  
 to bind me the handmaid of Bromius in cords forth-  
 with and even now he keeps my fellow reveller pent  
 within his palace plunged in a gloomy dungeon  
 Dost thou mark this O Dionysus son of Zeus thy  
 prophets struggling against resistless might? Come  
 O king brandishing thy golden thyrsus along the  
 slopes of Olympus restrain the pride of this blood-  
 thirsty wretch! Oh! where in Nysa haunt of beasts,  
 or on the peaks of Corycus art thou Dionysus mar-  
 shall with thy wand the revellers? or haply in  
 the thick forest depths of Olympus where erst Or-  
 pheus with his lute gathered trees to his minstrelsy  
 and beasts that range the fields Ah blest Pierus  
 Egeus honours thee to thee will he come with his  
 Bacchic rites to lead the dance and thither will he  
 lead the circling Mænads crossing the swift current  
 of Axius and the Lydias that giveth wealth and  
 happiness to man yea and the father of rivers  
 which as I have heard enriches with his waters far  
 a land of steeds

*Di* (Within) What hol my Bacchantes hol hear  
 my call oh! hear

*Ch* I Who art thou? what Evian cry is this that  
 calls me? whence comes it?

*Di* What hol once more I call I the son of Semele  
 the child of Zeus

*Ch* II My master O my master hail!

*Ch* III Come to our revel band O Bromian god

*Ch* IV Thou solid earth!

*Ch* V Most awful shock!

*Ch* VI O horror! soon will the palace of Pentheus  
 totter and fall

*Ch* VII Dionysus is within this house

*Ch* VIII Do homage to him

*Ch* IX We do we do!

*Ch* X Did ye mark yon architrave of stone upon  
 the columns start asunder?

*Ch* XI Within these walls the triumph shout of  
 Bromius himself will rise

*Di* Kindle the blazing torch with lightning's fire  
 abandon to the flames the halls of Pentheus

*Ch* XII Hail dost not see the flame dost not  
 clearly mark it at the sacred tomb of Semele the  
 lightning flame which long ago the hurler of the  
 bolt left there?

*Ch* XIII Your trembling limbs prostrate ye Mæ-  
 nads low upon the ground

*Ch* XIV Yea for our king the son of Zeus is  
 assailing and utterly confounding this house

*Enter DIONYSUS*

*Di* Are ye so stricken with terror that ye have  
 fallen to the earth O foreign dames? Ye saw then  
 it would seem how the Bacchic god made Pentheus  
 hails to quake but arise be of good heart compose  
 your trembling limbs

*Ch* O chieftest joy of our glad some Bacchic  
 sport with what joy I see thee in my loneliness!

*Di* Were ye cast down when I was led into the  
 house to be plunged into the gloomy dungeons of  
 Pentheus?



shall we chase Agave mother of Pentheus from her Bacchic rites and thereby do our prince a service? We liked his speech and placed ourselves in hidden ambush among the leafy thickets: they at the appointed time began to wave the thyrsus for their Bacchic rites calling on Iacchus the Bromian god the son of Zeus in united chorus and the whole mount and the wild creatures re-echoed their cry: all nature stirred as they rushed on. Now Agave chanced to come springing near me: so up I leapt from out my ambush where I lay concealed meaning to seize her. But she cried out: 'What! ho! my nimble bounds: here are men upon our track, but follow me as I follow with the thyrsus in your hand for weapon.' Thereat we fled to escape being torn in pieces by the Bacchantes: but they with hands that bore no weapon of steel attacked our cattle as they browsed. Then wouldst thou have seen Agave mastering some sleek lowing calf while others rent the heifers limb from limb. Before thy eyes there would have been hurling of ribs and hoofs this way and that and strips of flesh all blood bedabbled dripped as they hung from the pine branches. Wild bulls that glared but now with rage along their horns found themselves tripped up dragged down to earth by countless maidens' hands. The flesh upon their limbs was stripped therefrom quicker than thou couldst have closed thy royal eye-lids. Then off they sped like birds that skim the air to the plains beneath the hills which bear a fruitful harvest for Thebes beside the waters of Isopus to Hyssae and Erithrae hamlets neath Cithaeron's peak with fell intent swooping on everything and scattering all pell-mell and they would snatch children from their homes but all that they placed upon their shoulders abode there firmly without being tied and fell not to the dusky earth: not even brass or iron and on their hair they carried fire and it burnt them not: but the country folk rushed to arms furious at being pillaged by Bacchanals whereon ensued O king this wondrous spectacle. For though the iron shod dart would draw no blood from them they with the thyrsus which they hurled caused many a wound and put their foes to utter rout: women chasing men by some god's intervention. Then they returned to the place whence they had started: even to the springs the god had made to spout for them and there washed off the blood while serpents with their tongues were licking clean each gout from their cheeks. Wherefore my lord and master receive this deity whoever he be within the city for great as he is in all else I have likewise heard men say 'twas he that gave the vine to man sorrow's antidote. Take wine away and Cypris flies and every other human joy is dead.

Ch. Though I fear to speak my mind with freedom in the presence of my king still must I utter this. Dionysus yields to no deity in might.

Pe. Already look you! the presumption of these Bacchantes is upon us: so it is as fire a sad disgrace in the eyes of all Hellas. No time for hesitation now! away to the Electra gate! order a muster of all my

men at arms of those that mount fleet steeds, of all who brandish light bucklers of arches too that make the bowstring twang for I will march against the Bacchanals. By Heaven! thus pass all if we are to be thus treated by women.

Exit MESSE GER  
D. Still obdurate O Pentheus after hearing my words! In spite of all the evil treatment I am enduring from thee still I warn thee of the sin of bearing arms against a god and bid thee cease for Bromus will not endure thy driving his votaries from the mountains where they revel.

Pe. A truce to thy preaching to me! thou hast escaped thy bonds preserve thy liberty else will I renew thy punishment.

Di. I would rather do him sacrifice than in a fury kick against the pricks: thou a mortal he a god.

Pe. Sacrifice! that will I by setting afoot a whole sale slaughter of women mid Cithaeron's glens as they deserve.

Di. Ye will all be put to flight—a shameful thing that they with the Bacchic thyrsus should rout your mail-clad warriors.

Pe. I find this stranger a troublesome foe to encounter doing or suffering he is alike irrepressible.

Di. Friend there is still a way to compose this bitterness.

Pe. Say how am I to serve my own servants?

Di. I will bring the women hither without weapons.

Pe. Hal! hal! this is some crafty scheme of thine against me.

Di. What kind of scheme if by my craft I propose to save thee?

Pe. You have combined with them to form this plot that your revels may go on for ever.

Di. Nay but this is the very compact I made with the god: be sure of that.

Pe. (Preparing to start forth) Bring forth my arms. Not another word from thee!

Di. Hal! wouldst thou see them seated on the hills?

Pe. Of all things yes! I would give untold sums for that.

Di. Why this sudden strong desire?

Pe. 'Twill be a bitter sight if I find them drunk with wine.

Di. And would that be a pleasant sight which will prove bitter to thee?

Pe. Believe me yes! beneath the fir trees as I sit in silence.

Di. Nay they will track thee though thou come secretly.

Pe. Well I will go openly: thou wert ill hit to say so.

Di. Am I to be thy guide? wilt thou eschew the road?

Pe. Lead on with all speed I grudge thee all delay.

Di. Array thee then in robes of fine linen.

Pe. Why so? Am I to enlist among women after being a man?

Di. They may kill thee if thou show thy manhood there.

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ing each other in hymns of Bacchus. But Pentheus, son of sorrow, seeing not the women gathered there exclaimed, "Sir stran' er from where I stand, I can not clearly see th' mock Bacchantes but I will climb a hillock or a soaring pine whence to see clearly the shameful doings of th' Bacchante. Then and there I saw the stranger work a miracle for catching a lofty fir branch by the very end he drew it downward to the dusky earth, lower yet and e'er lower and like a bow it bent or rounded wheel, whose curve circle grows complete as clock and I ne describe it e'en so the goddess drew down the mountain branch between his hands, bending it to earth, by more than human power. And when he had seated Pentheus aloft on the fir branches, he let them slip thro' h' hands gently careful not to shake him from his seat. Up soared the branch straight into the air borne with my master perched th' room, seen by the Maenads better far than he saw them for scarce was he held upon his lofty throne, when the stran' er disappeared, while from th' sky there came a voice, sweet seem, by Dionysus stirred—

Maenads, I bring the man who tried to mock god and me and my mystic rites take vengeance on him. And as he spake, he raised swift heat en and earth a dazzling column of awful flame. Hushed grew the sk' and still him each leaf thro' holt the grove glen, nor couldst thou ha' e heard on creature cry. But they not sure if the once they heard, swa' g up and peered all round then once again his bidding came and when the daz' light of Cadmus knew it was th' Bacchic god in very truth that came, swift as doves they darted off in eager haste, his mother Aga'e and her sisters dear and all the Bacchantes thro' h torrent glen, o'er boulders they bounded on, inspired with madness by the god. Soon as they saw my master perched upon the fir they set a bulging stones at him with all their might, molten commandus' eminence, and with pine branches he was pelted as with darts and others shot their wands through the air t Pentheus, their hapless target but all to no purpose. For there he sat beyond the reach of their hot endeavours, a helpless, hopeless victim. At last they rent off limbs from oaks and were for prison up the rock. A lover not of men. But when they still could make no end to all their toil, Aga'e cried "Come stand around and grip the sap's g trunk, my Bacchantes! that we may catch the beast that a throned, lest he divulge the secrets of our god's religion.

Then wet a thousand hands laid on th' fir and from the ground they tore it up, while he from his seat with came tumbling to the ground with lamentations long and loud, e'en Pentheus for well he knew his hour was come. His mother first, a priestess for L. order began the bloody deed and fell upon him. Whereon he tore the wood from off his back that fatherless Aga'e might recognise and spare him, crying as he touched her cheek, O mother! 'tis I, thy own son Pentheus, the child thou dost bear us

Echion's halls have put on me, mother dear! oh! do not for an son of mine slay thy own son."

But she the while, with foam'd mouth and wildly rolling eyes, bereft of reason as she was, beeded him not for the god possessed her. And she caught his left hand in her grip, and planting her foot upon her victim's trunk she tore the shoulder from its socket not of h' own strength, but the god made it an easy task to her hands and loosed to work upon the other side rending the flesh with Autonee and all the excess of Bacchanus and one united cry arose, th' victim's groans while yet he breathed and their triumphant shouts. One would make an arm her prey another a foot with the sandal on it and his ribs were striped of flesh by their rending nails and each one with blood-dabb'd hands was tossing Pentheus' limbs about. Scattered lies his corpse part beneath the rugged rocks, and part amid th' deep dark woods, no easy task to find by his poor head hath his mother made her own and fixing it upon the point of a thyrus, as it had been a mountain lion's, he bears it thro' h the midst of Citharon, his own left hand is hers with the Maenads at their rites. And she is entering, these walls echo in her hunting shout with woe, calling on the Bacchic god her fellow hunter who had helped her to triumph in a chase, where her only prize was tears.

But I will get me hence away from this piteous scene before Aga'e reach the palace. To my mind self estranged and reverence for th' things of God point alike the best and wiser course for all mortals who pursue them.

Exit AGAVE.

Ch. Come, let us exult our Bacchic god in choral strain, let us loudly chant the fall of Pentheus from th' serpent sprun who assumed a woman's dress and took the fair Bacchic wand surepled e of death, with a bull to guide him to his doom. O ye Bacchantes of Thebes! glorious is the triumph ye have achieved ending in sorrow and tears. 'Tis a noble enterprise to dabble the hand in the blood of a son till it drips. But hush! I see Aga'e the mother of Pentheus, with wild rolling eyes hastening to the house welcome the revellers of the Bacchic god.

Exit AGAVE.

Agave Ye Bacchantes! from him!

Ch. Why dost thou rouse me? why?

Ag. From the hills I am bringing to my home a tender freshly-culled, glad guerdon of the chase.

Ch. I see it and I will welcome thee unto our revels. All hail!

Ag. I caught him with never a snare this lion's whelp, as you may see.

Ch. From what desert lair?

Ag. Citharon—

Ch. Yes, Citharon?

Ag. Was his death.

Ch. Who was it gave the first blow?

Ag. Mine that first gave "Happy Agave!" they call me and our revellers.

Ch. Who did th' rest?

*Pe* Shall I be able to carry on my shoulders *Cithæron's* glens the *Bacchanals* and all?

*Di* Yes if so thou wilt for though thy mind was erst diseased 'tis now just as it should be

*Pe* Shall we take levers or with my hands can I uproot it thrusting arm or shoulder neath its peaks?

*Di* No nol destroy not the seats of the *Nymphs* and the haunts of *Pan* the place of his piping

*Pe* Well said! Women must not be mastered by brute force amid the pines will I conceal myself

*Di* Thou shalt hide thee in the place that fate appoints coming by stealth to spy upon the *Bacchinals*

*Pe* Why methinks they are already caught in the pleasant snares of dalliance like birds amid the brakes

*Di* Set out with watchful heed then for this very purpose maybe thou wilt catch them if thou be not first caught thyself

*Pe* Conduct me through the very heart of *Thebes* for I am the only man among them bold enough to do this deed

*Di* Thou alone bearest thy country's burden thou and none other wherefore there await thee such struggles as needs must Follow me for I will guide thee safely thither another shall bring thee thence

*Pe* My mother may be

*Di* For every eye to see

*Pe* My very purpose in going

*Di* Thou shalt be carried back

*Pe* What luxury!

*Di* In thy mother's arms

*Pe* Thou wilt even force me into luxury

*Di* Yes to luxury such as this

*Pe* Truly the task I am undertaking deserves it

*Exit PENTHEUS*

*Di* Strange ah! strange is thy career leading to scenes of woe so strange that thou shalt achieve a fame that towers to heaven Stretch forth thy hands *Agave* and ye her sisters daughters of *Cadmus* mighty in the strife to which I am bringing the youthful king and the victory shall rest with me and *Bromius* all else the event will show

*Exit DIONYSUS*

*Ch* To the hills! to the hills! fleet hounds of madness where the daughters of *Cadmus* hold their revels goad them into wild fury against the man disguised in woman's dress a frenzied spy upon the *Menads* First shall his mother mark him as he peers from some smooth rock or river tree and thus to the *Menads* she will call Who is this of *Cadmus* sons comes hasting to the mount to the mountain away to spy on us my *Bacchinals*? Whose child can he be? I or he was never born of woman's blood but from some lioness may be or *Libyan Gorgon* is he sprung Let justice appear and show herself sword in hand to plunge it through and through the throat of the godless lawless, impious son of *Echion* earth's monstrous child! who with wicked heart and lawless rage with mad intent and frantic

purpose sets out to meddle with thy holy rites, and with thy mother's, *Bacchic* god thinking with his weak arm to master might as masterless as thou This is the life that saves all pain if a man confine his thoughts to human themes, as is his mortal nature making no pretence where heaven is concerned. I envy not deep subtleties far other joys have I in tracking out great truths writ clear from all eternity that a man should live his life by day and not sit in purity and holiness striving toward a noble goal, and should honour the gods by casting from him each ordinance that lies outside the pale of right Let justice show herself advancing sword in hand to plunge it through and through the throat of *Echion's* son that godless, lawless, and abandoned child of earth! Appear O *Bacchus* to our eyes as a bull or serpent with a hundred heads or take the shape of a lion breathing flame! Oh! come and with a mocking smile cast the deadly noose about the hunter of thy *Bacchanals* even as he swoops upon the *Menads* gathered yonder

*Enter and Messenger*

*nd Messenger* O house so prosperous once through *Hellas* long ago home of the old *Sidonian* prince who sowed the serpent's crop of earth born men how do I mourn thee! slave though I be, yet still the sorrows of his master touch a good slave's heart

*Ch* How now? Hast thou fresh tidings of the *Bacchantes*?

*nd Me* *Pentheus* *Echion's* son is dead

*Ch* *Bromius* my king! now art thou appears in thy might divine

*nd Me* Hal! what is it thou sayest? art thou glad woman at my master's misfortunes?

*Ch* A stranger I and in foreign tongue I express my joy for now no more do I cower in terror of the chain

*nd Me* Dost think *Thebes* so poor in men \* \* ?

*Ch* 'Tis *Dionysus* *Dionysus* not *Thebes* that lords it over me

*nd Me* All can I pardon thee save this to exult over hopeless suffering = sorry conduct dames.

*Ch* Tell me oh! tell me how he died that villain scheming villain!

*nd Me* Soon as we had left the homesteads of this *Theban* land and had crossed the streams of *Asopus* we began to breast *Cithæron's* heights *Pentheus* and I for I went with my master and the stranger too who was to guide us to the scene First then we sat us down in a grassy glen carefully silencing each footfall and whispered breath to see without being seen Now there was a dell walled in by rocks with rills to water it and shady pines over head there were the *Menads* seated busied with joyous toils Some were wreathing afresh the drooping *thyrsus* with curling ivy sprays others like colts let loose from the caried chariot yoke were answer

\* Prob bly the whole of o e iambic line with part of another is here lost.





*Pe* Shall I be able to carry on my shoulders Cithæron's glens the Bacchanals and all?

*Dr* Yes if so thou wilt for though thy mind was erst diseased 'tis now just as it should be

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*Ag* Cadmus—

*Ch* What of him?

*Ag* His daughters struck the monster after me  
yes after me

*Ch* Fortune smiled upon thy hunting here

*Ag* Come share the banquet

*Ch* Share? ah! what?

*Ag* 'Tis but a tender whelp the down just sprout  
ing on its cheek beneath a crest of falling hair

*Ch* The hair is like some wild creature's

*Ag* The Bacchic god a hunter skilled roused his  
Mænads to pursue this quarry skilfully

*Ch* Yea our king is a hunter indeed

*Ag* Dost approve?

*Ch* Of course I do

*Ag* Soon shall the race of Cadmus—

*Ch* And Pentheus her own son shall to his  
mother—

*Ag* Offer praise for this her quarry of the lion's  
brood

*Ch* Quarry strange!

*Ag* And strangely caught

*Ch* Dost thou exult?

*Ag* Right glad am I to have achieved a great and  
glorious triumph for my land that all can see

*Ch* Alas for thee! show to the folk the booty thou  
hast won and art bringing hither

*Ag* All ye who dwell in fair fenced Thebes draw  
near! that ye may see the fierce wild beast that we  
daughters of Cadmus made our prey not with the  
thong thrown darts of Thessaly nor yet with snares  
but with our fingers fair Ought men idly to boast  
and get them armourers' weapons? when we with  
these our hands have caught this prey and torn the  
monster limb from limb? Where is my aged sire?  
let him approach And where is Pentheus my son?  
Let him bring a ladder and raise it against the house  
to nail up on the gables this lion's head my booty  
from the chase

*Enter CADMUS*

*Ca* Follow me servants to the palace front with  
your sad burden in your arms ay follow with the  
corpse of Pentheus which after long weary search  
I found as ye see it torn to pieces amid Cithæron's  
glens and am bringing hither no two pieces did I  
find together as they lay scattered through the  
trackless wood For I heard what awful deeds one  
of my daughters had done just as I entered the  
city walls with old Teiresias turning from the Bac-  
chanals so I turned again unto the hill and bring  
from thence my son who was slain by Mænads There  
I saw Autonoe that bare Actæon on a day to Anis-  
taeus and Ino with her still ranging the oak groves  
in their unhappy frenzy but one told me that that  
other Aëvæ was rushing wildly hither nor was it  
idly said for there I see her sight of woe!

*Ag* Father loudly mayst thou boast that the  
daughters thou hast begotten are far the best of  
mortal race of one and all I speak though chiefly  
of myself who left my shuttle at the loom for no-  
bler enterpris even to hunt savage beasts with my  
hands and in my arms I bring my prize as thou

seest that it may be ruled up on thy palace wall  
take it father in thy hands and proud of my hunt-  
ing call thy friends to a banquet for blest art thou  
ah! doubly blest in these our gallant exploits.

*Ca* O grief that has no bounds too cruel for mor-  
tal equal tis murder ye have done with your hapless  
hands Fair is the victim thou hast offered to the  
gods inviting me and my Thebans to the feast! Ah  
woe is me! first for thy sorrows then for mine What  
ruin the god the Bromian king hath brought on  
us just maybe but too severe seeing he is our kin-  
man!

*Ag* How peevish old age makes men! what sullen  
looks! Oh may my son follow in his mother's foot-  
steps and be as lucky in his hunting when he goes  
in quest of game in company with Theban youths!  
But he can do naught but wage war with gods. Fa-  
ther tis thy duty to warn him Who will summon  
him hither to my sight to witness my happiness?

*Ca* Alas for you! alas! Terrible will be your grief  
when ye are conscious of your deeds could ye re-  
main for ever till life's close in your present state  
ye would not spite of ruined bliss appear so cursed  
with woe

*Ag* Why? what is faulty here? what here for sor-  
row?

*Ca* First let thine eye look up to heaven

*Ag* Seel I do so Why dost thou suggest my look-  
ing thereupon?

*Ca* Is it still the same or dost think there's any  
change?

*Ag* 'Tis brighter than it was and clearer too

*Ca* Is there still that wild unrest within thy soul?

*Ag* I know not what thou savest now yet me  
thinks my brain is clearing and my former frenzy  
passed away

*Ca* Canst understand and give distinct replies?

*Ag* Father how completely I forget all we said  
before!

*Ca* To what house wert thou brought with mar-  
riage hymns?

*Ag* Thou didst give me to earthborn Echion as  
men call him

*Ca* What child was born thy husband in his hall's?

*Ag* Pentheus of my union with his father

*Ca* What head is that thou barest in thy arms?

*Ag* A lion's at least they said so who hunted it

*Ca* Consider it aright tis no great task to look  
at it

*Ag* Ah! what do I see? what is this I am carrying  
in my hands?

*Ca* Look closely at it make thy knowledge more  
certain

*Ag* Ah woe is me! O sight of awful sorrow!

*Ca* Dost think it like a lion's head?

*Ag* Ah nol tis Pentheus' head which I his un-  
happy mother hold

*Ca* Bemoaned by me or ever thou didst recog-  
nize him

*Ag* Who slew him? How came he into my hands?

*Ca* O piteous truth! how ill timed thy presence  
here!

## HECUBA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE GHOST OF POLYDOR

HECT

CHORUS OF CRETAN WOMEN

POLYDOR

ODYSSEUS

TELEPHUS

MID

AGAMEMNON

POLYDOR and his women

Scene Before Agamemnon's tent on the shore of the  
The city of Troy. Enter GHOST OF POLYDOR.

GHOST. Lo! I am come from out the barm'd house  
and gates of gloom, where Hades dwells apart from  
gods, I Polydore, son of Hecuba the daughter of  
Cisseus and Priam. Now my father when Paris was  
cruel and threatened with destruction the fear  
Hellas took alarm and consoled me secretly from  
the land of Troy. I Polydore house built and  
in Thrace his sons these fruitful plains of Chios  
somewhat curbing by his might a nation of light in  
horses. And with me in faith I sent great store  
of gold by stealth that I might see his walls should  
fall, his child is that verily might not want for  
means to live. I was the youngest of Priam's sons  
and thus it was that caused my stealthy escape  
from the land for my father's men a led not to  
carry capon to the land the spear. So long then  
with bulwarks of our land stood firm, and Troy  
battlement shod with iron and my brother Hector  
prospered in his wars. I Polydore child grew up  
adorned with like some glorious host in the row  
of the Thracian my father's son and brother in Troy  
of Hector lost his life and my father's hearth  
was rooted and himself filled with the  
god built it by the hands of Achilles murdered  
son then did my father's friends do me his helpless  
guest of the ark of the gold and therefore I cast  
myself into the sea to keep the land for  
himself and his house. And there I lie one upon  
the strand where in the sea sea's surge did run  
ever and down upon the bill waves wept un-  
derneath the lowly billows of the head of my  
dear mother Hecuba, a demigod's pain keeps  
me alive these thousand days, a success of  
me to come from Troy to the land of Chios.  
Men in all the world have seen her in their  
ships with her children of Thrace with her son Polydore,  
Achilles appeared before her in the midst of  
the whole host of Hellas, as though making straight  
from home, with sea demanding to have my  
son Polydore off the tomb, and to receive  
his gold. And he will obtain this prize no man

but he is his friends refuse the gift and on this  
day day is fast let me my sister to her door. So  
will my mother see two children dead at once me  
and that ill fated maid. For I to win a prize shall  
me will appear amid the rippling waves before her  
bond maid's feet. Yes! I shall win this boon from  
the powers below that I should find a tomb and  
fall into my mother's hands so shall I get my heart's  
desire. Wherefore I will go and waylay aged Hecuba  
for yonder she passeth on her way from the shelter  
of Agamemnon's tent terrified at my spectre. (En-  
ter Hector) Woe's there! ah, mother mine! from a  
palace dragged to face a life of slavery! how sad thy  
lot as sad as once was bliss! Some god is now de-  
termining thee setting this in the balance to out-  
weigh thy former bliss.

GHOST REENTER

Hecuba. Gude these aged steps, my sister, anty,  
forth before the house's porch your sorrow shall be  
your queen of yore ye maids of Troy. Take hold  
upon my aged hand and point me guide me lift me  
up and I will lean upon your bended arm as on a  
staff and queen my halting footsteps onwards. O  
dazzling light of Zeus! O gloom of night why am I  
thus seaed off by fearful winds of the night? O earth  
dread queen mother of dreams that sit upon table  
we girls am seeking to avert the doom of the night  
the sight of horror which I saw so clearly in my  
dreams touch in my son who is safe in Thrace and  
Polydore my daughter dear ye gods of this land  
preserve my son the last and only a hope of my  
house now settled in Thrace the land of iron safe  
it keeps grief of his father friend. Some fresh  
disaster is in store a new strain of sorrow will be  
added to our woe. Such ceaseless thrill of terror  
as wronging heart beats. Oh! where, ye Trojan  
maiden, can I find inspired Helen or Cassandra  
that they may read me my dream? For I saw a  
dappled hind mingled with a wolf's bloody fangs,  
and from my breast by the river's perilous wave. And  
thou too filled me with affright over the summit of  
his tomb appeared Achilles' phantom, and for his  
guilt he would have one of the luckless maids  
of Troy. Wherefore I leap! you, power do mine  
avert this horror from my daughter from my child.

Enter Chorus of Cretan Trojan women

Chorus. Hecuba's fate hastened away to thee,  
letting my master's tent where the lot assigned me

Polydore is said to have been betrothed to Achilles.

sorrow! Oh! to reach a spot where cursed Cathæron  
 ne'er shall see me more nor I Cathæron with mine  
 eyes where no memorial of the thyrsus is set up!  
 Be they to other Bacchantes dear!

and many a thing the gods fulfil contrary to all  
 hope that which was expected is not brought to  
 pass while for the unlooked for Heaven finds out a  
 way. Even such hath been the issue here.

*Ch* Many are the forms the heavenly will assumes

*Exeunt omnes*

-45-202

He Does thou embrace m' knees in all humility?  
 O! Yes so that m' hand now dead and cold  
 troth thy robe

He What woudst thou then when in my power?  
 O! Doubtless I'll find pleasure to sit to sit to sit

He Was I that woudst and sent thee forth again?  
 O! Thou dost and so I'll behold the light of day

He Art not thou then plain, a sorry part to  
 plot a man in thus, after th' kind treatment thou  
 didst by thy own confession even from me, show  
 me no great evil but all th' ill thou canst? A  
 thousand times I'll be who can't honour from the  
 mob for your ovary. Oh that ye were unknown to  
 me! who harm our friends and think no more  
 of it, if ye can but say a word to win the mob. But  
 tell me, what kind of cleverness did they think it,  
 when must this child they gave their blood to  
 not? His father led them to slay a human victim  
 in the tomb, what sacrifice of oxen more best? or  
 does a hill, if clump the life of those who knew  
 him as his recompense show his justice by making  
 her out for death? No! she at least is not injured  
 him. He should be a demanded He is as a victim  
 in his tomb, for she it was that perished by ruin,  
 bringing him to Troy or if some captive of war  
 to bear it as to be a glad one for done this  
 pointed not to us for the day later of Tindarus  
 was faster than all womankind, and her injury to  
 him was proved less than ours. Again is the justice  
 of his plea I put this argument now hear th'  
 recompense from thee to me at my request. On  
 th' own confession, thou didst fall at my feet and  
 embrace m' hand and a cold cheek. I do not turn  
 now of the same I there and laim the favour then  
 bestowed and I employ thee seas not my child  
 from my arms, nor shall he. There be dead enough  
 in the name only I in her I forget so sorrow m'  
 or comfort be in place of many a loss, my city and  
 my to me my staff and journey's guide. This one  
 in his that those power should me out of season,  
 or when prosperous suppose th' will be always so.  
 For I like them was prosperous once but now m'  
 life is ended, and on do robbed me of all my bliss.  
 Famed by th' brand has some earned and pity  
 for me go to Achilles' host and talk them over  
 to a bow hateful a thing to a woman whom  
 I first turned out of pit after a day's win, them  
 from th' altars. For among you the self same law  
 hold good for bond and free alike respect of blood  
 shed with a justice a sin will persuade them  
 even th' words I speak for the same reason  
 in it when proceeding from those of no account  
 has not be same for when I uttered by men  
 I mark

O! Human nature is not so stern hearted as to  
 bear th' plain tale and catalogue of sorrows,  
 host shed, a tea.

O! Hecuba! be schooled by me, nor to thy  
 passion count him for who speak th' words. Th'  
 I am prepared as a service I received

I see no others. But what I said to all I will not  
 now do my that after Troy's capture I would give  
 this day later to the chiefest of our host because he  
 a led a victim. For herein is a source of weakness to  
 most states, where a man of brave and generous  
 soul recedes no greater honour than I see seniors.  
 Now Achilles, who deserves honour at our hands,  
 since for Hektor he died as nobly as a mortal can. Is  
 not th' a foul reproach to treat a man as a friend  
 in life, but when he is gone from us, to treat him  
 so no more? How now? what will they say if once  
 more th' comes a gathering of the host and a con-  
 text with the foe? Shall we hit or nurse our liars,  
 strain the dead has no honour? For myself in  
 deed though in life my daily store were scant yet  
 would it be all sufficient but a touching a tomb I  
 should wish mine to be an object of respect for this  
 gratitude has long to run. Thou speakest of cruel  
 sufferings bear our answer. Amongst us are a red  
 dam and grey old men no less miserable than thou,  
 and brides of gallant husbands tell of her whom this  
 Trojan dust has closed. Endure these sorrows for  
 us, if we are wron a revelling in honour the brave  
 we shall bring upon ourselves a charge of ignorance  
 but as for you, O! humans, regard not your friends  
 a wick and pay on horrors to your gallant dead,  
 that Hellas may prosper and we may reap the fruits  
 of such policy

O! Alas! how cursed's slavery always in its nature  
 forced by the might of the stronger to endure  
 unceasing treatment

He Daughter my plead to avert thy bloody  
 death was a needful on the earth do thou, if in  
 sight endowed with greater power to move me than  
 this mother make her to use it uttering every  
 plea I note like the sun's light in the temple to save  
 thy soul from death. Throw thyself at Odysseus  
 knees to move him pity and try to move him. Here  
 is thy plea he too hath children, so that he can feel  
 for thy sad fate

Polix Odysseus, I see thee but in thy right hand  
 beneath th' robe and turning away th' face that  
 I may not touch th' beard. Take heart thou art  
 safe from the suppliant's god in my care for I will  
 follow thee alike because I must and because it is  
 my wish to do for we're both, a coward should I  
 show myself a woman's friend of fear. Why should  
 I prolong my days? I whose sire was king of all the  
 Phrygians—my chiefest pride a life. Then was I  
 married on fair food I per to be a bride for him, the  
 centre of kingly jealous amongst nations. I see whose  
 home I would make my own and on each dame of  
 Ida I was queen as the maiden marked amid her  
 flowers, equal goddess save for death alone but  
 now a slave. That name first makes me long for  
 death so strange a sound and then may be my lot  
 might give me to some slave a master one that would  
 buy me for money—the water of Hector and  
 many another chief—who would make me knead  
 him bread within his halls, or sweep his house or set  
 me to work in the loom, lead me to life of misery  
 while some slave bought I know not whence, will

as his appointed slave in the day that I was driven from the city of Ilium hunted by Achæans thence at the point of the spear no alleviation bring I for thy sufferings nay I have laden myself with heavy news and am a herald of sorrow to thee lady 'Tis said the Achæans have determined in full assembly to offer thy daughter in sacrifice to Achilles for thou knowest how one day he appeared standing on his tomb in golden harness and stayed the sea borne barques though they had their sails already hoisted with this pealing cry Whither away so fast ye Danaï leaving my tomb without its prize? There on arose a violent dispute with stormy altercation and opinion was divided in the warrior host of Hellas some being in favour of offering the sacrifice at the tomb others dissenting There was Agamemnon all eagerness in thy interest, because of his love for the frenzied prophetess but the two sons of Theseus sons of Athens though supporting different proposals yet agreed on the same decision which was to crown Achilles' tomb with fresh spilt blood for they said they never would set Cassandra's love before Achilles' valour Now the zeal of the rival disputants was almost equal until that shift smooth mouthed varlet the son of Laertes whose tongue is ever at the service of the mob persuaded the army not to put aside the best of all the Danaï for want of a bond maid's sacrifice nor have it said by any of the dead that stand beside Persephone The Danaï have left the plums of Troy without one thought of gratitude for their brethren who died for Hellas Odysseus will be here in an instant to drag the tender maiden from thy breast and tear her from thy aged arms To thy temples to the altars with thee! at Agamemnon's knees throw thyself as a suppliant! Invoke alike the gods in heaven and those beneath the earth For either shall thy prayers avail to spare thee the loss of thy unhappy child or thou must live to see thy daughter fill before the tomb her crimson blood spouting in deep dark jets from her neck with gold encircled

He Woe woe is me! What words or cries or lamentations can I utter? Ah me! for the sorrows of my closing years! for slavers too cruel to brook or bear! Woe woe is me! What champion have I? Sons and city—where are they? Aged Priam is no more no more my children now Which way am I to go or this or that? Whither shall I turn my steps? Where is any god or power divine to succour me? Ah Trojan maids! bring news of evil tidings! messengers of woe! ye have made an end an utter end of me life on earth has no more charm for me Ah! luckless steps lead on guide your aged mistress to yon tent My child come forth come forth thou daughter of the queen of sorrows listen to thy mother's voice my child that thou mayst know the hideous rumour I now hear about thy life

Enter POLYXENA

Polyxena O mother mother mine! why dost thou call so loud? what news is it thou hast proclaimed scaring me like a cowering bird from my chamber by this alarm?

He Alas my daughter!

Polyx Why this ominous address? it bode th sor row for me

He Woe for thy life!

Polyx Tell all hide it no longer Ah mother! how I dread as dread the import of thy loud lament

He Ah my daughter! a luckless mother's child!

Polyx Why dost thou tell me this?

He The Argives with one consent are ever so thy sacrifice to the son of Peleus at his tomb

Polyx Ah! mother mine! how canst thou speak of such a dire mischance? Yet tell me all yes all O mother dear!

He 'Tis a rumour ill boding I tell my child thy brain me word that sentence is passed upon thy life by the Argives vote

Polyx Alas for thy cruel sufferings! my persecuted mother! woe for thy life of grief! What grievous outrage some fiend hath sent thee hateful horrible! No more shall I thy daughter share thy bond age hapless youth on hapless age attending For thou alas! wilt see thy hapless child torn from thy arms as a calf of the hills torn from its mother and sent beneath the darkness of the earth with severed throat for Hades where with the dead shall I be laid ah me! For thee I weep with plaintive wail mother doomed to a life of sorrow! for my own life its ruin and its outrage never a tear I shed nay death is become to me a happier lot than life

Ch See where Odysseus comes in haste to announce some fresh command to thee Hecubi

Enter ODYSSEUS

Odysseus Lady methinks thou knowest already the intention of the host and the vote that has been passed still will I declare it It is the Achæans will to sacrifice thy daughter Polyxena at the mound heaped o'er Achilles' grave and they appoint me to take the maid and bring her thither while the son of Achilles is chosen to preside o'er the sacrifice and act as priest Dost know then what to do? But not forcibly torn from her nor match thy might against mine recognize the limits of thy strength and the presence of thy troubles Even in adversity tis wise to yield to reason's dictates

He Ah me! an awful trial is nigh it seems, fraught with mourning rich in tears Yes I too escaped death where death had been my due and Zeus destroyed me not but is still preserving my life that I may witness in my misery fresh sorrows surpassing all before Still if the bond may ask the free of things that grieve them not nor vouch their heart strings tis all that thou shouldst make an end and hearken to my questioning

Od Granted put thy questions that short delay I grudge thee not

He Dost remember the day thou camest to spy on Ilium disguised in rags and tatters while down thy cheek ran drops of blood?

Od Remember it! yes 'twas no slight impression it made upon my heart

He Did Helen recognize thee and tell me only?

Od I well remember the awful risk I ran

479-537

I upon a foreign shore am called a slave forsooth  
 laug Asia Eur pe's handmaid and receiv'g in  
 its place a deadly ma nagn bower

Enter TALTHYBIUS

Talthybius Where can I find Hecuba who once  
 was queen of Ilium, ye Trojan maidens?

Ch There sh' lies near thee Talthybius, stretched  
 full length upon the ground wrapt in her robe

Ts Great Zeus! what can I say? that thine eye  
 seer man? or that we hold th' false opinio' all to  
 no purpose thinking there is any race of gods, when  
 it is chance that rules the mortal sphere? Was not  
 this th' queen of wealthy Phrygia the wife of Priam  
 b'ly blest? And now her city is utt'ly o'erthrown  
 by the foe, and she a sla in h' old age her chil-  
 d' en dead les t' etched pon the ground solin  
 h' hair pou' d'ly in th' dust Well, w' ll old s  
 I am, my death be my lot before I am in oliv'd in  
 a v' foul mischan Arise poor queen! lift up thy  
 self and raise that hon' y head

H Ah! who art thou that wilt not let my body  
 rest? h' disturb m' in m' anguish whosoe'er thou  
 art?

T 'Tis I Talthybius, who am here the minister  
 of the Dana' Agamemnon has sent me for thee  
 lad

H Good friend art com' because the Achaeans  
 are resolv'd to slay me too at the gra'e? How wel-  
 come would thy tidings be! Let us hasten and lose  
 no t'm pritheer lead the way old s

T I am come to fetch thee to bury thy daugh-  
 t'rs corpse lady and those that send me are the  
 t' n'ous f' Atreus and th' Achaean host

H Ah! what w'lt thou say? Art thou n't come  
 as I had thoug'ht to fetch m' to my doom but to  
 announce ill news? Lost, lost, my h'd! snatched  
 from thy moth' s arms and I am childless now at  
 least a touch'd thee ah woe is m'!

How d'yd' end her life? was any mercy shown?  
 or did y' deal ruthlessly w' th' b's as though your  
 victim were a foe old man? Speak, though thy  
 words must be pain t' me

T Lady thou art be t' on making mine a double  
 meed of fear pity f' thy ch'ld f's now too as I  
 t' ll th' sad tal' tear wilt wet my eye as it did at  
 th' t' mb h' n' h' was dyin'

All Achaean host was gathered th' re in full a ray  
 before th' tomb to see thy daughter offered and  
 h' son f' A hilles took Polyxena b' the hand and  
 set her on th' top of the mound, whil' I stood ear-  
 nd a' b'osen band of you g' Achaea f' I lov'd to  
 hold thy child and p' e t' h' strug'ling Then did  
 A hilles son take i' th' hands a brimmin' cup of  
 g'd' nd pou' d' an ff' n' t' h' dead s' makin'  
 gn' t' me a' procla'm tale cr th' oughout th'  
 Achaean host So I too'd at his sid' and in th' ear  
 m' d' t' procla'med Sil' n'ce ye Achaean f' hush'd be  
 th' people!!! peace be w' ll! Th' cr th' hush'd  
 the host Th' p'ake h' Son of I l' s, fath' r  
 man m' p' t' h' ff' rin I pou' thee to appease thy  
 print t' ng t' raise the dead and com' to drink  
 the bla' k blood f' ugn' pu' which I and th'

host are offering thee oh! be propitious to us grant  
 that we may loose our p'rows and the cables of our  
 ships, and meeting with a prosperous voyage from  
 Ilium all to our country come So he and all the  
 a my echoed his prayer Then seizing his golden  
 word by the hilt he drew it from its scabbard sign-  
 ing the while to the picked young Arg' e warriors  
 to hold the maid But she when she was ware there  
 of uttered her voice and said Argives, who  
 ha' e sacked my city! of my free will I die let none  
 lay hand on me for bra'ely will I yield my neck.  
 Leave me free I do beseech so slay me that death  
 may find me free for to be called a slave amongst  
 the dead fill my roval heart with shame Th'reat  
 the peopl' shouted their applause and King Ag-  
 memnon bade the young men loose the maid. So  
 they set her free as soon as they heard this last com-  
 mand from him whose might was o'er all. And she  
 hearing her captors words took her robe and tore it  
 open from the shoulder to the waist d'isplaying a  
 breast and bosom fair a statue s' then sinking on  
 her knee one word she spake more piteous than  
 all the rest "Young prince if t' my breast thou d'st  
 strike, lol' here it is, strike home! or if at my neck  
 thy sword thou it a m, behold! that neck is bared"

Then he half glad half sorry in h's pity for the  
 maid cleft with the steel the channels of her breast  
 and streams of blood gush'd forth but she e'en in  
 death a spony took good heed to fill with maiden  
 grace hiding from gaze of man what modest maiden  
 must Soon a she had breathed her last through the  
 fatal g' h' each Arg' e set his hand to different  
 ta ks, some strewing leaves o'er the corpse in hand  
 fuls, others bring'ng pine logs and heaping up a pyre  
 and he who brought nothing would hear from him  
 who did such ta'nts as these "Stand at thou still  
 ignoble wretch with never a robe or ornament to  
 bri'g for the ma den? Wilt thou give naught to her  
 that shov'd such peeries bra'ry and spirit?

Such is the tale I tell about thy daughter's death,  
 and I regard thee as blest beyond all mothers in thy  
 noble ch'ld yet cross'd in fortune more than all

Ch Upon the race of Priam and my city some  
 fearful woe hath burst us sent by God and we  
 must bear it

He O my daught' r! and th' s crowd of sorrows  
 I know n' where t' tu n' my gaze for if I set my  
 self to o' e a t'her will not give m' pause while  
 from this aw'ful fresh gri f' s summons me finding  
 a su'cessor to sorrow s' thence Do longes now can  
 I efface f'om my mind the memory of thy sufferings  
 suffic'ently t' stay my tears yet hath the story of  
 thy n' bl' death taken from the keenness of my  
 grief I t' n' t' h' strange that poor land when  
 blessed by heaven with a lucky year y' lks a good  
 crop while that which s' good if robbed of needful  
 care bears but little increase yet mourns m' n the  
 knav' s ver other than a kna e the good man  
 ight but good m' r cha' ging for the worse be-  
 cause of mis'rtu b' e e' r th' san' ? Is then the  
 diff're'ce due to birth or b'nd g' up? Good train  
 g' do ble'ss gives lessons in good conduct and if



taint my maiden charms once deemed worthy of royalty. No never! Here I close my eyes upon the light free as yet and dedicate myself to Hades. Lead me hence Odysseus and do thy worst for I see naught within my reach to make me hope or expect with any confidence that I am ever again to be happy. Mother mine! seek not to hinder me by word or deed but join in my wish for death ere I meet with shameful treatment undeserved. For whose is not used to taste of sorrow's cup though he bears it yet it galls him when he puts his neck within the yoke. far happier would he be dead than alive for life of honour left is toil and trouble.

*Ch* A wondrous mark most clearly stamped doth noble birth imprint on men and the name goeth still further where it is deserved.

*He* A noble speech my daughter! but there is sorrow linked with its noble sentiments.

Odysseus if ye must pleasure the son of Peleus and avoid reproach slay not this maid but lead me to Achilles pyre and torture me unsparingly 'twas I that bore Paris whose fatal shaft laid low the son of Thetis.

*Od* 'Tis not thy death old dame Achilles' wrath hath demanded of the Achæans but hers.

*He* At least then slaughter me with my child so shall there be a double draught of blood for the earth and the dead that claims this sacrifice.

*Od* The maiden's death suffices no need to add a second to the first would we needed not even this!

*He* Die with my daughter I must and will.

*Od* How so? I did not know I had a master.

*He* I will cling to her like ivy to an oak.

*Od* Not if thou wilt hearken to those who are wiser than thyself.

*He* Be sure I will never willingly relinquish my child.

*Od* Well be equally sure I will never go away and leave her here.

*Polyx* Mother hearken to me and thou son of Laertes make allowance for a parent's natural wrath. My poor mother fight not with our masters. Wilt thou be thrown down be roughly thrust aside and wound thy aged skin and in unseemly wise be torn from me by youthful arms? This wilt thou suffer do not so for 'tis not right for thee. Nay dear mother mine! give me thy hand beloved and let me press thy cheek to mine for never nevermore but now for the last time shall I behold the dazzling sun god's orb. My last farewells now take! O mother mother mine! beneath the earth I pass.

*He* O my daughter I am still to live and be a slave.

*Polyx* Unwedded I depart never having tasted the married joys that were my due!

*He* Thine my daughter is a piteous lot and sad is mine also.

*Polyx* There in Hades courts shall I be laid apart from thee.

*He* Ah me what shall I do? where shall I end my life?

*Polyx* Daughter of a free born sire a slave I am to die.

*He* Not one of all my fifty children left!

*Polyx* What message can I take for thee to Hector or thy aged lord?

*He* Tell them that of all women I am the most miserable.

*Polyx* Ah! breast and paps that fed me with sweet food!

*He* Woe is thee my child for this untimely fate!

*Polyx* Farewell my mother! farewell Cassandra!

*He* Fare well others do but not thy mother no!

*Polyx* Thou too my brother Polydore who art in Thrace the home of steeds!

*He* Aye if he lives which much I doubt so luck less am I every way.

*Polyx* Oh yes he lives and when thou diest he will close thine eyes.

*He* I am dead sorrow has forestalled death here.

*Polyx* Come veil my head Odysseus and take me hence for now ere falls the fatal blow my heart is melted by my mother's wailing and hers no less by mine. O light of day! for still may I call thee by thy name though now my share in thee is but the time I take to go twist this and the sword at Achilles' tomb. *Exit ODYSSEUS and POLYXENA.*

*He* Woe is me! I faint my limbs sink under me. O my daughter embrace thy mother stretch out thy hand give it me again leave me not childless! Ah friends! tis my death blow. Oh! to see that Spartan woman Helen sister of the sons of Zeus in such a plight for her bright eyes have caused the shameful fall of Troy's once prosperous town.

*She swoons.*

*Ch* O breeze from out the deep arising that waifest swift galleys ocean's coursers across the surging main wither wilt thou bear me the child of sorrow? To whose house shall I be brought to be his slave and chattel? to some haven in the Dorian land? or in Phthia where men say Apidanus father of fairest streams makes fat and rich the tilth? or to an island home sent on a voyage of misery by oars that sweep the brine leading a wretched existence in halls where the first created palm and the bay tree put forth their sacred shoots for dear Latona me mortal fair of her divine travail? and there with the maids of Delos shall I hymn the golden snood and bow of Artemis their goddess? or in the city of Pallas the home of Athena of the beauteous chariot shall I upon her saffron robe yoke horses to the car embroidering them on my web in brilliant varied shades or the race of Titans whom Zeus the son of Cronos lays to their unending sleep with bolt of flashing flame?

Woe is me for my children! woe for my ancestors and my country which is falling in smouldering ruin mid the smoke sacked by the Argive spear! while

<sup>1</sup>The Peloponnesus.

<sup>2</sup>Delos.

<sup>3</sup>The embroidered robe presented to this goddess at the Panathænaea.

that none of the Aeneas should touch thy child  
And so I grieved this, and none is touching her but  
thou. I lay of thine fills me with wonder. I here  
so am I come I send thee hence for our part  
it is well perfumed. (Herein there be any place  
for well)

H! what man is this I see near the tents, some  
Troyan corpse? I see it on a pyre's body, that the  
garments it is clad in tell me.

H. (Aside) Unhappy one! in name, the name  
myself O Hecuba what shall I do? in myself  
be at Agamemnon's knees, or bear my sorrows in  
silence?

Ag Why dost thou turn thy back towards me  
and keep refusal? may what has happened or  
what this is?

H. (Answer) But should he count me as a slave and  
for and turn me from his knees, I should be told  
it my sorrow.

Ag I am no prophet but wherefore if I be not  
told I cannot learn the current of thy thoughts.

H. (Aside) Can it be that in this mating this man's  
feelings I make him out too like posed when he is  
not really so?

Ag If thy wish really is that I should remain in  
ignorance we rely on me for I have no right  
myself to listen.

H. (Aside) Without help I shall not be able to  
engage his aid. Why do I still ponder the mat-  
ter? I must do or nothing. I will lose (Turn)  
I go now. O Agamemnon! be thy knees, be  
thy beard aido to my hand I implore thee.

Ag What is thy desire? be set free? that is  
easily done.

H. Not that give me a ransom on the necked  
and remorseless will to lead his of slavery.

Ag Well but why dost thou call me to thy  
aid?

H. T' a matter thou wilt seekest of O King,  
Derive this corpse from my tears now lost.

Ag I do but what I follow I cannot guess.

H. If as my child's daughter go by I bore him  
in my womb.

Ag What of thy son? how poor sufferer?

H. A son of Priam's race he lies in death's arms.

Ag Had it not been besides those ladies?

H. Yes, he is thou seest he of whom men speak  
as a mad dog.

Ag What then is his name? his city was being  
devoured.

H. His father's a fool that derides to cryed him  
out of Troy.

Ag Why dost thou place him apart from all the  
sorrow he has had?

H. He is in this very land, here his corpse was  
found.

Ag With Polixenes the king of this country?

H. He the way he sent his of good most  
true trust!

Ag By whom was he slain? what death's error took  
him?

He By whom but by this man? His Thracian  
host slew him.

Ag The wretch could he have been so eager for  
the treasure?

He I can so soon as ever he heard of the Thryg  
is a dicer.

Ag What could he find in him or did some one bring  
him corpse?

He This man who chanced upon it on the sea  
at sea.

Ag Was he seeking it or bent on other to his?

He She had gone to fetch water from the sea so  
was his Polyxenes.

Ag It seems then his host slew him and cast his  
body out to sea.

He Aye for the waves to toss after me flung  
him thus.

Ag Woe is there for thy measureless troubles!

H. I am reduced no evil now is left O Agamemnon.

Ag Lock you! what woman was ever born to  
such misfortune?

He There is none unless thou wouldst name mis-  
fortune herself. But hear my reason for throwing  
myself at thy knees. If my treatment seems to thee  
dearer I will be content but if otherwise help  
me to punish this most godless host that hath  
wrought a deed most damnable fearless alike of god  
in heaven or hell who, though I lost he had shared  
my board and been counted first of all my guests.  
In days and after meeting, with every kindness he  
could charm and cherishing my coward son slew  
my son and bent though he was on murder designed  
not to bury him but cast his body to the sea.

I must be a slave and weak as well but the gods  
are iron and custom too which precludes either the  
self by custom that we believe in them and set  
up bounds of right and wrong for our lives. Now if  
this principle when referred to thee it is to be set at  
naught and they are to escape punishment who  
murder guests or dare to plunder the temples of  
gods, then all fairness in things human at an end.  
Deem thus the end of grace and show reward for me,  
have pity on me and like an old standing back  
for my picture look on me and closely scan my  
pitiful state. I was once a queen but now I am the  
slave of a happy mother's care but now childless and  
old a kinsman of city utterly forsaken the most  
wretched woman I am. Ah! woe is mine which  
would I thou wouldst undo this steps from me? (As  
she starts and turns away) Why if I then will be  
in a happy home? Why oh! why do we mortals  
toil as needs must and seek out all other sci-  
ences, but we go on the inevitable miseries of man-  
kind? We take no further pains to master completely  
by offering to go for the knowledge so that no  
man might upon ocean connect his fellows as he  
pleased and gain his portion well? How shall I  
one be cast to the sea for prospe? All those my son  
a gone from me and his mother's arm led away  
no escape its sufficiency shame. He under I see  
thou can leap upon my city further thou hast

a man have mastered this he knows what is base by the standard of good Random shafts of my soul's shooting these I know

(To TALTHYBIUS) Go thou and proclaim to the Argives that they touch not my daughter's body but keep the crowd away For when a countless host is gathered the mob knows no restraint and the unruliness of sailors exceeds that of fire all abstinence from crime being counted criminal

Exit TALTHYBIUS

(Addressing a servant) My aged handmaid take a pitcher and dip it in the salt sea and bring hither thereof that I for the last time may wash my child a virgin wife a widowed maid and lay her out—as she deserves ah! whence can I? impossible but as best I can and what will that amount to? I will collect adornment from the captives my companions in these tents if haply any of them escaping her master's eye have some secret store from her old home O towering halls O home so happy once O Priam rich in store of fairest wealth most blest of sires and I no less the grey haired mother of thy race how are we brought to naught stripped of our former pride! And spite of all we vaunt ourselves one on the riches of his house another because he has an honoured name amongst his fellow citizens! But these things are naught in vain are all our thoughtful schemes in vain our vaunting words He is happiest who meets no sorrow in his daily walk

Exit HECUBA

Ch Woe and tribulation were made my lot in life soon as ever Paris felled his beams of pine in Ida's woods to sail across the heaving main in quest of Helen's hand fairest bride on whom the sun god turns his golden eye For here begetteth trouble's cycle and worse than that relentless fate and from one man's folly came a universal curse bringing death to the land of Simois with trouble from an alien shore The strife the shepherd decided on Ida twist three daughters of the blessed gods brought as its result war and bloodshed and the ruin of my home and mine a Spartan maiden too is weeping bitter tears in her halls on the banks of fair Eurotas and many a mother whose sons are slain is smiting her hoary head and tearing her cheeks making her nails red in the furrowed gash

Enter MAID

Maid (Attended by bearers bringing in a covered corpse) Oh! where ladies is Hecuba our queen of sorrow who far surpasses all in tribulation men and women both alike? None shall wrest the crown from her

Ch What now thou wretched bird of boding note? Thy evil tidings never seem to rest

Ma 'Tis to Hecuba I bring my bitter news no easy task is it for mortal lips to speak smooth words in sorrow's hour

Ch Lo! she is coming even now from the shelter of the tent appearing just in time to hear thee speak

Re-enter HECUBA

Ma Alas for thee! most hapless queen ruined beyond all words of mine to tell robbed of the light

of life of children husband city left hopelessly undone!

He This is no news but insult I have heard it all before But why art thou come bringing hither to me the corpse of Polyxena on whose burial Achæus' host was reported to be busily engaged?

Ma (Aside) She little knows what I have to tell, but mourns Polyxena not grasping her new sorrows.

He Ah! woe is me! thou art not surely bringing hither mad Cassandra the prophetic maid?

Ma She lives of whom thou speakest but the dead thou dost not weep is here (Uncovering the corpse) Mark well the body now laid bare is not this a sight to fill thee with wonder and upset thy hopes?

He Ah me! 'tis the corpse of my son Polydore I behold whom he of Thrace was keeping safe for me in his halls Alas! this is the end of all my life is over O my son my son alas for thee! a frantic strain I now begin thy fate I learnt a moment gone from some foul fiend!

Ma What! so thou knewest thy son's fate poor lady

He I cannot cannot credit this fresh sight I see Woe succeeds to woe time will never cease henceforth to bring me groans and tears.

Ch Alas! poor lady our sufferings are cruel indeed

He O my son child of a luckless mother what was the manner of thy death? what lays thee dead at my feet? Who did the deed?

Ma I know not On the sea shore I found him He Cast up on the smooth sand or thrown there after the murderous blow?

Ma The waves had washed him ashore

He Alas! alas! I read aright the vision I saw in my sleep nor did the phantom dusky winged escape my ken even the vision I saw concerning my son who is now no more within the bright sunshine

Ch Who slew him then? Can thy dream lore tell us that?

He 'Twas my own familiar friend the knight of Thrace with whom his aged sire had placed the boy in hiding

Ch O horror! what wilt thou say? did he slay him to get the gold?

He O awful crime! O deed without a name! begetting wonder! impious! intolerable! Where are now the laws 'twixt guest and host? Accursed monster! how hast thou mangled his flesh slashing the poor child's limbs with ruthless sword lost to all sense of pity!

Ch Alas for thee! how some deity whose hand is heavy on thee hath sent thee troubles beyond all other mortals! But yonder I see our lord and master Agamemnon coming so let us be still henceforth my friends

Enter AGAMEMNON

Agamemnon Hecuba why art thou delaying to come and bury thy daughter? for it was for this that Talthylus brought me thy message begging

4 c in a d cam.

and thy daughter lately slain Alas! there is now but  
to be rid of on our fate: secure not is there any  
guarantee that what will not be turned to woe For  
the gods confound our fortunes, tossing them to and  
fro, and I produce confusion that our perplexity  
may make us worship them. But what boot it to  
bemoan these things, when it brings one no nearer  
to heading the trouble? If thou art blaming me at  
all for my absence, stay a moment I was away in  
the very heart of Thrace when thou wast brought  
hither: but on my return just as I was starting for my  
home for the same purpose thy maid fell in  
with me and gave me this message which brought  
me here tonight

He Polymestor I am holden in such wretched  
plight that I blush to meet thine eye for my present  
evil case makes me ashamed to face thee who  
didst see me in happier days, and I cannot look on  
thee with unflinching gaze Do not then think it  
will do me any part Polymestor there is another  
case as well I mean the custom which forbids  
us to meet me again

Polym N wonder sore! But what need hast  
thou of me? Why didst send for me to come hither  
from my house?

He I wish to tell thee and thy child on a private  
matter of my own prudence, bid thy attendants with-  
draw from the tent

Polym (To his attendants) Retire this desert spot  
is safe enough (To Hecuba) Thou art my friend  
and this Achaean host is well disposed to me But  
thou must tell me how prosperity is to succour its  
unlucky friend for ready shall I do so

He First tell me of the child Polymestor whom  
thou art keeping in thy halls, rescued from me and  
his father is he yet alive? The rest will I ask thee  
after that

Polym Yes, thou still hast a share in fortune  
there

He Well said dear friend! how worth of thee!

Polym What cost would it have been to me?

He Hath he any recollection of his mother?

Polym Alas, he was finding it steal away hither  
to thee

He Is the good safe which he brought with him  
from Troy?

Polym Safe under lock and key in my halls

He There keep it but cover not thy neighbouring  
goods

Polym N I God grant me luck of what I have  
lost!

He Dost know what I wish to say to thee and  
th children?

Polym Not thy words may be well declare it

He Alas, it grows dear to thee as thou now art  
to me!

Polym What is it that I and my children are to  
learn?

He There be ancient vaults filled full of gold by  
Pamphile

Polym Is it this thou wouldst tell thy son?

He Yes, by thy lips, for thou art a righteous man

Polym What need then of these children's pres-  
ence?

He 'Tis better they should know it in case of thy  
death

Polym True, tis also the wiser way

He Will dost thou know where stands the shrine  
of Trojan Athina?

Polym Is the gold there? what is there in mark  
it?

He A black rock rising above the ground

Polym Is there aught else thou wouldst tell me  
about the place?

He I wish to keep safe the treasure I brought  
from Troy

Polym Where can it be? inside thy dress, or has it  
thou hiddden?

He 'Tis safe amid a heap of spoils within these  
tents

Polym Where? This is the station built by the  
Achaeans to surround their fleet

He The captives women have butts of their own

Polym Is it safe to enter? are the enemies about?

He There are no Achaeans with us we are alone

Enter then the tent for the Argives are eager to set  
sail from Troy for home and when thou hast ac-

complished all that is appointed thee thou shalt  
return with thy children to that bourn where thou  
hast lodged my son

Exit HECUBA WITH POLYMESTOR and his children

Ch Not yet has it thou paid the penalty but may  
be thou yet wilt like one who slips and falls into  
the surge with no harbor near so shalt thou lose thy  
own life for the life thou hast taken. Go where

hast led to just ceasest with heaven's law there  
is ruin fraught with death and doom Thy hopes of

this you may shall cheat thee for it hath led thee  
unhappy wretch to the hall of death and to no

warrior's hand shalt thou return to life

Polym (Hecuba the same) O horror! I am blundered of  
the light of my eyes, ah me!

Ch Heard ye friends that Thracian cry of woe?

Polym (Hecuba) O horror! horror! my children!  
O the cruel blow

Ch Friends, there strange mischief afoot in your  
tents

Polym (Hecuba) Nay ye shall never escape for all  
your hinder flight for with my fist will I burst  
open the inmost recesses of this building

Ch Hark! how he launches ponderous blows! Shall  
we so call an entry? The cries call on us and

Hecuba and the Trojan women

Enter HECUBA

He Struck on space not burst the doors! thou  
shalt not reply to his ghastly monstrosities nor ever  
see thy children when I have slain them again

Ch What! have thou soiled the Thracian and is  
thou straggling in thy power mustess run? is all thy  
threat now brought to pass?

He A moment and thou shalt see him before the  
tent his eyes put out with blindness step adranian

a blind man must see and the bodies of his two  
children born with my brazen daughters of Troy

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perhaps this were idly urged to plead thy love still wilt I put the case at thy side lies my daughter Cassandra the maid inspired as the Phrygians call her How then O king wilt thou acknowledge those nights of rapture or what return shall she my daughter or I her mother have for all the loves she has lavished on her lord? For from darkness and the endearments of the night mortals reap by far their keenest joys Harken then dost see this corpse? By doing him a service thou wilt do it to a kinsman of thy bride's One thing only have I yet to urge Oh! would I had a voice in arms in hands in hair and feet placed there by the arts of Dædalus or some god that all together they might with tears embrace thy knees bringing a thousand pleas to bear on thee! O my lord and master most glorious light of Hellas listen stretch forth a helping hand to this aged woman for all she is a thing of naught still do so For tis ever a good man's duty to succour the right and to punish evil doers wherever found

Ch 'Tis strange how each extreme doth meet in human life! Custom determines even our natural ties making the most bitter foes friends and regarding as foes those who formerly were friends

Ag Hecuba I feel compassion for thee and thy son and thy ill fortune as well as for thy suppliant gesture and I would gladly see yon impious host pay thee this forfeit for the sake of heaven and justice could I but find some way to help thee without appearing to the army to have plotted the death of the Thracian king for Cassandra's sake For on one point I am assailed by perplexity the army count this man their friend the dead their foe that he is dear to thee is a matter apart wherein the army has no share Reflect on this for though thou findst me ready to share thy toil and quick to lend my aid yet the risk of being reproached by the Achæans makes me hesitate

He Ah! there is not in the world a single man free for he is either a slave to money or to fortune or else the people in their thousands or the fear of public prosecution prevents him from following the dictates of his heart

But since thou art afraid of setting too much to the rabble I will rid thee of that fear Thus be privy to my plot if I devise mischief against this murderer but refrain from any share in it And if there break out among the Achæans any uproar or attempt at rescue when the Thracian is suffering his doom check it though without seeming to do so on my account For what remains take heart I will arrange everything well

Ag How? what wilt thou do? wilt take a sword in thy old hand and slay the barbarian or hast thou drugs or what to help thee? Who wilt take thy part? whence wilt thou procure friends?

He Sheltered beneath these tents is a host of Trojan women

Ag Dost mean the captives the booty of the Hellenes?

He With their help will I punish my murderous foe

Ag How are women to master men?

He Numbers are a fearful thing and joined to craft a desperate foe

Ag True still I have a mean opinion of the female race

He What? did not women slay the sons of Æmpeus and utterly clear Lemnos of men? But let it be even thus put an end to our conference and send this woman for me safely through the host And do thou (to a servant) draw near my Thracian friend and say Hecuba once queen of Ilum's miseries thee on thy own business no less than hers, thy children too for they also must hear what she has to say Defer awhile Agamemnon the burial of Polyxena lately slain that brother and sister may be laid on the same pyre and buried side by side a double cause of sorrow to their mother

Ag So shall it be yet had the host been able to sail I could not have granted this in this boon but as it is since the god sends forth no favourable breeze we needs must abide seeing as we do that issue is at a standstill Good luck to thee! for this is the interest alike of individual and state that the wrong doer be punished and the good man prosper

Exit AGAMEMNON

Ch No more my native Ilum shalt thou be counted among the towns ne'er sacked so thick a cloud of Hellene troops is settling all around wasing thee with the spear shorn art thou of thy coronal of towers and souled most piteously with filthy soot no more ah me! shall I tread thy streets

Was in the middle of the night my run came in the hour when sleep steals sweetly o'er the eyes after the feast is done My husband the music o'er and the sacrifice that sets the dance afoot row ended was lying in our bridal-chamber his spear hung on a peg with never a thought of the sailor throng encamped upon the Trojan shores and I was braiding up my tresses neath a tight drawn snood before my golden mirror's countless rays that I might lay me down to rest when lo! through the city rose a din and a cry went ringing down the streets of Troy Ye sons of Hellas when oh! when will ye sack the citadel of Ilum and seek your homes? Up sprang I from my bed with only a mantle about me like a Dorian maid and sought in vain ah me! to station myself at the holy hearth of Artemis for after seeing my husband slain I was hurried away o'er the broad sea with many a backward look at my city when the ship began her homeward voyage and parted me from Ilum's strand till alas! for very grief I fainted cursing Helen the sister of the Dioscuri and Paris the beautiful shepherd of Ida for twas their marriage which was no marriage but a curse by some demon sent that robbed me of my country and drove me from my home Oh! may the sea's salt flood ne'er carry her home again and may she never set foot in her father's halls!

Enter POLYMESTOR and his sons

Polymestor My dear friend Priam and thou no less Hecuba I weep to see thee and thy city thus

form: times have spoken ill of women if any doth so or shall do so hereafter all the in one sort sent  $\equiv$  ill I sa f r north r land or sea produces a race  $\equiv$  pestilent as whose et hath had to d with th n knows full well

Cf Curb thy bold tongue a d do not because of thy own woes, thus embrace th whole race of  $\equiv$  those o e reproach so though some of us, and those a numerous last, deserve to be d sluked the e are thers amongst us n h rank naturally amon st the good

H He er ou h words to have outw $\equiv$ hed deeds n thus wo ld Agamemnon T f if a man's deeds had been good so should his ords ha e been if o the oth r hand evil ha wo ds should have be re ved th is unsoundness, instead of its bei g possible at times to gi e a fair ompl soon to i just ce Th re are us true clever persons who ha e mad a so nee of this, but their cleve rens cannot los f r e or a miserable e d awa s th n none e er y t escaped. This is a warnin I go e the at st e outset  $\equiv$  will I turn to this f low and will g v e thee th asst r th u wh mst it was to save Achae d uble toid and for Agamemnon's sake that tho dost slay my son Nay i llain in the first place h could th barbarian race e er be frid with H llas? Impossibl e et Agam what interest hadst thou to furthe by thy zeal? wa it to f rm some ma rag o on the sc re of kin  $\equiv$  p thee wh? or a it likely that th wo ld sa th ther a n and destr y thy count crops? Whom dost thou ex pect to persuade nto belie n that Would t thou but speak the truth i wa th gold that slew my son, and thy gr ed pu t  $\equiv$  tell m thus n h been Tr was ctious wh n he rampact still stood round h e when P iam wa al e a d He r s ar n p spe ed wh did t thou or if thou we t reall manded to do Agamemnon a cr e the al the child fo th u had t huan a thy gala e eath thy ca e, or bring him with the al to the arm y I spread of thus, wh n ou su wa s t ed th smok of city showed t was n the enem s power thou did t murd th g est ho had com to thy hearth F rth mor to p o th villian hear thus if th w t call fr e d to those a hae s, thou should t ha e brow ht the g ld wh ch (thou sayest thou st keep g n t for th self but I Agamemnon nd gi it to th m fo th e we is eed nd had ed ed t u e le from their na land Wherea ut n n we nst l ub n th self to part w th t but perseu t a keep n th palace Agat had t th kept my so sal a f sound as thy d n was, fur o w ukl ha e been thy ew d f i n i trouble h that the good most clealy sh w th r fine d hup though n sperty f self ery case find fr ends. We t th eed f money and he prosper out, that son f ru n ukl ha beco a m hty r ca ure for ther t d u upon b e w thou ha t him no lon t be thv r d and ch ben f s of th g ld is g f om thee thy h lid e too are dead and thv se fa e n th so sv plught

To thee Agamemnon I say if thou h lp th sman thou t le show th worthlessness far thou wilt be sery ng one de out of honour or piety a strang r to the claims of good faith a wicked host while I shall say thou d lighest a e l doers, being such an one thyself but I am not abusin my ma ters

Cf Look you! how good a case e'er affords men an open ng for a good speech

Ag To be ju ge in a stranger s troubles goes much ag inst my gra  $\equiv$  but still I must  $\equiv$  for to take this matter in hand and th n put it f om me is a shameful course My opn on that thou ma st know s is that it was not f r the sake of the Achae ans or m that thou d t slay thy guest but to k ep that gold in thy own house In thy trouble thou makest a case in thy own int tests. May be among t you is a h h thing to murder guests, but with us in Hellas is a d grace How can I escape reproach if I sl y e thee not guilty? I cannot do it. Nay since thou did t da e thv horrid crime, exdute as well its pos f l consequence

Polyx Woe is mel worried by a woman and a sla e I am it seems, to suffer by u worthy hands.

H Is it not just for thy atrocious crime?

Polyx Ah my children! ah my bloded eyes! woe is mel

H Dost thou gr et what of me? thankst thou I gne e not f r my son?

Polyx Th u wicked wretch! thy delight is n mocking me

H I am a raged on thee have I not cause for y s?

Polyx Th joy will soon cease in the day when ocean s flood—

H Shall convey me to the shores of Hellas?

Polyx Nay but close o er thee n hen thou fallest from the ma head

H Who a l f ree me to take the leap?

Polyx Of thy ora a cord wilt tho climb the hip s mast

H W th n ag upon my back or by what means?

Polyx Thou wilt bec me a dog with bloodshot ea

H How knowest thou of my transformation?

P lym Da nyas, ou Thracian prophet told me so

H A d did he tell thee n thn, of thy present t ouble?

P lym No clse had t thou never cau ht me thus by g ale

H Shall I die or live a d so complete my life on ea th

Polyx D e shalt thou and to thy tomb shall be gi e a name—

H Recall g my so m or a hat n It thou tell m ?

P lym The hapless bound s grave s a mark fo marin s

H Ti nsu ht to me now that thou hast paid me so ser

Polyx Furth r thv da hte Cassandra must die

*Cynosura promontory in the Thracian Chersonese.*

did slay he hath paid me his forfeit look where he cometh from the tent I will withdraw out of his path and stand aloof from the hot fury of this Thracian my deadly foe

*Enter POLYMESTOR*

*Polym* Woe is me! whither can I go where halt or a lither turn? Shall I crawl upon my hands like a wild four footed beast on their track? Which path shall I take first this or that eager as I am to clutch those Trojan murderesses that have destroyed me? Out upon ye cursed daughters of Phrygia! to what corner have ye fled cowering before me? O sun god would thou couldst heal my bleeding orbs ridding me of my blindness!

Hal hush! I catch their stealthy footsteps here Where can I dart on them and gorge me on their flesh and bones making for myself a wild beast's meal exacting vengeance in requital of their outrage on me? Ah woe is me! whither am I rushing leaving my babes unguarded for hell hounds to mangle to be murdered and ruthlessly cast forth upon the hills a feast of blood for dogs? Where shall I stay or turn my steps? where rest? like a ship that lies anchored at sea so gathering close my linen robe I rush to that chamber of death to guard my babes

*Ch* Woe is thee! what grievous outrage hath been wreaked on thee! a fearful penalty for thy foul deed hath the deity imposed whose err he is whose hand is heavy upon thee

*Polym* Woe is me! Hol my Thracian spearman clad in mail a race of knights whom Ares doth inspire! Hol Achæans! sons of Atreus hol to you I loudly call come hither in God's name come! Doth any hearken or will no man help me? Why do ye delay? Women captive women have destroyed me A fearful fate's mine ah me! my hideous outrage! Whither can I turn or go? Shall I take wings and soar aloft to the mansions of the sky where Orion and Sirius dart from their eyes a flash as of fire or shall I in my misery plunge to Hades murky flood?

*Ch* 'Tis a venial sin when a man suffering from evils too heavy to bear bids himself a wretched existence

*Enter AGAMEMNON*

*Ag* Hearing a cry I am come hither for Echo child of the mountain rock hath sent her voice loud ringing through the host causing a tumult Had I not known that Troy's towers were levelled by the might of Hellas this uproar had caused no slight panic

*Polym* Best of friends for by thy voice I know thee Agamemnon dost see my piteous state?

*Ag* What! hapless Polymestor who hath stricken thee? who hath reft thine eyes of sight staining the pupils with blood? who hath slain these children? whose err he was fierce must have been his wrath against thee and thy children

*Polym* Hecuba helped by the captive women hath destroyed me not not destroyed far worse than that

*Ag* (Addressing HECUBA) What hast thou to say?

Was it thou that didst this deed as he avers? thou, Hecuba that hast ventured on this inconceivable daring?

*Polym* Hal! what is that? is she somewhere near? show me tell me where that I may grip her in my hands and rend her limb from limb bespatter her with gore

*Ag* Hol madman what wouldst thou?

*Polym* By heaven I entreat thee let me vent on her the fury of my arm

*Ag* Hold! banish that savage spirit from thy heart and plead thy cause that after hearing thee and her in turn I may fairly decide what reason there is for thy present sufferings

*Polym* I will tell my tale There was a son of Priam Polydore the youngest a child by Hecuba whom his father Priam sent to me from Troy to bring up in my halls suspecting no doubt the fall of Troy Him I slew but hear my reason for so doing to show how cleverly and wisely I had thou hit it out My fear was that if that child were left to be thy enemy he would re people Troy and settle it afresh and the Achæans knowing that a son of Priam survived might bring another expedition against the Phrygian land and harry and lay waste these plains of Thrace hereafter for the neighbours of Troy to experience the very troubles we were lately suffering O king Now Hecuba having discovered the death of her son brought me hither on the following pretext saying she would tell me of hidden treasure stored up in Ilum by the race of Priam and she led me apart with my children into the tent that none but I might hear her news So I sat me down on a couch in their midst to rest for there were many of the Trojan maidens seated there some on my right hand some on my left as it had been beside a friend and they were praising the weaving of our Thracian handiwork looking at this robe as they held it up to the light meantime others examined my Thracian spear and so stripped me of the protection of both And those that were young mothers were dandling my children in their arms with loud admiration as they passed them on from hand to hand to remove them far from their father and then after their smooth speeches (wouldst thou believe it) in an instant snatching daggers from some secret place in their dress they stab my children whilst others like foes seized me hand and foot and if I tried to raise my head anxious to help my babes they would clutch me by the hair while if I stirred my hands I could do nothing poor wretch! for the numbers of the women At last they wrought a fearful deed worse than what had gone before for they took their brooches and stabbed the pupils of my hapless eyes making them gush with blood and then fled through the chambers up I sprang like a wild beast in pursuit of the shameless murderesses searching along each wall with hunter's care dealing buffets spreading ruin This then is what I have suffered because of my zeal for thee O Agamemnon for slaying an enemy of thine But to spare thee a lengthy speech if any of the men of

## HERACLES MAD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                             |           |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| AMPHYTRON                   | MIDWINTER |
| MELAN                       | MESSANGER |
| LYCLES                      | HERACLES  |
| LYS                         | THESES    |
| CHORUS OF OLD MEN OF THEBES |           |

*At the entrance of Heracles house in Thebes before the altar of Zeus. Enter AMPHYTRON MELAN, and her three sons.*

*Am. chiron* What mortal hath not heard of him who shared a wife with Zeus, Amphitruon of Argos, whom our da Alcides, son of Perseus, beget Amphitruon the father of Heracles? He it was dwelt here in Thebes, where from the sowing of the dragon teeth grew up a crop of earth born warriors for of these Argives and scanty band, and their children drew children people the cit of Cadmus. Hence springing Creon, son of Menocretus, king of this land and Creon became the father of this lad Megara born one and Cadmus race escorted with the glad music of flutes at her wedding in the day that Heracles, illustrious chief, led her to my halls. Now he my son, left Thebes where I was settled I fit his wife Megara and he him, eager to make his home in Argolis, a town walled town, which the Cyclopes built, hence I minded for the slaying of Eurytus, on so he who to I fit his my affliction and to find home in his own land did offer Eurytus my price for my recall, even to free the world of his age monsters, where I was that Hera good to him to about this or that set was leagued against him. Diomedes the toils he hath accomplished and her of us he be passed through the mouth of Tamaris in both halves of blades to draw to the light that bound each bodies there and thence is he never returned. Now there is an ancient legend amongst the race of Cadmus, that once I was in days gone by as husband to Dione, being king of this city with seven towers, before that Amphion and Zethus, sons of Zeus, lord of the milk white steeds, became rulers in the land. His son, called by the same name as his father, about no Theban but yours from Egea, now Creon, and after that seized the government having fallen on this city when weakened by devolution. So this conversation with Creon is like I prove our serious end for now this my son is in the bowels of the earth, the illustrious monarch of us is bent on expropriating the houses of Heracles, to quench our blood feud with another like was his wife and me, if useless age like mine is to

rank amongst men, that the boys may never grow up to exact a blood penalty of their uncle's family. So I fit here by my son, whilst he is gone into the pitch darkness of the earth, to tend and guard his children in his house, am taking my place with their mother that the tears of Heracles may not perish, here at the altar of Zeus the sacrifice which my own gallant child set up to commemorate his glorious victory over the Minotaur. And here we are careful to keep our station, though he is in need of everything of food or drink, and rattle himuddled together on the hard bare ground for we are barred out from our house and sit here for want of an other safety. As for friends, some I see are insincere while others, who are staunch have no power to help us further. This is what misfortune means to man. God grant it may never fall to the lot of an who bears the least goodwill to us to apply this never failing test of friendship!

*Melan* O old woman who erst did raise the standard of the Taphians leading on the troops of Thebes to glory how uncertain are God's dealings with men! For instance as far as concerned my sire was never an outcast of fortune for he was once accounted a man of might by reason of his wealth, possessed as he was of royal power for which long spears were loaned at the summons of the fortunate through his of it children too he had and me did be betroth to thy son, matchmaking me a glorious marriage with Heracles. Whereas now all that is dead and gone from us and I and thou, old friend art doomed to die and these children of Heracles, whom I am guarding near me was as a herd keepeth her tenders backs under her. And then the while in turn keep ask, *egon* "Mother whether is our father gone from the land? what is he about? when will he return?" Thus they are for their father in childish perplexity while I put them off with excuses, in empty tones but all I wonder if to be when ever door creaks on its hinges, and up the wall start thence to embrace their father's knees. What hope or was of salvation art thou now dearest old friend for to thee I look. We can never step beyond the boundaries of the land unseen, for there is too strict watch set on us at every outlet nor have

*Melan**Creon*



*He* I scorn the prophecy! I give it to thee to keep for thyself

*Polym* Her shall the wife of Agamemnon grim keeper of his palace slay

*He* Never may the daughter of Tyndareus do such a frantic deed!

*Polym* And she shall slay this king as well lifting high the axe

*Ag* Ha! sirrah art thou mad? art so eager to find sorrow?

*Polym* Kill me for in Argos there awaits thee a murderous bath

*Ag* Ho! servants hale him from my sight!

*Polym* Ha! my words gall thee

*Ag* Stop his mouth!

*Polym* Close it now for I have spoken

*Ag* Haste and cast him upon some desert land since his mouth is full of such exceedin' presumption Go thou unhappy Hecuba and bury the two corpses and you Trojan women to your maser's tents repair for lo! I perceive a breeze just rising to waft us home God grant we reach our country and find all well at home released from troubles here!

*Ch* Away to the harbour and the tents my friends, to prove the toils of slavery! for such is fate's relentless best

*Exeunt everyone*

terror of a bra e man's descendants. Still it is hard on us, if for thy coward ce we must d e a fate that o' hit to ha e overtaken thee at our bra e hands, f Zeus had been fairly d'posed toward us. But 'thou art so a-mo-u-s-t mak thyself sup're-m-s the land let us t'least go into exal betain from all olenc else thou wilt suffe b it whe so the d ity causes fortune's breeze to ceer round

Al' thou land of Cadmus—for to thee too will I turn upbraiding thee with words f reproach—is this our success of Hera les and his children? the ma ho faced alone the M van host n battle and a-owed Th best see th li ht w th freemen's eyes. I ca not praise Hellas, no will I e er keep silence, Endl her so cra en s t wards m son she should ha com- with fire nd sword and warnot s rms to help these tender babes, t requit him for ll his labours purg land and sea Such help my child en, either Hellas nor the city of Th bes al ford ou t me feeble friend y look, that am but empty sound and nothi mo F r the gour hich once I had is gone from me my limbs are palsied with a and my stren, th is deca ed Were I but ou nd till a ma of my hands, I would ha seized my pea nd dabbled those flaxen locks of his with b ood so that the coward would now be si n f om my prowess beyond the bounds f Atlas.

Oh Ha e not the bra e amonst mankind a fair penning for speech al'ent lo n i begin?

Ly Sa but thou wilt of me as thy exalted phrase, but I by deed will mak thee rue those words. (Cea-ing to h errant) Ho! bid wood-cutti rs go, som to Heli on others t th glens of Parnassus, and cut me logs of oak, and when they re brou ht to the town, pile p sta k of wood all round th altar on either nd thereof, and set fire to t od burn th m all ali e, that they may learn that the dead o longer rules this land but that for th present I am king (A-grily t th cnoats) As for ou, od teen, since th wast m ew, ot for th children of Hera les also hall lament but likewise for ev ry blow that unkes his house and hall o er forget s re sha es nd I our prince

Al' soa f Earth, whom Ater a day did sow when from the dragon's ra ena jaw he had torn th teeth, p with our sta es, whereon e lean your hands, and da hout this maseant brauns' a f low who, a thout even be Th ban, but foreigner lords t shameful o er th youn s folk but my master shalt thou never be t th jov nor shalt thou reap the harvest of all m tod become with my curse poon thee' carry th insol nce ba k e th place whence t cam For never whilst I li halt thou la these son of H racles n t so deep beneath th earth hath their fath disappeared from his hild en ken. Thou art possession of this land whi h thou hast ru ed whi h ts benefactor ha m sed his justeward and s t do I take too much upon myself because I help those l' e after their death, when most they eed friend? Al' right hand, how fain wouldst thou wield th pear but thy weakness is death blow to thy food de

s re for then had I stopped thee call ng me sla e and I would ha e go rned Thebes, wherein thou art non exulting with credit for a e ty s ck with dissension and m l counsels thinketh not aught therwise it would never ha e accepted thee as its ma ter

Meg O'd srs, I thank you tis right that friends should feel virtuous and gnat on on behalf of those they love but do not on our account ent your an-er on the tyrant to your own undoing Hear my ad ce Amphitryon if haply there appear to thee to be aught in what I say I lo e my ch dren stra e f I d d not lo e those whom I laboured to brin, so th' Death I count a dreadful fate but the man who wrestles with necessity I esteem a fool. Ace we must d e let us do so without being burnt al e t furnish our foes w th food for merriment which to my mind is an evil worse ths death for many a fair guerdon do we owe our family. This e has ever been a warn r s fat same so ti not to be endured that th u shouldst d e a coward's death and my husband's reputatio needs no one to witness that he would ne er consent to save these children's li es b lett n them incur the stain of cowardice for the noble are aff cted by disgrace on account of thei hildren nor must I shrink from following my lord's example As to thy hopes consider how I w ci b them. Thou thinkest thy son will return from be

erath the earth who e er has come back from the dead out of the halls f Hades? Thou hast a hope perhaps of softening this man b entreaty no, not better to fi from on s enemv when he is so brut li but yield to men of breed m and culture f thou wilt mo e exal obtain me ev there by friend l eatures. True, thought has already occurred to me that we ms ht by entreaty obt n a sentence of exil for the hildren y t th too s misery to ompass their d li erance with d penury as the enult for us saving that hosts look sweetly on banished friends for a da and no more. Steel thy heart to d e with us, f e that awaits thee after all By th bra e soul I challenge thee, old friend for whose struggles hard to escape destiny shows zeal no doubt b t u zeal w th taunt of folly for what must be no on will ever a ail to alter

Oh If ma had insulted thee, while yet my arms were lusty there would ha been an easy way to stop him but now am I a thing of naught and so thou henceforth, Amphitryon, must scheme how t ert misfortune.

Am 'Tis not cowardice or any longin for life that hinders my dying but my wish t sa e my son hildren thou h no doubt I m ainly w hing for mpossibilities. Lo! here is my neck read for thy sword t pierce m body for thee t hack or hurl from the rock onl one boon I cra e for both of us, O king slay m and this hapless mother be for thou slay the child en, that we may n t see the hideous n ht, as they gasp out their lives, calling on their mother and their father's sure for the rest work thy will, if so thou rt inclined for we have no defence gainst death.

we any longer hopes of safety in our friends. What ever thy scheme is declare it lest our death be made ready while we are only prolonging the time powerless to escape.

*Am* 'Tis by no means easy my daughter to give one's earnest advice on such matters offhand with out weary thought.

*Meg* Dost need a further taste of grief or cling so fast to life?

*Am* Yes I love this life and cling to its hopes.

*Meg* So do I but it boots not to expect the unexpected old friend.

*Am* In these delays is left the only cure for our evils.

*Meg* 'Tis the pain of that interval I feel so.

*Am* Daughter there may yet be a happy escape from present troubles for me and thee my son thy husband may yet arrive. So calm thyself and wipe those tears from thy children's eyes and sooth them with soft words inventing a tale to delude their piteous though such fraud be. Yea for men's misfortunes oft times flag and the stormy wind doth not always blow so strong nor are the prosperous ever so for all things change making way for each other. The bravest man is he who relieth ever on his hopes but despair is the mark of a coward.

*Enter CHORUS OF OLD MEN OF THEBES*

*Chorus* To the sheltering roof to the old man's couch leaning on my staff have I set forth chanting a plaintive dirge like some bird grown grey. I that am but a voice and nothing more a fancy bred of the visions of sleep by night palsied with age yet meaning kindly. All hail ye orphaned babes! all hail old friend! thou too unhappy mother waiting for thy husband in the halls of Hades! Faint not too soon upon your way nor let your limbs grow weary even as a colt beneath the yoke grows weary as he mounts some stony hill dragging the weight of a wheeled car. Take hold of hand or robe whoso feels his footsteps falter. Old friend escort another like thyself who erst amid his toiling peers in the days of our youth would take his place beside thee no blot upon his country's glorious record.

See how like their father's sternly flash these children's eyes! Misfortune God nor hath not failed his children nor yet hath his comeliness been denied them. O Hellas! if thou lose these of what allies wilt thou rob thyself!

But hie! I see Lycus the ruler of this land drawing near the house.

*Enter Lycus*

*Lycus* One question if I may to this father of Heracles and his wife and certainly as your lord and master I have a right to put what questions I choose. How long do ye seek to prolong your lives? What hope what succour do ye see to save you from death? Do you trust that these children's father who lies dead in the halls of Hades will return? How unworthily ye show your sorrow at having to die thou (to *AMPHITRYON*) after thy idle boasts scattered broadcast through Hellas that Zeus was partner in thy marriage bed and there

begat a new god and thou (to *MEGARA*) after call, g thyself the wife of so peerless a lord.

After all what was the fine exploit thy husband achieved if he *did* kill a water snake in a marsh or that monster of Nemea? which he caught in a snare for all he says he strangled it to death in his arms. Are these your weapons for the hard struggle? Is it for this then that Heracles children should be spared? a man who has won a reputation for valour in his contests with beasts in all else a weakling who ne'er buckled shield to arm nor faced the spear but with a bow that coward's weapon was ever ready to run away. Archery is no test of manly bravery, no! he is a man who keeps his post in the ranks and steadily faces the swift wound the spear may plough. My policy again old man shows no reckless cruelty but caution for I am well aware I slew Creon the father of Megara and am in possession of his throne. So I have no wish that these children should grow up and be left to take vengeance on me in requital for what I have done.

*Am* As for Zeus let Zeus defend his son's cause but as for me Heracles I am only anxious on thy behalf to prove by what I say this tyrant's iniquity for I cannot allow thee to be ill spoken of. First then for that which should never have been said—for to speak of these Heracles as a coward is methinks outside the pale of speech—of that must I clear thee with heaven to witness. I appeal then to the thunder of Zeus and the chariot wherein he rode when he pierced the giants, earth's brood to the heart with his winnowed shafts and with gods uplifted the glorious triumph song or go to Pholoe and ask the insolent tribe of four legged Centaurs, thou craven king ask them who they would judge their bravest foe will they not say my son who according to thee is but a pretender? Wert thou to ask Euboean Dirphys thy native place it would nowise sing thy praise for thou hast never done a single gallant deed to which thy country can witness. Next thou dost disparage that clever invention an archer's weapon come listen to me and learn wisdom. A man who fights in line is a slave to his weapons and if his fellow comrades want for courage he is slain himself through the cowardice of his neighbours or if he break his spear he has not wherewithal to defend his body from death having only one means of defence whereas all who are armed with the trusty bow though they have but one weapon yet is it the best for a man after discharging countless arrows still has others where to defend himself from death and standing at a distance keeps off the enemy wounding them for all their watchfulness with shafts invisible and never exposing himself to the foe but keeping under cover and this is far the wisest course in battle to harm the enemy if they are not stationed out of shot and keep safe oneself. These arguments completely contradict thine with regard to the matter at issue. Next why art thou desirous of slaying these children? What have they done to thee? One piece of wisdom

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wasted. Thus with three principal es would your father exult ye has three sons, proud of ye a man-ness while I was choosing the best brides for you, scheming to link you by marriage to Athens Thebes, and Sparta that ye might live a happy life with a fast ship anchor to hold by. And now that is all and had fortune a breeze hath veered and given ye you so brides the maidens of death in their stead, and tears to me to bath them in woe-wine for my foolish thoughts! and your grandeur here is celestial your marriage feast accept of Hades as the father of your brides, a great relation to him to make Ah me! which of you shall I first press to my bosom?

He hath? on which be it with me or clasp close to me? Oh! I would that like the bee with russet wings I could collect from every source my pleasures in one and blending them together had them none copious flood? H! rattle, dear his bard rattle to thee I call, if haply mortal voice can make itself heard. Hades hail thy father and his children are dying and I am doomed who once but one of thee was counted blessed as men count bliss. Come to me to rescue appear I pray if but I see a phantom since thy mere coming would be enough for them a coward's company did thee who receive thy children.

Am I do thou prepare the funeral rites but I, O Zeus, I tell thee out of my hand to hear call on thee to be these children if such be thy intention for soon will an act of thine be unavailing and yet thou hast been often asked my soul swayed death seems inevitable. Yet I end, the years of life are few so take heed that ye pass through this glad day may we then take the gift of sorrow from mortal till night for turn rocks of tile of piers in our hopes and when he has buried himself in his own business, away be it. Look I see a man who had made me a companion in his fellow by deeds of more than his fortune in a single day robbed me of it. A feather that floats away toward the sky I know not any whose plenty of wealth and his expectation is fixed and sure for ye well for on his eye seen this is if your old friend my comrades.

My! Hal! I find it my own my dearest I behold? what am I to say?

Am I know not my daughter I too am struck dumb.

My! I thus who, they told us, was beneath the earth?

Am! 'Tis he unless some day-dream mock our sight.

My! What am I saying? What is ours do these sorrow ever be held? Old man this is no other than thy own son. Come hither my child in change to your father's bed make him so come never loose you hold for he is to come to help you nowise behind our sorrow Zeus.

Enter H. B. CLES

Heracles All hail my house and portals of my home, how glad am I to come to the light and see thee! What is this? I see my child on before the house in the garb of death, with chaplet on their heads, and my wife amid a throng of men, and my

father weeping over some mischance. Let me draw near to them and inquire lady what strange stroke of fate hath fallen on the house?

My! Dearest of all mankind to me! O ray of light appearing to thy sore art thou safe and is thy coming just in time to help thy dear ones?

He! What meanest thou? what is this confusion I find on my arrival father?

My! We are been ruined forgive me old friend if I have anticipated that which thou hadst a right to tell him for woman's nature is perhaps more prone than man's to grief and they are my children that were being led to death which was my own lot too.

He! Great Apollo! what a prelude to thy story!

My! Dead are my brethren dead my hoary sire.

He! How so? what befell him? who dealt the fatal blow?

My! Lycus, our splendid monarch slew him.

He! Did he meet him a fair fight or was the land sick and weak?

My! Aye from fact is now is he master of the city of Cadmus with its seven gates.

He! Why hath panic fallen on thee and my sister?

My! He meant to kill thy father me and my children.

He! Why what had he to fear from my orphan babes?

My! He was afraid they might some day avenge Creon's death.

He! What means this dress they wear suited to the dead?

My! 'Tis the garb of death we have already put on.

He! And were ye being led to death? O woe is mine!

My! Yes, deserted by every friend and informed that thou wert dead.

He! What put such desperate thoughts into your heads?

My! That was what the heralds of Eurystheus kept proclaiming.

He! Why did ye fear for my hearth and home?

My! He feared us thy father was dragged from his bed.

He! He had no mercy to ill use the old man so?

My! Verily forsooth that goddess and he dwell far enough apart.

He! Was I so poor in friends in my absence?

My! Who are the friends of man in misfortune?

He! Do thou mark so light of my hard warning with the Muses?

My! Misfortune to repeat in to thee has no friends.

He! Cast from your heads these chaplets of death, look up to the light for instead of the nether gloom your eyes behold the welcomer sun. I meantime, see that it is work for my hand will first go raze this upstart tyrant's house, and where I have beheld the music cease, I will throw him to dogs to tear and every Theban who I find has played the traitor after my kindness, will I destroy with this victorious

*Meg* I too implore thee add a second boon that by thy single act thou mayst put us both under a double obligation suffer me to deck my children in robes of death—first opening the palace gates for now are we shut out—that this at least they may obtain from their father's halls

*Ly* I grant it and bid my servants undo the bolts Go in and deck yourselves robes I grudge not But soon as ye have clothed yourselves I will return to you to consign you to the nether world

*Exit LYCUS*

*Meg* Children follow the footsteps of your hapless mother to your father's halls where others possess his substance though his name is still ours

*Exit MEGARA with her children*

*Am* O Zeus in vain it seems did I get thee to share my bride with me in vain used we to call thee father of my son After all thou art less our friend than thou didst pretend Great god as thou art I a mere mortal surpass thee in true worth For I did not betray the children of Heracles but thou by stealth didst find thy way to my couch taking another's wife without leave given while to save thy own friends thou hast no skill Either thou art a god of little sense or else naturally unjust

*Exit AMPHITRYON*

*Ch* Phœbus is singing a plaintive dirge to drown his happier strains striking with key of gold his sweet tongued lyre so too am I fain to sing a song of praise a crown to all his toil concerning him who is gone to the gloom beneath the nether world whether I am to call him son of Zeus or of Amphitryon For the praise of noble toils accomplished a glory to the dead First he cleared the grove of Zeus of a lion and put its skin upon his back hiding his auburn hair in its fearful gaping jaws then on a day with murderous bow he wounded the race of wild Centaurs that range the hills slaying them with winged shafts Peneus the river of fair eddies knows him well and those far fields unharvested and the steadings on Pelion and they<sup>1</sup> who haunt the glens of Homole bordering thereupon whence they rode forth to conquer Thessaly arming themselves with pines for clubs likewise he slew that dappled hind with horns of gold that preyed upon the country folk glorifying Artemis huntress queen of Cœnoe next he mounted on a car and tamed with the bit the steeds of Diomedæ that greedily champed their bloody food at gory mangers with jaws unbridled devouring with hideous joy the flesh of men then crossing Hebrus silver stream he still toiled on to perform the behests of the tyrant of Mycenæ till he came to the strand of Malian gulf by the streams of Anaurus where he slew with his arrows Cynus murderer of his guests unsocial wretch who dwelt in Ampharæ also he came to those minstrel maids to their orchard in the west to pluck from the leafy apple tree its golden fruit when he had slain the tawny dragon whose awful coils were twined all round to guard it and he made his way

into ocean lairs bringing calm to men that use the oar<sup>2</sup> moreover he sought the home of Atlas and stretched out his hands to uphold the firmament and on his manly shoulders took the starry mansions of the gods then he went through the waves of heaving Euxine against the mounted host of Amazons dwelling round Mæotis the lake that is fed by many a stream having gathered to his standard all his friends from Hellas to fetch the gold-embroidered raiment of the warrior queen a deadly quest for a girdle And Hellas won those glorious spoils of the barbarian maid and safe in Mycenæ are they now On Lerna's murderous bound the many-headed water snake he set his branding iron and smeared its venom on his darts wherewith he slew the shepherd of Erytheia<sup>3</sup> a monster with three bodies and many another glorious achievement he brought to a happy issue to Hades house of tears hath he now sailed the goal of his labours where he is ending his career of toil nor cometh he thence again Now is thy house left without a friend and Charon's boat awaits thy children to bear them on that journey out of life whence is no return contrary to God's law and man's justice and it is to thy prowess that thy house is looking although thou art not here Had I been strong and lusty able to brandish the spear in battle's onset my Theban compeers too I would have stood by thy children to champion them but now my happy youth is gone and I am left

But lo! I see the children of Heracles who was erst so great clad in the vesture of the grave and his loving wife dragging her babes along at her side and that hero's aged sire Ah! woe is me! no longer can I stem the flood of tears that spring to my old eyes

*Enter AMPHITRYON, MEGARA and children*

*Meg* Come now who is to sacrifice or butcher these poor children? or rob me of my wretched life! Behold! the victims are ready to be led to Hades halls O my children! an ill matched company are we hurried off to die old men and babes and mothers all together Alas! for my sad fate and my children's whom these eyes now for the last time behold So I gave you birth and reared you only for our foes to mock to flout and slay Ah me! how bitterly my hopes have disappointed me in the expectation I once formed from the words of your father (*Ad dressing each of her three sons in turn*) To thee thy dead sire was for giving Argos and thou wert to dwell in the halls of Eurystheus lording it over the fair fruitful land of Argolis and o'er thy head would he throw that lion's skin wherewith himself was girt Thou wert to be king of Thebes famed for its chariots receiving as thy heritage my broad lands for so thou didst coax thy father dear and to thy hand used he to resign the carved club his sure defence pretending to give it thee To thee he promised to give Cœthalia which once his archery had

<sup>2</sup> he cleared the sea of pirates.

<sup>3</sup>Geryon

<sup>1</sup>The Centaurs.

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at the palace doors, a son, of my old - as such as  
 a - d - swan for there is a goodly shelter for  
 - he is the son of Zeus & he has a  
 noble birth tower his deeds & prowess, for his toil  
 saved his life of doom for man, his in destroyed  
 all fearer hearts.

#### Enter LYCAS and AMBROSIOUS

Ly Hal Ambrosion, as he is there thou canst  
 forth from the palace - he has been too long array  
 in round as in the robes and trappings of the  
 dead. Come, bid the wife and children of Heracles  
 show themselves outside the house - so die on the  
 end, yes you yourself is offered.

Ly O L - thou dost persecute me as my misery  
 and latest insult upon me on and above the loss  
 of my son, thou shouldst have been more moderate  
 in thy zeal, thou hast thou art my lord and master  
 - make thou dost impose death's stroke on me  
 on me, needs must I acquiesce and do thy will.

Ly Pray where is Menelaus? where are the chil-  
 dren of Alceus's son?

- I believe so far - I can guess from our  
 -

Ly What ground hast thou to base thy fancy  
 on

- Is it strange as I explain on the altar a hal-  
 loved flame.

Ly In - how then quite unbecomingly to see her  
 lie

- And came on her dead husband quies in  
 vain.

Ly He is gone ere dear and he certainly will  
 never come.

- No, unless perhaps god should raise him  
 from the dead.

L Got her and bring her from the palace.

L - I doubt so I should become accomplice  
 in her murder

Ly Since thou hast this scruple - I who have left  
 fear behind, and myself born out the mother and  
 her children. Follow me, servants, that we may put  
 an end to this delay of our work to our joy

#### Exit

Ly Then so I went along the path of fate for  
 - at times can be another will provide. Expect  
 for I will find you a - by myself. Ah  
 - and friends, he is our kin - his fault to his doom  
 was well he be entangled in the snare of the sword  
 - I shall be neighbours of villanous I will  
 - see him fall dead for the stroke of a foe  
 been said and so in the penalty I his good-  
 efforts please the fates. Exit AMBROSIOUS

Ly ( ) E I his changed sides he who was erst a  
 faithful king is now turned his back to us into  
 the road of Hades.

(2) Hal to thee Iustia and her end retribu-  
 tion.

(3) At last hast thou reached the goal where thou  
 death will pay a forfeit

(4) For the maiden - must be better.

(5) For makes me tear burst forth.

(6) There is one tribulation, hark the prince

of the land never once thought in his heart would  
 happen.

(7) Come old friends, let us look on this to see if  
 one we know has met the fate I hope.

Ly (Helen) Ah me! ah me!

Ly ( ) Hal how sweet to hear that opening note  
 of his within the house death is not far off him  
 now

(9) Hark! the prince cries out in his agony that  
 he loses death.

Ly (Helen) O kingdom of Cadmus, by treachery  
 I am perishing!

Ly (10) Thou wert thyself for making others  
 perish endure thy retribution us and the penalty  
 of thy own deeds thou art paying.

(11) Who was he weak son of man, that aimed  
 his all - at the blessed gods of heaven with  
 impious blasphemous maintenance, that they are weak  
 boys as it is?

(12) Old friends, our godless foe is now no more

(13) The house is still let us to our dinner

(14) Yes for fortune smiles upon my friends as I  
 desire

Dances and banquets now prevail through the  
 halls of Thebes. For release from tears and  
 respite from sorrow give birth to son. The upstart  
 king is dead and gone our former monarch now is  
 prince having made his way even from the house  
 of Acheron. Hope beyond all expectation is fulfilled.  
 To heed the nigh and wron - is he can care. 'Tis  
 their cold and their good luck that lead men's hearts  
 astray - bring in their train unholy tyrants. For  
 no man ever had the courage to reflect what re-  
 verses time might bring but disregarding law to  
 grieflessness, he shatters in gloom the car of  
 happiness. Deck thee with garlands, O Isthmus!  
 break forth into dancing ye paved streets of our  
 seven gated city come three fount of waters fair  
 and joined with her daughters of Asopus, come  
 from your father's waves to add our maiden voices  
 to our hymns, the victor's prize that Heracles hath  
 won. O Pnyxian rock, with forests crowned, and  
 haunts of the Muses on Helicon! make me cry and  
 her wail - echo with cries of joy where span the  
 earth born crop to a warlike host with the kids  
 of brass, who are banding on their realm so chil-  
 dren's children, a happy time to Thebes. All hail  
 the maids who when two bedrooms shared the  
 one mortal the other Zeus, who came to wed  
 the maids - rung from Perseus for that marriage  
 of them, O Zeus, many days gone by has been proved  
 to me a true story beyond all expectation and time  
 hath shown the lustre of Heracles' prowess, who  
 emerged from caverns beneath the earth after leaving  
 the halls below. To me art thou a worthier lord  
 than that base horned one who now - it is he plainly  
 seen in this struggle - twist armed warriors, whether  
 justice and finds its way in heaven.

(The first madness and all - per - show the  
 palace) Ha see there, my old comrades! the same  
 wild panic fills on us all, what phantom is this?  
 see how over the house? Fly! fly! bestir thy

club the rest will I scatter with my feathered shafts and fill Ismenus full of bloody corpses and Dirce's clear fount shall run red with gore. For whom ought I to help rather than wife and children and aged sire? Farewell my labours! for it was in vain I accomplished them rather than succoured these. And yet I ought to die in their defence since they for their sire were doomed else what shall we find so noble in having fought ■ hydra and a lion at the heels of Eurystheus if I make no effort to save my own children from death? No longer I trow as here tofore shall I be called Heracles the victor.

*Ch* 'Tis only right that parents should help their children their aged sires and the partners of their marriage.

*Am* My son 'tis like thee to show thy love for thy dear ones and thy hate for all that is hostile only curb excessive hastiness.

*He* Wherein father art thou now showing more than fitting haste?

*Am* The king hath a host of allies needy villains though pretending to be rich who sowed dissension and ■ ethrew the state with a view to plundering their neighbours for the wealth they had in their houses was all spent dissipated by their sloth. Thou was seen entering the city and that being so be ware that thou bring not thy enemies together and be slain unawares.

*He* Little I reck if the whole city saw me but happening to see a bird perched in an unlucky position from it I learnt that some trouble had befallen my house so I purposely made my entry to the land by stealth.

*Am* For thy lucky coming hither go salute thy household altar and let thy father's halls behold thy face. For soon will the king be here in person to drag away thy wife and children and murder them and to add me to the bloody list. But if thou remain on the spot all will go well and thou wilt profit by this security but do not rouse thy city ere thou hast these matters well in train my son.

*He* I will do so thy advice is good. I will enter my house. After my return at length from the sunless den of Hades and the maiden queen of hell I will not neglect to greet first of all the gods beneath my roof.

*Am* Why didst thou in very deed go to the house of Hades my son?

*He* Aye and brought to the light that three headed monster.

*Am* Didst worst him in fight or receive him from the goddess?

*He* In fair fight for I had been lucky enough to witness the rites of the initiated.

*Am* Is the monster really lodged in the house of Eurystheus?

*He* The grove of Demeter and the city of Hermione are his prison.

*Am* Does not Eurystheus know that thou hast returned to the upper world?

*He* He knows not I came hither first to learn your news.

*Am* How is it thou wert so long beneath the earth?

*He* I stayed awhile attempting to bring back Theseus from Hades father.

*Am* Where ■ he? gone to his native land?

*He* He set out for Athens right glad to have escaped from the lower world. Come children attend your father to the house. My entering in is fairer in your eyes I trow than my going out. Take heart and no more let the tears stream from your eyes thou too dear wife collect thy courage cease from fear leave go of my robe for I cannot fly away nor have I any wish to flee from those I love. Ah! they do not loose their hold but cling to my garments all the more were ye in such jeopardy? Well, I must lead them taking them by the hand to draw them after me like a ship when towing for I too do not reject the care of my children here all mankind are equal all love their children both those of high estate and those who are naught 'tis wealth that makes distinctions among them some have others want but all the human race loves its offspring.

*Exit HERACLES AMPHITRYON and NEGERA with their children*

*Ch* Dear to me is youth but old age is ever hanging over my head a burden heavier than Aetna's crags casting its pall of gloom upon my eyes. Oh! never may the wealth of Asia's kings tempt me to barter for houses stored with gold my happy youth which is in wealth and poverty alike most fair. But old age is gloomy and deathly I hate it let it sink beneath the waves! Would it had never found its way to the homes and towns of mortal men but were still drifting on for ever down the wind! Had the gods shown discernment and wisdom as mortals count these things men would have gotten youth twice over a visible mark of worth amongst whomsoever found and after death would these have retraced their steps once more to the sun light while the mean man would have had but a small portion of life and thus would it have been possible to distinguish the good and the bad just as sailors know the number of the stars amid the clouds. But as it is the gods have set no certain boundary 'twixt good and bad but time's onward roll brings increase only to man's wealth.

Never will I cease to link in one the Graces and the Muses fairest union. Ne'er may my lines be cast among untutored bores but ever may I find a place among the crowned choir! Yes still the aged bard lifts up his voice of bygone memories still is my song of the triumphs of Heracles whether Bromus the giver of wine is nigh or the strains of the seven stringed lyre and the Libyan flute are rising not yet will I cease to sing the Muses praise my patrons in the dance. As the maids of Delos raise their song of joy circling round the temple gates in honour of Leto's fair son the graceful dancer so I with my old lips will sing songs of victory.





tardy steps! begone! away! O saviour prince avert calamity from me!

*Iris* Courage old men! she whom you see is Madness daughter of night and I am *Iris* the handmaid of the gods. We have not come to do your city any hurt but against the house of one man only is our warfare even against him whom they call the son of Zeus and Alcmena. For until he had finished all his grievous toils Destiny was preserving him nor would father Zeus ever suffer me or Hera to harm him. But now that he hath accomplished the labours of Eurystheus Hera is minded to brand him with the guilt of shedding kindred blood by slaying his own children and I am one with her. Come then maid unwed child of murky Night harden thy heart relentlessly send forth frenzy upon him confound his mind even to the slaying of his children drive him goad him wildly on his mad career shake out the sails of death that when he has sent o'er Acheron's ferry that fair group of children by his own murderous hand he may learn to know how fiercely against him the wrath of Hera burns and may also experience mine otherwise if he escape punishment the gods will become as naught while man's power will grow.

*Madness* Of noble parents was I born the daughter of Night sprung from the blood of Uranus and these prerogatives I hold not to use them in anger against friends nor have I any joy in visiting the homes of men and fain would I counsel Hera before I see her make a mistake and thee too if ye will hearken to my words. This man against whose house thou art sending me has made himself a name alike in heaven and earth for after taming pathless wilds and raging sea he by his single might raised up again the honours of the gods when sinking before man's impiety wherefore I counsel thee do not wish him dire mishaps.

*Ir* Spare us thy advice on Hera's and my schemes.

*Ma* I seek to turn thy steps into the best path instead of into this bad one.

*Ir* 'Twas not to practise self control that the wife of Zeus sent thee hither.

*Ma* I call the sun god to witness that herein I am acting against my will but if indeed I must forthwith serve thee and Hera and follow you in full cry as hounds follow the huntsman why go I will nor shall ocean with its moaning waves nor the earth quake nor the thunderbolt with blast of agony be half so furious as the headlong rush I will make into the breast of Heracles through his roof will I burst my way and swoop upon his house after first slaying his children nor shall their murderer know that he is killing his own begotten babes till he is released from my madness. Behold him! see how even now he is wildly tossing his head at the outset and rolling his eyes fiercely from side to side without a word nor can he control his panting breath but like a bull in act to charge he bellows fearfully calling on the goddesses of nether hell. Soon will I rouse thee to yet wilder dancing and sound a note of

terror in thine ear. Scar away O *Iris* to Olympus on thy honoured course while I unseen will steal into the halls of Heracles.

*Exit Iris and Madness*

*Ch* Alas! alas! lament O city the son of Zeus thy fairest bloom is being cut down.

(1) Woe is thee Hellas! that wilt cast from thee thy benefactor and destroy him as he madly wildly dances where no pipe is heard.

(2) She is mounted on her car the queen of sorrow and sighing and is goading on her steeds, as if for outrage the Gorgon child of night with hundred hissing serpent heads. Madness of the flashing eyes.

(3) Soon hath the god changed his good fortune soon will his children breathe their last slain by a father's hand.

(4) Ah me! alas! soon will vengeance mad relentless lay low by a cruel death thy unhappy son O Zeus exacting a full penalty.

(5) Alas O house! the fiend begins her dance of death without the cymbal's crash with no glad waving of the wine god's staff.

(6) Woe to these halls! toward bloodshed she moves and not to pour libations of the juice of the grape.

(7) O children haste to fly that is the chant of death her piping plays.

(8) Ah yes! he is chasing the children. Never ah! never will Madness lead her revel rout in vain.

(9) Ah misery!

(10) Ah me! how I lament that aged sire that mother too that bore his babes in vain.

(11) Look! look!

(12) A tempest rocks the house the roof is falling with it.

(13) Oh! what art thou doing son of Zeus?

(14) Thou art sending hell's confusion against thy house as erst did Pallas on Enceladus.

*Exit Messenger*

*Messenger* Ye hoary men of old!

*Ch* Why oh! why this loud address to me?

*Mes* Awful is the sight within!

*Ch* No need for me to call another to announce that.

*Mes* Dead lie the children.

*Ch* Alas!

*Mes* Ah weep! for here is cause for weeping.

*Ch* A cruel murder wrought by parents' hands!

*Mes* No words can utter more than we have suffered.

*Ch* What canst thou prove this piteous mischief was a father's outrage on his children? Tell me how these heavensent woes came rushing on the house say how the children met their sad mischance.

*Mes* Victims to punish the house were stationed before the altar of Zeus for Heracles had slain a deer cast from his halls the king of the land. There stood his group of lovely children with his sire and Megara and already the basket was being passed round the altar and we were keeping holy silence. But just as Alcmena's son was bringing the torch in his

I Ah me! why do I spare my own life when I  
 have taken that of my dear children? Shall I not  
 have a leap from some sheer rock, or smite the  
 sword against my heart and avenge my children's  
 blood, or burn my body in the fire and so at  
 last my life shall join with theirs who now awaits me?

But hark! I see Theseus coming to check my  
 rash counsels, my kinsman and friend. Now shall  
 I stand revealed, and the dearest of my friends will  
 see the poison I have incurred by my children's  
 deaths. Ah, woe is mine! what am I to do. Where  
 can I find release from my sorrows, shall I take  
 refuge or plunge beneath the earth? Come! let me  
 veil my head in darkness for I am ashamed of the  
 evil I have done, and since for these I have incurred  
 fresh blood-guiltiness, I would fain not harm the  
 innocent.

Enter men servants

Theseus I am come, and others with me, from  
 war is from the land. I, Athys, encamped at  
 present by the streams of Asopus, to help thy son,  
 old friend. For a rumour reached the city of the  
 Erechids, that Lycus had usurped the sceptre of  
 this land and was become our enemy even to his  
 wife. Wherefore I came hither to compensate for the  
 former kindness of Heracles in so to me from the  
 world below if haply we have an need of such aid  
 as I or my allies can give, old prince.

Ha! what means this heap of dead upon the floor?  
 Scarcely I have delayed too long and come too  
 late to check a evil deed? Who slew these chil-  
 dren? whose wife is this I see. Boys did not go to  
 by the way in it to be some other strange mis-  
 chance I here discover.

Alas O kinsman, whose home is that old hill!

Thy wife this pitious prelude to add, causes me?

Alas Heracles afflicted us with grievous suffer-  
 ing.

Thy Whose be these children, over whom thou  
 weep'st?

Alas My own son's children, woe is mine! their  
 father and benefactor both were he hard-hearted his heart  
 to the blood-dread.

Thy Hush! good words only!

Alas I would I could obey!

Thy What dreadful words!

Alas Fortune has reward her evil gifts, and we see  
 raised, raised.

Thy What meanest thou? what hath he done?

Alas. Sawn them in a wild fit of frenzy with a  
 row of spears in the crown of the hundred-headed  
 Hydra.

Thy This is Hera's work but who lies there among  
 the dead, old man.

Alas My son, my own enduring son, that marched  
 with gods to Phrygia plain, there to battle with  
 the Hydra and save them, warlike that he was.

Thy Ah, woe for him! whose fortune was ever so  
 cruel as his.

Alas What wilt thou find in the that hath  
 torn larger share of suffering, or been more fatally  
 driven to.

Thy Why doth he veil his head, poor wretch in  
 his robe?

Alas. He is ashamed to meet thy eyes, his kin-  
 man's kind intent and his children's blood make  
 him abashed.

Thy But I come to sympathize with thee, Heracles.

Alas My son, remove that mantle from thine  
 eyes, throw it from thee, show thy face unto the  
 sun, a counterpoise to weeping, a battling for the  
 masters. In suppliant wise I entreat thee, as I pray  
 thine heard, thy knees, thy hands, and let fall the  
 tear from my old eyes. O my child! restrain thy  
 so very lion-like temper for thou art rushing forth  
 on an unholy course of bloodshed eager to join  
 mischief to mischief.

Thy What bold To thee I call who art huddled  
 there in thy misery, show us thy friends thy face  
 for no darkness is blacker than to hide thy sad mis-  
 chance. Why dost thou wait thy hand at me, say  
 not 'tis murder? is it that I may not be polluted by  
 speaking with thee? If I share thy misfortune what  
 is that to me? For if I too had luck in days gone by  
 I must refer it to the time when thou didst bring  
 me safe from the dead to the light of life. I have a  
 friend whose gratitude grows old and who is ready  
 to enjoy his friends prosperity but unwilling to sail  
 in the same ship with them when their fortune hours.  
 Arise, unbind thy head, poor wretch! and look on  
 me. The gallant soul endures without a word such  
 blows as these on deeds.

He O Theseus, didst thou witness this trouble  
 with my children?

Thy I heard of it, and now I see the horrors thou  
 meanest.

He Why then hast thou unveiled my head to  
 the sun?

Thy Why hast thou? Thou, a man, canst not pollute  
 what is of God.

He Flaccid wretch, from my unholy  
 time.

Thy The avenging fiend goes not forth from  
 friend to friend.

He For that I thank thee I do not regret the  
 service I did thee.

Thy While I feel kindness then tears ed in  
 show my pity for thee.

He Ah yes! I am a pitious object, murderer of  
 my own sons.

Thy I weep for thee in thy charmed fortunes.

He Didst ever find another more afflicted?

Thy Thy misfortunes reach from earth to heaven.

He Therefore am I resolved on death.

Thy Dost thou suppose the gods attend to these  
 low Laments?

He Remorseless hath been to me so I  
 will prove this like to me.

Thy Hush! lest thy presumption add to thy suffer-  
 ings.

He My bosom is fretted full with sorrow  
 there is no room for now aught further.

Thy What wilt thou do? what is thy fury driv-  
 ing thee?

*Am* Stand further off make no noise nor outcry  
rouse him not from his calm deep slumber

*Ch* O horrible! all this blood—

*Am* Hush! hush! ye will be my ruin

*Ch* That he has spilt is rising up against him

*Am* Gently raise your dirge of woe old friends  
lest he wake and bursting his bonds destroy the  
city rend his sire and dash his house to pieces

*Ch* I cannot possibly speak lower

*Am* Hush! let me note his breathing come let  
me put my ear close

*Ch* Is he sleeping?

*Am* Aye that is he a deathly sleep having slain  
wife and children with the arrows of his twanging  
bow

*Ch* Ah! mourn—

*Am* Indeed I do

*Ch* The children's death

*Am* Ah me!

*Ch* And thy own son's doom

*Am* Ah misery!

*Ch* Old friend—

*Am* Hush! hush! he is turning over he is wak-  
ing! Oh! let me hide myself beneath the covert of  
yon roof

*Ch* Courage! darkness still broods o'er thy son's  
eye

*Am* Oh! beware 'tis not that I shrink from leav-  
ing the light after my miseries poor wretch! but  
should he slay me that am his father then will he be  
devising mischief on mischief and to the avenging  
curse will add a parent's blood

*Ch* Well for thee hadst thou died in that day  
when to win thy wife thou didst go forth to exact  
vengeance for her slain brethren by sacking the  
Taphians sea-beat town

*Am* Fly fly my aged friends haste from before  
the palace escape his waking fury! For soon will he  
heap up fresh carnage on the old ranging wildly  
once more through the streets of Thebes

*Ch* O Zeus why hast thou shown such savage  
hate against thine own son and plunged him in this  
sea of troubles?

*He* (Waking) Aha! my breath returns I am alive  
and my eyes resume their function opening on  
the sky and earth and yon sun's darting beam but how  
my senses reel! in what strange turmoil am I plunged!  
my fevered breath in quick spasmodic gasps escapes  
my lungs How now? why am I lying here made  
fast with cables like a ship my brawny chest and  
arms tied to a shattered piece of masonry with  
corpses for my neighbours while on the floor my  
bow and arrows are scattered that erst like trusty  
squires to my arm both kept me safe and were kept  
safe of me? Surely I am not come a second time to  
Hades halls having just returned from thence for  
Eurystheus? No I do not see Sisyphus with his  
stone or Pluto or his queen Demeter's child Sure-  
ly I am distraught I cannot remember where I am  
Ho there! which of my friends is near or far to help  
me in my perplexity? For I have no clear knowledge  
of things once familiar

*Am* My aged friends shall I approach the scene  
of my sorrow?

*Ch* Yes and let me go with thee nor desert thee  
in thy trouble

*He* Father why dost thou weep and veil thy  
eyes standing aloof from thy beloved son?

*Am* My child! mine still for all thy misery

*He* Why what is there so sad in my case that  
thou dost weep?

*Am* That which might make any of the gods  
weep were he to suffer so

*He* A bold assertion that but thou art not yet  
explaining what has happened

*Am* Thine own eyes see that if by this time thou  
art restored to thy senses

*He* Fill in thy sketch if any change awaits my  
life

*Am* I will explain if thou art no longer mad as  
a fiend of hell

*He* God help us! what suspicions these dark hints  
of thine again excite!

*Am* I am still doubtful whether thou art in thy  
sober senses

*He* I never remember being mad

*Am* Am I to loose my son old friends or what?

*He* Loose and say who bound me for I feel shame  
at this

*Am* Rest content with what thou knowest of thy  
woes the rest forego

*He* Enough! I have no wish to probe thy silence

*Am* O Zeus dost thou behold these deeds pro-  
ceeding from the throne of Hera?

*He* What! have I suffered something from bet-  
er enmity?

*Am* A truce to the goddess! attend to thy own  
troubles

*He* I am undone what mischance wilt thou un-  
fold?

*Am* See here the corpses of thy children

*He* O horror! what hideous sight is here? ah me!

*Am* My son against thy children hast thou waged  
unnatural war

*He* War! what meanst thou? who killed these?

*Am* Thou and thy bow and some god whose be-  
be that is to blame

*He* What sayst thou? what have I done? speak  
father thou messenger of evil

*Am* Thou wert distraught 'tis a sad explanation  
thou art asking

*He* Was it I that slew my wife also?

*Am* Thy own unaided arm hath done all this

*He* Ah woe is me! a cloud of sorrow wraps me  
round

*Am* The reason this that I lament thy fate

*He* Did I dash my house to pieces or incite others  
thereto

*Am* Naught know I save this that thou art ut-  
terly undone

*He* Where did my frenzy seize me? where did it  
destroy me?

*Am* In the moment thou wert purifying thyself  
with fire at the altar

my own children's murderer. Give them burial and  
 lay them o' t in death with the tribute of a tear for  
 the law so bids my doing so. Rest the r i cads upon  
 their mother's bosom a d fold them i n her arms,  
 and pled es of our uni n whom I alas! unw ittingly  
 did slay. And when thou hast buried these dead  
 b e o n here still i n b iterness may be, but still con-  
 strain thy soul to share my sorrows. O child can I be  
 so beat you, your own father hath been your  
 dear j e r and j hav had no profit of my triumphs,  
 all my restless toil to win you a fair name i n life, a  
 glorious g u e r d o n from a s u r e. Thee too unhappy  
 wife, thus hand hath slain a poor return to make  
 thee for preservi n mine b n o u t so safe, for i l the  
 e a r y watch thou long hast kept within my house.  
 Alas for you, my wife, my sons! and woe for me,  
 how sad my lot, cut off from wife and child! Ah!  
 r' e w k u s s e s, bitter sweet! these weapons which i n  
 pain to own! I am not sure wh th r to keep or let  
 them go. dangl n at my s d e they thus w l l s a v.

"With us didst thou de tro child n and wife we  
 a t e thy child e n s slayers, and thou keepest us."  
 Shall I carry th m after that? what answer can I  
 make? Y e a m I to strip me of these weapons, the  
 comrades f my gl i o u s career i n H e l l a s, and put  
 myself thereby i n the power of my foes, to die a  
 death of sham? A ! I mu t not let them go, but  
 keep them, though it grieve me. I n one thing The-  
 seus, help my misery com to A gos with me and  
 i n settl n my reward for bri g i n g Cerberus  
 thither. lest i f I a l l a l o n e my s o n r o w for my  
 sons d me some hurt.

Land of Cadmus, and all ye f l k of Thebes! cut  
 off your hair and mourn with me go to my ch i d  
 e n s burial and with u i c e d d g e l a m e t a l k e  
 the dead a d m e f o r a l l of us hath Hera i n f u c t e d  
 the s a r e c r u l b l o w f d e s t r u c t i o n.

Th Rise unhapp man! thou hast had thy fill of  
 tears.

He I cannot rise my limbs are rooted here.

Th Yes even the s t r o g a r e o e r t h r o w n by mis-  
 fortunes.

He Ah! would I could grow into a stone upon  
 this spot obli v o u s of trouble!

Th Peace! g e t h y hand to a fri n d n d helper

H A ! j l t m e n o t w p e off the blood upon thy  
 robe.

Th W p e t f l and spare not I will not say thee  
 nay

He Rest of my own sons, I find thee as a son  
 to me

Th I l r o w t h y arm about my neck I will be thy  
 g u d e

He A pair of friends i n s o o t h a r e w e, but one a  
 man of sorrows. Ah! a e d s u r e t h i s i s the kind of  
 man to make a friend

Am Blest i n her sons, the country that gave him  
 birth!

He O Theseus, turn me back again to see my  
 babes

Th What chatm dost think to find i n this to  
 soothe thy soul?

H I l o n g to do so, and would f a n e m b r a c e my s i r e

Am Here am I my son thy wish i s n o l e s s d e a r  
 to me.

Th Hast thou so short a memory for thy troubles?

H All that I endured of yore was easier to bear  
 than this.

Th If men see thee play the woman they will  
 s e f f

He Have I b y l a i n g g o w n so a b j e c t i n t h y s i g h t?  
 t w o n t s o o n e m e t h i k e.

Th Aye too much so for how dost show thyself  
 the gl i o u s Heracles of yore?

He What about thyself? what kind of hero wert  
 thou when i n t r o u b l e n the world below?

Th I was worse than anyone as far as courage  
 went

He How then canst thou say of me that I am  
 a b a d e d by my troubles?

Th F o r a s d i!

H Farewell my aged wife!

Am Farewell to thee, my son!

He Bury my ch i d r e n a s I said

Am But who will bury me my son?

H I w l l

Am Wh i s w i t t h o u c o m e?

H After thou hast buried my children

Am How?

He I will fetch thee fr m Thebes to Athena. But  
 carry my ch i d r e n w i t h i n a g e r o u s b r d e n to the  
 earth. And I f i t e r r u n i n g my house b y d e e d s of  
 h a m e w i l l f l o w i n the wake of Theseus a total  
 w e c k. Whoso prefers wealth or might t the pos-  
 s e r n o f good fr i n d s, thinketh a m i s s

Ch With grief and many bitter tear we go out  
 way robbed of all we prized most dearly

Exeunt CHORUS

*He* I will die and return to that world below  
whence I have just come

*Th* Such language is fit for any common fellow

*He* Ah! thine is the advice of one outside sorrow's pale

*Th* Are these indeed the words of Heracles the much enduring?

*He* Never so much as this though Endurance must have a limit

*Th* Is this man's benefactor his chiefest friend?

*He* Man brings no help to me: not Hera has her way

*Th* Never will Hellas suffer thee to die through sheer perversity

*He* Hear me a moment that I may enter the lists with arguments in answer to thy admonitions and I will unfold to thee why life now as well as formerly has been unbearable to me. First I am the son of a man who incurred the guilt of blood before he married my mother Alcmena by slaying his raging sire. Now when the foundation is badly laid at birth needs must the race be cursed with woe and Zeus whoever this Zeus may be beget me as a butt for Hera's hate yet be not thou vexed thereof old man for thee rather than Zeus do I regard as my father. Then whilst I was yet being suckled that bride of Zeus did foist into my cradle fearsome snakes to compass my death. After I was grown to man's estate of all the toils I then endured what need to tell? of all the lions Typhons triple bodied and giants that I slew or of the battle I won against the hosts of four legged Centaurs? or how when I had killed the hydra that monster with a ring of heads with power to grow again I pished through countless other toils besides and came unto the dead to fetch to the light at the bidding of Eurysheus the three headed hound hell's porter. Last ah woe is me! have I perpetrated this bloody deed to crown the sorrows of my house with my children's murder? To this sore strait am I come no longer may I dwell in Thebes the city that I love for suppose I stay to what temple or gathering of friends shall I repair? For mine is no curse that invites address. Shall I go to Argos? how can I when I am an exile from my country? Well in there a single other city I can fly to? And if there were am I to be looked at askance as a marked man branded by cruel stabbing tongues. Is not this the son of Zeus that once murdered wife and children? Plague take him from the land!

Now to one who was erst called happy such changes are a grievous thing though he who is all ways unfortunate feels no such pain for sorrow is his birthright. Thus methinks is the piteous pass I shall one day come to earth for instance will cry out forbidding me to touch her the sea and the river springs will refuse me a crossing and I shall become like Ixion who revolves in chains upon that wheel. Wherefore this is best that henceforth I be seen by none of the Hellenes amongst whom in happier days I lived in bliss. What right have I to live? what profit can I have in the possession of a

useless impious life? So let that noble wife of Zeus break forth in dancing beating with buskined foot on heaven's bright floor for now hath she worked her heart's desire in utterly confounding the chiefest of Hellas sons. Who would pray to such a goddess? Her jealousy of Zeus for his love of a woman hath destroyed the benefactors of Hellas, guiltless though they were.

*Ch* This is the work of none other of the gods than the wife of Zeus thou art right in that surmise.

*Th* <sup>1</sup> rather than to go on suffering. There is not a man alive that hath wholly escaped misfortune's taint nor any god either if what poets sing is true. Have they not intermarried in ways that law forbids? Have they not thrown fathers into ignominious chains to gain the sovereign power? Still they inhabit Olympus and brave the issue of their crimes. And yet what shalt thou say in thy defence, if thou a child of man dost kick against the pricks of fate while they do not? Nay then leave Thebes in compliance with the law and come with me to the city of Pallas. There when I have purged thee of thy pollution will I give thee temples and the half of all I have. Yes I will give thee all those presents I received from the citizens for saving their children seven sons and daughters seven in the day I slew the bull of Crete for I have plots of land assigned me throughout the country these shall henceforth be called after thee by men whilst thou livest and at thy death when thou art gone to Hades halls the city of Athens shall unite in exalting thy honour with sacrifices and a monument of stone. For tis a noble crown for citizens to win from Hellas even a reputation fair by helping a man of worth. This is the return that I will make thee for saving me for now art thou in need of friends. But when heaven delights to honour a man he has no need of friends for the gods aid when he chooses to give it is enough.

*He* Tush! this is quite beside the question of my troubles. For my part I do not believe that the gods indulge in unholy unions and as for putting fetters on parents hands I have never thought that worthy of credit nor will I now be so persuaded nor again that one god is naturally lord and master of another. For the deity if he be really such has no wants these are miserable fictions of the poets. But I for all my piteous plight reflected whether I should let myself be branded as a coward for giving up my life. For whoso schooleth not his frail mortal nature to bear fate's buffets as he ought will never be able to withstand even a man's weapon. I will harden my heart against death and seek thy city with grateful thanks for all thou offerest me.

Of countless troubles have I tasted. God knows but never yet did I faint at any or shed a single tear nay nor e'er dreamt that I should come to this to let the tear drop fall. But now it seems I must be fortune's slave. Well let it pass old father mine thou seest me go forth to exile and in me beholdest

<sup>1</sup>There is a lacuna before line 1313

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For thou, if thou art really wise, must not suffer the  
poor mortal to be for me or wretched

Exit JOC. STA.

Everold ret. men and Antigone.

Old Retainer (From the roof) Antigone, choose  
bosom to a father's house, although thy moth-  
er loved thee at thy earnest entreaty to leave the  
maiden chamber (the topmost store of the  
house, thence I behold the Aeneas host) I star-  
moment will make first reconnoitre the path, whether  
there be any of the citizens visible on the road  
lest reproach, little as it matters to a slave like me,  
be on thee my rival mistress and when I am  
quite sure I will tell thee everything that I saw and  
heard from the Argives, when I earned the return  
of the truth to and from between this city and Poly-  
ces. (After a slight pause) There is no citizen  
approaching the palace so mount the cypress cedar  
steps, and with plants that hurt Ixionus and the  
foes of Dure to see the mighty host of formen.

Antigone Street is out thy hand to me from the  
stars, the hand of fate to youth, help me to  
escape.

O R. There! clasp my young mistress thou  
art come at a lucky moment for Pelopon's host is  
just upon the move and their several contingents  
are separating.

A. O H can I and child of Latona the plant  
never buzz of bronze.

O R. Ah! this is no ordinary homcoming of  
Polynices with many knight and clash of count-  
less arms he comes.

A. Are the gates fast barred and the brazen bolts  
shot home into Amphion's walls of stone?

O R. Never fear! all is safe within the town. But  
mark him who comes first if thou wouldst learn  
his name.

A. Whom that with the white crest who marches  
in the van, he bears on his arm buckler all  
of bronze?

O R. A chieftain, lad —

A. Who is he? whose son? his name? tell me,  
old man.

O R. He claims him for her son in Lerna's  
glens he dwells, the prince Hippomedon.

A. As how proud and terrible his men! like to  
an earth-born giant he must be, with star-  
etched features resembling not a hild of earth.

O R. Dost ever chide a cross-girded  
warrior?

A. His harness is quite different. Who that?

O R. Tydeus, the son of Eteus true Achaean  
spirit fires his breast.

A. Is this the old man, who wedded a sister of  
the gods of Polyces? What a lover's look his ar-  
mour has! his barbarian be!

O R. Yes, my hild Hippolytus carry his life,  
and most learning his kithen with their darts.

A. How art thou so sure of these desert  
old men?

O R. I can full noted the barons on their shields  
before when I went with the terms of the truce to

tho her so when I see them now I know who  
carry them.

A. Who is that youth passing close to the tomb  
of Zetis us, with flowing hair but a look of fury  
in his eye? is he a captain? for crowds of warriors  
follow at his heels.

O R. That is Parthenopaeus, Atalanta's son.

A. May Artemis, who holds over the hills with his  
mother lay him low with an arrow for coming  
against my city to sack it!

O R. May it be so, my daughter but with justice  
are they come hither and my fear is that the gods  
will take the rightful view.

A. Where is he who was born of the same mother  
as I was by a cruel destiny? Oh! tell me old friend,  
where Polyces is.

O R. He is under ranged next to Adrastus near  
the tomb of Niope's seven unweaned daughters. Dost  
see him?

A. I see him, yes! but not distinctly — is but the  
outline of his form, the semblance of his stalwart  
limbs I see. Would I could speed through the sky  
swift as a cloud before the wind towards my own  
dear brother — and throw my arms about my dar-  
ling's neck, so long poor to an exile! How bright  
his golden weapons flash like the sun-god's mor-  
ning rays!

O R. He will soon be here to fill thy heart with  
joy according to thy truce.

A. Who is that old man, on yonder car driving  
snow-white steed?

O R. That lad is the prophet Amphiaras  
with him are the victims, whose streamer blood  
the thirsty earth will drink.

A. Daughter of Latona with the dazzling zone  
O moon, thou orb of gold a light! how quietly  
with what restraint he drives, good in first one horse,  
then the other! But where is Capaneus who utters  
those dreadful threats against this?

O R. Yonder he is, calculating how he may scale  
the towers taking the measure of our walls from  
base to summit.

A. O Nemesis, with booming thunder peals of  
Zeus and blazes in his bid thine it is to silence  
such presumptuous boasting! Is this the man, who  
says he will give the maidens of Thebes as captives of  
his spear to Menecles's daughter, to Lerna's Trident,  
and the waters of Amymone dear to Poseidon, when  
he has thrown the rods of slaughter round them?  
Never never Artemis, my queen revered child of  
Zeus, thy locks of gold may I endure the yoke of  
slavery!

O R. My daughter go within and abide beneath  
the shelter of the maiden chamber now that thou  
hast had thy wish and seen all that thy heart de-  
sired for I see a crowd of women moving toward  
the royal palace, confusion turning with the city. Now  
the race of women by nature loves scandal and if  
they get some of his hands, for their gossip they  
exaggerate, for they seem to take a pleasure in  
saying everything bad of one another.

Exit ANTIGONE and OLD RETAINER.

# THE PHŒNICIAN MAIDENS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                                |                  |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| JOCASTA                        | ETEOCLES         |
| OLD RETAINER                   | CREON            |
| ANTIGONE                       | TEIRESIAS        |
| CHORUS OF PHŒNICIAN<br>MAIDENS | MENŒCEUS         |
| POLYNICES                      | FIRST MESSENGER  |
|                                | SECOND MESSENGER |
|                                | ŒDIPUS           |

*Before the royal palace at Thebes. Enter JOCASTA*

*Jocasta* O sun god who cleavest thy way along the starry sky mounted on golden studded car rolling on thy path of flame behind fleet coursers how curst the beam thou didst shed on Thebes the day that Cadmus left Phœnicia's realm beside the sea and reached this land! He it was that in days long gone wedded Harmonia the daughter of Cyprus and begat Polydore from whom they say sprung Labdacus and Laius from him I am known as the daughter of Menœceus and Creon is my brother by the same mother Men call me Jocasta for so my father named me and I am married to Laius Now when he was still childless after being wedded to me a long time he went and questioned Phœbus craving moreover that our lovè might be crowned with sons born to his house But the god said King of Thebes for horses famed! seek not to beget children against the will of heaven for if thou beget a son that child shall slay thee and all thy house shall wade through blood But he yielding to his lust in a drunken fit begat a son of me and when his babe was born conscious of his sin and of the god's warning he gave the child to shepherds to expose in Hera's meadow on mount Cithæron after piercing his ankles with iron spikes whence it was that Helas named him Œdipus But the keepers of the horses of Polybus finding him took him home and laid him in the arms of their mistress So she suckled the child that I had borne and persuaded her husband she was his mother Soon as my son was grown to man's estate the tawny beard upon his cheek either because he had guessed the fraud or learnt if from another he set out for the shrine of Phœbus eager to know for certain who his parents were and like wise Laius my husband was on his way thither anxious to find out if the child he had exposed was dead And they twain met where the branching roads to Phœcis unite and the charioteer of Laius called to him Out of thy way stranger room for my lord! But he with never a word strode on in his pride and the horses with their hoofs drew blood from the tendons of his feet Then—but why need

I tell aught beyond the sad issue?—son slew father and taking his chariot gave it to Polybus his foster father Now when the Sphinx was grievously harrying our city after my husband's death my brother Creon proclaimed that he would wed me to any who should guess the riddle of that crafty maiden By some strange chance my own son Œdipus guessed the Sphinx's riddle and so he became king of this land and received its sceptre as his prize and married his mother all unwitting luckless wretch! nor did I his mother know that I was wedded to my son and I bore him two sons Eteocles and Polynices and two daughters as well the one her father called Ismene the other which was the elder I named Antigone Now when Œdipus that awful sufferer learnt that I his wedded wife was his mother too he inflicted a ghastly outrage upon his eyes tearing the bleeding orbs with a golden brooch But since my sons have grown to bearded men they have confined their father closely that his misfortune needing as it did full many a shift to hid it might be forgotten He is still living in the palace but his misfortunes have so unhinged him that he imprecates the most unholy curses on his sons praying that they may have to draw the sword before they share this house between them So they fearful that heaven may accomplish his prayer if they dwell together have made an agreement arranging that Polynices the younger should first leave the land in voluntary exile while Eteocles should stay and hold the sceptre for a year and then change places But as soon as Eteocles was seated high in power he refused to give up the throne and drove Polynices into exile from the kingdom so Polynices went to Argos and married into the family of Adrastus and having collected a numerous force of Argives is leading them hither and he is come up against our seven gated walls demanding the sceptre of his father and his share in the kingdom Wherefore I to end their strife have prevailed on one son to meet the other under truce before appealing to arms and the messenger I sent tells me that he will come O Zeus whose home is heaven's radiant vault save us and grant that my sons may be reconciled!

P Mother I ha e come amongst enemies wisely or foolishly but all men needs must love their native land whose earth otherwise is pleased to say so but his show his are turned elsewhere 'So fearful was I and in such terror lest my brother might shew b' treachery that I made my way throu' b' the city word in hand cast ng my eyes all round me. M' only hope is the truce and thy plighted word which induced me to enter my paternal walls and ma' a tear shed b' the wa' seen g after a weary while my home and the altars of the gods the training ground see' of my childhood and Dree's fountain from which I was unjustly d' en to sojourn in a strange city with tears e' er gushin' from mine eyes. Yet and to add to m' grief I see thee with hair cut short and clad in sable robe' woe is me for m' sorrows!

How terrible, dear mother's hatred twist those once near and dear how hard it makes all reconciliations! What doth m' a' ed are w' than the house of b' traitors knows now? What of my sister twins? Ah! then I know bewail my bitter cry e.

Jo Some god with fell intent m' lagun' the race of Edreus. Thus t' ll begin I brok' God's law and bore a son and in an evil hour married thy father and thou wert born. But why's peat thine hor' ors? What Heaven sends we ha' m' bear I am afraid to ask thee what I fain would for fear of wound thy feelings yet I long to.

Jo A y question me less e' naught unsaid for thy will, mother is my pleas' re too

J Well then, first I ask thee what I long to have answered. What means exile from one's country? is a great evil?

Jo The greatest harder t' bear than tell

Jo What is it like? what is it gal' the exile?

Jo One thi' g' most of all he cannot speak his mind.

J This is slave's lot thou deservest to refrain from uttering what one thi' k.

Jo The soldier of his ruler must b' bear

Jo That too is bitter to join n' the fold of flocks.

P Y e to gain our ends we must submit against our nature.

J Hope they as is the ex' food.

P A e hope that looks so fair but she is ever in the future.

Jo B e doth not once expose her frailty?

Jo She hath certain winning charms to comfort thee.

Jo Whence hadst thou means to li' e'er thy m' na' found e' for thee?

P One while I had coun' th for the day and then m' be I had t' not

J Did not th' father's friend and welcome guests am' e' ther?

P Seek t' be prosperous one let fort' ne hour and b' d's s' p' ed by friend is naught.

J Did not thy noble be eding ex' e' thy born for thee?

P Poverty is a curse breeding would not find me foul.

Jo Man's dearest treasure then, it seems, is his country

Jo No words of thine could tell how dear

Jo How was it thou didst go to A' gos? what was thy scheme?

Jo I know not the deity summoned me thither in accordance with my destiny

Jo He doubtless had some wise design but how didst thou win thy wife?

Jo Loxias had given Adrastus an oracle

Jo What was it? what meanest thou? I cannot guess.

P That he should wed his daughters to a boar and a lion.

Jo What hadst thou my son to do with the name of beasts?

Jo It was night when I reached the porch of Adrastus.

Jo In search of a resting place or wandering ill ther in thy exile?

P Yes, I entered thither and so did another like me

Jo Why was her beauty seems was in evil plight

P T' deus, son of Ceneus, was his name

Jo But why did Adrastus liken you to wild beasts?

P Because we came to blows about our bed

Jo Was it then that the son of Talus understood the oracle?

P Yes, and he gave to us his daughters twain

Jo A t' thou blest or cursed in thy marriage?

P As yet I ha' no fault to find with it.

Jo How didst thou persuade an army to follow thee thither?

Jo To me and to Tydeus who is my kin man by marriage Adrastus swa e an oath, even to the b' s-bards of his daughters twain that he would restore s both to ou' country me first. So many chief from Argos and Mycenae has joined m' down, m' a better though needful service, for us s' rest my own t' I am marching. Now I call t' e' en to wit'ness, that it is n' e' u' n' ly I ha' e raised my arms against parents whom I lo' e full well. But to thee m' th' e' t' belongs to disp' e' this unhappy feud and, by reconciling brother in love, to end m' troubles and thine and this whole city's. 'Tis an old world maxim, but I w' l' e' it for all that. Men set most store by wealth, and of ll things in this world it hath the greatest power. Thus am I come to secure at th' head of my countless host for good birth is naught I p' on' e' rty go with it.

Ca Lo' Etocles comes hither to discuss the truce Thine the task, O mother Jocasta to speak such words s' aye reconcile thy sons.

Enter TROILUS

Eteocles Mother I am h' re but it was only to pleasure thee I came. What am I to do? Let some one begin the conference for I stopped Marshall n' the citizens in double lines around the walls, that I m' b' bear th' arbitration between us. If it is u' d' r' this truce that thou ha' t' persuaded me to admit this fellow within the walls.



## Enter CHORUS

*Chorus* From the Tyrian main I come an offer  
ing choice for Loxias from a Phœnician isle to min-  
ister to Phœbus in his halls where his fane lies nestling  
neath the snow swept peaks of Parnassus over the  
Ionian sea I rowed my course for above the plains  
unharvested that fringe the coast of Sicily the  
boisterous west wind coursed piping sweetest music  
in the sky

Chosen from my city as beauty's gift for Loxias  
to the land of Cadmus I came sent thither to the  
towers of Laius the home of my kin the famous  
sons of Agenor and there I became the handmaid  
of Phœbus dedicated like his offerings of wrought  
gold But as yet the water of Castaly is waiting for me  
to bedew the maiden glory of my tresses for the  
service of Phœbus

Hail! thou rock that kindest bright fire above  
the twin peaked heights of Dionysus Hail! thou  
vine that day by day makest the lush bunches of  
thy grapes to drip Hail! awful cavern of the serpent  
and the god's outlook on the hills and sacred mount  
by snow storms lashed! would I were now circling  
in the dance of the deathless god free from wild  
alarms having left Dirce ere this for the vales of  
Phœbus at the centre of the world! But now I find  
the impetuous god of war is come to battle before  
these walls and hath kindled murder's torch in this  
city God grant he fail for a friend's sorrows are  
also mine and if this land with its seven towers suf-  
fer any mischance Phœnicia's realm must share it  
Ah! mel our stock is one all children we of Io that  
horned maid whose sorrows I partake Around this  
city a dense array of serried shields is rousing the  
spectre of bloody strife whose issue Ares shall soon  
learn to his cost if he brings upon the sons of Œdi-  
pus the horrors of the curse O Argos city of Pelas-  
gia! I dread thy prowess and the vengeance Heaven  
sends for he who cometh against our home in full  
panoply entering the lists with justice on his side

## Enter POLYNICES

*Polynices* Those who kept watch and ward at the  
gate admitted me so readily within the walls that  
my only fear is that now they have caught me in  
their toils they will not let me out unscathed so  
I must turn my eye in every direction hither and  
thither to guard against all treachery Armed with  
this sword though I shall inspire myself with the  
confidence born of boldness (*Starting*) What hol  
who goes there? or is it an idle sound I fear? Every-  
thing seems a danger to venturesome spirits when their  
feet begin to tread an enemy's country Still I trust  
my mother and at the same time mistrust her for  
persuading me to come hither under truce Well  
there is help at hand for the altar's hearth is close  
and there are people in the palace Come let me  
sheath my sword in its dark scabbard and ask these  
maidens standing near the house who they are

Ladies of another land tell me from what country  
ye come to the halls of Hellas

*Ch* Phœnicia is my native land where I was born  
and bred and Agenor's children's children sent me

hither as a first fruits of the spoils of war for Phœ-  
bus but when the noble son of Œdipus was about  
to escort me to the hallowed oracle and the altars of  
Loxias came Argives meantime against his city Now  
tell me in return who thou art that comest to this  
fortress of the Theban realm with its seven gates

*Po* My father was Œdipus the son of Laius my  
mother Jocasta daughter of Menœceus and I am  
called Polynices by the folk of Thebes

*Ch* O kinsman of Agenor's race my royal mas-  
ters who sent me hither at thy feet prince I throw  
myself according to the custom of my home At  
last art thou come to thy native land at last! Hail  
to thee! all hail! Come forth my honoured mistress,  
open wide the doors Dost hear O mother of this  
chief? Why art thou delaying to leave the sheltered  
roof to fold thy son in thy embrace?

## Enter JOCASTA

*Jo* Maidens I hear you call in your Phœnician  
tongue and my old feet drag their tottering steps  
to meet my son O my son my son at last after  
many a long day I see thee face to face throw thy  
arms about thy mother's bosom reach hither thy  
cheek to me and thy dark locks of clustering hair  
oershadowing my neck therewith Hail to thee! all  
hail! scarce now restored to thy mother's arms when  
hope and expectation both were dead What can I  
say to thee? how recall in every way by word by  
deed the bliss of days long past expressing my joy  
in the mazy measures of the dance? Ah! my son  
thou didst leave thy father's halls desolate when  
thy brother's despite drove thee thence in exile  
Truly thou wert missed alike by thy friends and  
Thebes This was why I cut off my silvered locks  
and let them fall for grief with many a tear  
not clad in robes of white my son but instead thereof  
taking for my wear these sorry sable tatters while  
within the palace that aged one with sightless orbs  
ever nursing the sorrow of a double regret for the  
pair of brethren estranged from their home rushed  
to lay hands upon himself with the sword or by the  
noose suspended over his chamber roof moaning his  
curses on his sons and now he buries himself in  
darkness weeping ever and lamenting And thou  
my child—I hear thou hast taken an alien to wife  
and art begetting children to thy joy in thy home  
they tell me thou art courting a foreign alliance a  
ceaseless regret to me thy mother and to Laius thy  
ancestor to have this woful marriage fostered on us

'Twas no hand of mine that lit for thee the marriage  
torch as custom ordains and as a happy mother  
ought no part had I taken at thy wedding in sup-  
plying the luxurious bath and there was silence  
through the streets of Thebes what time thy young  
bride entered her home Curses on them! whether  
it be the sword or strife or thy sire that is to blame  
or heaven's visitation that hath burst so notoriously  
upon the house of Œdipus for on me is come all the  
anguish of these troubles

*Ch* Wondrous dear to woman is the child of her  
travail and all her race hath some affection for its  
babes

My Mother I have come amongst enemies which  
or foolish! but all men needs must love their na-  
tive land whose faith otherwise is pleased to live so  
but his thou hits are turned else-where. So fearful  
was I and in such error lest my brother might sh-  
e-b- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -  
the sword in hand casting my eyes all round me  
My only hope is the truce and thy pl- bled word  
which induced me to enter my paternal walls- and  
now a tear I shed by the way seeing after a weary  
while my home and the altars of the gods, the trans-  
ing of our scene of my childhood and three  
fountains from which I was unjustly driven to sojourn  
in a strange city with tears ever gushing from mine  
eyes. Yes, and to add to my grief I see thee with  
hair cut short and clad in tattered robe were it not for  
my sorrow!

How terrible dear mother is hatred twixt those  
one near and dear how hard it makes all reconcili-  
ation! What doth my sword say within the house,  
his first and darkness now? what of my sisters twins?  
Ah! never I know bow'd my bitter exile

Jo Some god with ill intent is plaguing the race  
of Edomus. Thus it all began I broke God's law and  
bore a son, and in an evil hour married thy father  
and thou wert born. But why repeat these horrors?  
what Heaven sends we have to bear. I am afraid to  
ask thee what I fear would for fear of wounding, thy  
feelings yet I long to.

P A question me less painful unsaid for  
thy mother is in pleasure too.

Jo Well then, first I ask thee what I long to have  
answered. What means exile from my country? is  
it a great evil?

P The greatest harder to bear than tell.

Jo What is it like? what is it like the exile?

P One thing most of all he cannot speak his  
mind.

Jo This is all a lot thou deservest to refrain  
from uttering what one thinks.

P The follies of his rulers must he bear

Jo That too is bitter to join in the folly of fools.

P Yet to gain our ends we must submit against  
our nature

Jo Hope then my is the end food

P Aye more that looks so fair but she is ever  
in the future.

Jo But doth not now expose her folly?

P She hath a certain winsome charm in her for  
time.

Jo Whence hadst thou means to hide ere thy  
marriage found for thee?

P On while I had custom for thy day and then  
my be I had it not

Jo Did not thy father's friends and whom guests  
among there?

P Seek to be prosperous once let fortune hour  
ad the aid of friends by friends is sought.

Jo Did not the noble breeding exalt thy horn  
for thee?

P Poverty is a curse breeding would not find  
me food.

Jo Man's dearest treasure then, it seems, is his  
country

P No words of mine could tell how dear

Jo How was it thou didst go to Argos? what was  
thy scheme?

P I know not the deity summon'd me thither  
in accordance with my destiny

Jo He doth bless had some wise design but how  
didst thou win thy wife?

P Loxias had given Adrastus an oracle

Jo What was it? what meanest thou? I cannot  
guess.

P That he should wed his daughters to a bear  
and a lion.

Jo What hadst thou, my son, to do with the  
sum of beasts?

P It was a gift when I reached the porch of Ad-  
rastus.

Jo In search of a resting place or wandering  
alither the exile?

P Yes, I wandered thither and so did another  
like me

Jo Who was he? he too it seems was in exile?

P Tydeus, son of Enone, was his name

Jo But why did Adrastus liken you to wild  
beasts?

P Because we came to blows about our bed

Jo Was it then that the son of Laertes understood  
the oracle?

P Yes and he gave to us his daughters two

Jo Art thou blest or curs'd in thy marriage?

P As yet I have no fault to find with it.

Jo How didst thou persuade an army to follow  
thee in her?

P To me and to Tydeus who in my journey by  
marriage Adrastus gave a son each even to the  
hand of his daughter is given that he would restore  
us both to our country in first so many a ship  
from Argos and Mycenae has joined me down me  
a better thou hast needful weapons for us against my  
own city I march in now I call her on to war  
men, that it is a terrible thing I have raised my arm  
against parents whom I love so well. But to thee  
mother it belongs to dwell on this unhappy feud  
and by reconciling brothers in law to end my trou-  
bles and thine and this whole city's. 'Tis an old  
world maxim, but I will cut it for all that. 'Men  
set most store by wealth and of all things in this  
world it hath the greatest power. This am I come  
to secure at the head of my countless host for good  
birth is a right if you will go with it.

Ch Lo! Eteocles comes hither to discuss the truce  
Thine task, O mother Jocasta to speak such  
words as may reconcile thy sons.

Enter ETEOCLES

Eteocles Mother I am here but it was only to  
pleasure thee I came. What am I to do? Let some  
one begin the conference for I stopped marshall-  
ing the citizens in doubt. Lines around the walls, that I  
may hear thy daughter's voice between us for it is un-  
der this truce that thou hast persuaded me to admit  
this fellow within the walls.

*Jo* Stay a moment haste never carries justice with it but slow deliberation oft attains a wise result. Restrain the fierceness of thy look that panting rage for this is not the Gorgon's severed head but thy own brother whom thou seest here. Thou too Polynices turn and face thy brother for if thou and he stand face to face thou wilt adopt a kindlier tone and lend a readier ear to him. I fain would give you both one piece of wholesome counsel when a man that is angered with his friend confronts him face to face he ought only to keep in view the object of his coming for setting all previous quarrels Polynices my son speak first for thou art come at the head of a Danaid host alleging wrongful treatment and may some god judge between us and reconcile the trouble.

*Po* The words of truth are simple and justice needs no subtle interpretations for it hath a fitness in itself but the words of injustice being rotten in themselves require clever treatment. I provided for his interests and mine in our father's palace being anxious to avoid the curse which Oedipus once uttered against us of my own free will I left the land allowing him to rule our country for one full year on condition that I should then take the sceptre in turn instead of plunging into deadly enmity and thereby doing others hurt or suffering it myself as is now the case. But he after consenting to this and calling the gods to witness his oath has performed none of his promises but is still keeping the sovereignty in his own hands together with my share of our heritage. Even now am I ready to take my own and dismiss my army from this land receiving my house in turn to dwell therein and once more restore it to him for a like period instead of ravaging our country and planting scaling ladders against the towers as I shall attempt to do if I do not get my rights. Wherefore I call the gods to witness that spite of my just dealing in everything I am being unjustly robbed of my country by most godless fraud. Here mother have I stated the several points on their own merits without collecting words to fence them in but urging a fair case. I think alike in the judgment of skilled or simple folk.

*Ch* To me at least albeit I was not born and bred in Hellas thy words seem full of sense.

*Er* If all were unanimous in their ideas of honour and wisdom there would have been no strife to make men disagree but as it is fairness and equality have no existence in this world beyond the name there is really no such thing. For instance mother I will tell thee this without any concealment I would ascend to the ring of the stars and the sun or dive beneath the earth were I able so to do to win a monarch's power the chief of things divine. Therefore mother I will never yield this blessing to another but keep it for myself for it were a coward's act to lose the greater and to win the less. Besides I blush to think that he should gain his object by coming with arms in his hand and ravaging the land for this were foul disgrace to glorious Thebes if I should yield my sceptre up to him for fear of

Argive might. He ought not mother to have attempted reconciliation by armed force, for words compass every thing that even the sword of an enemy might effect. Still if on any other terms he cares to dwell here he may but the sceptre will I never willingly let go. Shall I become his slave when I can be his master? Never! Wherefore come fire come sword! harness your steeds fill the plains with chariots for I will not forego my throne for him. For if we must do wrong to do so for a kingdom were the fairest cause but in all else virtue should be our aim.

*Ch* Fair words are only called for when the deeds they crown are fair otherwise they lose their charm and offend justice.

*Jo* Eteocles my child it is not all evil that attends old age sometimes its experience can offer sager counsel than can youth. Oh! why my son art thou so set upon ambition that worst of deities? Forbear that goddess knows not justice many are the homes and cities once prosperous that she hath entered and left after the ruin of her votaries she it is thou madly follovest. Better far my son prize equality that ever linketh friend to friend city to city and allies to each other for equality is man's natural law but the less is always in opposition to the greater ushering in the day-spring of dislike. For it is equality that hath set up for man measure and divisions of weights and hath distinguished numbers night's sightless orb and radiant sun proceed upon their yearly course on equal terms and neither of them is envious when it has to yield. Though sun and gloom then both are servants in man's interests wilt not thou be content with thy fair share of thy heritage and give the same to him? if not why where is justice? Why prize beyond its worth the monarch's power injustice in prosperity? why think so much of the admiring glances turned on rank? Nay tis vanity. Or wouldst thou by heaping riches in thy halls heap up toil therewith? what advantage is it? tis but a name for the wise find that enough which suffices for their wants. Man indeed hath no possessions of his own we do but hold a stewardship of the gods' property and when they will they take it back again. Riches make no settled home but are as transient as the day. Come suppose I put before thee two alternatives whether thou wilt rule or save thy city? Wilt thou say Rule?

Again if Polynices win the day and his Argive warriors rout the ranks of Thebes thou wilt see this city conquered and many a captive maid brutally dishonoured by the foe so wilt thou waste thy art so bent on getting become a grievous bone to Thebes but still ambition fills thee. Thus I say to thee and this to thee Polynices Adrastus hath conferred a foolish favour on thee and thou too hast shewn a little sense in coming to lay thy city waste. Suppose thou conquer this land (which Heaven forefend!) tell me I conjure thee how wilt thou rear a trophy to Zeus? how wilt thou begin the sacrifice after thy country's conquest or inscribe the spoils at the streams of Isachus with— Polynices gave Thebes

1<sup>st</sup> flames and dedicated these sh' elds to the gods. O! never my son, be it this e to win such time from Hells! If on the other hand, thou art worsted and th' br' ther's cause prevail, how shalt thou return to Argos, leavin' counsellors ad beh'nd? So— one will be sur to sa— Out on thee! Admiration for th' evil bridegroom thou hast brought fit to th' house thanks to on maid's marriage ruin is com' n us."

Towards two e'ls, my son, art thou hasten— loss of— whence the— and run in the midst of thy efforts here. O! my children, lay aside your violence— two men's follies, once they meet result in evil—ad! much el.

Ch O hea en, avert these troubles and reconcile th' sons (Edipus in some way)

Et Mother the season for parley is past the time w' sh'ld delay is due waste th' good wishes are (no a'ill for we shall be or be reconciled except upon the terms already named, namely that I should keep the sceptre and be king of th' land wherefore cease these tedious wars— and let m' be (Turning to POLYXENUS) And as for thee outside the walls, or die!

Po Who will lav me? who is so in 'ul crab e as to plun e his sword in my body without cap'n the self sam' fate?

Et Thou art not him, a r' very dear dost see my art

Po I see it but wealth is cowardly a era en too food of life.

Et W' t then to meet a dastard thou earnest with all that host to war?

P In general ca' tion is better than foolhardiness.

Et Relyn on the truce whi h sa es thy life, thou turnest boaster

Po One mor I ask thee to restore my sceptre and thar in the kingdom.

Et I ha e nau hit to restore us my own house, and I will d' all th' rin

P Wha' nd keep mor than thy share?

Et Yes, I will. B' oo!

P O altars (my father's god)

Et Whi h thou art here to raze.

Po Hear me

Et Who would hear thee aft' e thou hast mar' hod 'most th' fatherland?

Po O temples of those gods that ride on snow hute steeds!

Et They hate thee

P I m' been driven from m' rous' trv

Et Because thou earnest t' d' e others thence.

P U' just! O god

Et Call on th' god t' M' cense not here.

P Thou hast outraged right—

Et B' t' ha' not lik thee become my country's foe.

Po B' d' r' ing me forth witho' t my portion.

Et I will sa' thee to boot

Po O father dost thou hear what I am suffering?

Et Yes and he hears what thou art doing.

Po Thou too, mother mine?

Et Thou hast no r' hit to mention th' mother

Po O my city!

Et Get thee to Argos, and invoke the waters of Lerma

Po I will trouble not thyself all thanks to thee thou li' mother mine

Et Forth from the land!

P I go yet grant me to behold my father

Et Thou halt not ha' e th' wish.

Po At least then my tender sisters,

Et Not them too thou shalt ne' er see.

Po Ah sisters mine!

Et Why dost thou, their bitterest foe call on them?

Po Mother dear to thee at lea' I farewell!

Jo A joyous fare, mine in sooth, my son!

Po Th' son no mor!

Jo Born to sorrow endless sorrow!!

P 'Tis because my brother treats me despitefully

Et I am t' eated just the same.

Po Where wilt thou be stationed before the towers?

Et Wh' ask m' this?

Po I will array myself against thee for th' death

Et I too ha' e the same desire

Jo Woe is m' (what will we do, my sons?)

P The e' eat will show

Jo O! sh' your father's curse! ERUJOCASTA

Et Destruction seize our whole house!

Po Soon shall m' sword be busy plun' ed in gore.

Et (I call my native land and heaven too t' witness, with what contumely and bitter treatment I am be' d' on forth as thou h' I were a sla' e not a son of Edipus as much as he! If aught happen to thee m' city blame him, not m' for I came not wil' in t' and all unwilling I' am I driven hence Fare w' l' king Phœbus lord of h' h' ways farewell palace and comrades farewell ye statues of the ods, at which men offer sheep for I know not if I shall ever add' es ou gain though here is still wake which makes m' confident that with hea' en's help I shall sav' this fellow and rul' my nat' e Thebes.

Et Forth from the land! twas a true name our father ga' e thee, when, prompted by some god, he called thee Polyuxes, nam' denotat' infel

Ch To this land cam' Cadmus of Tyre at whose feet a un' oled h' f' r' threw itself down g' r' g' flect to an oracle on the spot where the god re' p'one bade him take up his abode in A' na's rich corn lands, where gushing Dirce's fair n' r' y of water pour' o' e' endant fruitful fields here was born th' Brousan god!! her whom Zeus made a mother round whom the a' r' r' w' r' e' t' wreaths while he w' z' v' t' a babe swathing h' m' amid the covert of its green foliage as a' causal of happy destiny to be theme for Bacche re' r' y amon' the maids and w' e' r' s' p' r' e' d' in Th' bes.

There lay t' r' e' s' murderous dragon a s' o' age warder wa' h' w' th' r' o' u' n' e' v' e' t' h' watered glens

Amphion and Zethus, the Theban Dioscuri.

and quickening streams him did Cadmus slay with a jagged stone when he came thither to draw him lustral water smiting that fell head with a blow of his death dealing arm but by the counsel of Pallas motherless goddess he cast the teeth upon the earth into deep furrows whence sprang to sight a mail clad host above the surface of the soil but grim slaughter once again united them to the earth they loved bedewing with blood the ground that had disclosed them to the sunlit breath of heaven

Thoe too Epaphus child of Zeus sprung from Io our ancestress I call on in my foreign tongue all hail to thee! hear my prayer uttered in accents strange and visit this land 'twas in thy honour thy descendants settled here and those goddesses of two-fold name Persephone and kindly Demeter or Earth the queen of all that feedeth every mouth won it for themselves send to the help of this land those torch bearing queens for to gods all things are easy

Et (To an attendant) Go fetch Creon son of Menoeceus the brother of Jocasta my mother tell him I fain would confer with him on matters affecting our public and private weal before we set out to battle and the arraying of our host But lo! he comes and saves thee the trouble of going I see him on his way to my palace

Enter CREON

Creon To and fro have I been King Eteocles in my desire to see thee and have gone all round the gates and sentinels of Thebes in quest of thee

Et Why and I was anxious to see thee Creon for I found the terms of peace far from satisfactory when I came to confer with Polydices

Cr I hear that he has wider aims than Thoe relying on his alliance with the daughter of Adrastus and his army Well we must leave this dependent on the gods meantime I am come to tell thee our chief obstacle

Et What is that? I do not understand what thou sayest

Cr There came one that was captured by the Argives

Et What news does he bring from their camp?

Cr He says the Argive army intend at once to draw a ring of troops round the city of Thebes about its towers

Et In that case the city of Cadmus must lead out its troops

Cr Whither? art thou so young that thine eyes see not what they should?

Et Across yon trenches for immediate action

Cr Our Theban forces are small while theirs are numberless

Et I well know they are reputed brave

Cr No mean repute have those Argives among Hellenes

Et Never fear! I will soon fill the plain with their dead

Cr I could wish it so but I see great difficulties in this

Et Trust me I will not keep my host within the walls

Cr Still victory is entirely a matter of good counsel

Et Art anxious then that I should have recourse to any other scheme?

Cr Ay to every scheme before running the risk once for all

Et Suppose we fall on them by night from ambush?

Cr Good! provided in the event of defeat thou canst secure thy return hither

Et Night equalizes risks though it rather favours daring

Cr The darkness of night is a terrible time to suffer disaster

Et Well shall I fall upon them as they sit at meat?

Cr That might cause a scare but victory is what we want

Et Dirce's ford is deep enough to prevent their retreat

Cr No plan so good as to keep well guarded

Et What if our cavalry make a sortie against the host of Argos?

Cr Their troops too are fenced all round with chariots

Et What then can I do? am I to surrender the city to the foe?

Cr Nay nay! but of thy wisdom form some plan

Et Pray what scheme is wiser than mine?

Cr They have seven chiefs I hear

Et What is their appointed task? their might can be but feeble

Cr To lead the several companies and storm our seven gates

Et What are we to do? I will not wait till every chance is gone

Cr Choose seven chiefs thyself to set against them at the gates

Et To lead our companies or to fight single handed?

Cr Choose our very bravest men to lead the troops

Et I understand to repel attempts at scaling our walls

Cr With others to share the command for one man sees not every thing

Et Selecting them for courage or thoughtful prudence?

Cr For both for one is naught without the other

Et It shall be done I will away to our seven towers and post captains at the gates as thou adviseest putting them man for man against the foe To tell thee each one's name were grievous waste of time when the foe is camped beneath our very walls But I will go that my hands may no longer hang idle May I meet my brother face to face and encounter him hand to hand even to the death for coming to waste my country! But if I suffer any mischance thou must see to the marriage twixt Antigone my sister and Haemon thy son and now as I go forth to battle I ratify their previous espousal Thou art my mother's brother so why need I say more? take care of her as she deserves both for thy own sake

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and mine. As for me, are he hath been guilty of folly  
 against himself in putting out his eyes, small grace  
 have I for him, by his curses may be he will slay us  
 too. One song only has we still: do, to ask Te-  
 reus, the seer, if he has ought to tell of his en-  
 emy. Thy son Menoeceus, who bears thy father's  
 name, will I send to fetch Teresius hither. Creon  
 for which thou he will readily con-verse, thou hast  
 now so scorned his art prophetic, that his face that  
 he has reasons to reproach me. This recommendation  
 Creon, I leave thee, the city and thee should my  
 cause prevail, or ere give Polydorus corpse grave  
 in Theban soil, and if so be some friend should bury  
 him, let death reward the man. Thus far to thee,  
 and to my servants thus, bear forth my arms and  
 coat of mail, that I may start at once for the ap-  
 pointed combat, with might to lead to victory. To  
 us our city we will pray to Caution, the best god  
 des to serve our end. *Exit Menoeceus.*

Oh Ores, god of toil and trouble, why  
 art thou possessed by a love, I hood and death, out  
 of harmony with the forecasts of Prometheus? 'Tis for  
 no crowns of dancers but that thou dost toss thy  
 youthful curls in the breeze, again, it will so  
 lead thee only to a strain to charm the dancers  
 feet, but with warriors clad in mail thou dost lead  
 thy mother's reverend breath, unto Argive breasts  
 a lust for Theban blood with no wild wain of the  
 thyrus, clad in lawless thou dancest, but with  
 chariot and bitter words wheedest thy charges' sum-  
 of blood. O'er the waters I witness in wild career  
 thou art wringing thy bones, unsundered Argive breasts  
 with hat, I th earth-born race strains in broken  
 harness, against these stone built walls a host of war-  
 riors armed with swords.

True! 'tis a goddess to fear who devised  
 these troubles for the princes of this land, for the  
 much-enduring sons of Labdacus.

O Cithæron, apple of the eye of Artemis, holy  
 vale, I fear, avoid whose snowy fells many a heart  
 has couched, would thou had I never feared the  
 child exposed to die Cadmus the fruit of Jove's  
 wrath, that as babe he was cast forth from his  
 home, marked with golden brooch and would the  
 Sphæra, that winged maid, fill monstrous from the  
 hills, had never come to curse our land with a har-  
 monious yoke, she that erst drew oigh our walls  
 and shut her doors, since I Cadmus away in her tal-  
 oned feet, the painful fells of light, send sent  
 b. Hades from hell to plague the men of Thebes  
 one nor unhappy strife is breaking out between  
 the sons of Cadmus in city and home. For never can  
 wrong be right, nor children of unnatural par-  
 entage come as a glory to the mother that bears  
 them, but as stain on the marriage of him who is  
 his her and brother's once.

O earth, thou once didst bear—so long ago I  
 heard the story told by foreigners in my own home  
 — in which ran of the teeth of a snake with  
 blood of erst that fed on beasts, to be the glory  
 of reproach of Thebes.

In days gone by the sons of her en came to th

wedding of Harmonia and the walls of Thebes arose  
 to the sound of the lyre and her towers stood up as  
 Amphion played, in the midst between the double  
 streams of Orontes that watereth the green meadows  
 fountain the Ismenus and so, our horned ancestress,  
 was mother of the kings of Thebes, thus our city  
 throned has an end, as succession of its blessings has  
 set herself upon the highest peak, a life of martial glory.

*Enter Teresius and his daughters.*

Teresius. (Led by his daughter) Lead on, my daugh-  
 ter, for thou art as an eye to my blind feet, as cer-  
 tain as a star, my numbers lead my steps on to level  
 ground, then go before, that we stumble not, for  
 thy father has no strength, keep safe for me in thy  
 maiden hand the arrows I took in the days I ob-  
 served the flight and cries of birds seated in my  
 prophet's chair. Tell me, thou Menoeceus, son of  
 Creon, how much further toward the city is my ere  
 I reach thy father? for my knees grow weary, and I  
 can scarce keep on this hurried pace.

O Take heart Teresius, for thou hast reached  
 thy mourning and art near thy friends, take him by  
 the hand, my child, for just as every carriage has  
 its wait for outward help to steady it, so too hath the  
 step of age.

Te. Enough I have arm'd with Creon, dost  
 thou succumb not so urgently?

O I will not forget that, but first collect  
 thyself and regain breath, shake off the fatigue of  
 thy journey.

Te. I am and red worn out, having arrived here  
 yesterday from the court of the Erechthidae,  
 for they too were at war, fighting with Eumolpus,  
 in which contest I insured the victory of Cecrops  
 sons, and I received the golden crown, which thou  
 seest me wearing as fruits of the enemy's spoil.

O I take the crown of victory as a token, for  
 as thou knowest, are exposed to the billows of an  
 Argive war and great is the struggle for Thebes.  
 Erechides, our kinsman, is already gone in full harness to  
 meet Mycenæ's champion, and hath bidden me in  
 guise of their best course to save the city.

Te. For Erechides I would have closed my lips and  
 refused from all revenge, but to thee I will speak,  
 since thy wish to learn. This country Creon  
 has been long afflicted, ever since Laius became a  
 father in his en's desolate, bereft, hapless (Edipus  
 to be his own mother's husband. That blood's out-  
 rage on his eyes was planned by her, en as an ex-  
 ample to Hylas, and the sons of Edipus made a  
 gross mistake in warring, I throw over it the veil of  
 time, as if forthwith they could outrun the gods of  
 ere, for by robbing their father of his due honour  
 and a law, him so freedom, they exasperated the  
 poor sufferer so he stung, by suffering and disgrace  
 as well, called awful curses against them, and I be-  
 cause I left no law, undone or unaided prevent  
 that, uncounted the hatred of the sons of Edipus by  
 death inflicted by each other, hand awaits them,  
 Creon and the many heirs of stain, some from Ar-  
 go, some from Thebes, shall cause bitter  
 lamentation in the land of Thebes. Alas! for thee,

poor city thou art being involved in their ruin unless I can persuade one man. The best course was to prevent any child of Oedipus becoming either citizen or king in this land on the ground that they were under a ban and would overthrow the city. But since evil has the mastery of good there is still one other way of safety but this it were unsafe for me to tell and painful too for those whose high fortune it is to supply their city with the saving cure. Farewell! I will away amongst the rest must I endure my doom if need be for what will become of me?

Cr Stay here old man

Te Hold me not

Cr Abide why dost thou seek to fly?

Te 'Tis thy fortune that flies thee not I

Cr Tell me what can save Thebes and her citizens

Te Though this be now thy wish it will soon cease to be

Cr Not wish to save my country? how can that be?

Te Art thou still eager to be told?

Cr Yea for wherein should I show greater zeal?

Te Then straightway shalt thou hear my words prophetic. But first I would fain know for certain where Menoeceus is who led me hither

Cr Here not far away but at thy side

Te Let him retire far from my prophetic voice

Cr He is my own son and will preserve due silence.

Te Wilt thou then that I tell thee in his presence?

Cr Yea for he will rejoice to hear the means of safety

Te Then hear the purport of my oracle the which if ye observe ye shall save the city of Cadmus

Thou must sacrifice Menoeceus thy son here for thy country since thine own lips demand the voice of fate

Cr What meanst thou? what is this thou hast said old man?

Te To that which is to be thou also must conform

Cr O the eternity of woe thy minute's tale proclaims!

Te Yes to thee but to thy country great salvation

Cr I shut my ears I never listened to city now farewell!

Te Hail the man is changed he is drawing back

Cr Go in peace it is not thy prophecy I need

Te Is truth dead because thou art curst with woe?

Cr By thy knees and honoured locks I implore thee!

Te Why implore me? thou art craving a calamity hard to guard against

Cr Keep silence tell not the city thy news

Te Thou biddest me act unjustly I will not hold my peace

Cr What wilt thou then do to me? slay my child?

Te That is for others to decide I have but to speak

Cr Whence came this curse on me and my son?

Te Thou dost right to ask me and to test what I have said. In yonder lair where the earth born dragon kept watch and ward or Dirce's spring, must this youth be offered and shed his life blood on the ground by reason of Ares' ancient grudge against Cadmus who thus avenges the slaughter of his earth born snake. If ye do this ye shall win Ares as an ally and if the earth receive crop for crop and human blood for blood ye shall find her kind again that erst to your sorrow reared from that dragon's seed a crop of warriors with golden casquet for needs must one sprung from the dragon's teeth be slain. Now thou art our only survivor of the seed of that sown race whose lineage is pure alike on mother's and on father's side thou and these thy sons. Harmon's marriage debars him from being the victim for he is no longer single for even if he have not consummated his marriage yet is he betrothed but this tender youth consecrated to the city service might by dying rescue his country and bitter will be the return of Adrastus and his Argives, flinging o'er their eyes death's dark pall and will glorify Thebes. Choose thee one of these alternatives either save the city or thy son

Now hast thou all I have to say. Daughter lead me home. A fool the man who practises the diviner's art for if he should announce an adverse answer he makes himself disliked by those who seek to him while if from guile he deceives those who are consulting him he sins against Heaven. Phœbus should have been man's only prophet for he fears no man

Exit TEIRESIAS

Cr Why so silent Creon why are thy lips hushed and dumb? I too am no less stricken with dismay

Cr Why what could one say? 'Tis clear what my words must be. For I will never plunge myself so deeply into misfortune as to devote my son to death for the city for love of children binds all men to life and none would resign his own son to die. Let no man praise me into slaying my children. I am ready to die myself—for I am ripe in years—to set my country free. But thou my son art the whole city learn this up and fly with all haste away from this land regardless of these prophets' unbridled utterances for he will go to the seven gates and the captains there and tell all this to our governors and leaders now if we can forestall him thou mayst be saved but if thou art too late 'tis all over with us and thou wilt die

Menoeceus. Whither can I fly? to what city? to which of our guest friends?

Cr Fly where thou wilt be furthest removed from this land

Men 'Tis for thee to name a place for me to carry out thy bidding

Cr After passing Delphi—

Men Whither must I go father?

Cr To Ætolia

Men Whither thence?

Cr To the land of Theoprotia

Men To Dodona's hallowed threshold?

Cr Thou followest me

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Men What protection shall I find me there?

G The god will send thee on thy way

Men How shall I find the means

G I will supply thee with money

Men A good plan of thine father So go for I will to thy sister Jocasta at whose breast I was suckled as a babe when rest of my mother and left a lonely orphan, to give her kindly greeting and then will I seek my safety Come, come! be going that there be no hindrance in thy part

Enter CREON

How did thy father, I banished my father's fears I crave no day to gain me end (He is trying to convince me hence depriving the city of its chance and surrendering it to Creon) I Though an old man may be pardoned yet in my case there is no excuse for betraying the country that gave me birth So I will go and save the city be assured the cost and grief will be up for this land For this were shame that thy whom no oracles bind and who has not come and thy father's law should stand over shoulder to shoulder with never a fear of death, and fight for their country before her tears, bid I escape the kingdom like a coward a traitor to my father and brother and city and who rescue my life I shall appear damned by Zeus and all his stars by Ares god of blood who establish the two top that sprung on the day of omens that princes of this land that shall not be brought I will and land given to the common battlements will deal with death by word of the dragon's deep den, the spot the seer described and will set my country free I have spoken Now I go to make the city a present of my life no mean offering to rid this kingdom of affliction For each of us to take and expend all the good in this his power can do but it to his country weal our cities would experience few troubles and would for the future prosper

Exit CREON

Ch Thou camest O god-forsaken spawn of earth's dishonouring blood to poison the sons of Cadmus, rise in death's draught in thy sorrow half a monster half a man a most detestable prodigy thy roving ways and laws that in days gone by did catch up with useful customs from the banishment of Disce with discarding the bringing a deadly curse a wave of bloodshed to our nation land And our godhead was brought all this to pass in thy house was heard of in the wars wailing and I wail, grieve, lamentation and thy voice of weeping each took up their lament of death from their feet to greet as a loud ringing mourning wail, and one great cry went up when we that good maiden bore some remnant of sight from the city At last came Oedipus, the man of sorrow, a husband from Delphi to this land of Thebes, a father to them then but a reward cause of grief to whom he had said the middle triumphantly he formed with his mother an unhallowed union woe to him! polluting the city and by his curses, I believe, he has plucked his sons to a guilty strife causing them to waste their lives in blood.

All reverence do we feel for him who is gone to his death in his country's cause bequeathing to Creon a legacy of tears but destined to crown with victory our seafenced towers. May our motherhood be blessed with such noble sons, O Pallas kindly queen who with well a med stone did spill the serpent blood rousing Cadmus as thou didst to brood upon the task whereof the issue was a demon's curse that swooped upon this land and harried it

Enter MESSENGER

1st Messenger Ho there! who is at the palace gates? Open the door summon Jocasta forth Ho the clatter of arms I call spite of thy long delay come forth beaten, a blest wife of Oedipus cease thy lamentation and thy tears of woe

Exit JOCASTA

Jo Sirel thou art not come my friend with the sad news of Eteocles death beside whose shield thou hast ever marched wading from him the foerian's darts? What tidings art thou here to bring me? Is my son alive or dead? Declare that to me

1st Mes To rid thee of thy fear at once he lies that terror banish

Jo Next how is it with the seven towers that wall us in?

1st Mes They stand unshattered still the city is not yet a prey

Jo Have they been in jeopardy of the Argive spear?

1st Mes As yet on the very brink but our Theban warriors proved too strong for the Argive's might

Jo O catching I'll make I implore knowest thou aught of Polixenes, is he yet alive for this too long to learn.

1st Mes As yet thy sons are holding the pair of them

Jo God bless thee! How did you succeed in beating off our gates the Argive host when thus beleaguered? Tell me that I may go with you and cheer the old and man-since our city is still safe

1st Mes After Creon's son who gave up life for country had taken his stand on the inner top and plunged a sword dark-bled through his throat to save this land, thy son took off seven companions with their captives in the seven gates to keep watch on the Argive warriors, and stationed cavalry to cover the city and infantry to support infantry that assisted might be close at hand for any weak point in the walls. Then from our lofty towers we saw the Argive host with their white shields leaving Teumessus, and when near the city they barged upon our Theban ranks at the double I one loud burst from their ranks and from our battlements rang out the battle-cry and trumpet-call First to the Neustan gate Partheoporus, son of the huntress maid led a company bristling with speared shields, himself with his own peculiar badge, the centre of his target, Atalanta slaying the Aetolian bow with an arrow hot from his bow the gates of Proetus came the prophetic Amphiarus, bringing the citizens on a chariot no running blaze he carried but weapons



chastely plain Next prince Hippomedon came marching to the Ogygian port with this device upon his boss Argus the all seeing with his spangled eyes upon the watch whereof some open with the rising stars while others he closes when they set as one could see after he was slain At the Homoloian gates Tydeus was posting himself a lion's skin with shaggy mane upon his buckler while in his right hand he bore a torch like Titan Prometheus to fire the town Thy own son Polynices led the battle against the Fountain gate upon his shield for blazon were the steeds of Potniæ galloping at frantic speed revolving by some clever contrivance on pivots inside the buckler close to the handle so as to appear dis traught At Electra's gate famed Capaneus brought up his company bold as Ares for the fray this device his buckler bore upon its iron back an earth-born giant carrying on his shoulders a whole city which he had wrenched from its base a hint to us of the fate in store for Thebes Adrastus was stationed at the seventh gate a hundred vipers filled his shield with graven work as he bore on his left arm that proud Argive badge the hydra and serpents were carrying off in their jaws the sons of Thebes from within the ivy walls Now I was enabled to see each of them as I carried the watch word along the line to the leaders of our companies To begin with we fought with bows and thonged javelins with slings that shoot from far and showers of crashing stones and as we were conquering Tydeus and thy son on a sudden cried aloud Ye sons of Argos before being riddled by their fire why delay to fall upon the gates with might and main the whole of you light armed and horse and charioteers No loitering then soon as they heard that call and many a warrior fell with bloody crown and not a few of us thou couldst have seen thrown to the earth like tumblers before the walls after they had given up the ghost bedewing the thirsty ground with streams of gore Then Atalanta's son who was not an Argive but an Arcadian hurling himself like a hurricane at the gates called for fire and picks to raze the town but Periclymenus son of the ocean god stayed his wild career heaving on his head a waggon load of stone even the coping torn from the battlements and it shattered his head with the hair and crushed through the sutures of the skull dabbling with blood his cheek just showing manhood's flush and never shall he go back alive to his fair archer mother the maid of Mænalus

Thy son then seeing these gates secure went on to the next and I with him There I saw Tydeus and his serried ranks of targeteers hurling their Atolian spears into the opening at the top of the turrets with such good aim that our men fled and left the beetling battlements but thy son rallied them once more as a huntsman cheers his hounds and made them man the towers again And then away we hastened to other gates after stopping the panic there As for the madness of Capaneus how am I to describe it? There was he carrying with him a long scaling ladder and loudly boasting that even the

awful lightning of Zeus would not stay him from giving the city to utter destruction and even as he spoke he crept up beneath the hail of stones, gathered under the shelter of his shield mounting from rung to rung on the smooth ladder but just as he was scaling the parapet of the wall Zeus smote him with a thunderbolt loud the earth re-echoed and fear seized every heart for his limbs were hurled from the ladder far apart as from a sling his head toward the sky his blood toward earth while his legs and arms went spinning round like Ixion's wheel, till his charred corpse fell to the ground But when Adrastus saw that Zeus was leagued against his army he drew the Argive troops outside the trench and halted them Meantime our horse marking the lucky omen of Zeus began driving forth their chariots and our men at arms charged into the thick of the Argives and every thing combined to their discomfort men were falling and hurled headlong from chariots wheels flew off axles crashed together while ever higher grew the heaps of slain so for to-day at least have we prevented the destruction of our country's bulwarks but whether fortune will hereafter smile upon this land that rests with Heaven for even as it is it owes its safety to some deity

Ch Victory is fair and it the gods are grown kinder it would be well with me

Jo Heaven and fortune smile for my sons are yet alive and my country hath escaped ruin But Creon seems to have reaped the bitter fruit of my marriage with Oedipus by losing his son to his sorrow a piece of luck for Thebes but bitter grief to him Prithoe to thy tale again and say what my two sons intend to do next

1st Mes Forbear to question further all is well with thee so far

Jo Thy words but rouse my suspicions I cannot leave it thus.

1st Mes Hast thou any further wish than thy sons' safety?

Jo Yea I would learn whether in the sequel I am also blest

1st Mes Let me go thy son is left without his squire

Jo There is some evil thou art hiding veiling it in darkness

1st Mes Maybe I would not add ill news to the good thou hast heard

Jo Thou must unless thou take wings and fly away

1st Mes Ah! why didst thou not let me go after announcing my good news instead of forcing me to disclose evil? Those two sons of thine are resolved on deeds of shameful recklessness a single combat apart from the host addressing to Argives and Thebans alike words I would they had never uttered Eteocles taking his stand on a lofty tower after ordering silence to be proclaimed to the army began on this wise Ye captains of Hellas chieftains of Argos here assembled and ye folk of Cadmus barter not your lives for Polynices or for me! For I myself excuse you from this risk and will engage my brother in single combat and if I slay him I

will possess my palace witho' t' n' al but if I am  
 orsted I 'll bequeath the city to h' n' s' e men of  
 Argos, g' e up the struggle and return to your land  
 nor lose your l' s here f' the earth sown folk as  
 well th' reate dead enough ■ those already slain.

So he then th' son Polyuces rushed from the  
 array and assented to his proposal, and all the Ar-  
 ■ es and the people of Cadmus shouted their ap-  
 pro- al, as though they deemed it just. On these  
 terms th' a m'ies made a truce a d in th' space be-  
 twixt them took an oath of ea h other in their  
 leaders t' ab d by. Forthwith in brazen mail those  
 two sons of a ed CEd pus w' re caving themsel- es  
 and lords of Thebes with friendly care equ pped the  
 captain of th' l'ard while Arg' e chieftains armed  
 th' othe Th' ether stood ndazzling sh' eath s  
 blench' all eage ness to hurl their lances each at  
 the other. Then came their fr ends to their side  
 first one, t' n' ■ ther with word of encourage-  
 ment to w' t.

Polyu- es it rents with thee to set up an ■ mage  
 f' Zeus as a t' ophy and crown Ag' os with fair re-  
 own.

Others hailed Eteocles. Now art thou fighting  
 for thy c' n' n' w' f' ictorious, thou ha' t the sceptre  
 as thy power.

So spak th' v' heen g' them to the fray.  
 Meantime the seers were sacrificing heep and ox-  
 i g' th to gues and forks f' fir the damp reek  
 which is a bad om n' and the tapering flame which  
 ■ ■ ■ decisions on two poi- ts bet' both a n' n' of  
 victory and defeat. But if thou ha' t a y power or  
 subtle speech or charmed pell go- w' thy children  
 from this f' ll s'ray f' g' eat is the risk they run.  
 Th' issue th' eol' w' ll be grievous sorrow for thee,  
 f' to-day thou art rest of both thy sons.

Jo A t' gon my da ght' r come forth bef' e the  
 palace th' u bea en sent criss is n' tum f' s' thee to  
 be dancing m' u ing th' yself with gushy p' uro r.  
 B t thou nd th' mothe must pre- st two gallant  
 youths, thy own b' oth r' s f' ompl' n' g' into death  
 and fallin' by each other's hand.

En cr' yticomez.  
 A Forbe m' ■ what new terror art thou pro-  
 claimin' g' to th' dear ones before the pala- y?  
 f' Da ght' r thy b' thers re in dang' r of their  
 life.

A What mea- t' thou?  
 f' They ha' e col' ed on n' gle combat.  
 A Oh no! what hast thou to t' ll moeth s?  
 Jo Now l' come e'w' follow me  
 f' Whither away f' om my maiden bowe?  
 Jo To the army.  
 A I ca n' t' li the crowd  
 f' Coyness is not thy cu- now  
 A But what can I d' ?  
 f' Thou halt nd th' b' thers waste.  
 A Bv what means, moth' r m' e?  
 f' By fallin' at the knees with m'  
 An. Lead on till we are t' u' th' ■ m'ies no time  
 for l' g' ering now.

Jo Haste my dau h' er hastel! For if I can I re-  
 stal th' onset of my sons, I may yet h' e but if they  
 be dead I w' ll lay me down and die with them.

Exeunt JOE. STA and ANTIOE.  
 Ch Ah mel my bosom thrills with terror and  
 throu' h' my flesh there passed a thro' of pur' for  
 the hap- s' mother. Which of her two sons will send  
 the other to a bloody grave? Ah woe is mel! O Zeus,  
 O earth alas! brother severing brother's throat and  
 robbin' him of h' l' e' a' ng through his shield to  
 spill his blood? Ah ev' l' ah mel! wh' ch m' f' them will  
 cla m' my dirg' of death? Woe unto thee thou land  
 of Thebes! two sa- a e bea'rs, two murderous souls,  
 w' th brandish'd spears will so- n' be draining each  
 his fallen soeman's gore. Woe is them that they  
 ev' r thought of: gle combat in foreign accent w' ll  
 I chant a d' ge of tears and wail ng in mourn ng for  
 th' dead. Close to murder stands their fortune. The  
 coming d' y will decide it. Fatal ah! fatal will this  
 s' i' ghter be because of the a- enging f' end.

But h' if I see Creon on his wa' hither to the  
 palace ■ th' bro' o' ercast I will check my present  
 lamentations.

Enter CREON with body of ME. ANTIOE.  
 Cr Ah mel what hall I do? Am I to mou n' with  
 bitter tears m' self or my civ' round which is set  
 thing swarms thick enou' h' to send ■ to Acheron?  
 My w' n' son hath d' ed for his cou- tri- bring ng  
 glori' to his name but g' ous woe to me. His body  
 I escu'd but now f' m' the drag' n' s' stak' l' ar and  
 sadl' earned the self slain victim h' ther n' m' a m's  
 and my house is filled with weeping but now I come  
 to fetch my sister Jocasta a e seekin' a e that she  
 may bathe my child's corpse and lay it out. For the  
 h' i g' must re- ■ enc the neith' god b' p' a' y' ghon-  
 our to the dead.

Ch The sister Creon hath gone f' rth and her  
 d' ughter Antioe went r' th her.

Cr Wh' ther went she? and wherefore? tell me.

Ch She heard that her sons were about to engage  
 in ■ combat f' the ro- al house.

Cr What is this? f' w' a p' a' y' g' the la t' honours to  
 my dead son and w' a' m' b' ch ndhand in learn ng this  
 fresh so- row.

Ch 'Tis some t' me Creon, since thy sust' r s' de-  
 parture and I expect the struggle f' r life and death  
 is already decided by the sons f' CEd pus.

Cr Alas! I see an om n' the e- the gloomy look  
 and clouded b' on f' yonder messe g' r coming to  
 tell us the wh' le matter.

Enter OM SSE.  
 I h' d to tell my tale?

Cr O' fate is sealed thy open g' words do  
 naught to rea- sure us.

2 d Mes Ah woe is m' I do repeat f' r beside  
 th' scenes of woe already ena- ted I bring tid' gs of  
 new bor' or.

Cr What is thy tale?

2 d M Thy sister's sons are now no more, Creon.  
 Cr Alas! th' u hast a heavy tale of woe for me and  
 Thebes!

*Ch* O house of *Œdipus* hast thou heard these tidings?

*Cr* Of sons slain by the self same fate

*Ch* A tale to make it weep were it endowed with sense

*Cr* Oh! most grievous stroke of fatal woe is me for my sorrows woe!

and *Mes* Woe indeed! didst thou but know the sorrows still to tell

*Cr* How can they be more hard to bear than these?

and *Mes* With her two sons thy sister has sought her death

*Ch* Loudly loudly raise the wail and with white hands smite upon your heads!

*Cr* Ah! woe = thee *Jocasta* what an end to life and marriage hast thou found the riddling of the Sphinx! But tell me how her two sons wrought the bloody deed the struggle caused by the curse of *Œdipus*

and *Mes* Of our successes before the towers thou knowest for the walls are not so far away as to prevent thy learning each event as it occurred. Now when they the sons of aged *Œdipus* had donned their brazen mail they went and took their stand betwixt the hosts chieftains both and generals too to decide the day by single combat. Then *Polyneices* turning his eyes towards *Argos* lifted up a prayer.

O *Hera* awful queen—for thy servant I am since I have wedded the daughter of *Adrastus* and dwell in his land—grant that I may slay my brother and stain my lifted hand with the blood of my conquered foe. A shameful prize it is I ask my own brother's blood. And to many an eye the tear would rise at their sad fate and men looked at one another casting their glances round.

But *Eteocles* looking towards the temple of *Pallas* with the golden shield prayed thus. Daughter of *Zeus* grant that this right arm may louch the spear of victory against my brother's breast and slay him who hath come to sack my country. Soon as the *Tuscan* trumpet blew the signal for the bloody fray like the torch that falls they darted wildly at one another and like boars whetting their savage tusks began the fray their beards wet with foam and they kept shooting out their spears but each couched beneath his shield to let the steel glance idly off but if either saw the other's face above the rim he would aim his lance thereat eager to outwit him.

But both kept such careful outlook through the spy holes in their shields that their weapons found naught to do while from the on lookers far more than the combatants trickled the sweat caused by terror for their friends. Suddenly *Eteocles* in kicking aside a stone that rolled beneath his tread exposed a limb outside his shield and *Polyneices* seeing a chance of dealing him a blow aimed a dart at it and the *Argive* shaft went through his leg whereas the *Danae* one and all cried out for joy. But the

<sup>1</sup>Ths was the signal for the *Stata* at the *Lampadephoron* Athenian ceremony at the festival of the *Six* gods *Prometheus* *Hephaestus* and *Athena*

wounded man seeing a shoulder unguarded in this effort plunged his spear with all his might into the breast of *Polyneices* restoring gladness to the citizens of *Thebes* though he brake off the spear head and so at a loss for a weapon he retreated foot by foot till catching up a splintered rock he let it fly and shivered the other's spear and now was the combat equal for each had lost his lance. Then clutching their sword hilts they closed and round and round with shields close locked they waged their wild warfare. Anon *Eteocles* introduced that crafty *Thessalian* trick having some knowledge thereof from his intercourse with that country. *Disen* a in himself from the immediate contest he drew back his left foot but kept his eye closely on the pit of the other's stomach from a distance then advancing his right foot he plunged his weapon through his navel and fired it in his spine. Down falls *Polyneices* blood bespattered ribs and belly contracting in his agony. But that other thinking his victory now complete threw down his sword and set to spoiling him wholly intent thereon without a thought for himself. And this indeed was his ruin for *Polyneices* who had fallen first was still faintly breathing and having in his grievous fall retained his sword he made a last effort and drove it through the heart of *Eteocles*. There they lie fallen side by side biting the dust with their teeth without having decided the mystery.

*Ch* Ah woe = thee! *Œdipus* for thy sorrows! how I pity thee! Heaven it seems has fulfilled those curses of thine.

and *Mes* Now hear what further woes succeeded. Just as her two sons had fallen and laying comes their wretched mother on the scene her daughter with her in hot haste and when she saw their mortal wounds. Too late she moaned my sons the help I bring and throwing herself on each in turn she wept and wailed sorrowing o'er all her toil in suckling them and so too their sister who was with her. Supporters of your mother's aged dear brothers leaving me forlorn unwe! Then prince *Eteocles* with one deep dying gasp hearing his mother's cry laid on her his clammy hand and though he could not say a word his moistened eye was eloquent to prove his love. But *Polyneices* was still alive and seeing his sister and his aged mother he said. Mother mine our end is come. I pity thee and my sister *Antigone* and my dead brother. For I loved him though he turned my foe. I loved him yes! in spite of all. Bury me mother mine and thou my sister dear in my native soil pacify the city's wrath that I may get at least that much of my own fatherland although I lost my home. With thy hand mother close mine eyes (therewith he himself places her fingers on the lids) and fare ye well for already the darkness wraps me round.

So both at once breathed out their life of sorrow. But when their mother saw this sad mischance in her o'ermastering grief she snatched from a corpse its sword and wrought an awful deed driving the steel right through her throat and there she lies.

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dead with the dead she lea'd so well, her arms thrown round them both.

Th' soon the host sprang to their feet and fell to wrangling, we maintaining that victory rested with my master, they with theirs. A'd am'd our leaders the contention raved, some holdin' that Polynece ga'e the first wound with his spear, others that as both were dead, v'ctory rested with neither. Mean time Ant. gon. crept away from the host, and th' se others rushed to their weapons, but by some lucky for thought the folk. (Cadmus had sat down under trees, and by a sudden attack we surp. used the Arg. g. host before it was f. lly equipped. Not one with mood our onset, and th' y filled the plain with fugi. n. ex, while blood was streaming fr. m the countless dead our spears had lain. Soo as ctory crow'd our warfare, some began to rear an image to Zeus for th' foe's defeat, others we estr. pping the Argi. u dead of their sh. lls a d sendin' their spoils inside the battlements, and oth. rs with Antigone are brin. ing her dead brothers h' ther for their friend to mourn. So the result of this struggl' to ur city bovers between the two extremes of good and evil fortune.

ENT. MESSENGER.

Ch. A. longer do the muf. st. ues of this house extend to hearay only three c. sp. es f the slain lie here at the palace for all t. see, who by ne com. mon death have passed t. their life f. gloom.

ENTER ANTIGONE.

An. No veil I draw o'er my tende. cheek shaded with clustering curls no sham. I feel from ma den modesty at the h. t blood mantling neath my eyes, the blush poon my face, as I hurry wildly on in death tra. n casting from my hair its ture and let. ting my d. licat robe of siff. n hue fly loose a tear ful escort to the dead. Ah me!

Woe t. thee P. lynece! rightly named I trow, oe to thee, Thebes! o mere strife to nd in strife was thine but murder completed by murder hath brought th' house f. (Ed. pus t. ruin with blood. hed d. re. nd grim O my home my home! what minstrel ca. I summon from the dead to chant a fitting d. g. o'er my tearful fate as I bear these th. ee corpses f. my kin, my m. the and he sons, welcome sight to th. a e g. ng fiend that destroyed th' house. f. (Ed. pus, root nd bra. h in the ho. that h. b. wd. sol. ed th' Sphinx. riddl. ng h. me and slew that m. g. songstress. Woe is m. l. m. father! what ther Hellen or bo. ba. n. what n. bi. soul ma. g. the byg. e tribes of ma. s poor mortal ra. ever nd. ed the anguish of such visible f. lctions!

Ah! poor ma. d. how piteous is thy pla. nt! What bred from its. ext. mud th' leafy oak or soaring pine tree bra. h will come t. mourn w. th m. the maid left motherless, with nes of woe lamenting er. t comes, the piteous lon. ly life that he cef. rib must be always m. with tears that ever st. eam? On wh. h. f. these corpses shall I th. ow my off. ngs first plucking th' hair from my head? on the b. east of the mother that suckled me, or bes. de th' ghastly

death wounds of my brothers corpses? Woe to thee (Ed. pus, my a. ed sure with sightless orbs, leave thy roof disclose the misery of thy life, thou that drag. gest out a weary existence within the house, ha. ng cast a mist of darkness o'er thine eyes. Dost hear thou whose aged step now gropes its way across the court now seeks repose on wretched pallet couch?

ENT. EDIPUS

(Edipus Why dau. lter hast thou dragged me to the light supporting my blind footsteps from the gloom of my chamber where I lie upon my bed and make piteous moan a hoarv sufferer inuis. ble as a phantom of the air or as a spurt from the pit or as a dream that flies?

A. Father there are tidings of sorrow for thee to bear no more thy sons behold the light or thy wife who e. r would tod to tend thy blind footsteps as with a staff Alas for thee my sire!

(E. Ah me, the sorrows I endure! I may well say that Tell me child what fate o'ertook those three, and how they left the light

An. Not to rep. each r. mock thee say I thi, but in all sad. en us thy own a. eging curse with all its load of slaughter fire and ruthless war that is fallen on thy sons. Alas for thee, my sire!

(E. Ah me!

An. Why that groan?

(E. 'Tis f. my sons.

An. Couldst thou have looked towards yon sun god's four horsed car and turned the light of thine eyes on these corpses, it would ha. e been agony to thee.

(E. 'Tis clear enough how their evil fate o'ertook my sons but she my poor wife—oh! tell me, daugh. ter how she came to die.

An. All saw her weep and heard her moan, as she rushed forth to carry to her sons her la. t appeal, a mother's b. east. But the mother f. nd her sons at the Electran gate, in a meadow where the l. rus blooms, fighting out their duel like lions in th' ir lair eager to wound each other with spears, their blood already congealed a murderous libat on th' Death god poured out by A. es. Th. a. snatches g. fr. m a c. rpe a sw. d of hamme. ed b. onze she plunged it in her flesh nd in sorrow for he sons fell w. th her arms round them. So to-day father the god whose e. r this issue is, has gathered to a head the sum f. suffering fo. our house

Ch. To-day is the beginn. ag of many troubles to the house f. (Edipus may he live to be more for. unate!

Or Cease now y. ur lamentations us time w. be thou lit us of their burial. Hear what I have to say (Ed. pus. Erccles, thy son, I f. me to rule this land by assign. g. t. as a marriage portion to Hamon with the hand of thy daughter Antigone. Wh. so e. I will so l. er permit thee to dwell therein, fo. 'Teneas plainly de. cl. ed that the city would ne. er p. sper so long as thou wert in the land. So begone! And thus I say not to flout th. e, nor because I bear thee any grudge, but from fear that some

calamity will come upon the realm by reason of those fiends that dog thy steps

*Æ* O destiny! to what a life of pain and sorrow didst thou bear me beyond all men that ever were, even from the very first yea for when I was yet unborn or ever I had left my mother's womb and seen the light Apollo foretold to Laius that I should become my father's murderer woe me! So as soon as I was born my father tried to end again the hapless life he had given deeming me his foe for it was fated he should die at my hand so he sent me still unwearied to make a pitiful meal for beasts but I escaped from that Ah! would that Cithæron had sunk into hell's yawning abyss in that it slew me not! Instead thereof Fate made me a slave in the service of Polybus and I poor wretch after slaying my own father came to wed my mother to her sorrow and begat sons that were my brothers whom also I have destroyed by bequeathing unto them the legacy of curses I received from Laius For nature did not make me so void of understanding that I should have devised these horrors against my own eyes and my children's life without the intervention of some god Let that pass What am I poor wretch to do? Who now will be my guide and tend the blind man's step? Shall she that is dead? Were she alive I know right well she would My pair of gallant sons then? But they are gone from me Am I still so young myself that I can find a livelihood? Whence could I? O Creon why seek thou to slay me utterly? For so thou wilt if thou banish me from the land Yet will I never twine my arms about thy knees and betray cowardice for I will not belie my former gallant soul no! not for all my evil case

*Cr* Thy words are brave in refusing to touch my knees and I am equally resolved not to let thee abide in the land For these dead bear one forth with to the palace but the other who came with stranger folk to sack his native town the dead Polybus cast forth unburied beyond our frontiers To all the race of Cadmus shall this be proclaimed that whoso'er caught decking his corpse with wreaths or giving it burial shall be requested with death unwept unburied let him lie a prey to birds As for thee Antigone leave thy mourning for these lifeless three and betake thyself indoors to abide there in maiden state until to-morrow when Hæmon waits to wed thee

*An* O father in what cruel misery are we plunged! For thee I mourn more than for the dead for in thy woes there is no opposite to trouble but universal sorrow = thy lot As for thee thou new made king why I ask dost thou mock my father thus with banishment? why start making laws over a helpless corpse?

*Cr* This was what Eteocles, not I resolved  
*An* A foolish thought and foolish art thou for entertaining it!

*Cr* What! ought I not to carry out his behests?

*An* No not if they are wrong and ill advised

*Cr* Why is it not just for that other to be given to the dogs?

*An* Nay the vengeance ye are exacting is no lawful one

*Cr* It is for he was his country's foe, though not a foeman born

*An* Well to fate he rendered up his destinies

*Cr* Let him now pay forfeit in his burial too

*An* What crime did he commit in coming to claim his heritage?

*Cr* Be very sure of this yon man shall have no burial

*An* I will bury him although the state forbid

*Cr* Dost so and thou wilt be making thy own grave by his

*An* A noble end for two so near and dear to be laid side by side!

*Cr* (To his servants) Hoi! seize and bear her within the palace

*An* Never! for I will not loose my hold upon this corpse

*Cr* Heaven's decrees girl fit not thy fancies

*An* Decrees! here is another No insult to the dead

*Cr* Be sure that none shall sprinkle over this corpse the moistened dust

*An* O Creon by my mother's corpse by Jocasta I implore thee!

*Cr* 'Tis but lost labour thou wilt not gain thy prayer

*An* Let me but bathe the dead body—

*Cr* Nay that would be part of what the city is forbidden

*An* At least let me bandage the gaping wounds

*Cr* No thou shalt never pay honour to this corpse

*An* O my darling! one kiss at least will I print upon thy lips

*Cr* Do not let this mourning bring disaster on thy marriage

*An* Marriage! dost think I will live to wed thy son?

*Cr* Most certainly thou must how wilt thou escape the march?

*An* Then if I must our wedding night will find another Danaid bride in me

*Cr* (Turning to crepus) Dost witness how boldly she reproached me?

*An* Witness this steel the sword by which I swear!

*Cr* Why art so bent on being released from this marriage?

*An* I mean to share my hapless father's exile

*Cr* A noble spirit thine but somewhat touched with folly

*An* Likewise will I share his death I tell thee further

*Cr* Go leave the land thou shalt not murder so of mine

*Cr* Daughter for this loyal spirit I thank thee

*An* Were I to wed then thou my father wouldst be alone in thy exile

*Cr* Abide here and be happy I will bear my own load of sorrow

*An* And who shall tend thee in thy blindness, father?

CE. Where fate appoints, there will I lay me down upon the ground.

1. What is now the famous *Cæd* put, where that famous noble?

CE. Lost for ever! one day made and one day carried my fortune.

1. May not I too have thy sorrows?

CE. To wander with her bloodied sure were shame and child.

1. Not so, father but gloom rather if she be a maid discreet.

CE. Lead me nigh that I may touch thy mother's corpse.

1. So! embrace the aged form so dear to thee.

CE. Woe is there thy motherhood thy marriage most unlawful!

1. A piteous corpse, a prey to every ill at once!

CE. Where lies the corpse of Eteocles, and of Polydorus, where?

1. Both lie etched before thee sad by side.

CE. Lay the blind man's hand upon his poor sons' brows.

1. There thou touch the dead thine children.

CE. Woe for your dear fallen sons, sad offspring of a sire as sad!

1. My brother Polydorus, name most dear to me!

CE. Now is the oracle of Loxias been fulfilled my child.

1. What oracle was that? canst thou have further woes to tell?

CE. That I should die glorious Athens after a life of wandering.

1. What? what fenced town? Athens will take thee in.

CE. Hallowed Colonus, home of the god of seed.

Come thou, attend on thy blind father since thou it neededst share his exile.

1. I will heed thee (thy way) stretch forth thine hand my red star to lead me to guide the like a breeze that steers the bargains.

CE. See daughter I am addressing be thou my good poor child.

1. Ah, poor indeed! the saddest maid fall in Thebes.

CE. What am I plotting my good to bring my

staff child

1. This way this way father mine! plant thy footsteps here like a dream for all the strength thou hast.

CE. Woe unto thee that art driving my aged limbs in grievous exile from their land! Ah me! the sorrows endure!

1. Endure! why speak of enduring? Justice regardeth not the sinner and requiteth not men's follies.

CE. I am he whose name passed into high songs of victory because I guessed the maiden's baffling riddle.

1. Thou art bringing up again the reproach of the Sphinx. Talk no more of past success. Thy misery was in store for thee all the while to become an exile from thy country and die thou knowest not where while I bequeath to my girlish friends tears of sad regret must go forth from my native land roaming a no maiden on hit.

1. Ah! this dutiful resolve will crown me with glory in respect of my father's sufferings. Woe is me for the insults heaped on thee and on my brother whose dead body is cast forth from the palace unbearably poor but I will yet bury him secretly though I have to die for it father.

CE. To thy companions show thyself.

1. My own laments suffice.

CE. Go pray then at the altars.

1. They are weary of my piteous tale.

CE. At least go seek the Borean god in his halcyon bay amongst the *Canad* hills.

1. Offering homage that is no homage in Heaven's eyes to him in whose honour I once fringed my dress with the Theban fawn skin and led the dance upon the hills for the holy choir of Semle?

CE. My noble fellow-countrymen, behold me I am *Cæd* put, who solved the famous riddle and once was first of men, I who alone cut short the murderous Sphinx's tyranny am now myself expelled the land a shame and misery. Go to why make this mean and bootless lamentation? Wretch mortal! I am I must end the fate that God decrees.

Exit *Cæd* put and *Antigone*.  
Oh H! majestic story! keep thou my life nor cease to crown my song! Exit *Antigone*.

# ORESTES

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                  |                           |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| ELECTRA          | PYLADES                   |
| HELEN            | MESSSENGER                |
| CHORUS OF ARGIVE | HERMIONE                  |
| MAIDENS          | A PHRYGIAN EUNUCH         |
| ORESTES          | <i>in Helen's retinue</i> |
| MENELAUS         | APOLLO                    |
| TYNDAREUS        |                           |

*Before the royal palace at Argos: ORESTES lies sleeping on a couch in the background. ELECTRA is watching him.*

*Electra* There is naught so terrible to describe be it physical pain or heaven sent affliction that man's nature may not have to bear the burden of it Tantalus for instance once so prosperous—and I am not now taunting him with his misfortunes—that Tantalus the reputed son of Zeus hangs suspended in mid air quailing at the crag which looms above his head paying this penalty they say for the shameful weakness he displayed in failing to keep a bridle on his lips when admitted by gods though he was but a mortal to share the honours of their feasts like one of them

He it was that begat Pelops the father of Atreus for whom the goddess when she had carded her wool spun a web of strife even to the making of war with his own brother Thyestes But why need I repeat that hideous tale?

Well Atreus slew Thyestes' children and feasted him on them but—passing over intermediate events—from Atreus and Alope of Crete sprang Agamemnon that famous chief—if his was really fame—and Menelaus Now it was this Menelaus who married Helen Heaven's abhorrence while his brother King Agamemnon took Clytemnestra to wife name of note in Hellas and we three daughters were his issue Chrysothemis Iphigenia and myself Electra also a son Orestes all of that one accursed mother who slew her lord after snaring him in a robe that had no outlet Her reason a maiden's lips may not declare and so I leave that unexplained for the world to guess at What need for me to charge Phœbus with wrong doing though he instigated Orestes to slay his own mother a deed that few approved still it was his obedience to the god that made him slay her I too feebly as a woman would shared in the deed of blood as did Pylades who helped us to bring it about

After this my poor Orestes fell sick of a cruel wasting disease upon his couch he lies prostrated and it is his mother's blood that goads him into frenzied fits thus I say from dread of naming those

goddesses whose terrors are chasing him before them—even the Eumenides 'Tis now the sixth day since the body of his murdered mother was committed to the cleansing fire since then no food has passed his lips nor hath he washed his skin but wrapped in his cloak he weeps in his lucid moments whenever the fever leaves him otherwhiles he bounds headlong from his couch as a colt when it is loosed from the yoke Moreover this city of Argos has decreed that no man give us shelter at his fireside or speak to matricides like us yea and this is the fateful day on which Argos will decide our sentence whether we are both to die by stoning or to whet the steel and plunge it in our necks There is 'tis true one hope of escape still left us Menelaus has landed from Troy his fleet now crowds the haven of Nauplia where he is come to anchor returned at last from Troy after ceaseless wanderings but Helen that lady of sorrows as she styles herself hath been sent on to our palace carefully waiting for the night lest any of those parents whose sons were slain beneath the walls of Troy might see her if she went by day and set to stoning her Within she sits weeping for her sister and the calamities of her family and yet she hath still some solace in her woe for Hermione the child she left at home in the hour she sailed for Troy—the maid whom Menelaus brought from Sparta and entrusted to my mother's keeping—is still a cause of joy to her and a reason to forget her sorrows

I meantime am watching each approach against the moment I see Menelaus arriving for unless we find some safety there we have but a feeble anchor to ride on otherwise

A helpless thing an unlucky house!

*Enter HELEN*  
*Helen* Daughter of Clytemnestra and Agamemnon hapless Electra too long now left a maid unwed! how is it with thee and thy brother this ill starred Orestes who slew his mother! Speak for referring the sin as I do to Phœbus I incur no pollution by letting thee accost me and yet I am truly sorry for the fate of my sister Clytemnestra on whom I never set eyes after I was driven by heaven sent frenzy to sail on my disastrous voyage to Ilium

And I

be now that I am parted from her I bewail our misfortunes.

El. Prithoe, Helen, why should I speak of that which thine own eyes can see the son of Agamemnon in his misery?

Brode his wretched corpse I sit a sleepless penitent for corpse he is, so faint his breath not that I touch him with his sufferings but thou art his best and thy husband too, and ye are common in the hour of adversity.

Hd. How long hath he been laid thus upon his couch?

El. Ever since he spilt his mother's blood.  
Hd. Unhappy wretch! unhappy mother! what a death she died!

El. I know how to succumb to his misery.  
Hd. Prithoe, maiden, wilt hear me a moment?

El. Ay, though small leisure in this watchman's or a brother's care.

Hd. Wilt go for me to my sister's tomb?  
El. Wouldst thou seek my mother's tomb?

And why?  
Hd. I carry an offering of hair and a libation for me.

El. Art forbidden then to go to the tombs of those thou lovest?

Hd. No, but I am ashamed to show myself in Arcos.

El. A late repentance sure! for one who left her home so shamefully then.

Hd. Thou hast told the truth, but thy telling is not kind to me.

El. What is this prodded modesty before thine eyes of a creature that possesses thee?

Hd. I am afraid of the fathers of those who lie dead beneath the walls of Ithaca.

El. Good cause for fear, this name is on every tongue in Argos.

Hd. Then free me, if my fear do grant me this boon.

El. I could not bear to face my mother's grave.

Hd. And yet rather shame underwent to send these offerings to her?

El. Then do not send thy daughter's Hermes net?

Hd. 'Tis not seemly for tenderness to make by way except a word.

El. And yet she would thus be repaving her dead sister's mother's care.

Hd. True, thou hast now freed me, maiden, I exult and on day later for thou art right (Calliope, Hermione, my child come forth before the fates (Fates unknown) take these libations and those crosses of mine in thy hands, and go your round Chitram, extra combam gladcup theory mink d f th g w e th n stand upon the beaped up grass and proclaim therefrom, Helen, this so er sends thee these libations at her gift, fear thyself! pyron h thy tomb froes t rror f the Argi too and bid her harbour kindly thou hast to do m d th d my hu hand t ward these two wretched sufferers, too, whom Helen hath excited. Likewise promise that I will go in

full white or funeral gifts are due from me to a sister. Now go my child and tarry not and soon as thou hast made the offering at the tomb betink thee of thy return.

Exit HELEN and HERMIONE.

El. O human nature what a grievous curse thou art in this world! and what salvation too, to those who have a good heritage therein!

Did we mark how she cut off her hair only at the ends careful to preserve its beauty? 'Tis the same woman as of old. May Heaven's hate pursue thee! for thou hast procured the ruin of me and my poor brother and all Hellas.

Alack! here a new friends once more coming to waste their plant and dig with mine they will soon put an end to my brother's peaceful sleep and cause my tears to flow when I see his frenzied fit.

Enter CHORUS OF ARGIVE MAIDENS.

Good friends, step softly, not a sound! not a whisper! for thou, by this kindness is well meant, rouse him and I shall see it.

Chorus. Hush! hush! let your footsteps fall like his! not a sound! not a whisper!

El. Further further from his couch! I beseech ye.

Ch. There! there! I obey.

El. Hush! hush! good friend I pray. Soft as the breath of slender reed pipe be thy every accent!

Ch. Hark, how soft and low I drop my voice!

El. Yes, lower thy voice on this approach now softly softly! 'Till I know what reason he had for coming at all. 'Tis so long since he laid him down to sleep.

Ch. H. Is it with him? Impart thy news, dear lad! Is it woe or woe I mean to tell?

El. He is still alive but his means grow feeble.

Ch. What sayest thou? (Turning to ORESTES) Poor wretch!

El. Awake him from the deep sweet slumber he is now enjoying, and thou wilt cause his death.

Ch. Ah poor sufferer! victim of Heaven's angry hate!

El. Ah misery! (It seems it was a wicked utterance by a wicked god deluded the day that Lovers from his seat upon the tripod of Themis decreed my mother's most unnatural murder.)

Ch. H. 'Tis he with his robe! Dost see?

El. Alas! I do. thy noisy chatter has roused him from his sleep.

Ch. 'Tis methinks he slumbers still.

El. 'Tis gone! quit the house! retrace thy footsteps! a truce to this dance!

Ch. He sleeps. Thou art right.

El. O night majesty queen giver of sleep to toiling men, rise from the byss of Erebus and wing thy way to the palace of Agamemnon! For beneath our load of misery and woe we sink, are sunk oppressed.

There! (so the chorus) that noise again! Do be still and keep that hush! hush! once of this away from his couch suffer him to enjoy his sleep in peace!

Ch. 'Tis me, what end awaits his troubles?



*El* Death death what else? for he does not even miss his food

*Ch* Why then his doom is full in view

*El* Phœbus marked us out as his victims by imposing a foul unnatural task even the shedding of the blood of our mother who slew our sire

*Ch* 'Twas just but 'twas not well

*El* Dead dead O mother mine! and thou hast slain a father and these children of thy womb for we are dead or as the dead Yes thou art in thy grave and more than half my life is spent in weeping and wailing and midnight lamentations oh look on me! a maid unweaned unblest with babes I drag out a joyless existence as if for ever

*Ch* My daughter Electra from thy near station there see whether thy brother hath not passed away without thy knowing it for I like not his utter prostration

*Orestes* (*Awaking refreshed*) Sweet charm of sleep! saviour in sickness! how dear to me thy coming was! how needed! All hail majestic power oblivion of woe! How wise this goddess is how earnestly invoked by every suffering soul! (*Addressing Electra*) Whence came I hither? How is it I am here? for I have lost all previous recollection and remember nothing

*El* Dearest brother how glad I was to see thee fall asleep! Wouldst have me take thee in my arms and lift thy body?

*Or* Take oh! take me in thy arms and from this sufferer's mouth and eyes wipe off the flakes of foam

*El* Ah! 'tis a service I love nor do I scorn with sister's hand to tend a brother's limbs

*Or* Prop me up thy side to muse brush the matted hair from off my face for I see but dimly

*El* Ah poor head! how squalid are thy locks become! How wild they look from remaining so long unwashed!

*Or* Lay me once more upon the couch when my fit leaves me I am all unnerved unstrung

*El* (*As she lays him down*) Welcome to the sick man is his couch for painful though it be to take thereto yet is it necessary

*Or* Set me upright once again turn me round it is their helplessness makes the sick so hard to please

*El* Wilt put thy feet upon the ground and take a step at last? Change is always pleasant

*Or* That will I for that has a semblance of health and that seeming though it be far from the reality is preferable to this

*El* Hear me then O brother mine while yet the avenging fends permit thee to use thy senses

*Or* Hast thou to tell? so it be good thou dost me a kindness but if it tend to my hurt lol I have sorrow enough

*Li* Menelaus thy father's brother is arrived in Nauplia his fleet lies at anchor

*Or* Hail he come to cast a ray of light upon our gloom a man of our own kin who owes our sire a debt of gratitude?

*El* Yes he is come and is bringing Helen with

him from the walls of Troy accept this as a sure proof of what I say

*Or* Had he returned alone in safety he were more to be envied for if he is bringing his wife with him he is bringing a load of mischief

*El* Tyndareus begat a race of daught in notorious for the shame they earned infamous throughout Hellas

*Or* Be thou then different from that evil brood for well thou mayest and that not only in profession but also in heart

*El* Ah! brother thine eye is growing wild and in a moment art thou passing from thy recent sanity back to frenzy

*Or* (*Starting up wildly*) Mother I implore thee! let not loose on me those maidens with their blood-shot eyes and snaky hair Hail see where they approach to leap upon me!

*El* Lie still poor sufferer on thy couch thine eye sees none of the things which thy fancy paints so clear

*Or* O Phœbus! they will kill me yon howls of hell death's priestesses with glaring eyes terrific goddesses

*El* I will not let thee go but with arms twined round thee will prevent thy piteous tossing to and fro

*Or* Loose me! thou art one of those fends that plague me and art gripping me by the waist to hurl my body into Tartarus

*El* Woe is me! what succour can I find seeing that we have Heaven's forces set against us?

*Or* Give me my horn-tipped bow Apollo's gift wherewith that god declared that I should defend myself against these goddesses if ever they sought to scare me with wild transports of madness

A mortal hand will wound one of these goddesses unless she vanish from my sight Do ye not heed me or mark the feathered shaft of my far-shooting bow ready to wing its flight? What! do ye linger still? Spread your pious skirts the sky and blame those oracles of Phœbus

Ah! why am I raving panting gasping? Whether oh! whither have I leapt from off my couch? Once more the storm is past I see a calm

Sister why weepest thou thy head wrapped in thy robe? I am ashamed that I should make thee a partner in my sufferings and distress a maid like thee through sickness of mine Cease to fret for my troubles for though thou didst consent to it yet 'twas I that spilt our mother's blood 'Tis Loras I blame for urging me on to do a deed most damned encouraging me with words but no real help for I am sure that had I asked my father to his face whether I was to slay my mother he would have implored me off and earnestly by this heard never to plunge a murderer's sword into my mother's breast since he would not thereby regain his life whilst I poor wretch should be doomed to drain this cup of sorrow

Even as it is dear sister unveil thy face and cease to weep despite our abject misery and whenceso'er

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then woe me give way to despair be it thine to  
and with the terrors and distorted fancies of  
a brain ill-used when sorrow comes in thee, I  
may be at thine side and give thee words of comfort  
for to be our friends like this is a gracious task.

Seek thy chamber now poor wretch I lead and  
close within the scepter's eye I be food and bath  
thine bed for if thou let me or fall sick from  
sorrow, my doom is sealed for thou art the  
only chamber I now have by all the rest deserted,  
as thou seest.

Alas I leave thee alone with thee I am resolved  
to be and do for me the same if thou dost what  
can I, a woman, do? How shall I escape alone left  
of brother, wife, and friend?

Alas it be thy pleasure I must do thy bidding.  
But first thou down upon the couch, and pay not too  
great heed to the terrors and alarms that scare thee  
from the rest lie still upon the pallet bed for even  
though thou be not sick but only fancy it this is a  
source of weariness and perpetuity to mortals.

Enter MENELAUS.

Alas! ye goddesses terrific swiftly carrying on  
overboard persons, whose lot it is mind tears and  
grievous to hold reveal not with Bacchic rites weaving  
in man's swarth hood, that dart about the spot  
cross ornament, exacting a penalty for blood's  
penalty for murder to you I make my suppliant  
prayer suffer the son of Agamemnon to forget his  
mad hurling frenzy!

Alas woe for thy troublous task what hast thou, poor  
wretch, didst thou come to compass the ruin I stem  
me to the voice prophetic proclaimed aloud by  
Phoebus from the tripod throne about his sanctuaries  
here is secret spot they call the naos of the  
earth.

Zens! What pity will be shown? what deadly  
struggle is here? a hand, hurrying thee on or thy  
pale face, victim on whom some fiend is bearing  
religion, by bringing on the house thy mother's  
bloodshed which dost thou ravine, mad I weep  
for thee for thee I weep.

Great prosperity shudders not amongst mankind  
but soon power divine strikes it to and fro like  
the sail of swift galleys plunges it deep in the waves  
of grievous destruction, bounteous and deadly as the  
waves of the sea. For what new family am I hence  
forth? honour by my father other than that which  
comes from a marriage daughter even from Tyndar?

Behold a king draws near prince or king? From  
his marriage to please to see that he is a scion of  
the royal house.

Alas! thou that didst sail with thousand ships  
thou stand and behold thou hast accomplished  
all thou heart's desire, make good fortune a friend  
to thyself.

Enter MEN. EL. CL.

MENELAUS: All hail, my home! Some, I feel on  
seeing thee turn on my turn from I or some  
sorrow too the night recalls for never yet has I be

held a house more closely encircled by the net of  
dire affliction.

Concerning Agamemnon's fate and the awful  
death he died at his wife's hands I learnt as I was  
travelling to put in at Mycenae when the sailors were  
I came out the waves, meeting, Glaucus, Nestor  
spoke to me about the news to me for he  
renewed himself in full of our sorrow and thus ad-  
dressed me: "Lead me, Menelaus, lies thy brother  
slain, put me in a fatal bath, the last his wife will  
ever give him" fill the cup of tears for me  
and my brave crew arrived at Nauplia my wife  
already on the point of starting, hither I was drawn  
in of soldiery Orestes, Agamemnon's son and his  
mother in a fond embrace as if twice well with  
them, when I heard a woman relate the murder of  
the daughter of Tyndareus. Tell me then good wife,  
where to find the son of Agamemnon, the daimon  
author of that fearful crime for he was but a babe  
in Glaucus's arms that day I left my home to  
go to Troy so that I should not recognize him, even  
were I to see him.

Or (Sagging towards him from the couch) B hold  
the object of thy inquiry Menelaus this is Orestes.  
To thee will I of mine own accord relate my suffer-  
ings. Be it as the prelude to my speech I tell thee  
how in suppliant wise seeking thus to meet thee  
the prayers of lips that lack the suppliant's bough  
say me for thou art arrived at the very crisis of  
my trouble.

MEN: O gods! what dost thou see? what death's head  
greet me night?

OR: Thou art right I am dead through misery  
thou hast taken from the sun

MEN: How wilt thou look thy unkempt hair  
as thou poor wretch!

OR: 'Tis not my looks, but my deeds that torture  
me.

MEN: How terribly thy tearless cheeks glare!

OR: My body is vanished and gone thou hast my  
name hath not yet deserted me.

MEN: Laughing apparition, so different from what  
I expected!

OR: I meet behold a man that hath slain his hap-  
less mother.

MEN: I have heard all be charmed of thy tale of  
woe.

OR: I will but thy duty is lavish of woe to my  
case.

MEN: What ails thee? what is thy deadly sick-  
ness?

OR: My conscience I know that I am guilty of an  
awful crime.

MEN: Explain thy self word in is shown in clear-  
ness, not in obscurity.

OR: 'Tis grief that is my chief complaint.

MEN: Thy wife is a goddess' daughter yet are there  
cures for her.

\*The Gerson is to the sacred wreath worn by suppli-  
ants, one end of which they retained, while the other  
was fastened to the altar thus identifying them with its  
sanctuary.

Or Mad transports too and the vengeance due to a mother's blood

*Men* When did thy fit begin? which day was it?

Or On the day I was heaping the mound o'er my poor mother's grave

*Men* When thou wast in the house or watching by the pyre?

Or As I was waiting by night to gather up her bones

*Men* Was any one else there to help thee rise?

Or Yes Pylades who shared with me the bloody deed my mother's murder

*Men* What phantom forms afflict thee thus?

Or Three maidens black as night I seem to see

*Men* I know of whom thou speakest but I will not name them

Or Do not they are too dread thou wert wise to void naming them

*Men* Are these the fiends that persecute thee with the curse of kindred blood?

Or Oh! the torment I endure from their hot pursuit!

*Men* That they who have done an awful deed should be so done by is not strange

Or Ah well! I must have recourse in these troubles—

*Men* Speak not of dying that were folly

Or To Phœbus by whose command I shed my mother's blood

*Men* Showing a strange ignorance of what is fair and right

Or We must obey the gods whatever those gods are

*Men* Spite of all this doth not Loxias help thy affliction?

Or He will in time to wait like this is the way with gods

*Men* How long is it since thy mother breathed her last?

Or This is now the sixth day her funeral pyre is still warm

*Men* How soon the goddesses arrived to requite thy mother's blood of thee!

Or To cleverness I lay no claim but I was a true friend to friends

*Men* Does thy father afford thee any help at all?

Or Not as yet and delaying to do so methinks equivalent to not doing it

*Men* How dost thou stand towards the city after that deed of thine?

Or So hated am I that I cannot speak to any man

*Men* Have not thy hands been even cleansed of their blood guiltiness as the law requires?

Or No for where'er I go the door is shut against me

*Men* Which of the citizens drive thee from the land?

Or Eæus who refers to my father his reason for hating Troy

*Men* I understand he is visiting on thee the blood of Palamedes

Or I at least had naught to do with that yet am I utterly overthrown

*Men* Who else? some of the friends of Ægisthus perhaps?

Or Yes they insult me and the city listens in them now

*Men* Will it not suffer thee to keep the sceptre of Agamemnon?

Or How should it? seeing that they will not suffer me to remain alive

*Men* What is their method? canst thou tell me plainly?

Or To day is sentence to be passed upon me

*Men* Exile or death or something else?

Or Death by stoning at the hands of the citizens

*Men* Then why not cross the frontier and fly?

Or Why not? because I am hemmed in by a ring of armed men

*Men* Private foes or Argive troops?

Or By all the citizens to the end that I may die thus shortly told

*Men* Poor wretch! thou hast arrived at the extremity of woe

Or In thee I still have hopes of escape from my troubles Yes since fortune smiles upon thy coming impart to thy less favoured friends some of thy prosperity not reserving that luck exclusively for thyself not take thy turn too at suffering and so pay back my father's kindness to those who have a claim on thee For such friends as desert us in the hour of adversity are friends in name but not in reality

*Ch* Lo! Tyndareus the Spartan is making his way hither with the step of age clad in black raiment with his hair shorn short in mourning for his daughter

Or Menelaus I am ruined See! Tyndareus approaches the man of all others I most shrink from facing because of the deed I have done for he it was that nursed me when a babe and lavished on me many a fond caress carrying me about in his arms as the son of Agamemnon and so did Leda for they both regarded me as much as the Dioscuri

Ah me! my wretched heart and soul! 'twas a sorry return I made them What darkness can I find to veil my head? what cloud can I spread before me in my efforts to escape the old man's eye?

*Enter TYNDAREUS*  
Tyndareus Where where may I find Menelaus my daughter's husband? for as I was pouring libations on Clytemnestra's grave I heard that he was come to Nauplia with his wife safe home again after many a long year Lead me to him for I would fain stand at his right hand and give him greeting as a friend whom at last I see again

*Men* Hail reverend father! rival of Zeus for a bride!

*Ty* All hail to thee! Menelaus kinsman mine!

*Ha!* (Catching sight of CRESSIDA) What an evil it is to be ignorant of the future! There lies that fatal side before the house a viper darting venom from

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his eyes, whom my soul abhors. What! Menelaus, weeping to a godless wretch like him?

MEN. And what more? He is the son of one whom I loved well.

TR. This his son? this creature here?

MEN. Yes, his son and therefore worth of respect after his distress.

TR. Thou hast been so long amongst barbarians that thou art one of them.

MEN. Always to respect one's kith and kin is a custom in Hellas.

TR. Are another custom is to yield willow defence to the law.

MEN. The wise hold that everything which depends on necessity is its own.

TR. Keep that wisdom for thyself. I will not add mine.

MEN. No, for thou art new and old age is not new.

TR. What could dispute about wisdom have to do with him? If his words are clear to all, he was ever more senseless than this man, seeing that he never witnessed the justice of the case nor respected the universal law of Hellas? For instance, when Agamemnon bathed his last breath with the blow his daughter dealt upon his head—a deed most foul, which I will never defend—he should have brought her before me with a sword and indicted the penalty allowed by law for bloodshed, banished her from his house, thus would he have gained the credit of forbearance from the calamity, keeping strictly to the law and shaming his pet as well. As it is, he is convicted of the same misfortune as his mother for thou hast had just cause for thinking in her a wicked woman, he has justified her himself by murdering her. I will ask thee, Menelaus, just one question. Take the case, the wife of his brother has slain him, his son follows suit and kills his mother in evening next the next son to expiate this murder commits an abominable crime, pray will the chain of horrors end?

Our fathers settled these matters the night when they forbade any one with blood upon his hands to fear either his hit or cross the path. For him by evil and the but a tale told. Otherwise there must always have been one who, by taking the poll upon his hands, would be liable to have his own blood shed.

For my part I abhor wicked women, especially my daughter who slew her husband. Helen, too, though own will, will never commend me. I would not even speak to her and little I care for thee a stranger to Troy for so worthless a woman. But the law will I defend, though I might seek in check this brutal spirit, I murmur which is always the ruin of countries and cities alike. What! (Turning to Orestes) Hadst thou no heart when thy mother was baring her breast in her appeal to thee? True, I did not witness that a foul deed yet did my poor old man run down with tears. On things at least rests the truth of what I say, thou art blighted by Heaven, and this aimless wandering these transports of

madness and terror are the atonement for a mother's blood. What need have I of others to testify where I can see for myself? Take warning therefore, Menelaus, seek not to oppose the gods from any wish to help this wretch, but let him be stoned to death by his fellow-citizens, else set not foot on Sparta's soil. My daughter is dead and she deserves her fate, but it should not have been his hand that slew her. In all except my daughter's hand I have a happy man, there my fortune stopped.

CH. His is a enviable lot who is blessed in his children, and does not find himself brought into notoriety.

OR. I am afraid to speak before thee, and prince in a matter where I am sure to grieve thee to the heart. Only let thy tears, which frighten me from speaking, set no barrier in the path of my words, and I will go forward. But as it is, I fear thy grey hairs. My crime is, I slew my mother, yet on another count this is no crime, being vengeance for my father. What ought I to have done? Set one thing against another. My father beat me, thy daughter gave me birth, being the field that sowed the seed from another, for without a man no child would ever be born. So I reasoned thus, I ought to stand by the father, I may be rather than the woman who undertook to rear me. Now this daughter—rather I blush to call her—was envious in secret intrigues with a lover (re-acting he shall reveal himself yet speak I will). Agasthus was that stealthy paramour who lay with her, he slew me, and after him I sacrificed my mother—a crime no doubt, but done to escape my father. Now, regarding the matters for which I desire to be stoned as thou threatenest, he at the service I am conferring on all Hellas. If women become so bold as to murder their husbands taking refuge in their children, with the mother's blood to catch their pity, they would think nothing of destroying their husbands on any plea whatsoever. But I, by a horrible crime—such is thy exaggerated phrase—have put an end to this custom. I hated my mother and had good cause to slay her. She was false to her husband, when he was gone from his home to fight for all Hellas, the head of his armies, neither did she keep his house undefiled, and when her son had found her, our shrank no punishment upon herself, but to avoid the vengeance of her lord, tasted her son on my father and slew him. By Heaven, all ill turn as it is for me to meet on Heaven, when defending the cause of murder still, suppose I had but my silence consented to my mother's conduct, what would the murdered man have done to me? Would he not owe every has been tormenting me with a cruel fiend or are there goddesses to help my mother and are they none? And him in his deeper wrong? Thou jest, thou old man, hast been my ruin by being eternal, daughter so abandoned for it was owing to her audacious deed that I lost my father and became my mother's murderer.

Attend, I say, Tlemachus did not kill the wife of Odysseus, why? because she wedded not a second

husband but the marriage bed remained untainted in her halls. Once more Apollo who makes the navel of the earth his home vouchsafing unerring prophecies to man the god whom we obey in all he saith—twas he to whom I hearkened when I slew my mother. Find him guilty of the crime slay him: his was the sin not mine. What ought I to have done? or is not the god competent to expiate the pollution when I refer it to him? Whither should one fly henceforth if he will not rescue me from death after giving his commands? Say not then that the deed was badly done but unfortunately for me who did it.

A blessed life those mortals lead who make wise marriages but those who wed unhappily are alike unfortunate in their public and private concerns.

*Ch.* 'Tis ever woman's way to thwart men's for tunes to the increase of their sorrow.

*Ty.* Since thou adoptest so bold a tone suppress thy naught but answering me back in such wise that my heart is vexed within me: thou wilt incense me to go to greater lengths in procuring thy execution and I shall regard this as a fine addition to my purpose in coming hither to deck my daughter's grave. Yes I will go to the chosen council of Argos and set the citizens whether they will or not on thee and thy sister that ye may suffer stoning. She deserves to die even more than thou for it was she who embittered thee against thy mother by carrying tales to thine ear from time to time: what thy hate the more announcing dreams from Agamemnon and speaking of the amour with Ægis thus an abomination to the gods in Hades for even here on earth it was hateful till she set the house ablaze with fires never kindled by Hephestus. This I tell thee Menelaus and more—I will perform it. If then thou makest my haired or our connexion of any account seek not to avert this miscreant's doom in direct defiance of the gods but leave him to be stoned to death by the citizens else never set foot on Spartan soil. Remember thou hast been told all this and choose not for friends the ungodly excluding more righteous folk.

Ho! servants lead me hence. *Exit TYNDARÆUS.*

*Or.* Get thee gone! that the remainder of my speech may be addressed to Menelaus without interruption free from the restrictions thy old age exerts.

Wherefore Menelaus art thou pacing round and round to think the matter over up and down in thought perplexed?

*Men.* Let me alone! I am somewhat at a loss as I turn it over in my mind towards which side I am to lean.

*Or.* Do not then decide finally but after first hearing what I have to say then make up thy mind.

*Men.* Good advice! say on. There are occasions when silence would be better than speech there are others when the reverse holds good.

*Or.* I will begin forthwith. A long statement has advantages over a short one and is more intelligible to listen to. Give me nothing of thine own. Mene-

laus, but repay what thou didst thyself receive from my father (*As MENELAUS makes a deprecating gesture*) 'Tis not goods I mean save my life, and that is goods the dearest I possess.

*Say* I am doing wrong. Well I have a right to a little wrong doing at thy hands to require that wrong for my father Agamemnon also did wrong in gathering the host of Hellas and going up against Ilum not that he had sinned himself but he was trying to find a cure for the sin and wrong-doing of thy wife. So this is one thing thou art bound to pay me back. For he had really sold his life to thee a duty owed by friend to friend toiling hard in the press of battle that so thou mightest win thy wife again. This is what thou didst receive at Troy make me the same return. For one brief day exert thyself not ten full years on my behalf standing up in my defence.

As for the loan paid to Aulis in the blood of my sister I leave that to thy credit not saying. Slay Hermione for in my present plight thou must needs have an advantage over me and I must let that pass. But grant my hapless sire this boon my life and the life of her who has pined so long in maidenhood my sister for by my death I shall leave my father's house without an heir.

Impossible! thou! say. Why there's the point of that old adage. Friends are bound to succour friends in trouble. But when fortune giveth of her best what need of friends? for God's help is enough of itself when he chooses to give it.

All Hellas credits thee with deep affection for thy wife—and I am not saying this with any subtle attempt at wheedling thee—by her I implore thee.

(*As MENELAUS turns away*) Ah me my misery! what a pass have I arrived! what avails my wretched effort? Still (*preparing to make a final appeal*) as my whole family on whose behalf I am making this appeal! O my uncle my father's own brother! imagine that the dead man in his grave is listening that his spirit is hovering over thy head and speaking through my lips. I have said my say with reference to tears and groans and misfortunes and I have begged my life—the aim of every man's endeavour not of mine alone.

*Ch.* I too weak woman though I am beseech thee as thou hast the power succour those in need.

*Men.* Orestes thou art a man for whom I have a deep regard and I would fain help thee bear thy load of woe: yea for it is a duty too, to lend a kinsman such assistance by dying or slaying his enemies, provided Heaven grants the means. I only wish I had that power granted me by the gods as it is I have arrived quite destitute of allies after my long weary wanderings with such feeble succour as my surviving friends afford. As then we should never get the better of Pelasgian Argos by fighting our hopes now rest on this the chance of prevailing by persuasion and we must try that for how can you win a great cause by small efforts? it were senseless even to wish it. For when the people fall into a fury and their rage is still fresh they are as hard to ap-

poor as a fence fire is to grass, but if you gently shake your head, and send a little to their temples, commonly watch your comforter, they may possibly excuse their fit, and then as soon as they have spent their rage, their natural obduracy ever does wait from them without a trouble. for their brains are a natural sense of pity and a hot temper too, is irascible, quickly if you watch it closely. So I will go and try to persuade Tyndarus and the citizens to moderate their excessive anger against thee for it is such them as with a ship she dies if her stern is hauled too to a bay. I in myself wish it a let me.

Attempts to do too much are as keenly resented by the citizens as they are by the gods and so it must be by detestation, not by the force of reason. I frankly tell thee that I must try to save thee. No power of mine as perhaps thou hastest could do it for had it been so easy to triumph wouldst have over the troubles that beset thee. I should never have tried to bring Argives or yet the aid of mortals but, as it is, the worst had themselves as forced to bow in fortune.

Or I thou that hast no one, save to lead a host in a woman's cause! thou traitor to thy friends! how I do turn thy back on me? What Agamemnon did is all forgotten.

Alas, my father's friends, I seem, desert thee in adversity. Alas! I am betrayed no longer have I any hope of finding a refuge where I may escape the due vengeance of Argos for the man was my husband of mine.

His a welcome sight, there comes Pylades, my best of friends, run in hither from Phocia. A trusty counsel is a more cheering in him in trouble than a crown is to others.

Enter Pylades.

Pylades On my way hither I traversed the town with more haste than I need have used, I find thee and thy sister have heard or rather myself seen the citizens assembling under the belief that they are end your immediate execution. What is happening here? how is it with thee? how farrest thou, my best of comrades, friends, and kind? for thou art all these to me.

Or Let one brief word declare that my evil case is in Rome.

Py I have use thee as it for friends have all in common.

Or Menelaus is a traitor to me and my sister. A truly natural that the husband of a traitor should prove a traitor.

Or He on not repay me when he came that, if I had never come.

Py Has he really arrived then in this land?

Or He was a long time coming, but very soon delivered for all that in trust here to his friends.

Py And did he bring his wife that queen of traitresses, a thorn on his side?

Or It was not he who brought her but she him.

Py Where is she who proved the ruin of so many Achaeans, though she was only a woman?

Or In my house if that is, I ought to call it mine.

Py And thou—what didst thou say to the father's brother?

Or I beseech him not to look on, while I and my sister were slain by the citizens.

Py By heaven! what said he to this? I fain would know.

Or Can thou was the Lacedaemonian—the usual policy of true Greek friends.

Py What excuse does he allege? when I have heard that I know all.

Or The worthy are arrived who begot those pitiless Lacedaemonians.

Py Thou meanest Tyndarus? he was angry with thee, perhaps, for his daughter's sake.

Or Thou hast it and Menelaus preferred his relationship to my father's.

Py Had he not courted a enemy to share thy troubles, when he did come?

Or Not he but he was a warrior thou hast a daughter, how fit among women.

Py This case is desperate it seems, and thou must die.

Or The citizens are to give their vote about us on the question of the murder.

Py And what is that to decide? tell me for I am alarmed.

Or Our life or death so short the words that tell of the go to lose!

Py Leave the palace, then, with thy sister and I.

Or Look! we are being watched by guards on every side.

Py I saw that the streets of the city were secured with armed men.

Or We are as closely beleaguered as a city by its foes.

Py Ask me also of my state for I too am ruined.

Or By whom? that would be a further sorrow to add to mine.

Py Scrophalus, my father in a fit of anger hath banished me his halls.

Or On some part of the coast or one in which the citizens share?

Py He says it is a crime to have helped three slaves to their mother.

Or Woe is me! it seems my troubles will cause thee grief as well.

Py I cannot like Menelaus this must be endured.

Or A thou not afraid that Argos will drive thy daughter as well as mine?

Py I am not theirs to punish I belong to Phocia.

Or A terrible thing! the mob which it has villains to lead!

Py Ay, but with honest leaders its counsels are honest.

Or Go so we must consult together.

Py What is it we must consider?

Or Suppose I go and tell the citizens—

Py That thy ruin was just—

Or In heaven my father!

Py I am afraid they will be glad enough to catch thee

Or Well am I to crouch in fear and die without a word?

Py That were cowardly

Or How then shall I act?

Py Suppose thou stay here what means of safety hast thou?

Or None

Py And if thou go away is there any hope of escaping thy troubles?

Or There might be possibly

Py Well is not that better than staying?

Or Am I to go then?

Py Yes if thou art slain there will be some honour in dying thus

Or True thus I escape cowardice

Py Better than by staying

Or After all I can justify my action

Py Pray that this may be the only view they take

Or Some one or two may be will pity me—

Py Yes thy noble birth is a great point

Or Resenting my father's death

Py That is all quite clear

Or I must go for to die ignobly is a coward's part

Py Well said!

Or Shall we tell my sister?

Py God forbid!

Or True there might be tears

Py Would not that be a grave omen?

Or Yes silence is manifestly the better course

Py Thou wilt thus gain time

Or There is only one obstacle in my way —

Py What fresh objection now?

Or I am afraid the goddesses will prevent me by madness

Py Nay but I will take care of thee

Or A wretched task to come in contact with a sick man

Py That is not my view in thy case

Or Beware of becoming a partner in my madness

Py Let that pass!

Or Thou wilt not hesitate?

Py Not I hesitation is a grave mischief amongst friends

Or On then pilot of my counsel

Py A service I am glad to render

Or And guide me to my father's tomb

Py For what purpose?

Or That I may appeal to him to save me

Py No doubt that is the proper way

Or May I not even see my mother's grave?

Py No she was an enemy But hasten supporting those limbs so slow from sickness on mine that the decision of Argos may not catch thee first for I will carry thee through the town careless of the mob and unabashed For how shall I prove my friendship if not by helping thee in sore distress?

Or Ah! the old saying again Get friends not relations only For a man whose soul is knit with

thane though he is not of thy kin is better worth owning as a friend than a whole host of relations.

*Exit ORESTES AND PYLADES.*

Ch Long long ago by reason of an old misdeed done to their house the sons of Atreus saw the tide roll back from weal to woe carrying with it their great prosperity and that prowess proudly vaunted through the length of Hellas and by the streams of Simois on the day that strife found its way to the sons of Tantalus—that strife for a golden ram to end in bitter banqueting and the slaughter of high born babes and this is why a succession of murders committed by kinsmen never fails the twin Atreids.

What seemed so right became so wrong to cut a mother's skin with ruthless hand and show the blood stained sword to the sun's bright beams and yet her guilty deed was a piece of frantic wickedness and the follies of beings demented. hapless daughter of Tyndareus! in terror of death she screamed to him My son this is a crime thy bold attempt upon thy mother's life do not whilst honouring thy father fasten on thyself an eternity of shame.

To stain the hand in a mother's blood! What affliction on earth surpasseth this? what calls for keener grief or pity? Oh! what an awful crime Agamemnon's son committed ending in his raving madness so that he is become a prey to the avenging fiends for the murder darting distracted glances round him! O the wretch! to have seen a mother's bosom or her robe of golden wool and yet make her his victim in recompense for his father's sufferings!

*Enter ELECTRA.*

El Surely friends my poor Orestes hath never left the house mastered by the heaven sent madness?

Ch No but he is gone to stand the trial appointed concerning his life before the Argive populace in which it will be decided whether he and thou are to live or die

El Oh! why did he do it? who persuaded him?

Ch Iylades but this messenger now close at hand will no doubt tell us thy brother's fate at the trial

*Enter MESSENGER.*

Messenger Woe is thee unhappy daughter of our captain Agamemnon my lady Electra! hearken in the sad tidings I bring thee

El Alas! our fate is sealed thy words show it thou art clearly come with tidings of woe

Mes To-day have the folk decided by vote that thou and thy brother are to die poor lady

El Alas! my expectations are realized I have long feared this and been wasting away in mourning for what was sure to happen But come old friend describe the trial and tell me what was said in the Argive assembly to condemn us and confirm our doom is it stoning or the sword that is to cut short my existence? for I share my brother's misfortunes

Mes I had just come from the country and was entering the gates anxious to learn what was done

cald about thee and Orestes—for I was ever well-  
disposed to thy father and it was thy house that fed  
and reared me poor us true yet loyal the serv-  
ice of friends—then lo! I saw a crowd streaming to  
their seats on yonder height where us said Danaus  
first gathered his people and settled them in new  
homes, when he was paying the penalty to Æm-  
pion. So, when I saw them thronging together I  
asked a citizen, What news in Argos? He said signs  
of hostility ruffled the city of Danaus? But he  
replied, Dost thou not see the man Orestes on his  
way to be tried for his life? Then I beheld an un-  
expected sight which I would I never had seen—  
Philoctetes and thy brother approaching to thee the  
one with his head swollen, his breast weakened  
by a leech the other like a brother in the way he  
shows of his friend's sorrow adding his complaint  
with constant care.

How then the Argives were fully gathered a  
brave and asked, Whitherest give him punishment  
whether Orestes is to be slain or not for the  
murder of his mother? Then stood Talthebus,  
who helped the father sack the Phrygian city.  
He adopted a trembling tone a mere tool of those  
in power he always expressing high admiration for  
his father but saying not a word for thy brother  
until his crooked sentiments in perfect words, to  
this effect: It is not a good precedent to be estab-  
lished as regards parents, and all this while he had  
a pleasant look to the friend of Agamemnon. That is  
like the tone of herald they always expect to cross to  
a lucky and bold hath influence: the city or  
a poet: the government is his friend for them.  
Ait him prince Diomedes made harsh words not  
dear but evil was the punishment he would have  
had him with on thee and thy brother: I do so  
deep fear of guilt. Some murmured at our ear  
that he was a good brother disappointed  
Next stood pale fellow who cannot close his lips  
on those unpardonable his sister an Argive  
but not of Argos when forced on you confident  
in bluster and digressions and plausible  
speech. For his hearer some much of sooner  
or later for he a man with a pleasing trick of  
speech, but of unsound principles, persuades the  
mob that is a serious violation to the law which all his  
good sound and sensible in all occasions, if  
not immediately useful to the state yet prove so  
harmful. And this is the light in which to regard  
his leader for the position on which he stands in  
the case of an traitor and a traitor's ally. Thus fell he  
was for stone threw and Orestes death but it  
was Philoctetes who kept suggesting arguments of  
this kind to him a being guided to death by both of  
you.

Another then stood, not far from outward view  
perhaps but a bold man, a brave man, a tact-  
ful man with the town of the gathering in the market  
place, a man one of a class who form the only

Said to be Cleophon, the demagogue of Athens be-  
cause of Thracian extraction.

real support of our country shrewd enough and  
eager to grapple with the arguments his character  
without a blemish his walk in life beyond reproach.  
He moved that they should crown Orestes, the son  
of Agamemnon for showing his willingness to avenge  
a father in the blood of a wicked profligate who was  
preventing men from lifting up arms and going on  
foreign service since said him those who re-  
main behind corrupt and seduce our wives left at  
home to keep house. To the better sort his words  
carried conviction and no one rose to speak after  
him. So thy brother advanced and spoke. Ye  
dwellers in the land of Inachus! Pelopians in an-  
cient times, and later Danaans I helped you no less  
than my father when I slew my mother for if the  
murder of men by women is to be sanctified then  
the sooner you do the better for you both ways  
you must needs become the slaves of women and that  
will be done the very reverse of that ye should. As  
it is, she who betrays my father a honour has met  
her death but if ye take my life as I proposed the  
strictness of the law becomes relaxed and the sooner  
every one of you is dead the better for we will nev-  
er be daring at any rate that they will lack? Yet  
for I have seemed to speak so far he could not  
persuade the assembly but that villain who spoke  
in favour of slaying thee and thy brother gained his  
point by appealing to the mob.

Orestes, poor wretch scarce prevailed on them to  
spare him death by stoning promising to do by his  
own hand and thou by thyself within the space of  
to-day and Philoctetes is now bringing him from the  
coastland wearing the while and his friends bear  
him company with tears and lamentation so he  
cometh a sad and piteous sight for thee to see.  
Alas ready the sword prepare the noose for thy  
neck, for thou must die thy noble birth availed  
thee naught nor Phœbus with refuge from his seat on the  
tripod at Delphi nor he was thy undoer.

EARNEST

Oh Ah hapless maid! How dumb thou art thy  
face covered bent upon the ground as if ere long  
to set thee on a course of lamentation and wailing!

El Laod of Argos! I take up the dagger, doing  
bloody outrage on my cheek with tearful nail a  
beating on my head the head of Persephone that  
lurks in the goddess of the æthere world. Let the land  
of the Cyclopes break forth into war for the  
so sons of my house lay the steel upon the head  
to cope it close. Thus with piteous train that goeth  
up for those who are doomed to perish the hell  
of the underworld.

Gone gone and brought to naught all the race  
of Pelopon so slain with them the blessedness that  
I would thy happy home of yore and the wrath of  
God that hold on them and that cruel malice  
which perishes all among the elements.

Woe to you! I speak of short-lived men full of  
tears and born to suffer; I see how fate enters  
to you hopes! All a time long march receive in  
turn that cruel troubles and man through his  
life cannot escape.



Oh! to reach that rock which hangs suspended midway twixt earth and heaven that fragment from Olympus torn which swings on chains of gold in ceaseless revolution that I may utter my lament to Tantalus my forefather who begat the ancestors of my house these were witnesses of insatiate deeds when Pelops in four horsed car drove winged steeds in hot pursuit along the sea hurling the corpse of murdered Myrtilus into the heaving deep after his race near the foam flecked strand of Gerastus From this came a woful curse upon my house in the day that there appeared among the flocks of Atreus breeder of horses that baleful portent of a lamb with golden fleece the creation of the son of Maia for from it sprang a quarrel which made the sun's winged steeds swerve from their course turning them by a westward track along the sky towards the single horse of Dawn and Zeus diverted the career of the seven Pleiads into a new path yea and it is that banquet to which Thyestes gave his name and the guilty love of Cretan Trope the treacherous wife that is requiting those murders with others but the crowning woe is come on me and on my sire by reason of the bitter destinies of our house

Ch See where thy brother comes condemned to die and with him Pylades most loyal of friends true as a brother guiding the feeble steps of Orestes as he paces carefully at his side

*Enter ORESTES and PYLADES*

El Ah! brother mine I weep to see thee stand before the tomb face to face with the funeral pyre Again that sigh escapes me my senses leave me as I take my last fond look at thee

Or Peace! an end to womanish lamenting! resign thyself to thy fate True tis a piteous end but yet we needs must bear the present

El How can I hold my peace when we poor sufferers are no more to gaze upon the sun god's light?

Or Oh! spare me that death! Enough that this unhappy wretch is already slain by Argives forego our present sufferings

El Alas for thy young life Orestes! alas for the untimely death overtaking it! Thou shouldst have begun to live just as thou art dying

Or Unman me not I do adjure thee! bringing me tears by the recollection of my sorrows

El We are to die and I cannot but bemoan our fate for all men grieve to lose dear life

Or This is the day appointed us and we must fit the dangling noose about our necks or whet the sword for use

El Be thou my executioner brother that no Argive may insult the child of Agamemnon and slay her

Or Enough that I have a mother's blood upon me thee I will not slay but die by any self inflicted death thou wilt

El Agreed I will not be behind thee in using the sword only I long to throw my arms about thy neck

Or Enjoy that idle satisfaction if embraces have any joy for those who are come so nigh to death

El Dear brother mine! bearer of a name that sounds most sweet in thy sister's ear partner in one soul with her!

Or Oh! thou wilt melt my heart I long to give thee back a fond embrace and why should such a wretch as I feel any shame henceforth? (*Embracing ELECTRA*) Heart to heart O sister mine! how sweet to me this close embrace! In place of wedded joys, in place of babes this greeting is all that is possible to us poor sufferers

El Ah would the self same sword if only it might be could slay us both and one coffin of cedar wood receive us!

Or That would be an end most sweet but surely thou seest we are too destitute of friends to be allowed one tomb between us

El Did not that coward Menelaus that traitor to my father's memory even speak for thee making an effort to save thy life?

Or He did not so much as show himself but having his hopes centred on the throne he was more cautious than to attempt the rescue of relatives

Ah! well let us take care to quit ourselves gallantly and die as most befits the children of Agamemnon I for my part will let this city see my noble spirit when I plunge the sword to my heart and thou for thine must imitate my brave example Do thou Pylades stand umpire to our bloody feat and when we both are dead lay out our bodies decently then carry them to our father's grave and bury us there with him Farewell now I go to do the deed as thou seest

Py Stay a moment there is first one point I have to blame thee for if thou thinkest I care to live when thou art dead

Or But why art thou called on to die with me?

Py Canst ask? What is life to me with thee my comrade gone?

Or Thou didst not slay thy mother as I did to my sorrow

Py At least I helped thee and so I ought to suffer alike

Or Surrender to thy father and seek not to die with me Thou hast still a city while I no longer have thou hast still thy father's home and mighty stores of wealth and though thou art disappointed in thy marriage with my poor sister whom I betrothed to thee from a deep regard for thy fellow ship yet choose thee another bride and rear a family for the tie which bound us binds no more Fare thee well my comrade fondly called for us such sin cannot be for thee perhaps for we that are as dead are robbed of joy henceforth

Py How far thou art from grasping what I mean! Oh! may the fruitful earth the radiant sky refuse to hold my blood if ever I turn traitor and desert thee when I have cleared myself for I not only shared in the murder which I will not disown but also schemed the whole plot for which thou art now paying the penalty therefore I ought also to die as much as thou or she for I consider her whose hand thou didst promise me as my wife What

recount tale shall I ever tell when I reach Delphi,  
the oracle of Phoebus? I who before your misfortune  
came was so close a friend but ceased to be  
when thou wert a child. That must not be now  
thine my business too. But since we are to do it let  
us take counsel together that Menelaus may share  
our misfortune.

Or Best of friends! if only I could see this ere I  
die!

Py Hearken then, and forbear while the fates are  
Or I will wait the hope of a coming me on my  
bed.

Py Hush! I have much confidence in women  
Or Have no fear of these for they are our friends  
be as here.

Py Let us kill Helen a bitter grief to Menelaus.  
Or How? I am ready now but if there is any  
chance of success.

Py With our swords she is hiding in thy house.  
Or At that she is, and already she is putting  
her seal on our errand.

Py She will do so no more after she is wedded  
to Hades.

Or Impose! she has her barbarian attendants.

Py Barbarians indeed! I am not the man to fear  
at Phrygia.

Or Great men only fit to look at mirrors and  
untrue!

Py What! he is he before his Troy in effeminate  
a habit here?

Or So much so that Hellas is become too small  
for her to live in.

Py The race of slaves is match for fire born  
men.

Or Will if I can do this deed I fear not death  
twice over.

Py No, nor I either. For thee I am a young  
Or Declare the matter and tell me what thou  
proposest.

Py We will enter the house on the pretence of  
bringing or doing it.

Or So far if I follow thee but not beyond.

Py We will begin by giving us sufficiency to her  
Or A case so that she will shed tears, although she  
heart is glad.

Py And we shall then be in the same predicament  
as she.

Or How shall we proceed next; the entrance?

Py We shall have sword concealed in our cloaks.  
Or But before attack how come we to kill  
her attendants?

Py We will shut them in separate parts of the  
house.

Or And whoever else sees to be quiet we must  
kill.

Py That done our deed shows us to what  
we may expect our fortune.

Or T. Helen is a wife to be undressed that  
behold.

Py Thou hast now heard how sound my scheme  
is for we had drawn the sword upon a woman of  
better morals, it would have been soul murder like

as it is, she will be punished for the sake of all Hellas,  
whose sires she slew while those whose children  
she destroyed whose wives she widowed all hoot  
aloud for joy and kindle the altars of the gods, in  
voking on our heads a thousand evil things, because  
we shed this wicked woman's blood for after killing  
her thy name shall no more be the matricide  
but thy reigning that will thou shalt succeed to a  
better and be called the slayer of Helen the mur-  
deress. It can never be right that Menelaus  
should prosper and thy father thy sister and thou  
be put to death and thy mother too—(but I pass  
that by for it is not seemly to mention it)—while  
he possesses with me though it was by Agamemnon's  
promise that he recovered his wife. May I perish  
then if I draw on my sword upon her! But I will  
all we will so compass Helen's death, we will fire the  
palace and deliver us from our toil to achieve one  
distinction but it is an honourable death or an hon-  
ourable escape that is mine.

Or The daughter of Tyndareus, who has brought  
shame on her sex has justly earned the hate of  
every woman.

Or Ah! there is nothing better than a trusty  
friend neither wealth nor preponderant power nor  
number is a senseless thing to set off against a noble  
friend. Such a thing for it could do not only deliver  
the vengeance I took on Aegisthus but do stand  
by me at the gates of danger and in season thou  
art offered me a measure in punishment my foes and dost  
or stand aloof thyself but I will cease praising  
thee for to thee something wearsome even in be-  
ing praised to excess. Now since in every case I must  
be either my last I will add gain my death should do  
my foe some hurt that I may requite with ruin  
those who betrayed me and that they too who  
made me suffer may taste of sorrow. Lo! I am the  
son of that Agamemnon who was counted worthy  
to rule Hellas, exalted to no tyrant's power but yet  
possessed of almost godlike might. Him will I not  
desert by submitting to deliver a slave of my  
last breath shall be free and I will avenge me on  
Menelaus. For could I but secure an object we  
should be delivered from some unperpetrated quarrel  
a means of safety should arise and we be the lovers,  
not the slayers of each other. I pray for thy wish for  
mine is a pleasant dream to cheer the heart without  
cost by means of the song; so we get utterances.

Or Whither brother I have the measure of satisfaction  
thou art there thou for him and thyself.

Or Do me proud I suppose. But thy use  
is not that? seeing that I know the natural  
breedness of thy heart.

Or Hearken moment do thou (to Pylas) like  
wise attend.

Or So on the prospect of hearing good news  
afford me a transient pleasure.

Or Thou knowest Helen's daughter? of course  
thou must.

Or Her mother whom my own mother feared—  
know her? yes.

Or She hath gone to Clytemnestra's grave.

Or With what intent? What hope art thou hunting at?

El Her purpose was to pour a libation over the tomb of our mother

Or Well granting that how dost thou wish thou hast mentioned conduce to our safety

El Seize her as a hostage on her way back

Or What good can thy suggested remedy do us three friends?

El If after Helen's slaughter Menelaus does anything to thee or to Pylades and me—for we three friends are wholly one—say thou wilt slay Hermione then draw thy sword and keep it at the maiden's throat. If Menelaus when he sees Helen weltering in her blood tries to save thee to insure his daughter's life allow him to take his child to his father's arms but if he makes no effort to curb the angry outburst and leaves thee to die then do thou plunge thy sword in his daughter's throat. Menelaus though he show himself violent at first he will gradually grow milder for he is not naturally bold or brave. That is the tower of defence I have for us and now my tale is told

Or O thou that hast the spirit of a man though thy body clearly shows thee a tender woman how far more worthy thou to live than die! Thus Pylades is the peerless woman thou wilt lose to thy sorrow or shouldst thou live wilt marry to thy joy!

Py Then may I live and may she be brought to the capital of Phocis with all the honours of a happy marriage!

Or How soon will Hermione return to the palace? All else thou saidst was well if only we are lucky in catching the villain's child

El I expect she is near the house already for the time agrees exactly

Or 'Tis well Plant thyself before the palace Electra my sister and await the ruid's approach keep watch in case any one an ally maybe or my father's brother forestal us by his entry ere the bloody deed is completed and then make a signal to be heard inside the house either by beating on a panel of the door or calling to us within

Let us enter now Pylades and arm ourselves for the final struggle for thou art the comrade that sharpest the enterprise with me. Hearkest father in thy home of darkest gloom! it is thy son Orestes who is calling thee to come to the rescue of the destitute it is on thy account I am unjustly suffering woe and it is by thy brother that I have been betrayed for practising justice wherefore I would fain take and slay his wife and do thou help us compass this

El Oh! come my father come! if within the ground thou hearest the cry of thy children who for thy sake are dying

Py Hear my prayer too Agamemnon kinsman of my father and save thy children

Or I slew my mother—

Py I held the sword—

El 'Twas I that urged them on and set them free from fear—

Or All to succour thee my sire

El I proved no traitress either

Py Wilt thou not hearken then to these reproaches and save thy children?

Or With tears I pour thee a libation

El And I with notes of woe

Py Cease and let us about our business. If prayers do really penetrate the ground he hears O Zeus, god of my fathers O Justice queen revered vouch safe us three success three friends are we but ere the struggle one the foremost all must pay to live or die

*Exit ORESTES and PYLADES*

El My own townswomen of foremost rank in Argos the home of the Pelasgi!

Ch Mistress why dost thou address us? for still this honoured name is left thee in the Danaid town

El Station yourselves some here along the high road others yonder on some other path to watch the house

Ch But why dost thou summon me to this service? tell me dear mistress

El I am afraid that some one who is stationed at the house for a bloody purpose may cause trouble only to find them himself

Semi Chorus I Lead on let us hasten I will keep careful watch upon this track towards the east

Semi Ch II And I on this that leadeth westward Throw a glance sideways letting the eye range from point to point then look back again

Semi Ch I We are directing them as thou biddest

El Cast your eyes around let them peer in every direction through your tresses

Semi Ch II Who is that on the road? Who is yonder countryman I see wandering round thy house?

El Ah! friends, we are undone he will at once reveal to our enemies the armed ambush of that lion like pair

Semi Ch I (Reconnoitring) Calm thy fears the road is not occupied as thou thinkest dear mistress

El (Turning to the other watchmen) And can I count thy side safe still? reassure me is yonder space before the court yard still deserted?

Semi Ch II All goes well here look to thy own watch for no Argive is approaching us

Semi Ch I Thy report agrees with mine there is no noise here either

El Well then let me make myself heard in the gateway (Calling through the door) Why are ye within the house delaying to spill your victim's blood no! that all is quiet? They do not hear ah woe is me! Can it be that their swords have lost their edge at the sight of her beauty? Soon will some mail clad Argive hurrying to her rescue attack the palace Keep a better look out us no time for sitting still bestir yourselves some here some there

Ch My eye is ranging to and fro all along the road

Hel (Within) Help Pelasgian Argos! I am being foully murdered

*See* *Ch.* I Heard ye that? Those men are now  
doth the blood deed

*See* *Ch.* II 'Tis H len screaming to hazard a  
risk

*E.* Come, eternal might of Zeus, oh, come to  
help my friends!

*Hd.* (Helen) Men, hark, I am here, madd'ned,  
but thou thou hast no affordance in no aid

*E.* O. stab and kill all ev'ner for the fray dart  
on your swords, do bl' handed double ed  
against the woman who left her father's home and  
husband's aid and did to death so many of the  
sons of H len, slain beside the river bank where  
they railed down beneath the iron darts all round  
the river's eddies and

*Ch.* Hush! hush! I can hear the sound of a foot fall  
on the road near the house

*E.* Ladies, my dearest friends, it is Hermione  
advent'ring into the midst of the bloodshed Let our  
lament rise as she comes headlong into the  
meshes of the net Fair will the quarry prove if  
she is a woman Resume your stations, look composed and  
fear not betray what has happened and I too  
will wear a look as cool as if I forsooth knew  
nothing of that desperate deed. (He goes to the door)  
Ah! madmen, hast thou come from wreathen Cliv-  
er mountains and from pour'ning libations to the  
dead?

*H.* Yes, I have returned fiercer than a gra-  
vous reclamation but I was filled with some alarm  
at the import of cry I heard in the palace as I  
was still at a distance

*E.* But what? Our present lot gives cause for  
fears

*H.* Hush! What is thy news?

*E.* Argos has sentenced Orestes and myself to  
death

*H.* Kinsfolk of my own! God forbid!

*E.* It is decreed that y'k' face enemy as our  
arches

*H.* Was this the reason then of the cry within?

*E.* Yes, was the cry of thy suppliant as he fell  
at Helen's knees

*H.* Who is he? I am none the wiser if thou tell  
me not

*E.* Orestes the hapless, entreating mercy for him-  
self and me

*H.* Good reason then has the house to cry out

*E.* What else would make a man cry out more  
loudly? Come throw thyself before thy mother  
in her proud promerity and join thy friend in be-  
seching Menelaus not to look on and see as d' d  
thou that wert nursed the same mother arms  
as I, have pity on us and have our pain com-  
pacted to thy struggle and I myself will be thy  
goal for thou and thou alone hast the issue of our  
suffering in thy hands

*H.* Behold me hastening to thy house as far as  
rests with me guard yourself as safe

*E.* Now friends, recede the prey in our armed  
suburb in the house

*Exit H and Orestes*

*Her* (Calling from within) Ah! who are these I see?  
*Or* (Helen) Salve! tis our safety not thine  
thou art here to insure

*E.* Hold her hard and fast point a sword at her  
throat then wait in silence that Menelaus may  
learn that they are men, not Phrygian cowards,  
whom he has found and treated as only cowards  
deserve

*Ch.* What ho! my comrades, raise a din, a din and  
shout before the house, that the murder done  
may not spare the Argives with wild alarm, to  
make them bring aid to the royal palace, before I  
see for certain whether Helen's corpse lies weltering  
in the house or hear the news from one of her at-  
endants for I know but a part of the tragedy of  
the rest I am not sure. Thanks to Justice the wrath  
of God has come on Helen for she filled all Hella  
with tears because of her accursed paramour Paris  
of Ida who took our countrymen to Troy

But hush! the bolts of the palace-doors rattle be-  
sant so one of her Phrygians is coming out from  
whom we will inquire of the state of matters within

*Enter PHRYGIAN EUNUCH*

*Phrygian Eunuch* (Expressing the most abject terror)  
From death escaped in my bare bane slippers have I  
led away away from the Argive sword, escaping as  
best a barbarian might by clambering over the ce-  
ment beam that roof the porch and through the  
Doric columns (O my country my country!)  
Alack, to which whither can I fly ye foreign dames,  
weeping in way through the clear bright sky or  
o'er the sea whose circle horned Ocean draws, as  
he guides the world in his embrace?

*Ch.* What news, slave of Helen creature from  
Ida?

*P.E.* Ah me for Ilum, for Ilum, the city of Phry-  
gia, and for Ida's holy hill with fruitful soil in  
foreign accents hear me raise a plaintive strain over  
thee whose ruin luckless Helen caused—that lovely  
child whom Leda bore to a feathered swan, to be a  
curse to Apollo's sons of polished stone Ah! well  
a-day! woe to Dardania for the walling wrong from  
her the steeds that brought his mimic Ganymede  
for Zeus

*Ch.* Tell us plainly exactly what happened in the  
house for I have been guessing at what I do  
not clearly understand

*P.E.* Ah for Linnus' woe is him! that is what  
the barbarian say in their eastern tongue as prelude  
to the dirge of death, when val' blood is spilt  
upon the ground by deadly iron blades

To tell thee exactly what happened there came  
into the palace two bonelike men of Hellas, twins  
in name, your famous chief was one of one was  
said the other was the son of Strophius a crafty  
knight was he like to Od'ceus, subtle silent but  
staunch to his friends, daring enough for any val-  
our to be desired in war and bloodthirsty as a ter-  
rible Rhan saw him for his quiet plotting the  
villain!

He came thence as bedimmed with tears,  
and took their seat in all humility near the chair of

the lady whom Paris the archer once wedded one on this side one on that to right and left with weapons on them and both threw their suppliant arms round the knees of Helen whereon her Phrygian servants started to their feet in wild alarm each in his terror calling to his fellow Beware of treachery! To some there seemed no cause but others thought that the viper who had slain his mother was entangling the daughter of Tyndareus in the toils of his snare

*Ch* And where wert thou the while? fled long before in terror?

*PE* It happened that I in Phrygian style was waiting the breeze past Helen's curls with a round feather fan stationed before her face and she the while as eastern ladies use was trusting, flax on her distaff with her fingers but letting her yarn fall on the floor for she was minded to embroider purple raiment as an offering from the Trojan spoils a gift for Clytemnestra at her tomb

Then to the Spartan maid Orestes spake Daughter of Zeus quit thy chair and cross the floor to a seat at the old altar of Pelops our ancestor to hear something I have to say Therewith he led the way and she followed little guessing his designs Mean time his accomplice the Phocian miscreant was off on other business. Out of my way! Well Phrygians always were cowards So he shut them up in different parts of the house some in the stables others in private chambers one here one there dispoing of them severally at a distance from their mistress

*Ch* What happened next?

*PE* Mother of Ida mighty parent! Oh! the murderous scenes and lawless wickedness that I witnessed in the royal palace! They drew forth swords from under their purple cloaks each darting his eye all round him in either direction to see that none was near and then like boars that range the hills they stood at bay before her crying Thou must die it is thy craven husband that will slay thee because he betrayed his brother's son to death in Argos But she with piercing screams brought down her snow white arm upon her bosom and loudly smote on her poor head then turned her steps in flight shod in her golden shoon but Orestes out stripping her slipped feet clutched his fingers in her hair and bending back her neck on to her left shoulder was on the point of driving the grim steel into her throat

*Ch* Where were those Phrygians in the house to help her then?

*PE* With a loud cry we battered down the doors and doorposts of the rooms we had been penned in by means of bars and ran to her assistance from every direction one arming himself with stones another with javelins a third having a drawn sword but Pylides came to meet us all undaunted like Hector of Troy or Atias triple plumed as I saw him on the threshold of Priam's palace and we met point to point But then it became most manifest how inferior we Phrygians were to the warriors of

Hellas in martial prowess There was one man flying another slain a third wounded yet another craving mercy to stave off death but we escaped under cover of the darkness while some were falling others staggering and some laid low in death And just as her unhappy mother sunk to the ground to die cameluckless Hermione to the palace whereon the two twain like Bacchanals when they drop their wands and seize a mountain cub rushed and seized her then turned again to the daughter of Zeus to slay her but lo! she had vanished from the room passing right through the house by magic spells or wizards arts or heavenly fraud O Zeus and earth, O day and night!

What happened afterwards I know not for I stole out of the palace and ran away So Menelaus went through all his toil and trouble to recover his wife Helen from Troy to no purpose

*Ch* Behold another strange sight succeeding its predecessors I see Orestes sword in hand before the palace advancing with excited steps.

*Enter ORESTES*

*Or* Where is he who fled from the palace to escape my sword?

*PE* (Falling at the feet of ORESTES) Before thee I prostrate myself O prince and do obeisance in my foreign way

*Or* 'Tis not Ilium that is now the scene but the land of Argos

*PE* No matter where the wise love life more than death

*Or* I suppose that shouting of thine was not for Menelaus to come to the rescue?

*PE* Oh no! it was to help thee I called out for thou art more deserving

*Or* Was it a just fate that overtook the daughter of Tyndareus?

*PE* Most just though she had had three threats to die with

*Or* Thy cowardice makes thee glib these are not thy real sentiments

*PE* Why surely she deserved it for the havoc she made of Hellas as well as Troy?

*Or* Swear thou art not saying this to humour me or I will slay thee

*PE* By my life I swear—an oath likely to be true in my case

*Or* Did every Phrygian in Troy show the same terror of steel as thou dost?

*PE* Oh take thy sword away! held so near it throws a horrid gleam of blood

*Or* Art thou afraid of being turned to stone as if it were a Gorgon thou seest?

*PE* To a stone no! but to a corpse that Gorgon's head is not within my ken

*Or* A slave and so fearful of death which will release thee from trouble!

*PE* Bond or free every one is glad to gaze upon the light

*Or* Well said! thy shrewdness saves thee go within.

*PE* Th u wilt not kill me after all?

*Or* Thou art spared!



*Men* Remove that sword from my daughter's throat

*Or* Thou art wrong

*Men* What! wilt slay her?

*Or* Right once more

*Men* Ah me! what can I do?

*Or* Go to the Argives and persuade them—

*Men* To what?

*Or* Entreat the city that we may not die

*Men* Otherwise will ye slay my child?

*Or* That is the alternative

*Men* Alas for thee Helen!

*Or* And is it not alas! for me?

*Men* I brought her back from Troy only for thee to butcher

*Or* Would I had!

*Men* After troubles innumerable

*Or* Except where I was concerned

*Men* Dreadful treatment mine!

*Or* The reason being thy refusal to help me then?

*Men* Thou hast me there

*Or* Thy own cowardice has *(Calling from the roof to ELECTRA)* Ho there! fire the palace from beneath Electra and Pylades my trusty friend kindle the parapet of yonder walls *(The palace is seen to be ablaze)*

*Men* Help! help! ye Danaï! gird on your harness and come! ye dwellers in knightly Argos! for here is a fellow trying to wrest his life from your whole city though he has caused pollution by shedding his mother's blood

APOLLO appears in the clouds with HELEN

*Apollo* Menelaus calm thy excited mood I am Phœbus the son of Latona who draw nigh to call thee by name and thou no less Orestes who sword in hand art keeping guard on yonder maid that thou mayst hear what I have come to say Helen whom all thy eagerness failed to destroy when thou wert seeking to anger Menelaus is here as ye see in the enfolding air rescued from death instead of slain by thee 'Twas I that saved her and snatched her from beneath thy sword at the bidding of her father Zeus for she his child must put on immortality and take her place with Castor and Polydeuces in the bosom of the sky a saviour to mariners Choose thee then another bride and take her to thy home for the gods by means of Helen's loveliness embroiled Troy and Hellas causing death thereby that they might lighten mother Earth of the outrageous done her by man's excessive population Such is Helen's end

But as for thee Orestes thou must cross the frontier of this land and dwell for one whole year on Parthian soil which from thy flight thither shall

be called the land of Orestes by Azanians and Arcadians and when thou returnest thence to the city of Athens submit to be brought to trial by the Avenging Three for thy mother's murder for the gods will be umpires between you and will pass a most righteous sentence on thee upon the hill of Ares where thou art to win thy case. Likewise it is ordained Orestes that thou shalt wed Hermione at whose neck thou art pointing thy sword Neoptolemus shall never marry her thou hast he thinks he will for his death is fated to undertake him by a Delphian sword when he claims satisfaction of me for the death of his father Achilles! Bestow thy sister's hand on Pylades to whom thou didst formerly promise her the life awaiting him henceforth is one of bliss

Menelaus leave Orestes to rule Argos go thou and reign over Sparta keeping it as the dowry of a wife who till this day never ceased exposing thee to toils innumerable Between Orestes and the citizens I who forced his mother's murder on him will bring about a reconciliation

*Or* Hail to thee prophetic Loxias for these thy utterances! Thou art not a lying prophet after all but a true seer and yet there came a dreadful thought into my heart that it was some fiend I had listened to when I seemed to hear thy voice but all ending well and I obey thy word There! I release Hermione from a violent death and a free to make her my wife whenever her father gives consent

*Men* All hail Helen daughter of Zeus! I wish thee joy of thy home in heaven's happy courts

To thee Orestes I betroth my daughter according to the word of Phœbus and good luck attend thee a noble wooer nobly wooed and me the parent of this bride!

*Ap* Repair each one of you to the place appointed by me reconcile all strife

*Men* Obedience is a duty

*Or* I think so too Menelaus so here I make a truce with sorrow and with thy oracles O Loxias

*Ap* Go your ways and honour Peace most fair of goddesses I meantime will escort Helen the maidens of Zeus soon as I reach the starlit firmament There seated side by side with Hera and Hebe the bride of Heracles she shall be honoured by men with drink offerings as a goddess for ever sharing with those Zeus-born sons of Tyndareus their empire over the sea for the good of mariners

*Ch* Hail! majestic victory still in thy keeping hold my life and never withhold the crown!

EXEUNT OMNES

## IPHIGENIA AMONG THE TAURI

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

IPHIGENIA

ORISTES

PYLADES

CHORUS OF CAPTIVE WOMEN  
from HELLAS

HERDSMAN

TIGRIS, King of the Tauri

MESSENGER

ATHENS

On the sea shore in the Tauric Chersonese near  
a temple of Artemis. Enter IPHIGENIA.

I beguile Pelops, the son of Tantalus, king to  
Pisa with swift steeds and won his bride, the daugh-  
ter of Egeus, who gave Athens to him. Athens  
had men Menelaus and Agamemnon, and I am Ag-  
amemnon's child. I thus came by the daughter of Tre-  
darius, the maid whom as thou hast heard was  
sacred to Artemis for the sake of Helen in the famous  
bay of Aulis, held by the eddies which Eurypus runs  
eth ever to and fro before the channel. Breeze as  
he rolls along his deep dark waves for there it was  
that king Agamemnon gathered fleet of thousand  
ships from Hellen, wishing his Achæans to win the  
fair crown of victory over Ilion and avenge the  
offence offered to Helen's marriage. Now all for the  
sake of Menelaus. But when, owing to foul weather  
he could not get the favouring wind, he had recourse  
to the diwer's flame, and this was what Calchas  
told him. "O Agamemnon, certain of this host of  
Hellas, no chance hast thou of summoning thy ships,  
till Artemis has seen the daughter Iphigenia in  
sacrifice for thou dardest vow to offer to the goddess  
of Leda the fairest thing that she produced. Now  
I am, Chryseides has given birth to a daughter  
and this boy whom thou must sacrifice, ascribe  
to me the lot of Acheron and by the arts of Odys-  
seus they took me from my mother's side on the  
pretence of wedding me to Achilles. But, when I  
saw Aulis, I was seized, poor child, and lifted  
thither on the pyre I saw the sword in its scabbard,  
then Artemis stood over me, the Achæans' hands,  
leaving hand in my place and we earned me  
through the radiant air and set me to dwell here in  
the land of Tauri, where barbarians slay over  
barbarians, even Thoas, whose name is due to his  
fortune, for such as bled on the altar, he sends  
to nurse Hæmél the priestess in the temple here  
and as is with us a converse with the observances  
of the festival in which the goddess Artemis de-  
lights, as I am, or in name—but I am no more from  
the land of Hellas for I sacrifice each son of Hellas  
who touches at these shores, this being the custom  
in the city even before I came. I bemoan the rite, but  
the will of the gods is what belongs to others and  
the will of the goddess.

Strange visions the past night brought me, which  
I will tell to thee, if there is really any ill in  
that. As I slept, methought I had escaped this land  
and was once more in Argos, elsewhere, in the midst of  
my masters, when lo! the surface of the ground was  
shaken by an earthquake whereat I fled and, stand-  
ing outside the house I saw me coping fallen and  
the whole building dashed in ruin from roof to base.  
Only one column, without fit, of my father's halls  
was left standing and from its capital it let stream  
the auburn hair and took a human tongue and I  
servant of the grand-rows craft I practise against  
strangers, began sprinkling it, as it had been a vic-  
tim, weeping the while.

Now this is my interpretation of the dream. Oris-  
tes is dead, twas for him I began the rites for soon  
are the pillars of a house and death is the lot of all  
whom once my lustful waters sprinkle. Aghs, I can-  
not fix the dream upon my friends, for Strophæus  
had no son at the time I was called to die. Now  
therefore I mean to pour a drink-offering to my  
brother who is far from me here, for thus I can do,  
with the help of the maidens from Hellas whom the  
king has given me as attendants. But where for are  
they no yet? I will enter the courts of the  
goddess to enquire what I dwell. Enter IPHIGENIA.

Enter ORISTES and PYLADES

Oristes (Entering cautiously) Take care and see  
whether there is any one in the road.Pylades I am done so, keeping a careful look-out  
in every direction.Or Thickest thou, Pylades, this is the abode of  
the goddess towards which we turned our sea-borne  
barque from Argos?Py I think it is, Oristes, and thou must share my  
opinion.Or And is that the altar on which the blood of  
Hellenes trickles?Py Its edges at least are discoloured with  
blood-stains.Or Dost see a stain of blood just beneath the  
corner?Py Ay, trophies of strangers who have been mur-  
dered.Or Well, we must cast our eyes all round and  
keep good look-out.

Ah, Phœbus! why have thy oracles brought me



*Men* Remove that sword from my daughter's throat

*Or* Thou art wrong

*Men* What! wilt slay her?

*Or* Right once more

*Men* Ah me! what can I do?

*Or* Go to the Argives and persuade them—

*Men* To what?

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*Men* Dreadful treatment mine!

*Or* The reason being thy refusal to help me then?

*Men* Thou hast me there

*Or* Thy own cowardice has (*Calling from the roof to ELECTRA*) Ho there! fire the palace from beneath Electra and Polydorus my trusty friend kindle the parapet of yonder walls (*The palace is seen to be ablaze*)

*Men* Help help ye Danaid gird on your harness and come ye dwellers in knightly Argos! for here is a fellow trying to wrest his life from your whole city though he has caused pollution by shedding his mother's blood

*APOLLO appears in the clouds with HELEN*

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But as for thee Orestes thou must cross the frontier of this land and dwell for one whole year on Parrhasian soil which from thy flight thither shall

be called the land of Orestes by Azanians and Argadians and when thou returnest thence to the city of Athens submit to be brought to trial by the Avenging Three for thy mother's murder for the gods will be umpires between you and will pass a most righteous sentence on thee upon the hill of Ares where thou art to win thy case Likewise it is ordained Orestes that thou shalt wed Hermione at whose neck thou art pointing thy sword Neoptolemus shall never marry her though he thinks he will for his death is fated to overtake him by a Delphian sword when he claims satisfaction of me for the death of his father Achilles! Bestow thy sister's hand on Polydorus to whom thou didst formerly promise her the life awaiting him henceforth is one of bliss

*Menelaus leave Orestes to rule Argos go thou and reign over Sparta keeping it as the dowry of a wife who till this day never ceased exposing thee to toils innumerable Between Orestes and the citizens I who forced his mother's murder on him will bring about a reconciliation*

*Or* Hail to thee prophetic Louias for these thy utterances! Thou art not a lying prophet after all but a true seer and yet there came a dreadful thought into my heart that it was some fiend I had listened to when I seemed to hear thy voice but all is ending well and I obey thy word There! I release Hermione from a violent death and agree to make her my wife whenever her father gives consent

*Men* All hail Helen daughter of Zeus! I wish thee joy of thy home in heaven's happy courts

To thee Orestes I betroth my daughter according to the word of Phoebus and good luck attend thee a noble wooer nobly wooed and me the parent of thy bride!

*Ap* Repair each one of you to the place appointed by me reconcile all strife

*Men* Obedience is a duty

*Or* I think so too Menelaus so here I make a truce with sorrow and with thy oracles O Louias

*Ap* Go your ways and honour Peace most fair of goddesses I meantime will escort Helen to the mansions of Zeus soon as I reach the starlit firmament There seated side by side with Hera and Hebe the bride of Heracles she shall be honoured by men with drink offerings as a goddess for ever sharing with those Zeus-born sons of Tyndareus their empire over the sea for the good of mariners

*Ch* Hail! majestic Victory still in thy keeping hold my life and never withhold the crown!

*EXIT OMNES*

<sup>1</sup>Cf *Andromache* II 1085 seq

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(*re.* Of them I am not thinking now but I weep for my brother dead in Argos, &c. for Orestes the heir to the Arg. throne whom I left a babe unweaned, an infant in his mother's arms still hanging at her breast

Ch. Beh! id, a herdsman is come from the beach to bring thee tidings.

ENTER THE HERDSMAN

Herdsman Daughter of Aetamachus and Clitae-mnestra here to the news! I have to tell.

Ip. Why what is here to interrupt our present concert on?

H. Two youths, escaping on a ship have reached the misty coast of the Symplesades, a grateful sacrifice for thee to offer to the goddess Artemis. Haste then to make ready the lustral water and the opening rites.

Ip. Where come they? what is the name of these strangers country?

H. They are from Hellas that sail I know noth-  
g further

Ip. Didst thou not even catch the stranger's names, so that thou canst tell me?

H. Philades one called the other

Ip. And the stranger's comrade what was his name?

H. That no one knows for we never heard of

Ip. Where were you when ye saw and captured them?

H. Upon the extreme edge of the cheerless sea.

Ip. Pray what were herdsman doing by the sea?

H. We had gone to wash our cattle in its briny spray

I. Return to that other point where I did see take them, and how? for this what I wish to know

Tis to me the strangers came and our goddess also has of been crimsoned all that while with the tears of Hellas blood

H. We were just driving our cattle from their offshore pastures to fodder sea which flows between the Clashing Rocks, where is a certain hol-  
low cleft sacred by the wish of the tide a shelter used by people fishers, when a herdman of our country saw me coming and, coming back to us on upstroke said, Do ye not see them? the deities seated under. Then one of us, a god-fearing man, lifted up his hand and, looking towards them, perceived the Lord Palemon son of the nymph Leucothea, whose keeping a all ships, had come on our vessel. Then we seated on the beach at the Taurians' order dark self father Aeneas, who bore him, I know follow reads.

But not he with a reckless eye did what is so he scoffed his prayers and would have it that they were shipwrecked mariners, so he led us to the gulf for fear of our custom, he had how we to the stranger in this land

Now most of us, thinking he was right determined to bring him to the goddess, in such as our country is. Wea time one of the strangers, leaning on the rocky coast suddenly stood up and fell striking his head against the rock and down and gave

us loudly trembling to his very fingertips in a convulsed fit and shout like a hunter. There! Py-lades dost see her? there! dost see her now the hellish snake, how eager she is for my blood with her fearsome viper's flagellate to bite me? and yet a third who belches fire and death wings her way to a rocky height with my mother in her arms, to hurl her the creature upon me. Oh horror! she will kill me where am I to fly?

We could not see these weird shapes, but he mistook the low noise of cows and the barking of dogs for the sounds which he said the fiends were uttering in imitation of them. Now we were sitting huddled to either in silence, as doomed men when lo! he drew his sword and rushing like a lion into the midst of the beasts, fell to slaying at their flanks and plunging his sword in their sides, thinking he was thus warding off the evil god's eyes, so that the surface of the sea broke out in clots of gore. We meant me, seeing our cattle harmed and slain began to arm us one and all, blowing the while on curved shells and calling the people of the place together and very soon we were gathered in full force but then the stranger left his sudden fit and foaming at the mouth he fell we seeing him fallen so opportunely set each man of us, to hurl and smite at him, but the other of that pair wiped the foam from his lips and was careful of his body holding out his finely woven robe to cover him, watching anxiously for threatened wounds and thus steering his friend most tenderly. Suddenly the mad man recovering his senses sprang up from where he fell and was aware of the surging press of foes and of the nearness of that calamity which is upon them now and he gave once again to the whole the resounding pelting them from every side with right goodwill when we heard this fearful omen, "Philades, we have to die see that to be with honour draw thy sword and follow me."

But when we saw the brandished blades of our two enemies, we took to flight and were filling the rocky glens as usual, if one or two did fly the rest kept up a vigorous fire at them, and if perchance they drove these off the part which was giving way at first set to storming them again. The sounds were loud but not a man of all the crowd that threw succeeded in hitting the goddess's statues. At last however we mastered them—not by bravery but by true—sounding them completely we counted to break the swords from their hands with stones, and they sank to the ground through fatigue at once we bring them to our monarch who no sooner sees them than he despatches them to three to purify and sacrifice. Be thy prayer maiden, that such strangers may be forthcoming for thy offering go on slaving men like these and Hecuba will make atonement for thy own blood expiating that sacrifice in Aulis.

Ch. A strange story thou tellest about this wail, whoever he is, that is come from the land of Hellas to the cheerless sea.

Ip. Enow! go, bring the strangers hither while I will see to what is needed here. *Exit HERDSMAN.*

once more into this strait after I had avenged the blood of my sire by slaying my mother? An exile from hearth and home I was persecuted by relays of avenging fiends completing many a lengthy course. So I went and questioned thee how to find an end to the whirling madness and distress I was enduring in ranging up and down through Hellas and thy answer was that I should seek the confines of the Taurian land where Artemis thy sister has her altars and take from thence an image of the goddess which fell from heaven so men say into her temple there then when I had secured it by craft or luck maybe when every risk was run I was to present it to the land of Athens. Beyond this naught was said that done I was to have relief from trouble. So in obedience to thy bidding I have come hither to a strange and cheerless shore.

Now Pylades my partner in this hard enterprise I ask thee what are we to do? for thou seest the height of these encircling walls. Shall we mount the steps leading to the building? how then escape detection? or can we force the brazen bolts with levers when we know nothing about them? If we are caught trying to open the doors or plotting an entrance we shall be slain ere that let us escape upon our ship wherein we sailed hither.

Py. Flight is intolerable we are not used to it and the god's oracle must not be slighted but let us quit the temple and hide ourselves in some cavern washed by the sea's black tide apart from our ship lest some one see it and tell the rulers and we be then seized by force. But when the eye of darkness night appears we must endeavour to take the polished image from the shrine bringing all our craft to bear on it. Look there between the rafters where an empty space is left by which to lower oneself.

Tis well the brave can face hardship but cowards are never of any account. What! shall we after toiling at the oar so long and far turn back again and leave the goal?

Or Well said! obedience is my cue. We must find some spot where we can both hide ourselves out of sight for assuredly the god will not be the cause of his own oracle falling fruitless to the ground. Courage! all that is required for the young have no excuse for shirking toil.

*Exit ORESTES and PYLADES*

*Enter IPHIGENIA and CHORUS*

Chorus. Hush! a solemn silence! ye dwellers on the double clashing rocks that guard the Euryn sea!

All hail Latona's child Dictynna goddess of the hills! to thy court I guide my steps in maiden saintliness to thy gilded dome with beauteous colonnades to wait on her that keeps thy keys in holy trust bidding farewell for this to the embattled walls of Hellas the land of horses to Eurotas with its meadows mid the trees where stood my father's house.

I am here what news? why so thoughtful? wherefore hast thou summoned me to the temple? O daughter of him who sought the towers of Troy with the famous fleet of a thousand ships and their

crews of countless warriors gathered by the noble sons of Atreus!

Ip. My handmaids ye find me busied with most woful dirges dismal strains ne'er uttered by the Muse as I mourn a kinsman dead ah me! for this is the trouble that has befallen me I am weeping for my brother reft of life so sure the vision I beheld in the darkness of the night just past.

Undone! undone! Ah me! my father's house is now no more our race is dead and gone. Woe! woe for the troubles in Argos! Out on thee destiny! that robbest me of my only brother sending him to Hades for him I am about to pour this offering on the lap of earth a cup for the departed dead—milk of mountain roving kin a draught of Bacchus own drink and what the russet bees have garnered by their toil—the soothing gift which custom gives thy dead.

(To a servant) Hand me the solid urn of gold the death god's drink offering.

Scion of Agamemnon's line beneath the earth! to thee as dead I send these gifts accept them thus for I shall never bring thee at thy tomb my golden locks or tears for very far I dwell from the land of our fathers where men thought this luckless maiden died beneath the knife.

Ch. Lady to thee will I now pour out an answering strain an eastern dirge that wails in foreign key a litany of woe chanted mer the dead in mourning a song of Hades singing wherein the poem plays no part.

Woe for the royal house of the Atreids! its light is quenched. Woe for their ancestral home! Who of all the prosperous kings in Argos shall rule o'er it? Trouble born of trouble darteth on it and the sun god with winged careering steeds turned from his place and changed his light divine. Woe on woe and death on death with anguish unto anguish added has come upon this house all for a golden lamb from this source vengeance made its way into the family for those who were slain before of the race of Tantalus while against thee Fate is eager in the pursuit of mischief.

Ip. Bitter to me from the very first the fate of my mother's marriage from the first on that night I was conceived the goddesses who rule men's destinies strove to make my childhood hard. I was the first fair babe she bore in her marriage box and that hapless daughter of Leda whom all Hellas wooed born and reared by her to be the victim of my father's despite a joyless offering when to pay his vow they brought me in a chariot drawn by steeds and set me on the strand of Aulis to be the bride—ah! bride of sorrow—to the Nereid's son. But now beside the ruthless sea I make my cheerless home an alien torn from home and friends with none to call me wife or mother never singing Hera's praise my queen in Argos nor mud the merry whirr of looms broadening with the shuttle a picture of Athenian Pallas and the Titans but staining altars instead with the streaming blood of doomed strangers whose moans and tears are piteous, no theme for minstrel's

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rescue for he makes two evils out of one: he is himself be called a fool and all the same he does he should let his fortune be Weep not thou for us, for well know what rites are offered here

Ip Which of you bears the name of Pylades, as thou calledst here? This is what I wish to learn first.

Or This is he, if the knowledge really gives thee a pleasure

I What state in Hellas calls him son?

Or What canst thou gain by learning this, lady?

I Are ye brothers, the sons of one mother?

Or Brother's friendship runs in blood

I What name did the author of thy being give thee?

Or I met him with just cause called Misfortune

Ip That is not what I ask, I fear that to chance

Or If I die nameless, I shall not be mocked

Ip Wh grad in this? Art to exceed my proud?

Or 'Tis my body, not my name, that thou wilt seize

Ip Wilt thou not yet tell me the name of thy father?

Or No, for thy inquiry boots me not: I am doomed to die

I What hinders thee from granting me this boon?

Or Glorious Argos is my home: I own it with pride

Ip What! Argos? wert thou really born there a stranger?

Or As a Misenæ, so prosperous for me

I Was it an exile from what mischance that thou requir'st this country?

Or An Iliam's stain, sense, not of my own free will, or yet against it

Ip And yet thy coming from Argos was welcome to me

Or Not so to myself, but if thou art pleased see to that thyself.

I Wilt tell me something that I wish to learn myself?

Or I serve as an appendix to my master's

Ip Mayst thou hast some knowledge of Troy which is spoken of everywhere

Or Would God I knew it not so much as a dream!

Ip They say that it is now no more a city sacked

Or Why so it is, I heard right

Ip Didst thou return to the house of Menelaus?

Or Aye, that she did to the sorrow of one I loved.

Ip Wh ewish now? I too owe her a grad

Or She was going to with her first husband

Ip O cruel heart! in the eyes of Hellenes, not mine alone!

Or I too have reaped some fruit of that woman's marriages

I Did the Achæans make good their return as in remour?

Or To question embraes everything at once

I I could have got an answer to it before thy death.

Or Put thy questions, since thou art bent on it I will answer

Ip There was a seer Calchas—did he return from Troy?

Or He was reported dead in Mysenæ

Ip Great queen! how well deserved! What of Laertes son?

Or He has not yet returned but it is said he is still alive

I Perdition seize him! ne'er may he reach home again!

Or Spare thy curses, dire affliction is his lot

I Is the son of Thetis the Nestor still alive?

Or No dead his marriage at Aulis came to naught.

Ip Aye, was all a trick at least they who suffered by it say so

Or Why, who art thou? thy questions touch in Hellas are so apt

Ip I am from Hellas but when a child I lost that home.

Or Then art thou right lady to long for news of it

Ip What of that general whom men style the best?

Or Who is that? The man of whom I wot is not among the best

Ip A prince called Agamemnon said to be the son of Atreus.

Or I knew him not leave thus theme, lady

Ip I do entreat thee not but speak, fair sir to gladden me

Or He is dead poor king! and has caused an other death as well.

Ip Dead! what befell him? woe is me!

Or What that he was? Was he related to thee?

Ip 'Tis his former prosperity I grieve.

Or And rightly too, for he came to a fearful end at a woman's hand

Ip O the pitious fate of that murderess and her victim!

Or Pray thee cease and ask no more

Ip Only this: the wretched victim's wife alive?

Or No, dead her son—the child she bore—he slew her

Ip O house sore to be blest! What could be his object?

Or I enounce on him for his father's death

Ip Alas for him! how well he exacted his evil just

O Spite of his misdeeds he has no luck! Heaven's has it

Ip Did Agamemnon leave any other issue in his halls?

Or Yes, he maid and child Electra

Ip What is no more made of a daughter who was sacri-ficed?

Or No, no except that she has closed her eyes upon the light

Ip Ah woe to her and him that lew her her own son!

Or In a thoughtless cause she died—the cause of a wretched man

Ip I the son of the murdered man still alive at Argos?

Alas my suffering heart! in days gone by thou wert always kind and compassionate towards strangers paying their kindred race the tribute of a tear whenever thou hadst Hellenes in thy power but now by reason of dreams which have made me cruel from thinking that Orestes is no longer alive ye will find my heart hardened whoe'er ye are that have arrived. So then this also is a true saying friends and I experience it. The unfortunate having once known prosperity themselves bear no kind feelings towards their luckier neighbours.

No breeze from Zeus hath ever blown nor vessel sailed which might have carried Helen hither from her course between the clashing rocks—Helen my bane and Menelaus with her—that so I might have taken vengeance on them putting Aulis here to balance Aulis there where Danaid chiefs with brutal violence were for slaughtering me like a heifer my own father being the priest.

Oh! I can never forget that hideous scene the many times I strained my hands to touch his beard and how I clung to my father's knees and cried.

'Tis to a sorry wedding I am brought by thee my sire—men now while thou art slaying me my mother and the Argive maids are singing my marriage hymn and our house is filled with music but I am dying all the time slain by thee. Hades it seems and not the son of Peleus was the Achilles thou didst offer me as lord having brought me in thy chariot to a bloody wedding by a trick. A fine spun veil was o'er my eyes so I never took my brother in my arms—that brother now no more—nor kissed my sister on the lips from modesty as if it were far. Peleus halls that I was bound but many a fond caress I kept in store for the future believing I should yet return to Argos.

Ah! Orestes woe is mine if thou art dead from what a glorious lot and envied heritage art thou cut off! I blame these subtle quibbles of our goddess save a man has spilt another's blood or even come in contact with a labouring woman or a corpse she bars him from her altars counting him unclean and yet herself delights in human sacrifice. It cannot be that I eto, bride of Zeus ever bore so senseless a daughter. No! for my part I put no credit in that banquet served by Tantalus to the gods to believe that they felt pleasure in devouring a child rather I suspect that the natives of this land being cannibals themselves impute this failing to their deity for I cannot believe that any god is such a sinner.

*Exit*

Oh Ye dim dark rocks where meet the seas o'er whose forbidding billows I crossed driven from Argos by the winged gad fly passing from Europe to the strand of Asia who can these be that left the fair waters of Eurotas with green beds of reeds or Dirce's holy streams to tread this savage soil where the daughter of Zeus bedews her altars and columned fanes with blood of men? Can they have sped a chariot of the deep across the waves with ours of pine dashed in on either side before the breeze that fills the sail heaping up riches for their

homes in eager rivalry? for hope fond hope appears to man's undoing insatiate in the hearts of those who carry home a load of wealth wanderers they across the main visitors to foreign towns in idle expectation. Some there are whose thoughts of wealth are not timed right and some who find it come to them.

How did they pass those clashing rocks or the restless beach of Phineus racing along the sea beat strand o'er the breakers of Ocean's queen before the breeze that filled their sails to the land where chours of fifty Nereid maids circle in the dance and sing—the rudder steady at the stern and whistling to the breath of south west wind or zephyr on to that gleaming strand where fowls in plenty roost to the fair race course of Achilles along the cheerless sea?

Oh! that chance would bring Helen the darling child of Leda hither on her way from Troy town as my lady prayed that she might have the fatal water sprinkled round her hair and die by my mistress' knife paying to her a proper recompense!

What joy to hear the welcome news that some mariner from Hellas had landed here to end the sufferings of my bitter bondage! Oh! to set foot if only in a dream in my father's home and city a luxury sweet sleep affords a pleasure shared by us with wealth!

*Enter ORESTES and PYLADES guarded*

But see where the prisoners twain approach their hands fast bound with chains new victims for our goddess. Silence now my friends! for those choice offerings from Hellas are now close to the temple, and it is no false news the herdsman announced.

Thou awful queen! if by such acts this city wins thy favour accept its sacrifice not sanctioned by Hellenes though openly offered by our custom.

*Enter ERIGENIA*

Ip Ah well! my first thought must be the due performance of the goddess's service.

Loose the hands of the strangers they are now devoted and must not be chained then enter the temple and make ready whatever present need inquires or custom ordains. *(Exit guards)*

*(Turning to the prisoners)* Ah! who was the mother that bare you? your father who was he? or your sister if haply ye had one? of what a gallant pair of brothers will she be bereft! Who knows on whom such strokes of fate will fall? for all that Heaven decrees proceeds unseen and no man knoweth of the ills in store for Fate misleads us into doubtful paths.

Whence come ye hapless strangers? for long as ye have been in sailing hither so shall ye be long absent from your homes aye for ever in that world below.

Or Woman whoe'er thou art why weepst thou thus or why distress us at the thought of our impending doom? No wise man I count him who when death looms near attempts to quell its terrors by piteous laments nor yet the man who bewails the Death god's arrival when he has no hope of

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rope for || makes two evils out of one he lets himself be caught a fool and all the same he dies he should let his fate be Weep not thou for us, for well we know what evils are offered here

I Which of you bears the name of Phylax, as they call'd it here? This is what I wish to learn first.

O This is he, if the knowledge really gives thee any pleasure

I What state in Hellas calls him son?

O What canst thou gain by learning this, lady?

I Are you brothers, the sons of one mother?

O Brothers in friendship not in blood.

I What name did the father of thy brother give thee?

O I may be with justice be called My fortune

I That is not what I ask refer that to chance

O If I die nameless, I shall not be mocked.

I Whom wert thou in this Art so excited, proud?

O This my body not my name that thou wilt see

I Wilt thou not even tell me the name of thy city?

O No, for the inquiry boots me not at all. I am doomed to die

I What kind is thee from gratitude, the thin bones?

O Glorious Argos is my home I own it with pride

I What Argos? wert thou really born there, as they say?

O Aye, in Mycenae so prosperous of yore

I Was it an ail or from what mischance that would'st quit the country?

O An exile I am in a certain sense not of my own free will, nor yet unjust

I And yet thy coming from Argos was welcome to me.

O Not so to myself, but if thou art pleased, so to that thrall.

I Wilt tell me soon then that I wish to learn myself

O To serve as an appendage to my masters?

I May be thou hast some knowledge of Troy which is broken of everywhere.

O Would God I knew not so much as in a dream!

I Therefore that is now no more a city sacked.

O Why so it is no heard any hit

I Did Heli return to the house of Menelaus?

O Aye that she did, to the sorrow I once loved.

I Whence he now I too owe him a gratitude

O So he is in Sparta with her first husband.

I O cruel hateful to the eyes of Heli, comes not near me!

O I too have escaped some fruit of that woman's misdeeds.

I Did the Achaeans make good their return as is rumored?

O The question embraces everything hence.

I I would fain get an answer to it before thy death.

O Put thy questions, since thou art bent on it I will answer

I There was a seer Calchas—did he return from Troy?

O He was reverend dead in Mycenae.

I Great queen! how well deserved! What of Laertes son?

O He has not yet returned, but is said he is still alive.

I Perdition were him he or may he reach home again?

O Spare the curses due affliction is his lot

I Is the son of Thetis the Nereid still living?

O No, dead his marriage at Aulis came to naught

I Aye, was it a trick at least they who seduced him?

O Who who art thou? thy queries touch Hellas as so apt

I I am from Hellas but when a child, I lost that home

O Then art thou, lady, to long for news of it.

I What of that general, whom men style "the hero"?

O Who is that? The man of whom I wot is not among the best

I A prince call'd Agamemnon, said to be the son of Atreus.

O I knew him not leave this throne lad

I I do treat thee not but speak, for I am glad to see me

O He is dead, poor king! and has caused another death as well.

I Dead why what befell him? woe is me!

O Why that he was slain Was he related to thee?

I 'Tis for his former prosperity I grieve

O And in truth too, for he came to a fearful end at a woman's hands.

I O the piteous fate of that murderer and her ruin!

O Forthwith cease and ask no more

I O! this is the wretched ruin's wife alack!

O No, dead he was—the child she bore—be slow her

I O house sore troubled! What could be his object?

O Vengeance on her for his father's death.

I Alas for him how well he exacted his evil justice

O Spite this justice he has no luck at Heaven's hand

I Did Agamemnon leave any other issue in his halls?

O Yes, one maiden child Electra.

I What? no mention made of a daughter who was sacrificed?

O No, none except that she has closed her eyes upon the light.

I Alas, woe is her and him that saw her his own sure!

O In a shameful cause she died—the cause of a wicked woman.

I Is the son of the murdered man still alive at Argos?

O Yes, he is still alive at Argos.

I And the daughter of the murdered man still alive at Argos?

O Yes, she is still alive at Argos.

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Alas my suffering heart! in days gone by thou wert always kind and compassionate towards strangers paying their kindred race the tribute of a tear whenever thou hadst Hellenes in thy power but now by reason of dreams which have made me cruel from thinking that Orestes is no longer alive ye will find my heart hardened whoe'er ye are that have arrived So then this also is a true saying friends and I experience it The unfortunate having once known prosperity themselves bear no kind feelings towards their luckier neighbours

No breeze from Zeus hath ever blown nor vessel sailed which might have carried Helen hither from her course between the clashing rocks—Helen my bane and Menelaus with her—that so I might have taken vengeance on them putting Aulis here to balance Aulis there where Danaid chiefs with brutal violence were for slaughtering me like a heifer my own father being the priest

Oh! I can never forget that hideous scene the many times I strained my hands to touch his beard and how I clung to my father's knees and cried

'Tis to a sorry wedding I am brought by thee my sire—on now while thou art slaying me my mother and the Argives mads are singing my marriage hymn and our house is filled with music but I am dying all the time slain by thee Hades it seems and not the son of Peleus was the Achilles thou didst offer me as lord having brought me in thy chariot to a bloody wedding by a trick A fine spun veil was o'er my eyes so I never took my brother in my arms—that brother now no more—nor kissed my sister on the lips from modesty as if it were for Peleus halls that I was bound but many a fond caress I kept in store for the future believing I should yet return to Argos

Ahl Orestes woe is thee! if thou art dead from what a glorious lot and envied heritage art thou cut off! I blame these subtle quibbles of our goddess saw a man has spilt another's blood or even come in contact with a labouring woman or a corpse she bars him from her altars counting him unclean and yet herself delights in human sacrifice It cannot be that Leto bride of Zeus ever bore so senseless a daughter No! for my part I put no credit in that banquet served by Tantalus to the gods to believe that they felt pleasure in devouring a child rather I suspect that the natives of this land being cannibals themselves impute this failing to their deity for I cannot believe that any god is such a sinner

*Exit*

Ch Ye dim dark rocks where meet the seas o'er whose forbidding billows lo crossed driven from Argos by the winged gad fly passing from Europe to the strand of Asia! who can these be that left the fair waters of Eurotas with green beds of reeds or Dirce's holy streams to tread this savage soil where the daughter of Zeus bedews her altars and columned fanes with blood of men? Can they have sped a chariot of the deep across the waves with oars of pine dashed in on either side before the breeze that fills the sail heaping up riches for their

homes in eager rivalry? for hope fond hope appears to man's undoing insatiate in the hearts of those who carry home a load of wealth wanderers there across the main visitors to foreign towns in idle expectation Some there are whose thouhts of wealth are not timed right and some who find it come to them

How did they pass those clashing rocks or the restless beach of Phinucus racing along the sea beat strand o'er the breakers of Ocean's queen before the breeze that filled their sails to the land where choirs of fifty Nereid maids circle in the dance and sing—the rudder steady at the stern and whistling to the breath of south west wind or zephyr on to that gleaming strand where fowls in plenty roost to the fair race course of Achilles along the cheerless sea?

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But see where the prisoners twain approach their hands fast bound with chains new victims for our goddess Silence now my friends! for those choice offerings from Hellas are now close to the temple and it was no false news the herdsman announced

Thou awful queen! if by such acts this city was thy favour accept its sacrifice not sanctioned by Hellenes though openly offered by our custom

*Enter IPHIGENIA*

Ip Ah well! my first thought must be the due performance of the goddess's service

Loose the hands of the strangers they are now devoted and must not be chained then enter the temple and make ready whatever present need requires or custom ordains (*Exit guards*)

(*Turning to the prisoners*) Ah! who was the mother that bare you? your father who was he? or your sister if haply ye had one? of what a gallant pair of brothers will she be bereft! Who knows on whom such strokes of fate will fall? for all that Heaven decrees proceeds unseen and no man knoweth of the ills in store for Fate misleads us into doubtful paths

Wherefore come ye hapless strangers? for long as ye have been in sailing hither so shall ye be long absent from your homes aye for ever in that world below

Or Woman whoe'er thou art why weepst thou thus or why distress us at the thought of our impending doom? No wise man I count him who when death looms near attempts to quell its terrors by piteous laments nor yet the man who bewails the Death god's arrival when he has no hope of

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death else shall I get a name for cowardice and  
 knavery through Argos and in all the vales of Iho-  
 e and the mob be g a host of knaves, will think  
 that I betrayed thee and secured a return to my  
 home only for myself or haply that I murdered  
 thee, huc thy house was weak d iung destruc-  
 tion for thee with a ew t thy throne as the bus  
 band f thv s it r wh would succeed This then s  
 hat I fear f thus I am ashamed and it needs must  
 be my bounden duty to b eathe my last with thee  
 slain by the same k f and burnt the same p re  
 who was th f end and fears reproach

Or Hush! my own sorrow I am bound to bear  
 and I all not doubt my burden of grief when I  
 ma ca ry it s ngl for that grief and foul reproach  
 f bi h thou speakest I must, if I slay thee my  
 fellow tode for me fluted as I am by Heaven,  
 t not am to lea e this I fe but thou art peeper  
 is a d thy home i pure of tar t and sound while  
 muse e curved alk bi lies en and destiny So s e  
 th telf and g t children f my sst r whom I ga e  
 thee to w e thou wilt m arne I e o and m f a  
 th r house w ll p e be bl tnd out th ough ha  
 sing no heat Go be ce nd li s make my labe s  
 house th home but wh n thou art e me to H lar  
 and to chit lous A gos, I charge thee b th s night  
 hand heap p m grave a d lay th reon memorials  
 f me and let my sst r shed a tear and str w her  
 tresser on my tomb and t ll h r how I pe shed by  
 a A g e made a hand consecrated at th alt r  
 by bloodshed. Forake not my sster wh n thou seest  
 thy new kin ll my father s house forlor and fare  
 thee ll, my best of friends for so has I e er  
 found thee fellow h nter foster broth r that oft  
 hast bo n th b rden f m sorrow! 'Twas Phoe-  
 bus h deceiv d us b his prophecies and so he  
 has d wed a trick to d e to as far s might be  
 from Hellas, for e sham f has h gone oracles  
 for Her ld g up m all to h m and obey r g has  
 word, even to the laying of my mothe I find my  
 self ado to return

Py A tomb shalt thou have my bu kless f end  
 or ll e er pro false to thy sster for Orestes  
 dead will be n dear t me than O estes living  
 Still if god s orsel bath n t dest oyed thee et  
 bent thou standest now at the gates of death nay  
 but my lort m at h s worst som times admits a  
 thorough cha ge

Or Cease the word f Phoebe no help to  
 me for wood r comes the maid n f om th templ

ENTER PHIGENIA

I (T the guard) Hen I go h lp th ministers of  
 death to make their prepar u s n th

He w my lert sst r, thistsman f ld dlea es  
 but listen to my further shes. A no man is th  
 ame rd M e t oia hen he has suddenly passed  
 f om fra to confid ne I am m ch fraud that when  
 b wh to ca ry the letter to Argos, is safely on  
 h w from this land he will make my messa f  
 a a ou t

Or What then would t cho ? what is t oubl og  
 thee?

Py Let him give me an oath that he w ll convey  
 th is writ ng to Argos to the friends I wish it to reach.  
 Or Wilt thou give him a similar oath in return?  
 Py What to d ? from what refrain ? tell me that  
 Or To let him go forth alive from this savage  
 land

I Justly urged for how else could he carry my  
 messa e?

Or But will the lung agree to th s?

Py Yes I will persuade him and will myself put  
 thy friend aboard

Or Swear then (to Pylades) and do thou dictate  
 some solemn oath

Py (T Pylades) Thou must promise to g e this  
 letter to my friends.

Py I w ll p e th s letter to thy friends.

Py And I will send thee safe beyond those sombre  
 rocks.

Py By wh ch of the gods dost mear to this?

Py By Artemus, in whose temple I hold my hon-  
 ourd office

Py And I bv lies en s king majestic Zeus.

Py Suppose thou fail to keep this oath to my in-  
 jury?

Py May I e er return! and thou—what if thou  
 save me not?

Py May I never live to set foot in Argos!

Py Pray hear me on a s byret we have over-  
 looked

Py Well, cu not too late pro ided it be oppor-  
 tune

Py Grant me one e mption if ight happens to  
 the sh p and the letter goes down w th the cargo  
 in th wa es and I s e only myself let th s oath  
 be so on et bnd ng

Py Dost know what I w ll d ? Much ad enture  
 mu b a hue I will tell thee all that is w ritten in  
 th leaves f this letter so that thou mayst repeat it  
 to my friend yes that insures its safety on the one  
 hand suppose thou save the writ g the sil nt l es  
 w ll of themselves tell its cont nts whereas, if what  
 is w ritten h se s lost at sea thy safety will invol e  
 the safety of my message

Py A good p o sion for thy own nterests and  
 me b tawn fy to whom I m t carry th l tter to  
 A gos and likewise the message I must repeat from  
 thy lips.

Py Go tell O estes the son of Agam mmon "Thy  
 sst r Iph g nia the w r m of Aul s, send thee this  
 message being st ll alive though dead to all in Ar-  
 gos.

Or Iph g nia still alive! where? she risen from  
 the dead?

Py I whom thine eyes behold, am sh distract  
 me or by speak g Bra me to Argos, b othe  
 re ld m e m from this sav ge land ad from  
 the goddess sacrifices at which I am appointed to  
 lay st a g r.

Or Pylades, what am I e say? wh e can we be?

Py Else will I become a cu set thy house, O es-  
 tes (u pp ngs ad eis Pylades) thou hast heard  
 the name twice to impress it on thee



Or Alive he is unhappy wretch and wandering without a home

*Ip* Begone ye lying dreams proved worthless after all!

Or Even the gods who at least bear the title of wise prove no less false than fitting dreams in things divine as well as human confusion reigns and its only one cause of grief when a man through no folly of his own but from obeying the dictates of prophets is ruined as ruined he is in the judgment of those who know

*Ch* Ah well a day! and what is the fate of our dear fathers? are they still alive or dead? who can tell?

*Ip* Listen sirs for I have hit upon a plan I think to further your interests and my own at the same time and this is the best guarantee of success if all approve the same object Wouldst thou were I to spare thee return to Argos for me with a message to my friends there and carry them a letter written by a captive out of pity for me for he regarded not mine as the hand that slew him but held our custom answerable for his death such being the view our goddess takes of justice? For I had no one to return to Argos with my message and convey my letter to some friend of mine if spared but as thou seemest to be a man of no mean breeding and knowest Mycenæ and the persons I mean accept thyself the means of rescue earning a noble wage—thy safety for a scrap of writing but thy friend must be parted from thee and offered to the goddess for this is our city's stern decree

Or A fair proposal lady stranger save in one respect That he should have to bleed is a heavy weight upon my heart for tis I who steer this troubled craft he but sail with me to save my toil Wherefore it is not right that I should pleasure thee on terms that seal his doom while I escape myself from trouble Not be this the way give him the letter for he will convey it to Argos and so thy end is served but let who will slay me Foul shame were it for a man to plunge his friends into trouble and escape himself and this man is a friend whose life I prize as highly as my own

*Ip* Hero! spirit! what a noble stock was thine! how true thou art to friends! Oh may the last survivor of my race prove such another! for I too sirs am not left brotherless only I see him not

This being thy wish I will send him to carry the letter and thou shalt die but thy goodwill towards him must be something great!

Or But who will offer me and dare that awful deed?

*Ip* Myself for this is the office I hold of the goddess

Or A sad unenviable task fair maid

*Ip* But I am the slave of necessity whose law I must observe

Or Is this the hand—this woman's hand—that draws the knife on men?

*Ip* Not that but round thy brow I shall sprinkle lustral water

Or Who gives the fatal blow? if I may ask thee this

*Ip* Inside this building are men who officiate this.  
Or What kind of tomb will await me when I am dead?

*Ip* The sacred fire within and a gaping chasm in the rock

Or Ah! would that a sister's hand could lay me out!

*Ip* An idle prayer poor wretch! whoever thou art for her home lies far from this savage shore Still as thou art an Argive I will not let thee wait for aught that is in my power I will place in thy grave good store of ornament and quench thy charred remains with yellow olive oil and will pour upon thy pyre the nectar sucked from many a flower by russet mountain bees

I go now to fetch my letter from the goddess's temple yet regard not this ill will as mine

Watch them guards without binding them It may be I shall send unlooked for tidings to a friend in Argos even to him whom most I love and the letter announcing that they live whom he thinks dead will confirm the message of joy

*Exit IPHIGENEIA*

*Ch* (To ORESTES) I weep for thee the victim of her fatal sprinkling

Or Nay there is nothing here for tears rather rejoice ye lady strangers

*Ch* (To PYLADES) I give thee joy young sir on thy happy fortune in that thou wilt tread thy native soil

*Py* No cause surely to envy a man when his friends are dying!

*Ch* Alas cruel mission!

Woe is thee! thy doom is sealed Ah! which of the pair is the more undone? My mind is still distraught with two fold doubt whether to mourn for thee or thee the more

Or Prithee Pylades art thou in like case with myself?

*Py* I know not thy question finds me with no answer ready

Or Who is this maid? How like a daughter of Hellas she questioned us of the toils at Troy and the Achæans' return of Calchas the clever augur and famous Achilles! what pity she expressed for Agamemnon's fate and how she pressed me about my wife and children! This stranger maid is haply an Argive by descent else would she never have been sending a letter and inquiring so straitly about these matters as if she shared herself in the welfare of Argos

*Py* Thou hast forestalled me slightly but for all that thy conclusions are the same except on one point all of course who have ever had dealings with others hear about the misfortunes of kings But there was quite another theme she discussed

Or What was that? divulge it to me and thou mayest understand it better

*Py* It is shameful that I should live and thou be slain as I shared thy voyage so ought I to share thy

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a deli'erance from trouble for the two survivors of the house of Atreus?

Oh, that I had e seen with mine eyes, not merely heard men tell may rank with miracles in respect than fiction.

For Orestes, it is natural for friends to embrace each other when they meet, but thou must leave lamentation and face that other question as well, how we are to escape from this strange land with our safety honourably secured. For the wise man's way when once he gets a chance is not to indulge in pleasures foreign to abandon his fortune.

Or Thou art right, and fortune I feel sure is bent on helping our efforts here. (We a man exerts himself, the gods naturally have greater power.)

I (Talthybius) Thou shalt not stop me or prevent me from first inquiring how Electra fares for an news of her will be welcome to me.

Or Her is her husband (promising to prevail) who is a happy life.

I What is his country? who his sire?

Or His father's name is Strophon, a Phocian.

I Why then, he is the son of Atreus' day-blessed my kinsman?

Or The cousin, yes, my one I value friend.

I He was not born, who is my father's son, but my life.

Or No, for Strophon had no son for some time.

I My sister's husband hail!

Or No, so your too and no me a kinsman.

I How does thou bring it self to that awful deed reward, our mother?

Or Let us say nothing of the deed, twas my resistance for my sake.

I What was her reason for slaying her husband?

Or Forewarned mother story is no tale for thy ears.

I I say no more, but does Argos now look up at thee?

Or Menelaus is king, and I an exile from my country.

I Surely our uncle never so insulted our afflicted house?

Or No, but the fear of his avenging friends drives me from the land.

I Then that pleases the story of thy madness on here, ponder best.

Or This is not the first time I have been seen in my misery.

I I understand it, goddesses were chaste, thee on coast of the mother's murder.

Or To put blood in my mouth.

I But why was it to the land thou didst guide thy steps?

Or I came but not a word of Phoebeus.

I But what is that? Is it a secret or may it be told?

Or I will tell thee all my sorrows, that from the time my father punished me of his sin, nothing had devoted me on my chase into exile, but fearful of God, he pursued till I came at last guided in foot steps to Athens, to make atonement

to the unnamed goddesses, for there is there a holy tribunal, which Zeus set up one day to try Ares for some pollution. It is said, 'Now on my arrival at Athens, not one of my friends was ready to receive me at first as a man abhorred by Hecate afterwards they who had pity on me supplied me with stranger's cheer at a table apart, being in the same room as I, but their silence they contrived to exclude me from conversation, that I might keep aloof from their resting and drinking, and filling each man's cup with the same measure of wine for all they were enjoying themselves. As meantime did not presume to question my hosts, but was sorrowful in silence and pretended not to notice it though grieved bitterly that I was my mother's murderer.' Moreover I hear that amongst the Athenians my misfortunes have become the occasion for a festival and the custom yet survives of the people of Pallas honouring the pitcher. But when I came to Ares' hall and stood my trial on one platform, the eldest of the venerable friends upon the other Phoebeus, having made his speech and heard the evidence about my mother's murder, said to me by his testimony and Pallas, counting out the votes in her hand made them equal for me, so I came off triumphant in the murder trial. Thereon as many of the avenging friends as agreed with the verdict and were for settling there resolved to have a temple close to the tribunal, but such of them as concurred not with the precedent continued to persecute me in restless pursuit till once again I sought the hallowed soil of Phoebeus, and stretching myself in prayer before his shrine I swore to end my life then and there, unless he who had ruined me would find me salvation, whereupon the voice of Phoebeus pealed from his golden tripod, and he sent me hither to fetch the image which fell from heaven, and set it up in Athena. Help me then to compass the means of safety, he has appeared to me for if I can secure the image of the goddess, I shall not only cease from my mad fits, but return out on well rowed ship restore thee to Mycenae once again. Ah! my sister, well beloved! preserve thy father's house and send me hence in safety for I and the fortunes of Pelops race are united in one, unless we secure the image of the goddess, that fell from heaven.

Oh Son of God, I cannot burn forth against the seed of Tantalus, and it is leading them through trouble.

I If it will please me, brother, even be for thy coming to be at Argos and see thee face to face, and my desire is thine to set thee free from suffering and restore my father's sin-kenned house, but bearing no a pity thought towards him, he would have slain me, for so should I be spared thy blood and so a my house, but how am I to elude the goddess, and the king when he find the stone pedestal robbed of its image? That is my fear. How shall I escape death? What account can I give? If thou canst combine the act of carrying off the image and placing it on thy galleys, the risk becomes worth running, but once I am separated from it, I am lost.

Or Ye gods!

*Ip* Why invoke the gods in matters which only concern me?

Or 'Tis nothing read on my thoughts had straved elsewhere. Perhaps if I question thee I shall arrive at the truth.

*Ip* Tell him the goddess Artemis saved my life by substituting a hind in my stead which my father sacrificed when he thought he plunged the sharp knife in me and she put me to dwell in this land.

There is my message and that is what is written in the tier tier.

*P* How easy for me to observe the oath by which thou hast bound me! how fair thine owl I will make no long delay but satisfy what I have sworn.

There! Orestes I bring this letter and deliver it to thee from this lady thy sister.

Or I accept it but letting its folded pages wait awhile I will first indulge my joy not in mere words (*Approaching to embrace* *TRISTEVIAS*) My own dear sister struck with wonder though I am I yet will fold thee to my doubting heart and rejoice in my wondrous news.

*Ch* Thou hast no right sir stranger to pollute the handmaid of our goddess by throwing thy arms about her holy robes.

Or Oh! turn not from me sister mine sprung from Agamemnon like myself now that thou hast found thy brother beyond all expectation.

*Ip* Found my brother in thee! A truce to this idle talk! Why Argos and Nauplia are filled with his presence now.

Or That is not where he dwells poor maid.

*Ip* Can thy mother have been a daughter of Spartan Tyndareus?

Or Yes and my father a grandson of Pelops.

*Ip* What dost thou say? hast any proof to give me of this?

Or I have ask me something about our father's home.

*Ip* Nay tis surely for thee to speak for me to answer.

Or Well I will tell thee first a story I heard Electra tell knowest thou ought of a quarrel twixt Atreus and Thyestes?

*Ip* I have heard that they fell out about a golden lamb.

Or Canst thou remember brodering this on the fine texture of thy web?

*Ip* Dearest brother! thou comest very near my heart.

Or Hast thou forgotten the picture on thy loom the changing of the sun god's course?

*Ip* That was the very pattern I embroidered with fine woven thread!

Or Next didst thou receive the bridal bath sent by thy mother to Aulis?

*Ip* I have not forgotten that marriage was not so happy as to take away the memory of it.

Or Once more, dost remember giving a lock of hair to be carried to thy mother?

*Ip* Aye as a memorial of myself for my tomb in place of my body.

Or Next will I name as proofs what I have seen myself the ancient spear of Pelops in our father's house hidden away in thy maiden bower that spear he brandished in his hand to slay Ctenomus and win Hippodamia Pisa's prize.

*Ip* Orestes O my brother dear dearer than aught else to me I hold thee in my arms, my best beloved far from Argos the home of our fathers.

Or And I hold thee whom all thought dead while tears that are not tears of sorrow with grief and joy commingling bedew alike thy eyes and mine.

*Ip* I left thee in our halls a new born babe still in thy nurse's arms that fatal day O blest in fortune past all words to tell! What can I say? These things have come upon us transcending wonder or description.

Or May we be happy together for the future!

*Ip* Good friends I feel a stran unwonted joy my only fear is that he will fly from my arms and soar away into the air.

All hail Cyclopean hearths and homes! my country dear Mycenæ hail! I thank thee yes I thank thee both for life and bringing up for that thou hast reared my brother from his youth to be a light unto our house.

Or Lucky in our birth sister were we, but our life has not proved so lucky in its laps.

*Ip* Ah mel how well I recollect the day when my wretched father held the sword blade at my throat!

Or Horrible! I seem to see thee there though I was not present.

*Ip* I remember brother being taken away by trickery as if to wed Achilles no marriage hymn was sung but instead were tears and wailing at the altar. Woe for the water sprinkled on me there!

Or And I repeat woe for our father's reckless deed!

*Ip* 'Twas no true father meted out that fate to me and now one trouble is following on another—

Or Yes if thou hadst slain thy brother hapless maid.

*Ip* By some god's intervention Oh! that I should have dared so dare a crime! Alas! brother I ventured on a fearful deed thou didst but just escape an unholy doom death at my hands. How will the matter end? what will be my fate? what means can I discover to convey thee hence from this murderous land to thy home in Argos before the sword requires thy blood? Ah suffering soul! tis thy business to devise a means for this. Wilt thou fly by land not on shipboard relying on thy speed of foot? Why then thou wilt have death ever at thy elbow as thou farest through savage tribes and over pathless ways it must be the narrow passage twixt the misty rocks after all a tedious course for ships to run.

Ah mel a hapless lot is mine. What god or man or unforeseen event could bring about a happy release.

ful swans do serve to the Muse: Weel for the streams fears that ous'd adown m cheeks, what turn our turrets fell, and I the prey of our and rear was set aboard a foeman's ship: then, pur chased at costly price was carried to this foreign port where I must starve to the day. Sister of Agamemnon, priestess of the huntress queen, serve at altars on which heep are ever sacrificed, and on which that hath been al' avenging for if a man born and bred in hardships, he faints, tho' no woe'r th' m, but happiness is subject to change: and to be afflicted after prosperous days is a grievous lot for mortals.

Home the Arg. e ship will bear thee lady and give sin: tes from mou' tain Pan's was sacred need, will cheer the r'ers to their t'w and prophetic Phœbeus will bring his deep-toned lyre with seven strings and escort thee with arms to fair br'it Asia. There will dash on blades need away her morsel her and o'er the bows of thy row'd bark will her a will make her can a m' I trust the forests with trees.

Oh to break you dazzl' track where th' ferry sun goes g'g' forth, as when boy in chariot's run to r' the rapid paces no nor he? Oh! to take my station in the dance when once at noble marriages I could round in fr'om staff of c'arms th' m' congregate, and roused them t' vie with th' e n's splendour of m' dress, a I drew m' broadened ed by t' me and shaded m' cheek with e' u' t' g' curls.

Enter two s

Tho' When it warden of these ten p' gates, be maid of Hebe! His be e' begun th' n'ies on be s' r' g' s' as these bodies blaze in the hel' br'ne.

O Her' she is. O kin to e' la' ev' r'itha t' thee.

Enter three s

Th' His d' s' e' s' Agamemnon, wh' art thou bean' g' on m' s' f' the goddess in th' e' arms from b' s' r'ed-mortal.

I 's' were O kin t' th' entrance.  
Th' What new now in th' temple Iphigenia?  
I 'A'unt! I m' (notes p' 1105 s' to explain)  
I in point on e' s' t' t' the word.

Th' What is th' p' r' s' equ' m' su' h' a' p' r' e' f' a' c' e' ?  
F' p' a' n'.

Ip Th' s' t' m' s' e' wh' h' ye had captured for m' ear u' c' l' e' a' n'.

Th' What p' r' o' f' s' th' h' t' thou? of is it m' e' r' c' o' n' j' u' r' e' ?

Ip The statu' of the goddess turned way from t' position.

Th' Of its own accord or did an earthquake turn t'?

Ip Of its own accord and it loy'd t' e' s'.

Th' What s' th' cause? the sun's rays pollute r'?

Ip Yes that and nothing else the ha' m' m' m' t' e' d' c' r' i' m' e'.

Th' Can they ha' es' l' a' u' s' i' o' n' of my subjects on the beach?

I The broo' h' the guilt of murder with them—the guilt of kindred slain.

Th' Who was their victim? I am desirous of learn' ing.

I 'Twas a mother's blood they spill'd hav' n' g' con spir'd to stab her.

Th' O Apo! I even among t' barbar' n' none would ha' e' h' a' d' th' heart to do it.

I They were hurried from every corner! I! Loe.

Th' I thus the reason th' art carry' n' the m' s' a' from the shrine?

I Yes, t' remove it from t' t' a' n' t' of bloodshed by p' a' c' t' the c' h' i' t' e' h' o' l' y' f' i' r' m' a' n' t'.

Th' I what was didst thou discover the impi' ty of these stran' g' e' r' s'?

I When the m' s' e' of the g' r' e' k' s' turned away I question'd Lœta.

Th' Thou art a shrewd d' s' t' e' r' s' i' l' e' l' a' s' to ha' e' guess'd this so d' e' c' i' s'.

I Yes, and only now they can led before me a t' e' m' p' t' i' o' n' h' a' s' t' o' c' a' t' c' h' m' s' i' n' c' e'.

Th' W' b' r' a' n' g' news of those in Argos to sure Lœta.

I Good news of Orestes, my only brother.

Th' No doubt to induce thee to spare them for their glad tidings.

I The said too that my father was alive and well.

Th' A t' u' r' a' l' th' escape was a reference to the claim of th' goddess.

Ip Yes! I hate all Hellas, that betray'd m'.

Th' What pray are n' to do with the stran' g' e' r' s'?

I We must p' r' o' u' d' l' y' o' b' s' e' r' v' e' the established cus' t' o' m'.

Th' Is not the lustral water read' n' d' th' k' n' e' d'?

I My purpose is t' cleanse them fir' t' b' p' u' r' i' f' i' c' a' t' i' o' n'.

Th' In fresh spring water or salt sea spray?

Ip The sea washes a' n' from man all that is ill.

Th' True th' v' would then be hol' victims for th' goddess.

I Yes, and thus would suit my own news better.

Th' I'll d' not the waves dash full upon the templ' walls?

Ip Solitude is necessary for w' h' a' e' th' e' r' d' u' t' i' e' s' t' p' e' r' f' o' r' m'.

Th' T' l' e' them wh' e' s' t' o' w' l' t' I have no w' h' to w' t' n' e' s' s' what may not be told.

Ip I must also p' r' i' s' t' h' m' p' e' of the goddess.

Th' Yes, s' a' y' t' a' u' t' h' a' s' m' upon it fir' m' th' e' m' a' t' i' o' n' d' e' s'.

Ip H' d' th' e' b' e' e' n' e' I should ne' e' r' ha' e' r' e' m' o' e' d' it from its pedestal.

Th' Thy p' e' t' d' e' l' e' t' h' g' h' t' a' s' n' i' g' h' t'.

I Let me ha' e' the th' g' s' th' u' knowest I eq' t'.

Th' 'Tis for th' t' nam' those w' a' t' s'.

Ip Lead th' t' r' g' r' s' w' th' f' i' t' t' e' r' s'.

Th' Whither could they escape? m' th' e' r'?

Ip Good faith is q' u' a' t' e' u' k' w' a' m' o' g' l' l' o' c' e' e' s'.

Th' (I h' s' e' n' n' i' t'!) A' y' and bind them straitly!

Ip Next let them b' r' i' n' the stran' g' e' r' s' forth.

although thou mayest succeed in thy enterprise and find a safe return not that I shrink from death—if die I must—when I have saved thee no indeed! for a man's loss from his family is felt while a woman's is of little moment

Or I will never be thy murderer as well as my mother's enough that I have shed her blood! With thee I fain would live one life or dying share the self same fate For if I fall not here myself I will take thee home or else remain and die with thee Hear my reasoning were this opposed to the will of Artemis how could Loxias have bidden me carry the image of the goddess to the citadel of Pallas? and see thy face wherefore putting all these facts together I am hopeful of securing our return

Ip How can we possibly escape death and likewise achieve our object? That is the weak point in our homeward route that is what we must devise

Or Could we contrive to kill the king?

Ip That is a fearful risk for new comers to slay their hosts

Or But we must run the risk if it will save us

Ip I commend your zeal but you could not succeed

Or Well suppose thou wert to hide me stealthily in yonder lane?

Ip That we might avail ourselves of the darkness I suppose and escape?

Or Yes for darkness is the robber's day the light was made for truth

Ip There are guards inside the temple whom we cannot elude

Or Alas! we are utterly undone how are we to escape?

Ip I have hit upon a novel scheme methinks

Or Of what kind? Impart thy thoughts to me that I may know it too

Ip I will make a cunning use of thy troubles.

Or No doubt thou wilt women are clever at inventing tricks

Ip I shall say thou art a matricide fresh from Argos

Or Make use of my misfortunes if it will serve thy turn

Ip And I shall tell them thou art no proper sacrifice for the goddess—

Or What reason canst thou give? I half suspect

Ip Because thou art unclean whereas I must have what is pure to offer

Or And how does this bring the goddess's image any nearer capture

Ip It will be my wish to purify thee in fresh sea water

Or Still is the image left in the temple and that was our object in sailing hither

Ip I will say I must wash it also as if thou hadst touched it

Or But where? Is it a sea filled creek thou meanest?

Ip There where thy ship is riding at anchor moored with ropes

Or Will the image be in thy hands or some other's?

Ip In mine for I alone may touch it

Or What part will Pylades have assigned him in the murder?

Ip He will be described as having the same stain on his hands as thou hast

Or Wilt thou do this unknown to the king or with his knowledge?

Ip After persuading him for I could never elude his vigilance

Or Well at any rate the ship is there with its oars ready to smite the waves Thy business must it be to see that all else is well arranged One thing alone is wanting these ladies secrecy implore them and find persuasive arguments woman is gifted with a power of moving sympathy and for the rest all perhaps may turn out well

Ip Dearest friends I look to you on you my fortunes are hanging whether for weal or woe and loss of fatherland and brother and sister dear

Be this the text of what I have to say—our womanhood with its kindly feeling towards members of our sex and our intense loyalty in preserving secrets that affect us all For my sake hold your peace and help us might and main to escape an honour to its owner is a trusty tongue Now ye see how a sin's le chance is left these three fast friends either to return to their fatherland or die here If once my safety is secured I will bring thee safe to Hellas that thou mayst also share my fortune To thee and thee (*addressing different members of the chorus*) I make my prayer by thy right hand to thee by thy dear cheek thy knees and all thou prizest most at home by father mother eye and babe if there be any mothers here What say ye? which of you assents to this and which refuses? Speak for if ye agree not to my proposal both I and my luckless brother are lost

Ch Take heart dear lady mine only save thyself for thou shalt find me dumb wherever thou enjoinest silence so help me mighty Zeus!

Ip A blessing on you for those words! may happiness be yours! 'Tis now thy part and thine (*to ORESTES and PYLADES*) to enter the temple for our monarch will soon be here inquiring if the sacrifice of the strangers is over

Dread queen! that once didst save my life from my father's hand and murder dire save me now again and these as well else will the words of Loxias cease to be believed by men because of thee Oh! be gracious and quit this savage shore for glorious Athens for 'tis not right that thou shouldst live on here when a city so blest may be thine

*Exit IPHIGENIA ORESTES and PYLADES*

Ch O bird by ocean's rocky reefs! thou hal von that singest thy hard fate in doleful song whose note the well trained ear can catch and know that thou art ever moaning for thy mate with thee I match my tearful plaint an unwinged songstress longing for the gatherings of Hellas for Artemis our high birth whose home is by the Cynthian hill with its luxuriant palm and sprouting bay and sacred shoots of olive pale welcome to Latona in her trail vail beside the rounded eddying mere where tune

the strangers, taking the goddess's holy urna with her that Diana was all chaste.

Th How now? what celestial influence possessed her?

Me In her efforts to save Orestes. Yes, that will assist thee.

Th Wh. h Orestes? him who in the daughter of Troadetis bore?

Me Him whom our goddess consecrated to her altar.

Th Miraculous event! How can I find too strong a cause for thee?

Me Turn not thy attention to either but listen to me and when thou hast heard stand and behold the matter devise a means of pursuit to hunt the strangers down.

Th Say on, for thy words are good us no short way to the harbor before them, that so they can escape in ships.

Me As soon as we reached the beach where the ship of Orestes was moored a hidden day-hunter, Aiamemnon, joined us, who without consent with her to carry letters for the strangers, stand aloof as if he were about to light the fire and off to the cleaning rites, which she had come to perform. Holding in her hand the cord that bound the strangers, she went on behind them. This seemed suspicious, and both thy attendants were satisfied. After while to make us think he was really doing something unusual, he lifted up her voice and began chanting magic spells in a strange tone, as if for sooth she were cleansing them of their blood-guiltiness. Now after we had continued sitting long time, I occurred to us that the strangers must have broken loose and she had taken to flight. Still, we were afraid of witnessing what we ought not to have seen, we remained seated in silence until I had the same proposal was made by all of us, to visit them, although no idea was in our minds. And there we see the hull of a vessel floating with wind-broadened sails, our blades fitted to it, and fifty sailors, our hands, at the oars, and the youths, now free standing as near the ship while some were steady in the prow, the poles, others had to get the anchor to the ear heads, and the rest haul in cables, getting ladders ready while we had hold of the transverse mast and the hawser's reckless, trying at the same time to wash the sails from the gulf, to sift through its ruddersport and words passed between us. What port had they for this stealthy raid on our images and priestesses from our land? who, and whose son art thou that seekest to smother this maiden hence? And answer came I am Orestes, the son of Agamemnon this maid is my sister, other that thou art learn the truth for she whom I have taken hence with me is my sister I once lost from my home. Now thou less wilt bid the transverse mast and were for forcing her to follow us there and that was how my cheeks came to these fearful blows for they had no weapons in their hands, nor I had with me there was sturdy buffeting of fists, and likewise feet

were a meddlesome side and heart both those youths, so we closed with them and were at once exhausted. Then we fled to the cliff most terribly marked covered with blood marks, some on their head and others on their faces but once stationed on the rocks, we fought more cautiously and began by pelting them with stones but archers, posted on the stern, kept us off with their arrows, compelling us to retire to a distance. Meantime a monster was had driven the vessel shoreward and as the maiden feared to wet her feet Orestes took his sister on his left shoulder and stepping into the sea he leapt upon the ladder and set her down inside the gallant ship, with the image of the daughter of Zeus which fell from the beam. Amongst once was heard speaking from the vessel's midst the manners of Hellas grip your oars and dash the billows into foam, for now the prize is ours, which we sailed to the Euxine Sea to win, through the jaws of the clashing rocks.

With deep-drawn breaths of joy they smote the breeze and the ship rode wave so long as she was beside the harbor but meeting a furious surge as she was crossing the harbour bar she began to labour for on a sudden a tempestuous wind arose and forced her shoreward, stern foremost and the rowers tug and strained to fight the waves but still it backward wash would drive the ship to land again. Then Aiamemnon, day-hunter, rose and prayed "O daughter of Latona save me bring thy priestess unto Hellas out of this strange land and pardon me this fit As thou, O goddess, lovest thy brother so believe that I too love my kith and kin." Therewith the sailors run their poles to second the maiden's prayer and baring their arms from the shoulder down, gripped their oars together as the boatswain's cry. But ever nearer to the rocks the ship drew on, and some sprang into the sea, others began fastening trusted nooses to the shore while I was straightway sent hither to thee my here to announce what had befallen there. So haste thee hence with griefs and cords for unless thou art grow calm, those strangers have no hope of safety.

It is Poseidon, majestic ruler of the main, who is regarding Ilium with his frowning on the race of Priops and now it seems, he will deliver up into thine hands and the hands of thy subject the son of Aiamemnon with his sister. He stands convicted of faithlessness to the goddess in forgetting the sacrifice at Aulis.

END OF ACT II

Ch. Alas for thee Iphigeneia! once more within the radiant clasp of thy wilt be slain with thy brother.

Th Ho! every dweller in this foreign land up and bind your steed and gaily go to the beach! there await the train of the Hellenic ship and then hunt the goddess-wreacher even with the help of the goddess. Go, you others, and launch my swiftest galleys, that we may either overhail them by sea or rid them down by land and hurl them headlong from precipice or impale their limbs on stakes.

(Turning to the women.) As for you women, their accomplices herein, I will punish you hereafter when

*Th* It shall be done

*Ip* After drawing a veil over their heads—

*Th* In presence of the radiant sun

*Ip* Send some of thy attendants with me

*Th* Here are those who will form thy escort

*Ip* Also dispatch a messenger to warn the citizens

*Th* What will happen?

*Ip* To remain indoors all of them

*Th* Lest they meet with murderers?

*Ip* Aye for such things bring pollution

*Th* (to a servant) Hence and proclaim this!

*Ip* Above all must my friends—

*Th* Thou meanest me

*Ip* Keep wholly out of sight

*Th* Thou takest good heed for the city's weal

*Ip* No wonder

*Th* No wonder the whole city looks up to thee

*Ip* Do thou stay here before the shrine to help the goddess

*Th* With what object?

*Ip* Purify the building with torches

*Th* That thou mayst find it pure on thy return?

*Ip* As soon as the strangers pass out—

*Th* What must I do?

*Ip* Hold thy robe before thine eyes

*Th* To avoid the murderer's taint?

*Ip* But if I appear to be tarrying over long—

*Th* Is there to be any limit to my waiting?

*Ip* Feel no surprise

*Th* Take thine own time and serve the goddess well

*Ip* Oh may this purification have the end I wish!

*Th* I add my prayers to that *Exit THOAS*

*Ip* Behold I see the strangers just leaving the temple with ornaments for the goddess and young lambs for me to purge the taint of blood by shedding more with blazing torches too and all else that I myself prescribed for the cleansing of the strangers and the goddess

Away from this pollution citizens! each warden of the temple gates keeping pure his hands in Heaven's service whoso is eager to marry a wife all women labouring with child hence! hence! away! that this pollution cross not your path

(Aside) Virgin Queen daughter of Zeus and Latona! if I wash the murderers of their guilt and sacrifice where tis right I should thy temple will be pure for thy habitation and we shall be blest more I say not but still my meaning shall plain to thee goddess and to those like thee who know the rest

*Exit IPHIGENIA*

*Ch* Fair was the child Latona bore one day in the fruitful vales of Delos a babe with golden hair well skilled in harping and his darling archery and leaving the scene of her glorious travail she brought him from that sea beat ridge to the peak of Parnassus parent of gushing streams where Dionysus holds his revels Thereneath the shade of leafy bays a speckled snake with blood red eyes armoured in gleaming scales an earth born monster huge terrific kept guard o'er the oracle beneath the ground but thou whilst yet a babe still struggling in thy mother's

arms didst slay him Phœbus and enter on most holy prophecy and thou sittest on the golden tripod thy throne of truth dispensing Heaven's oracles to men from beneath the sanctuary in thy home at earth's centre hard by the founts of Castaly

But when Apollo scorned had dispossessed Earth's daughter Themis of the holy oracles her mother raised a brood of nightly phantoms seen in dreams telling to many a mortal wight as he lay asleep in the darkness what has been and yet shall be and Earth jealous for her daughter's sake robbed Phœbus of the honour of his oracles but he the prince went hurrying off to Olympus and twined his childish arms round Zeus's throne beseeching him to take from his Pythian home the visions nightly sent by angry Earth and Zeus smiled to see his son come straight to him because he would keep his worship rich in precious gifts and he nodded his locks promising to stop the voices heard at night and took from mortals the divination of darkness restoring his honours to Loxias and to mortals their confidence in the oracles he chanted on his throne amid the throng of pilgrims

*Enter MESSENGER*

*Messenger* Guardians of the temple and ministers of the altar where is Thoas the king of this land? throw wide those bolted doors and call the monarch outside the building

*Ch* What is wrong? if I may speak unbidden

*Me* The pair of youths have disappeared seeking to fly the land by the tricks of Agamemnon's child and they have taken the sacred statue in the hold of their ship

*Ch* Incredible! But the king of the land whom thou wishest to see has already left the shrine in haste

*Me* Whither away? for he must be told what is happening

*Ch* We know not but set off in pursuit and when thou hast found him tell thy news

*Me* See how treacherous women are! I have had some share in these doings

*Ch* Art mad? What have we to do with the strangers' escape? Away and lose no time in reaching thy master's gates!

*Me* Not until some one makes this point quite clear whether the ruler of the land is in the shrine or not

What hol unbar the doors! to those inside I call tell my master I am here at the gate with heavy news for him

*Th* (appearing at the temple door) Who is raising this uproar at the temple battering the doors and spreading panic within?

*Me* These women tried to get me away asserting falsely that thou wert gone forth though in the temple all the time

*Th* What did they expect to gain? What was their object?

*Me* I will tell thee about them later listen now to the matter in hand The maid Iphigenia who used to be the priestess here has fled the land with

## IPHIGENIA AT AULIS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AGAMEMNON

ATTENDANT

CHORUS OF WOMEN OF CHALCIS

MENELAUS

CLYTEMNESTRA

IPHIGENIA

ACHILLES

MESSENGER

*The sea-coast at Aulis. Enter AGAMEMNON and ATTENDANT*

*Agamemnon* Old man, come hither and stand before my dwell.

*Attendant* I come, what new schemes now wilt thou, Agamemnon?

*Ag* Thou shalt hear.

*Att* I am all eagerness. 'Tis little enough sleep old man allows me and keenly it watches over my eyes.

*Ag* What can that star be steering his course towards?

*Att* Sirius, still shooting over the eastern horizon, was the Pleiads were enfolded track.

*Ag* The birds are still at any rate and the sea is calm, bushes are the winds, and silent woods over this narrow firth.

*Att* Then by art thou outside thy tent why so restless, my lord Agamemnon? All is yet quiet here.

*Ag* Aulis, the watch on the walls is not yet a stir. Let us go in.

*Att* I envy thee old man, yet a delicate man who leads a life secure, unknown and untroubled by the strife of those in office.

*Ag* And yet there we place the be-all and end-all of existence.

*Att* Aye, but that is where thy daughter comes and ambition sweet though it seems brings sorrow with it. I can see it on thy face. At on time thy unsatisfied claims of Helen can pierce our life at any time the numerous people of the land are your subjects shatter it.

*Ag* I like not these secret meetings in a place who is a child. It was I that I bless you that Atreus begot thee. O Agamemnon, but thou must needs experience, and sorrow like mortal as thou art. Even though thou likest not this is what the gods decree, but thou after I tell thee the people spread its light broad writest the letter which is still in thy hands and thou rasest the same word again sealing and opening the scroll, thou art giving the tablet to the sound with flood of tears and leaving a thing undone in thy aimless behavior to tempt thee mad. What troubles thee? What news is there affecting thee? I go? Come show me this. Thou art a child and trusty heart wilt thou be telling me for Tyndareus sent me that day to form part of thy wife's dowry and to wait upon the bride with loyalty.

*Ag* Leda, the daughter of Thestius, had three children, Maedon, Phoebe, Clytemnestra my wife and Helen. This last it was who had for wooers the foremost of the famous sons of Hellen, but terrible threats of spilling his royal blood were uttered by each of them should he fail to win the maid. Now the matter filled Tyndareus, her father with perplexity at length this thought occurred to him the suitors should swear unto each other and join their hands thereon and pour libations with burnt sacrifice binding themselves by this curse. Whoever wins the child of Tyndareus for wife he must we arm in case a rival takes her from his house and goes his way robbing her husband of his rights and will march against that man in armed array and raze his city to the ground. Hellen no less than her bar.

Now when the had once pledged their word and old Tyndareus with small delicacy had beguiled them by his shrewd device he allowed his daughter to choose from among her suitors the one towards whom the breath of love might fondly waft her. His choice fell on Menelaus would she had never taken him. For on the day he came to Lacedæmon from Phrygia so like the man which legend says, adjudged the goddesses dispute in robes of gorgeous hue ablaze with gold in the barbaric pomp and he, finding Menelaus gone from home, carried Helen off with him. He has stood on Leda a willing partner Goaded to frenzy Menelaus flew through Hellen, king the ancient oath exacted by Tyndareus and declaring the duty of helping the injured husband. Whereat the rivalry of Hellas, brandishing their spears and donning their harness, came hither to the narrow straits of Aulis with a multitude of ships and troops with many need a many a car and they chose me to captain them all for the sake of Menelaus, since I was his brother. Would that some other had gained that duty, for on instead of me I should have after the army was gathered and come together we still remained at Aulis weather bound.

Calchas, the seer, bade us in our perplexity sacrifice my own begotten child Iphigenia to Artemis, whose home is in the land declaring that if we offered her we should sail and sack the Phrygians' capital, but if we refused, this was our lot for us. When I heard this, I came and did Thyestes with loud proclamation to disband the whole host, as I could



I have leisure but now with the present business  
before me I will not remain idle

*ATHENA appears above the stage*

*Athena* Whither King Thoas whither art thou  
carrying this pursuit? Harken to the words of  
Athena who is here Cease pursuing or sending sol-  
diers streaming after them for Orestes was destined  
by Apollo's oracle to come hither first to escape the  
fury of the avenging fiends and then to convey his  
sister home to Argos and the sacred image to my  
land a respite from his present afflictions This I  
say to thee and for Orestes whom they thinkest to  
catch at sea and slay — now is Poseidon guiding  
him hence on his ship for my sake smoothing the  
surface of the deep

Orestes—thou hearest the voice for it is a god-  
dess speaking although thou art not here—mark  
well my hests take the image and thy sister and go  
hence and when thou art come to Athens that god-  
built town thou wilt find a spot upon the utmost  
bounds of Attica bordering on Carystus' ridge a  
holy place called Halae by my people There build  
a temple and set up the image named after the  
Taurian land and the labours long endured by thee  
in ranging Hellas to and fro through the goading of  
avenging fiends Henceforth shall mortal men chant  
her praises as Artemis the Taurian goddess Ordain  
this law also when the people celebrate her festival  
the priest to compensate her for thy sacrifice must  
hold his knife to a human throat and blood must  
flow to satisfy the sacred claims of the goddess that  
she may have her honours

As for thee Iphigenia thou must keep her temple  
keys at Brauron shallowed path of steps<sup>1</sup> there shalt

<sup>1</sup> S d to ref r to steps cut in the rock leading to the  
templ of Artemis at Brauron

thou die and there shall they bury thee honouring  
thee with offerings of robes — on all the finely woven  
vestments left in their homes by such — die in child-  
birth (*To THOAS*) And I charge thee send these  
daughters of Hellas on their way hence because of  
their righteous decision I saved thee once be-  
fore Orestes when I allotted the votes equally on  
the hill of Ares and this shall be an ordinance who-  
ever secures an equal division of votes wins his case  
So bear thy sister from the land son of Agamemnon  
and thou Thoas be no longer angry

*Th* Whoso hears the voice of God and disobeys  
— no sane man O queen Athena For my part I am  
not wroth with Orestes or his sister though he *has*  
taken the image hence for what credit is there in  
struggling with the mighty gods? Let them go with  
the goddess's image to thy land and there erect it to  
their joy Moreover I will send these women to Hel-  
las their happy home as thou commandest me and  
will check my spear which I am lifting against the  
strangers and stop the sailing of my ships since this  
is thy good pleasure goddess

*Th* Well said for necessity is stronger than thee  
aye and than the gods

Go ye breezes waft the son of Agamemnon on  
his way to Athens and I myself will share his voy-  
age keeping the image of my sister safe

*Ch* Go and luck go with you happy in your pres-  
ervation!

Hail to thee! Pallas Athena name revered by  
deathless gods as well as mortal men! we will per-  
form all thy bidding for very welcome and unlooked  
for are the words I have heard

Most holy Victory! possess my life and never  
grudge thy crown!

*Exeunt OMNES*

Atreus, have the goddess Pallas set in a war of car drawn by steeds with solid hoof, a lucky sign for warriors. Then I saw Boetia's fleet of fifty sails decked with ensigns: these had Cadmus at the stern bow— a golden dragon at the beaks of the vessels, and earth-born Lemus was their admiral. Lacedaemon they were ships from Phoen and from Lacon came the son of Oileus with a equal crew. And last I saw Thracian ships crowded and from Mycenae, the Cyprian towers, Atreus' son sent a hundred well-manned galleys, his brother being with him in command, as friend with friend, that Hellas might exact vengeance on her who had fled her home to wed a stranger. Also I saw the German Nestor, prowess from Phrygia the sign of his two horses Alpheus, four-hoofed like a bull. Moreover there was a squadron of twelve Argonian sails under King Gounereus and next the lord of Elis, surrounded near them, whom all the Greeks named Epicharmus and Eurymachus was lord of these. Likewise he led the Tegean warriors with the white ear blades, the subject of Menelaus, son of Phryxus, who had left the ships at the Echradia, where they could not land. Leda's Aegisthus, varied in Salamis, was joining his night with a gift of those near him. He was poised, among the line with his outermost sails— and a barques obedient to the helm— as I heard and then saw the crew no sail return should he obtain, who brings his barque boats to temple land. There I saw the naval armament, but when I heard I bemoaned the gathered host, whereof I would have a home, even.

ENTER MENELAUS (AND ATTENDED BY)

At (4 MENELAUS, a letter from her) Strife-dan, Leda's Menelaus, what thou hast done? Menelaus (hand back) thou carried lovers to thy master too far.

At The crew upon whom thou hast for me is my credit.

Men Thou shalt rue it, if thou wouldst, in matters that concern thee not.

At Thou hadst no right to open a letter which is mine.

Men No, nor thou to be carrying sorrow to all Hellas.

At Argue that point with others, but surrender this letter to me.

Men I shall not let go.

At Nor will I let loose in hold.

Men With this staff of mine will be dash—g blood with blood ere long.

At T. d. in no matter cause were a noble death.

Men Let's thou art too word for a slave.

At (Strongly warning) Master II beg— me be scratched thy letter violently from my grasp. Agamemnon and will not heed the aim of sight.

ENTER AGAMEMNON ON

At How now what news is this brought at the camp this and cent here long.

Men My word, not his, has the better right to be spoken.

At Thou, Menelaus, what quest I hast thou with this man, why art thou haling him here?

ENTER ATREUS

Men Look me in the face! Be that the plot laid to my story.

At Shall I the son of Atreus, close my eyes from fear?

Men Seest thou this scroll, the bearer of a shameful message?

At I see it yes and first of all surrender it.

Men No, not till I have shewn its contents to all the Danaans.

At What hast thou broken the seal and dost know ahead what thou shouldst never have known?

Men Yes, I opened it and know to the sorrow the secret and lunaticisms of thy heart.

At Where didst thou catch my servant? The gods! what a shameless heart thou hast!

Men I was swathing thy daughter's arm at the camp from Argos.

At What art thou to watch in doings? Is not this a proof of shamelessness?

Men I wish to do it gain the spear for I am no slave to thee.

At I shame! I am I not to be allowed the management of my own house?

Men No, for thou thinkest crooked thou art, one thing now another formerly and something different presently.

At Most exquisite of evils, on evil themes! A hateful loss the son of Iphigenia!

Men A curse but a mind unstable! Is an unjust possession, beloved to friends. Now I am anxious to test thee and seek not thou to tempt me to turn aside from the truth, nor will I on my part overstrain the case. Thou rememberest when thou wert all eagerness to espouse the Danaans' request. Trov' me a pretence of decline, though as for it in the heart how humble thou wert then! Taking each man by the hand and keeping open doors for every fellow countryman who cared to enter, affording each in turn a chance to speak. But there, even thou, were deceived. I not sojourning by these methods to purchase popularity from all bystanders when thou hadst secured the command, there came ban over thy manners: thou wert no longer so cordial as before to welcome friends, but a hard of access, seldom to be found at home. But this man, free worth on his part to change his manners in the hour of prosperity but bound then how loose! I most staunch to friends, when his own good fortune can help them most effectually. Thus was the first cause I had to reprove thee, for I was here I first discovered thy villainy; but afterwards when thou camest to Aulis with all the gathered hosts of Hellas, thou wert of no account no longer want of a fault, as before failed thee with on temptation at the chance dealt out by Heaen. Among the Danaans began demanding that thou shouldst send thy fleet away instead of vainly

The point lies in the play on the name Aulis, "the fetters," "shall I the son of sea-leaves fear etc?"

never bear to slay daughter of mine Whereupon my brother bringing every argument to bear persuaded me at last to face the crime so I wrote in a folded scroll and sent to my wife bidding her despatch our daughter to me on the pretence of wedding Achilles at the same time magnifying his exalted rank and saying that he refused to sail with the Achæans unless a bride of our lineage should go to Phthia Yes this was the inducement I offered my wife inventing as I did a sham marriage for the maiden Of all the Achæans we alone know the real truth Calchas Odysseus Menelaus and myself but that which I then decided wrongly I now rightly countermand again in this scroll which thou old man hast found me opening and resealing beneath the shade of night Up now and away with this misgiving to Argos and I will tell thee by word of mouth all that is written herein the contents of the folded scroll for thou art loyal to my wife and house

*At* Say on and make it plain that what my tongue utters may accord with what thou hast written

*Ag* Daughter of Leda in addition to my first letter I now send thee word not to despatch thy daughter to Eubœa embosomed wing to the waveless bay of Aulis for after all we will celebrate our child's wedding at another time

*At* And how will Achilles cheated of his bride curb the fury of his indignation against thee and thy wife?

*Ag* Here also is a danger

*At* Tell me what thou meanest

*Ag* It is but his name not himself that Achilles is lending knowing nothing of the marriage or of my scheming or my professed readiness to betroth my daughter to him for a husband's embrace

*At* A dreadful venture thine king Agamemnon! thou that by promise of thy daughter's hand to the son of the goddess wert for bringing the maid hither to be sacrificed for the Danaï

*Ag* Woe is me! ah woe! I am utterly distraught bewilderment comes o'er me

*Ag* Away! hurry thy steps yielding nothing to old age

*At* In haste I go my liege

*Ag* Sit not down by woodland fountains scorn the wildernesses of sleep

*At* Hush!

*Ag* And when thou passest any place where roads diverge cast thine eyes all round taking heed that no mule wain pass by on rolling wheels bearing my daughter hither to the ships of the Danaï and thou see it not

*At* It shall be so

*Ag* Start then from the bolted gates and if thou meet the escort start them back again and drive at full speed to the abodes of the Cyclopes

*At* But tell me how shall my message find credit with thy wife or child?

<sup>1</sup> Paley follows Musgrave in assuming these words to Agamemnon assuming that the king passes over the servant's last remark and adds a new cause of alarm viz the fraud that is being practised on Achilles

*Ag* Preserve the seal which thou bearest on this scroll Away! already the dawn is growing grey lighting the lamp of day yonder and the fire of the sun's four steeds help me in my trouble

*Exit ATTENDANT*

None of mortals is prosperous or happy to the last for none was ever born to a painless life

*Exit AGAMEMNON*

*Enter CHORUS OF WOMEN OF CHALCIS*

*Chorus* To the sandy beach of sea coast Aulis I came after a voyage through the tides of Euneus leaving Chalcis on its narrow firth my city which feedeth the waters of far famed Arethusa near the sea that I might behold the army of the Achæans and the ships rowed by those god-like heroes for our husbands tell us that fair haired Menelaus and high born Agamemnon are leading them to Troy on a thousand ships in quest of the lady Helen whom herdsman Paris carried off from the banks of reedy Eurotas—his gerdon from Aphrodite when that queen of Cyprus entered beauty's lists with Hera and Pallas at the gushing fount

Through the grove of Artemis rich with sacrifice I sped my course the red blush mantling on my cheeks from maiden modesty in my eagerness to see the soldiers camp the tents of the mail clad Danaï and their gathered steeds Two chieftains there I saw met together in council one was Aias son of Oileus the other Aias son of Telamon crown of glory to the men of Salamis and I saw Protesilaus and Palamedes sprung from the son of Poseidon sitting there amusing themselves with intricate figures at draughts Diomedes too at his favourite sport of hurling quoits and Meriones the War god's son a marvel to mankind stood at his side likewise I beheld the offspring of Laertes who came from his island hills and with him Nireus handsomest of all Achæans Achilles next that nimble runner swift on his feet as the wind whom Thetis bore and Chiron trained him I saw upon the beach racing in full armour along the shingle and straining every nerve to beat a team of four horses as he sped round the track on foot and Eumelus the grandson of Phereas their driver was shouting when I saw him goading on his goodly steeds with their bits of chased gold work whereof the centre pair that bore the yoke had dappled coats picked out with white while the trace horses on the outside facing the turning post in the course were bays with spotted fetlocks Close beside them Peleus son leapt on his way in all his harness keeping abreast the rail by the axle box

Next I sought the countless fleet a wonder to behold that I might fill my girlish eyes with gazing a sweet delight The warlike Myrmidons from Phthia held the right wing with fifty swift cruisers upon whose sterns right at the ends stood Nereid goddesses in golden effigy the ensign of Achilles' armament Near these were moored the Argive ships in equal numbers over which Mecestus son whom Taulaus his grandsire reared and Sthenelus son of Capaneus were in command next in order The seus son was stationed at the head of sixty ships from

would to weep and tell out all the sorrow while to the high born man come these same sorrows, but we have dignity thrust on us, and are the people's slaves. I for instance am ashamed to weep no less, poor wretch, I check my tears at the awful pass to which I am brought. Oh! what am I to tell my wife? how shall I welcome her? with what face meet her? she too has undone me by coming uninvited in this my hour of sorrow. yet it was but natural she should come with her daughter to prepare the bed and perform the fondest duties, where she will discover me. Alas! And for this poor maid—how mad? Death in the night, will soon make her husband—how I pity her! Thus will he plead to me. My father will thou slay me? Be woe to thee, wedding thou thyself madest of a widow's curse is a friend to thee. Alas! Orestes for his baseness on near us, will cry in child's accents, unartistic yet! He in the night, Alas! to what utter ruin? Alas! the son of Priam the cause of these troubles, has brought me by his union with Helen.

Oh I pity her myself, in such wise as a woman and in a strange way bemoan the misfortunes of others.

MEN (Offering to her) Thy husband brother! let me speak.

AG. Let me then tell thee the sorrow.

MEN. Father! I swear to tell thee the truth from my heart. The sight of thee in tears made me pity thee, and I return I shed a tear for thee myself. I shuddered from my former proposals, even so to be a cause of fear to thee, yet a deed will put me self in this position, and I counsel thee slay not thy child. I prefer my rest to thee for it is not just that thou shouldst grieve. Alas! I am glad that thy child should die, but let me see the light of day. What is it of her? Is she? If I am not on my rage, could I or find a better choice else here? What to lose a better—the last I should have lost—to a Helen giving bad goods? I was mad, unperceptive as a youth. I will perceive on close view what lays the child on really mean. More so I am filled with compassion for the hapless maid, doomed to bleed that I may weep when I reflect that we know what has thy daughter to do with this? Let her may be disbanded and let Aulis dry those streams, even, both and people, all to tears. What can the gods do in oracles that direct thy child to be one? I must to this hard, I see in my heart the end. A wretched child, thou hast from my self proposed a natural self in affect on for my brother used to have. These things of man or old to pursue on each occasion what is best.

AG. Your speech is of the Talus, the son of Zeus. Thou dost not shame thy entry.

AG. I think there is a great unexpected suggestion to an honorable proposal worthy of thee.

MEN. Sometimes love sometimes the selfishness of their families causes a quarrel between brothers. I loathe a relationship of this kind which is bitter to both.

AG. 'Tis useless, for circumstances compel me to carry out the murderous sacrifice of my daughter.

MEN. How so? who will compel thee to slay thine own child?

AG. The whole Achaean army here assembled.

MEN. Not if thou send her back to Argos.

AG. I might do that unthought of, but there will be another thing I cannot.

MEN. What is that? Thou must not fear the mob so much.

AG. Calchas will tell the Argive host his oracles.

MEN. Not if he be killed etc. that—an easy matter.

AG. The whole tribe of seers is a curse to this nation.

MEN. Yes, and good for nothing and useless when amongst us.

AG. Hast thou thought what it is rising in my mind not errors for thee?

MEN. How can I understand thy meaning unless thou declare it?

AG. The son of Sisyphus knows all.

MEN. Old seers are not possibly hurt us.

AG. He was ever shifty by nature since with the mob.

MEN. True, he is enslaved by the love of popularity, a fearful deed.

AG. Behold thee then, will he not advise among the Argives and tell them the oracles that Cal has delivered saying of me that I undertook to offer Agamemnon a sacrifice, and after all am permitted to live? Then when he has carried the army away with him, he will bid the Argives slay us and sacrifice the maiden and if I escape to Argos, they will come and destroy the place, razing it to the ground. Cyclopean walls and all that is my trouble. Woe is mine! What says Menelaos has brought me at this point? Take on a precaution for me, Menelaos, as thou goest through the host that Clytemnestra let us not let I have taken my child and devoted her to death that my blood may be attended with the fewest tears. (Turn to the chorus.) And you, ye strangers, demand silence.

Enter a woman and men, veils.

CH. Happy they who find the goddess come in modest night sharing with self restraint in Aphrodite's gifts (marriage and enjoying calm and rest from the pained passions, which the Love goddess had seduced her cheeks has charmed bow with her sweet words and so is a married happiness, the other life's sorrows. O Lady Cyprus, queen of beauty! far from my bridal bed, or I ban the love! Be mine delight in modesty and pure desires, and may I have a share in love and in the joys of the life.

MEN's natures are a different habitus differ but true it is as man first. Likeness is the training that comes of education and is greatly to be true for not only is it wisdom but it has also the rare gift of seeing better judgment what is

toiling on at Aulis what dismay and confusion was then depicted in thy looks to think that thou with a thousand ships at thy command hadst not occupied the plains of Priam with thy armies! And thou wouldst ask my counsel! What am I to do? what scheme can I devise where find one? to save thyself being stripped of thy command and losing thy fair fame. Next when Calchas bade thee offer thy daughter in sacrifice to Artemis declaring that the Danaï should then sail thou wert overjoyed and didst gladly undertake to offer the maid and of thine own accord—never allege compulsion!—thou art sending word to thy wife to despatch thy daughter hither on pretence of wedding Achilles. This is the same air that heard thee say it and after all thou turnest round and hast been caught recasting thy letter to this effect: I will no longer be my daughter's murderer. Exactly so! Countless others have gone through this phase in their conduct of public affairs: they make an effort while in power and then retire dishonourably sometimes owing to the senselessness of the citizens sometimes deservedly because they are too feeble of themselves to maintain their watch upon the state. For my part I am more sorry for our unhappy Hellas whose purpose was to read these worthless foreigners a lesson while now she will let them escape and mock her thanks to thee and thy daughter. May I never then appoint a man to rule my country or lead its warriors because of his kinship! Ability is what the general must have since any man with ordinary intelligence can govern a state.

*Ch* For brethren to come to words and blows where at they disagree is terrible.

*Ag* I wish to rebuke thee in turn briefly not lifting mine eyes too high in shameless wit but in more sober fashion as a brother for it is a good man's way to b. considerate. Prithce why this burst of fury these bloodshot eyes? who wrongs thee? what is it thou wantest? Thou art fain to win a virtuous bride. Well I cannot supply thee for she whom thou once hadst was ill controlled by thee. *Am* I then a man who never went astray to suffer for thy sins? or is it my popularity that calls thee? Not it is the longing thou hast to keep a fair wife in thy embrace casting reason and honour to the winds. A bad man's pleasures are like himself. *Am* I mad if I change to wiser counsels after previously deciding amiss? Thine is the madness rather in wishing to recover a wicked wife once thou hadst lost her—a stroke of Heaven sent luck. Those foolish suitors swore that oath to Tyndareus in their longing to wed but Hope was the goddess that led them on. I trov and she it was that brought it about rather than thou and thy mightiness. So take the field with them: they are ready for it in the folly of their hearts for the deity is not without insight but is able to discern where oaths have been wrongly pledged or forcibly extorted. I will not slay my children nor shall thy interests be prospered by justice in thy vengeance for a worthless wife while I am left wasting night and day in sorrow for what I did

to one of my own flesh and blood contrary to all law and justice. There is thy answer shortly given clear and easy to understand and if thou wilt not come to thy senses I shall do the best for myself.

*Ch* This differs from thy previous declaration but there is good in it—thy child's reprieve.

*Men* Ah me how sad my lot! I have no friends then after all.

*Ag* Friends thou hast if thou seek not their destruction.

*Men* Where wilt thou find any proof that thou art sprung from the same sire as I?

*Ag* Thy moderation not thy madness do I share by nature.

*Men* Friends should sympathize with friends in sorrow.

*Ag* Claim my help by kindly service not by paying me.

*Men* So thou hast no mind to share this trouble with Hellas?

*Ag* No Hellas is diseased like thee according to some good's design.

*Men* Go vaunt thee then on thy sceptre after betraying thine own brother! While I will seek some different means and other friends.

*Enter MESSENGER*

*Messen* or Agamemnon lord of all Hellenes! I am come and bring thee thy daughter whom thou didst call Iphigenia in thy home and her mother thy wife Clytemnestra is with her and the child Orestes a sight to gladden thee after thy long absence from thy palace but as they had been traveling long and far they are now refreshing their tender feet at the waters of a fair spring and they and their horses for we turned these loo in the grassy meadow to browse their fill but I am come as their fore runner to prepare thee for their reception for the army knows already of thy daughter's arrival so quickly did the rumour spread and all the folk are running together to the sight that they may see thy child for Fortune's favourites enjoy a world wide fame and have all eyes fixed on them. Is it a wedding? some ask or what is happening? or has king Agamemnon from fond yearning summoned his daughter hither? From others thou wouldst have heard. They are presenting the maiden to Artemis queen of Aulis previous to marriage who can the bridegroom be that is to lead her home?

Come then begin the rites—that is the next step—by getting the baskets ready crown your heads prepare the wedding hymn thou and prince Menelaus with thee let flutes resound throughout the tents with noise of dancer's feet for this is a happy day that is come for the maid.

*Ag* Thou hast my thanks now go within for the rest it will be well as Fate proceeds.

*Exit MESSENGER*

Ah woe is me! unhappy wretch what can I say? where shall I begin? Into what cruel straits have I been plunged! Fortune has outwitted me proving far cleverer than any cunning of mine. What an advantage humble birth possesses! for it is easy for her

673-715

Ag Th re is a sacr fi c I ha e first t offer here  
 Ip Yea tu thy duty to heed rel o a th a d of  
 h ly n s

Ag Thou wilt with s it for thou w lt be stand  
 near the la er

Ip Am I to lead th dance then round the altar  
 ( ther?

Ag (Aside) I e u t thee happ er than myself be  
 cause thou k owest nothing (To ipm ~) Go  
 a thin nto the presen e of ma dens, after thou hast  
 en m thy ha d nd one sad k ss, o th e e of  
 thy lengthy sojourn far from thy father s side

Bosom heek nd golde ha t! h bow g ous  
 i ha e f d H len a d the Phrygians e tyl I can  
 n m e the tea s come well g to my eyes, the  
 moment I t uch th e

EXUPTI GENIA

(Turn g to CURT CURVE RA ) Herein I cra e thy  
 pa do da bit of Leda if I showed excess e grief  
 at the th ight f e ign n my daughter to Ach lles  
 f r thou h we s sending her to ta t of bliss, st ll  
 it w n g a pa ent heart, when he the fath e who  
 ha to led so hard f them commits h s children t  
 the h m s fstrang ss

Cl I m n t so d of sense be thank thee I shall  
 g through this s well when I lead the mo d n from  
 the chambe to th sou d of the marriage hymn  
 he f e f chide th not but cust m will rom  
 b e with time t make the smart gr w less.

As touching him to whom th y hast bet othed  
 ou daughter I know h s n me t true but would  
 f tea n his lora es d th la d of his birth

Ag Th re was t Ag na the dau bt s of Aeo-  
 pus

Cl Who wedded her? some m xtal t a god?

Ag Ze s and the b Aeacus the pr nce of  
 (En) e t

Cl What son of Aeacu secured h I ther halls?

Ag P leus who wedded the da ghi of Ner us

Cl W th th god s conse t or he he had taken  
 h i pt f gods?

Ag Zeus best thed h and her guar han gave  
 se e

Cl Wbe e d d be ma ry h s? amid the billows of  
 th sea?

Ag I Chiron s home, at sac ed P o s foot

Cl What! the bode aser bed t th ra of Ce  
 t us?

Ag It wa th th gods celebrated the mar age  
 f a cof f s

Cl D d Th u hus father train Achilles?

Ag Ah! nought him p t p event his learn  
 ng t way of th ked

Cl Ah! wise th tea her st ll wter the fath r  
 who! tru red his son s such h nd

Ag Su h th fut t hu band f th v d ghter

Cl A blam less to d b what city in Helas is hus?

Ag H dw lls n sh bank f the t r Apidanu

s th bo der of Phryia

Cl R t thou on v u daughter thuth?

Ag H wh takes her h mself ll set that.

The ld name f Agna.

Cl I Happ ness attend the furl Wh ch day i ll be  
 marry her?

Ag A soon as the full moon comes to give its  
 bless ng

Cl Hast thou already offered the goddess a sacrifi-  
 ce to usher in the maiden s marriage?

Ag I am about to d so that is the vry thin I  
 was engaged in

Cl W lt tho celebrate the marriage feast there  
 after?

Ag Yes when I have offered a sacrifice required  
 by Hlea en of me

Cl But where am I to make ready the feast for  
 the women?

Ag Here bes de us gallants Ar esh pa

Cl Finely her I but still I must good come of it  
 for all that!

Ag I will tell thee lady what to do so ober me  
 n

Cl Wherein? for I was e er wont to yeld thee  
 obedience

Ag Here where the brideg om s, w ll I—

Cl Which of my dut es will ye pe form in the  
 m the s absence?

Ag Gi e thy child away with help of Dana

Cl And where am I to be the while?

Ag Get thee to Argos, a d take care of thy un-  
 wedded daughters

Cl And lea e my child? T en who w ll raise her  
 brd l to ch?

Ag I will p vnde the p per wedding torch

Cl That s not the custom but thou thinkest  
 lightly of these th ngs

Ag It is not good thou th uld t be alone among a  
 sold r-crowd

Cl It is good that a mother sh uld gi e h r own  
 child way

Ag Ay and that those maidens at home should  
 not bel t at ne

Cl They ar in safe ke pin pent in thei maiden  
 bowe

A Obey

Cl Nay by the godde s-queen of Argos! g man-  
 age matters out m doors but in the h us it is my  
 pla e t decid what is p per for maidens at their  
 wedd g

EX R

Ag Woe is met my eff t e baffled I am d s-  
 appointed n thy hope anxio s as I was to get my  
 w fe out f s ght foled at ry point I fo m my  
 plot s d bile schemes gain t my bent beloved  
 I t I will go in spite of all w th Calcha the priest,  
 to anq r the goddess s good plea t fra ght with  
 I l ck as t st me nd with tro ble to H lles He  
 wh m w e h m ld keep in his house a good and use-  
 ful w f e at all

EXU

Cl They say the Helle es garb red host will e me  
 n os aboa d their sh pa to S rows n th s sil er  
 edd ex, even t them th plan of T oy belo ed by  
 Phobus where famed Cassandra I am told when  
 e the god s senseless prophecies in p r he wildly  
 tosses her golden t esser, wreathed with crown of  
 dant ba And on the tow rs of T oy and round

right whereby a glory ever young is shed on life by reputation. A great thing it is to follow virtue's foot steps—for women in their secret loves while in men again an inborn sense of order shown in countless ways adds to a city's greatness.

Thou comest O Paris to the place where thou wert reared to herd the kine amid the white heifers of Ida piping in foreign strain and breathing on thy reeds an echo of the Phrygian airs Olympus played. Full uddered cows were browsing at the spot where that verdict-twin goddesses was awaiting thee—the cause of thy going to Hellas to stand before the ivory palace kindling love in Helen's tranced eyes and feeling its flutter in thine own breast whence the fiend of strife brought Hellas with her chivalry and ships to the towers of Troy.

O! great is the bliss the great enjoy. Behold Iphigenia the king's royal child and Clytemnestra the daughter of Tyndareus how proud their lineage! how high their pinnacle of fortune! These mighty ones whom wealth attends are very gods in the eyes of less favoured folk.

Halt we here maidens of Chalcis and lift the queen from her chariot to the ground without stumbling supporting her gently in our arms with kind intent that the renowned daughter of Agamemnon but just arrived may feel no fear strangers ourselves avoid we aught that may disturb or frighten the strangers from Argos.

*Enter CLYTEMNESTRA and IPHIGENIA*

*Clytemnestra* I take this a lucky omen thy kind ness and auspicious greeting and have good hope that it is to a happy marriage I conduct the bride (*To Attendants*) Take from the chariot the dowry I am bringing for my daughter and convey it within with careful heed.

My daughter leave the horse drawn car planting thy faltering footstep delicately (*To the chorus*) Maidens take her in your arms and lift her from the chariot and let one of you give me the support of her hand that I may quit my seat in the carriage with fitting grace.

Some of you stand at the horses' heads for the horse has a timid eye easily frightened here take this child Orestes son of Agamemnon babe as he still is.

What! sleeping little one tired out by thy ride in the chariot? Awake to bless thy sister's wedding for thou my gallant boy shalt get by this marriage a kinsman gallant as thyself the Nereid's godlike offspring. Come hither to thy mother my daughter Iphigenia and seat thyself beside me and stationed near show my happiness to these strangers yes come hither and welcome the sire thou lovest so dearly.

Hail! my honoured lord king Agamemnon! we have obeyed thy commands and are come.

*Enter AGAMEMNON*

*Iphigenia* (*Throwing herself into AGAMEMNON'S arms*) Be not wroth with me mother if I run from thy side and throw myself on my father's breast.

O my father! I long to outrun others and embrace thee after this long while for I yearn to see thy face be not wroth with me.

*Cl* Thou mayst do so daughter for of all the children I have born thou hast ever loved thy father best.

*Ip* I see thee father joyfully after a long season.  
*Ag* And I thy father thee thy words do equal duty for both of us.

*Ip* All hail father! thou didst well in bringing me hither to thee.

*Ag* I know not how I am to say yes or no to that my child.

*Ip* Hail how wildly thou art looking spite of thy joy at seeing me.

*Ag* A man has many cares when he is kin and general too.

*Ip* Be mine all mine to-day turn not unto moody thoughts.

*Ag* Why so I am all thine to-day I have no other thought.

*Ip* Then smooth thy knitted brow unbend and smile.

*Ag* Lo! my child my joy at seeing thee is even as it is.

*Ip* And hast thou then the tear-drop streaming from thy eyes?

*Ag* Aye for long is the absence from each other that awaits us.

*Ip* I know not dear father mine I know not of what thou art speaking.

*Ag* Thou art moving my pity all the more by speaking so sensibly.

*Ip* My words shall turn to senselessness, if that will cheer thee more.

*Ag* (*Aside*) Ah woe is me! this silence is too much (*To Iphigenia*) Thou hast my thanks.

*Ip* Stay with thy children at home father.

*Ag* My own wish! but in my sorrow I may not humour it.

*Ip* Ruin seize their warring and the woes of Menelaus!

*Ag* First will that which has been my life long run bring ruin unto others.

*Ip* How long thou wert absent in the bays of Anolis!

*Ag* Aye and there is still a hindrance to my sending the army forward.

*Ip* Where do men say the Phrygians live father?

*Ag* In a land where I would Paris the son of Priam ne'er had dwelt.

*Ip* 'Tis a long voyage thou art bound on father after thou leavest me.

*Ag* Thou wilt meet thy father again my daughter.

*Ip* Ah! would it were seemly that thou shouldst take me as a fellow voyager!

*Ag* Thou too hast a voyage to make to a haven where thou wilt remember thy father.

*Ip* Shall I sail thither with my mother or alone?

*Ag* All alone without father or mother.

*Ip* What! hast thou found me a new home father!

*Ag* Enough of this! tis not for girls to know such things.

*Ip* Speed home from Troy I pray thee father as soon as thou hast triumphed there.

870-902

been in ne this long t me past.

At True nd though I bear thee all goodwill, I like not thy lord so well.

Cl Come come unf ld whate er thou hast to sa

At Her fath r he that begat her n on the point of his own thy da ghter with his own ha d—

Cl How? Out upon thy story old d tard' thou art mad

At Severing with a sword the hapless maid s white throat

Cl Ah woe = me! Is my bu band haply mad?

At Nay = except wh re thou and thy da gh ter are concerned th re he is mad

Cl What is his reason? what vengeful fiend un pel him?

At Oracles—at least so Calchas says, in order that the host may t r—

Cl Whether? Woe is me nd woe = thee thy father destined victim!

At To th halls of Darda us, that Menelaus may econ r Helen.

Cl So Helen s return the was fated to affect Iphigea?

At Thou knowest all be fath r = bout t offer thy hild to Artemus.

Cl B t that ma rage—what pret xt had t f r bring g m f om hom?

At An inducement t thee to brn g thy da hter cheerf ll to wed h to Achilles.

Cl On d d dly rrand st thou come er da h t s both thou, nd I thy mother

At Piteous the l t f both f you—and fearful Agamemnon s e t

Cl Alas! I am undone m ves can long stem their tears.

At What more natural than t weep th loss of thy hildren?

Cl Whence old man, dost sa thou hadst this news?

At I had tarted t carry thee a l t t s ferring t th former w ting

Cl Forbidd g or combi in to urge my brn g g th hild t her death?

At N y forb did g t so th lord was then in his sober senses.

Cl How comes t then, if thou wert really brn g me a l t t that thou dost not now d l er it t m hand?

At M lous sat bed t f om me—h who caused thn trouble.

Cl Dost thou hear that son of P l us, the N real child?

At I ha been li tening t the tale f th suff ing, nd I am nd gna t to th k l wa used as a tool

Cl They wul lay m child they ha tricked her w th thy marriage

At Luk thee I blam th lord nor d I ven t with me undf ence

Cl No lon c will I let shame prevent my k cel g t thee mortal to one goddess-born why d I rect exen whose terest shoud I consult be for my hild (Throwing herself before CHILDS)

Oh! help me goddess born in my sore distress, and her that was called thy bride—in vain t s true yet called sh was. For thee it was I wreathed her head and led her forth as if to marriage but now t t to slay hter I am bring g her On thee will come reproach because th u didst not help her for though n t wedded to her yet wert thou the loing husband of my hapless maid in name at any rate. By ths beand right hand and mother too I do mplore thee for thy name t was that worked my ruin and thou art bound to stand by that Except thy knees I ha e no altar whereunto to fly and not a friend stand at my side Thou hast heard the cri. I abandon scheme of Agamemnon and I a woman, am come a thou seest to a camp of lawless sail = folk bold n evil s cause thou h useful when they list wh refore if thou holdst stretch forth thine arm in my behalf our safety = assured but if thou w th boldst we relost

Cl A wondrous thn = motherhood carrying with it a potent spell, wherein all share so that for their children s sake they will end e affi ction.

At My proud spirit is st rred to rance aloft but it h learnt to gne in m fortune and rejoice in high prosperities with equal moderat on. For these e the m n who can count on ord ring all their li an bt by wisdom s rules. True there are cases wh re tis pleasant not to be too wise but there are others, where some store of w idom helps. Brought up n god h Chiron s halls m self I learnt to keep a single heart and pro ided th Atreidean an ht, I will obey them but when th cease th from, no more will I obey N v but here and n Troy I will show the freedom of my nature nd as fa in m lies, do honour to Ares with my spear. These lady who hast suffered so cruelly from thy earest and dea est will l by every effort n a youn man power set n ht m est op thee with that amount of pity, and ne er shall thy daugh t r after being one called my brid d e by her fa th s hand for I will not lend myself t thy husband subtil tricks no! for it will be my name that kills thy child although it w ldeth not the steel. Thy own husband is the actual cause but I shall no longer be guiltless, f, because of m and m mar rag this maiden perishes, sh that hath suffered po tendurance and been the ict m of affronts most strangely undeserved. So am I made th poorest w ich in Ares I thin of n ght and Menelaus countin for ma! No son of P leus I but the sue of a eng ful fiend if my name shall serve thy husband for the murder. Nay! by N eus, who begat my mother Th ms, in his hom amid the flowing w ex, ne s hall k Ag memnon tou h thy da ghter not not en to the layi g of a finger tip upon her robe else will Sipylus, that frontier town of barbarism, the cradi of those chieftains lin be henceforth a city indeed, whil Phthia s name will nowher find mention. Calchas, the seer shall rue becomm the sacrifice with hi ba ley meal and lustral water Why what is a seer? A man who w th luck tells th truth sometimes, with f eq ent false hoods, but when his l ck deserts him, collapses then



her walls shall Trojans stand when sea borne troops with brazen shields row in on shapely ships to the channels of the Simois eager to take Helen the sister of that heavenly pair whom Zeus begat from Praxinos and bear her back to Hellas by toil of Achæa's shields and spears encircling Pergamus the Phrygians town with murderous war around her stone built towers dragging men's heads backward to cut their throats and sacking the citadel of Troy from roof to base a cause of many tears to maids and Priam's wife and Helen the daughter of Zeus shall weep in bitter grief because she left her lord

O!h! ne'er may there appear to me or to my children's children the prospect which the wealthy Lydian dames and Phrygia's brides will have as at their looms they hold converse. Say who will pluck this fair blossom from her ruined country tightening his grasp on lovely tresses till the tears flow? 'Tis all through thee the offspring of the long-necked swan if indeed it be a true report that Leda bare thee to a winged bird when Zeus transformed himself thereto or whether in the pages of the poets' fables have carried these tales to men's ears idly out of season

Enter ACHILLES

Achilles Where in these tents is Achæa's general? Which of his servants will announce to him that Achilles the son of Peleus is at his gates seeking him? For this delay at the Euripus is not the same for all of us there be some for instance who though still unwed have left their houses desolate and are idling here upon the beach while others are married and have children so strange the longing for this expedition that has fallen on their hearts by Heaven's will My own just plea must I declare and who so else hath any wish will speak for himself Though I have left Pharsalia and Peleus still I linger here by reason of these light breezes at the Euripus restraining my Myrmidons while they are ever instant with me saying Why do we tarry Achilles? how much longer must we count the days to the start for Ilum? do something if thou art so minded else lead home thy men and wait not for the tardy action of these Atidae

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA

Cl Hail to thee son of the Nereid goddess! I heard thy voice from within the tent and therefore came forth

Ac O modesty revered! who can this lady be whom I behold so richly dowered with beauty's gifts?

Cl No wonder thou knowest me not seeing I am one thou hast never before set eyes on I praise thy reverent address to modesty

Ac Who art thou and wherefore art thou come to the mustering of the Danaï—thou a woman to a fenced camp of men?

Cl The daughter of Leda I my name Clytemnestra and my husband king Agamemnon

Ac Well and shortly answered on all important points! but it ill befits that I should stand talking to women.

Cl Stay why seek to fly? Gave me thy hand a prelude to a happy marriage

Ac What is it thou sayest? I give thee my hand? Were I to lay a finger where I have no right I could ne'er meet Agamemnon's eye

Cl The best of nights hast thou seeing it is my child thou wilt wed O son of the sea goddess whom Nereus begat

Ac What wedding dost thou speak of? words fail me lady can thy wits have gone astray and art thou inventing this?

Cl All men are naturally shy in the presence of new relations when these remind them of their wedding

Ac Lady I have never wooed daughter of thine nor have the sons of Atreus ever mentioned marriage to me

Cl What can it mean? thy turn now marvel at my words for thine are passing strange to me.

Ac Hazard a guess that we can both do in this matter for it may be we are both correct in our statements

Cl What! have I suffered such indignity? The marriage I am courting has no reality it seems I am ashamed of it

Ac Some one perhaps has made a mock of thee and me pay no heed thereto make light of it

Cl Farewell I can no longer face thee with unflattering eyes after being made a liar and sufferer, this indignity

Ac 'Tis farewell too I bid thee lady and now I go within the tent to seek thy husband

At (Calling through the tent door) Stranger of the race of Æacus stay awhile! Ho there! thee I mean O goddess born and thee daughter of Leda

Ac Who is it calling through the half-opened door? what fear his voice betrays!

At A slave am I of that I am not proud for fortune permits it not

Ac Whose slave art thou? not mine for mine and Agamemnon's goods are separate

At I belong to this lady who stands before the tent a gift to her from Tyndareus her father

Ac I am waiting tell me if thou art desirous why thou hast stayed me

At Are ye really all alone here at the door?

Cl To us alone wilt thou address thyself come forth from the king's tent

At (Coming out) O Fortune and my own fort sight preserve whom I desire!

Ac That speech will save them—in the future it has a certain pompous air

Cl Delay not for the sake of touching my right hand if there is aught that thou wouldst say to me

At Well thou knowest my character and my devotion to thee and thy children

Cl I know thou hast grown old in the service of my house.

At Likewise thou knowest it was in thy dowry king Agamemnon received me

Cl Yes thou camest to Argos with me and hast



and there It is not to secure a bride that I have spoken thus—there be maids unnumbered eager to have my love—not but king Agamemnon has put an insult on me he should have asked my leave to use my name as a means to catch the child for it was I chiefly who induced Clytemnestra to betroth her daughter to me verily I had yielded this to Helas if that was where our going to Ilum broke down I would never have refused to further my fellow soldiers common interest But as it is I am as naught in the eyes of those chieftains and little they reck of treating me well or ill My sword shall soon know if any one is to snatch thy daughter from me for then will I make it reck with the bloody stains of slaughter ere it reach Phrygia Calm thyself then as a god in his might I appeared to thee without being so but such will I show myself for all that

*Ch* Son of Peleus thy words are alike worthy of thee and that sea born deity the holy goddess

*Cl* Ah! would I could find words to utter thy praise without excess and yet not lose the graciousness thereof by stinting it for when the good are praised they have a feeling as it were of hatred for those who in their praise exceed the mean But I am ashamed of intruding a tale of woe since my affliction touches myself alone and thou art not affected by troubles of mine but still it looks well for the man of worth to assist the unfortunate even when he is not connected with them Wherefore pity us for our sufferings cry for pity in the first place I have harboured an idle hope in thinking to have thee wed my daughter and next perhaps the slaying of my child will be to thee an evil omen in thy wooing hereafter against which thou must guard thyself Thy words were good both first and last for if thou wilt it so my daughter will be saved Wilt have her clasp thy knees in suppliant wise? 'Tis no maid's part yet if it seem good to thee why come she shall with the modest look of free born maid but if I shall obtain the self same end from thee without her coming then let her abide within for there is dignity in her reserve still reserve must only go as far as the case allows

*Ac* Bring not thou thy daughter out for me to see lady nor let us incur the reproach of the ignorant for an army when gathered to, either without domestic duties to employ it loves the evil gossip of malicious tongues After all should ye supplicate me ye will attain a like result as if I had not been supplicated for I am myself engaged in a mighty struggle to rid you of your troubles One thing be sure thou hast heard I will not tell a lie if I do that or idly mock thee may I die but lie if I preserve the maid

*Cl* Bless thee for ever succouring the distressed!

*Ac* Harken then to me that the matter may succeed

*Cl* What is thy proposal? for hear thee I must

*Ac* Let us once more urge her father to a better frame of mind

*Cl* He is something of a coward and fears the army too much

*Ac* Still argument or overthrow argument

*Cl* Cold hope indeed but tell me what I must do

*Ac* Entreat him first not to slay his children and if he is stubborn come to me For if he consents to thy request my intervention need go no further since this consent insures thy safety I too shall show myself in a better light to my friend and the army will not blame me if I arrange the matter by reason rather than force while should things turn out well the result will prove satisfactory both to thee and thy friends even without my interference

*Cl* How sensibly thou speakest! I must act as seemeth best to thee but should I fail of my object where am I to see thee again? whither must I turn my wretched steps and find thee ready to champion my distress?

*Ac* I am keeping watch to guard thee where occasion calls that none see thee passing through the host of Danaï with that scared look Shame not thy father's house for Tyndareus deserveth not to be ill spoken of being a mighty man in Hellas

*Cl* 'Tis even so Command me I must play the slave to thee If there are gods thou for thy righteous dealing wilt find them favourable if there are none what need to toil?

*ENTER AGHILLES AND CLYTEMNESTRA*

*Ch* What wedding hymn was that which raised its strains to the sound of Libyan flutes to the music of the dancer's lyre and the note of the pipe of reeds?

'Twas in the day Pity's fair tressed choir came o'er the slopes of Pelion to the marriage feast of Peleus beating the ground with print of golden sandals at the banquet of the gods and hymning in dulcet strains the prize of Thetis and the son of Æacus o'er the Centaurs hill down through the woods of Pelion

There was the Dardanian boy Phrygian Gany mede whom Zeus delights to honour drawing off the wine he mixed in the depths of golden bowls while along the gleaming sand the fifty daughters of Nereus graced the marriage with their dancing circling in a mazy ring

Came too the revel rout of Centaurs, mounted on horses to the feast of the gods and the mixing bowl of Bacchus leaning on fir trees with wreaths of green foliage round their heads and loudly cried the prophet Chiron skilled in arts inspired by Phœbus

Daughter of Nereus thou shalt bear a son—whose name he gave—a dazzling light to Thessaly for he shall come with an army of Myrmidon spearmen to the far famed land of Priam to set it in a blaze his body cased in a suit of golden mail forged by Hephestus a gift from his goddess mother even from Thetis who bore him

Then shed the gods a blessing on the marriage of the high born bride who was first of Nereus daughters and on the wedding of Peleus But thee will Argos crown wreathing the lovely tresses of thy hair like a dappled mountain hind brought from

son, rocky in tone or a heifer and filed and stam-  
 with blood the human throat thou hast thou wert  
 ever cared like these amid the piping and whis-  
 tling of birdsmen, but at the mother's side to be  
 checked on da li her the bird for a son of Iph-  
 igene. Where now does the face of modesty or virtue  
 appear? It seems that godlessness holds sway and  
 virtue is neglected by men and thrust behind them,  
 the lessens of law prevail and mortals no longer  
 make common cause to keep the jealous of gods  
 from reaching them.

Cl. (Re-*turning from the sea*.) I have come from  
 the tent to look out for my husband, who went away  
 and left his shelterless son a while that poor child  
 my daughter has heard of the death her father drew  
 for her in his tears, listen! many have her pitious  
 lamentation. (Catching sight of AGAMEMNON.) It seems  
 I speak of one not far away for ere is her  
 summons, who will soon be detected in the commis-  
 sion of a crime against his own child.

Enter AGAMEMNON

Ag. Daughter of Leda, my lucky I have found  
 thee outside the tent, to discuss with thee in our  
 daughter's absence subjects not suited for the ears  
 of maidens on the eve of marriage.

Cl. What press is dependent on the present crisis?

Ag. Send the maiden out to join her father for  
 the funeral water stand the dead and baste meal  
 to wait with the hand on the cleanest flame and  
 breast to be slain in honour of the goddess Artemis,  
 to smother in the marriage their black blood pouring  
 from them.

Cl. Though far the words thou usest I know not  
 how I can name the deed in terms of praise.

Come forth, my daughter, I will thou knowest  
 what is in thy father's mind, take the dead Orestes,  
 thy brother and bring him with thee in the folds of  
 the robe.

Enter ORESTES

Behold! comes in, to bedience the summons.  
 Myself will speak the rest like for her and me.

Cl. My child, who weepst thou and so long  
 lookest cheerfully? why at thou four blue eyes  
 upon the ground not holding thine before them?

Cl. Alas with which of my woes shall I begin? for  
 I must treat them all at first or put them last or find  
 no anywhere.

Ag. How now? I find you all alike confusion and  
 alarm in every eye.

Cl. My husband, answer frankly the questions I  
 ask thee.

Ag. There is no necessity to order me I am well  
 to be questioned.

Cl. Dost thou mean to slay the child and name

Ag. (Singing) He! these are heartless words, un-  
 warranted suspicions!

Cl. Peace! answer me that question first.

Ag. But far question and thou shalt have a fair  
 answer.

Cl. I have no other means to put pressure on  
 other answers.

Ag. O lie reversed, O destiny and fortune man!

Cl. And me and this mad's too the three  
 share one bad fortune.

Ag. When has he injured?

Cl. Dost thou ask me this question? A thou. It  
 like that self amounts to thoughtlessness.

Ag. But ed'm see it out!

Cl. I know all I have heard what thou art bent  
 on doing to me. Thy very silence and those frequent  
 roars are a confession true not thyself by telling it.

Ag. Lo! I am silent for if I tell thee a falsehood  
 needs must I add affront to misfortune.

Cl. Well listen for I will now unfold my meaning  
 and no longer employ dark riddles. I the first place  
 to repeat his first with this—it was not of my  
 own free will but by force that thou didst take and  
 wed me after slain in Troy, my former husband,  
 and dash me bare on the ground and e when  
 thou hadst torn him from my breast with brutal  
 violence. Then, when those two sons of Zeus, who  
 were likewise my brothers, came rushing on horse  
 back to war with thee Trojans, my aged an-  
 cesters rescued thee because of thy suppliant prayers, and  
 thou in turn hadst me to wife. Once reconciled to  
 thee upon this footing thou wilt bear me witness I  
 have been a blameless wife to thee and thy family  
 chaste in love a honour to thy house that no  
 coming in might be with joy and thy going out with  
 gladness. And is seldom man secures a wife like  
 this, thou hast gotten of a worthless woman a no  
 sister.

Besides three daughters, of one of whom thou art  
 betrothed I am giving me I am the mother of this  
 son of thine. His voice asks thee the reason for slay-  
 ing her tell me, what wilt thou say? or must I say  
 it for thee? It is that Menelaus may recover Helen.  
 An honourable exchange indeed to pay a wicked  
 woman price a child on his liver! 'Tis burning what  
 we most dread with what we hold most dear. Again,  
 if thou go forth with the host leaving me in thy  
 hands, and art for absent I tell you what will my feel-  
 ings be at home, dost think? When I behold each  
 vacant chair and her chamber now deserted and  
 then sit down alone in tears, making ceaseless lamenta-  
 tion for her "Alas my child, he that begat thee  
 hath slain thee himself and no one else, nor was it  
 by another's hand." To thy home, after leav-  
 ing such price to be paid for thy needs now but a  
 trifling price for me and the daughters remain-  
 ing to give thee the reception it is right thou shouldst  
 receive. I adjure thee by the gods, compel me not to  
 stand against thee nor unshrinking. Go! I suppose thou  
 sittest, the child what prayer wilt thou utter when  
 it is done what will the blessing be that thou wilt  
 invoke upon thyself as thou art slain? Our daughter  
 sister's name turns maybe seeing the disaster that  
 speedily is coming forth. Is it right that I should pray  
 for an ill luck to attend thee? Surely we should deem  
 thy gods devoid of sense if we harboured a kindly  
 feeling towards murderers. Shall thou embrace thy

Alas here lies on to feet. How wilt thou dare  
 to return to thy wife and

children on thy coming back to Argos? Nay thou hast no right Will any child of thine e'er face thee if thou have surrendered one of them to death? Has this ever entered into thy calculations or does thy one duty consist in carrying a sceptre about and marching at the head of an army? when thou mightest have made this fair proposal among the Argives

Is it your wish Achæans to sail for Phrygia's shores? Why then cast lots whose daughter has to die For that would have been a fair course for thee to pursue instead of picking out thy own child for the victim and presenting her to the Danaï or Menelaus inasmuch as it was his concern should have slain Hermione for her mother As it is I who still am true to thee must lose my child while she who went astray will return with her daughter and live in happiness at Sparta If I am wrong in aught here in answer me but if my words have been fairly urged do not still slay thy child who is mine too and thou wilt be wise

Ch Harken to her Agamemnon for to join in saving thy children's lives is surely a noble deed none would gainsay this

Ip Had I the eloquence of Orpheus my father to move the rocks by charmed spells to follow me or to charm by speaking whom I would I had resorted to it But as it is I'll bring my tears—the only art I know for that I might attempt And about thy knees in suppliant wise I taint my limbs—these limbs thy wife here bore Destroy me not before my time for sweet it is to look upon the light and force me not to visit scenes below I was the first to call thee father thou the first to call me child the first was I to sit upon thy knee and give and take the fond caress And this was what thou then wouldst say Shalt I see thee my child living a happy prosperous life in a husband's home one day in a manner worthy of myself? And I in my turn would ask ■ I hung about thy beard whereto I now am clinging How shall I see thee? Shall I be giving thee a glad reception in my halls father in thy old age repaying all thy anxious care in rearing me?

I remember all we said tis thou who hast for gotten and now wouldst take my life By Pelops I entreat thee spare me by thy father Atreus and my mother here who suffers now ■ second time the pangs she felt before when bearing me! What have I to do with the marriage of Paris and Helen? who is his coming to prove my ruin father? Look upon me one glance one kiss bestow that this at least I may carry to my death as a memorial of thee though thou heed not my pleading

(Holding up the babe ORESTES) Feebly all though thou art brother to thy loved ones yet add thy tears to mine and entreat our father for thy sister's life even in babes there is a natural sense of ill O father see this speechless supplication made to thee pity me have mercy on my tender years! Yea by thy beard we two fond hearts implore thy pity the one ■ babe a full grown maid the other By summing all my pleas in one I will prevail in what I say

To gaze upon yon light is man's most cherished gift that life below is nothingness and whose longs for death is mad Better live a life of woe than die a death of glory!

Ch Ah wretched Helen! Awful the struggle that has come to the sons of Atreus and their children thanks to thee and those marriages of thine

Ag While loving my own children I yet understand what should move my pity and what should not I were a madman else Tis terrible for me to bring myself to this nor less terrible is it to refuse daughter for I must fare the same Ye see the vastness of yon naval host and the numbers of bronze-clad warriors from Hellas who can neither make their way to Ilum's towers nor raze the far famed citadel of Troy unless I offer thee according to the word of Calchas the seer Some mad desire possesses the host of Hellas to sail forthwith to the land of the barbarians and put a stop to the rape of wives from Hellas and they will slay my daughters in Argos as well as you and me if I disregard the goddess's behests It is not Menelaus who hath enslaved me to him child nor have I followed wish of his nay tis Hellas for whom I must sacrifice thee whether I will or no to this necessity I bow my head for her freedom must be preserved as far as any help of thine daughter or mine can go nor must they who are the sons of Hellas be pillaged of their wives by barbarian robbery

AGAMEMNON rushes from the stage

Cl My child! Ye stranger ladies!

Woe is me for this thy death! Thy father flies surrendering thee to Hades

Ip Woe is me O mother mune! for the same strain hath fallen to both of us in our fortune No more for me the light of day! no more the beams of yonder sun! Woe for that snow-beat glen in Phrygia and the hills of Ida where Priam once exposed a tender babe torn from his mother's arms to meet a deadly doom even Paris called the child of Ida in the Phrygians' town Would Priam ne'er had settled him the herdsman reared amid the herds beside that water crystal clear where are fountains of the Nymphs and their meadow rich with blooming flowers where hyacinths and rose buds blow for goddesses to gather! Hither one day came Pallas a d Cypris of the subtle heart Hera too and Hermes messenger of Zeus—Cypris proud of the longing she causes Pallas of her prowess and Hera of her royal marriage with king Zeus—to decide a hateful strife about their beauty but it is my death maidens—fraught ■ true with glory to the Danaï—that Artemis has received as an offering before they begin the voyage to Ilum

O mother mother! he that begat me to this life of sorrow has gone and left me all alone Ah! woe is me! a bitter bitter sight for me was Helen evil Helen! to me now doomed to bleed and die slough-tered by an impious sire

I could this Aulis had never received in its havens here the sterns of their bronze beaked ships the fleet which was speeding them to Troy and would that Zeus had never breathed on the Eurypus a wind

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stop the expedition, tempering, as he doth and I  
entreat to different ends, so that some have  
in setting sail and sorrow some and others hard  
constraint to make some start and others stay and  
others hurl their sails!

Full of trouble and it seems, is the race of mortals,  
full of trouble only and to ever find distress  
that man should find distress.

Woe! woe! thee thou child of Tyndarus, for  
thou art and a such so which thou art causing  
the Danu!

O! I pity thee for thy true fate—a fate I would  
thou had met!

O mother that bare me I see a throng of men  
as you be.

It is the goddess-born thou seest child for  
whom thou earnest hither.

I (Coming into the tent) Open the tent-door to me  
servant, that I may help myself.

What seek'st thou my child?

I am ashamed to face Achilles.

Wherefore?

Thy luckless ending to our marriage causes me  
to feel ashamed.

No time for affectation now in face! What  
has happened? Say then reserve will do no good!  
Only we can—

## E. OFACHILLE

Daughter of Leda lady of sorrows!

Of misfortune that

A father's cry is heard from the Argives.

What is it tell me

It concerns thy child

An evil omen for thy words.

They say her sacrifice is necessary

And is there none to say a word against  
them?

Indeed I was in some danger myself from the  
tumult.

In danger? What kind?

Of being stoned.

Surely not? trying to save my daughter?

The very reason.

Who would have dared to lay a finger on thee

The men of Ilios, O can I!

Here are thy Myrmidon warriors at thy side?

The were the first who moved against me

Thy child was at last undone it seems.

Thy daughter me as the man whom marriage  
has made.

And that dost thou answer them?

I raised the life fiber I meant to wed—

Just so.

Thy father's father from me

And entreat to his own Argos.

But I am in my element.

Truly the man is a dear enemy.

But I would have thee for all that

What thou really feel, thou single-handed?

Dost see these warriors carrying my

arm?

Bliss thee for thy kind—

Ac Well I shall be blessed

Cl Then my child will not be slaughtered now?

Ac No not with my consent at any rate.

Cl But will any of them come to lay hands on  
the maid?

Ac Thousands of them with Odysseus at their  
head!

Cl The son of Sisyphus?

Ac The very same

Cl Acting for himself or by the army's order?

Ac By his own choice—and his own

Cl An evil choice indeed to stain his hands in  
blood!

Ac But I will hold him back

Cl Will he seize and bear her hence against her  
will?

Ac Aye by her golden hair no doubt

Cl What must I do, when it comes to that?

Ac Keep hold of thy daughter

Cl I am sure that she shall not be taken, as far as  
that can help her

Ac Believe me it will come to this.

Ip Mother, hear me while I speak for I see that  
thou art wroth with thy husband to no purpose. It is  
hard for us to persist in impossibilities. Our thanks  
are due to the strain of for his ready help but thou  
wilt also see to it that he is not rewarded by the  
arms. Let us be no better off and I myself in old  
trouble. Listen most to hear what thou hast  
gained across my mind. I am revolved to do and  
thus I fear would do with honour diminish from  
me what is meant. Towards this now mother turn  
thy thoughts, and with me weigh how well I speak  
to me the whole of mighty Hellas looks on me the  
passenger of the sea depends on me, the wack of Troy  
and in my power it lies to check her forth bearing  
a ruin on happy Ilios, if ever in the days to come  
thou seek to seize her daughters, when once they  
have atoned by death the violation of Helen's  
marriage by Paris. All this disgrace will my death  
erase and my fame I secure. Hellas free will be a  
happy one. Besides, I have no right at all to claim  
too fondly to my life for thou dost not deem me  
so myself alone but as a public blessing to L. Hel-  
las. What if I countess warriors armed with  
shield those my nads sitting at the oar find courage  
to attack the foe and die for Ilios, because the  
first blood is shed and one life prevent all  
this? What kind of justice is this? could I find a  
word in answer? Now turn we to that other point.  
It is not right that this man should enter the life  
with all Argos or be slain by a woman's sake. Better  
as I gleam should see the life than ten thousand  
men. If Artemis is minded to take thy body, am  
I a weak mortal to thwart the goddess? Nay that  
is impossible. So Hellas I resign it offer this sac-  
rifice and make a virtue out of Troy. This is my  
endure monument marriage, motherhood and  
fame—all these set to me. And yet but not hit  
mother that H. Penes would not barbarians, but  
not barbarians H. Penes, those being slaves, who  
these are free.

children on thy coming back to Argos? Nay thou hast no right. Will any child of thine ever face thee if thou have surrendered one of them to death? Has this ever entered into thy calculations or does thy one duty consist in carrying a sceptre about and marching at the head of an army? When thou mightest have made this fair proposal among the Argives.

Is it your wish Achæans to sail for Phrygia's shores? Why then cast lots whose daughter has to die. For that would have been a fair course for thee to pursue instead of picking out thy own child for the victim and presenting her to the Danaï or Menelaus inasmuch as it was his concern should have slain Hermione for her mother. As it is I who still am true to thee must lose my child while she who went astray will return with her daughter and live in happiness at Sparta. If I am wrong in aught here in answer me but if my words have been fairly urged do not still slay thy child who is mine too and thou wilt be wise.

Ch Hearken to her Agamemnon for to join in saving thy children's lives is surely a noble deed none would gainsay this.

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I would this Aulis had never received in its havens here the sterns of their bronze beaked ships the fleet which was speeding them to Troy and would that Zeus had never breathed on the Eurypus wind.

Of B bld the ma den on her w the destro er  
f ll m s town and st Phrygians, with garlands  
tw ed bout h r head and drops of lustral water  
n t soon t bespr kl w th her gushin blood  
th altar f a mu de ous goddess what t me h r  
shap neck sse ered

For thee fur streams f fath r s po n g and  
lustral aters a in sto f r thee Achæa s host s  
wain ea r to ea h the citad l of Ilum But let  
us lebrat Artemis, the daughters f Zeus, q een  
among th gods, a f pon some happ cha c

O lid r red d light n z h man sse for  
send o t s a t Phr gia s land the host f the  
H leres to Tr s abodes f gentle and gra t that  
Agamemnon may wreath his head w th deathles  
fame a crown of fa est glory f r the spearmen f  
Hellas.

Er c m sse c r

W Come f rth, O Cl taennestra da bter of  
Tyndareus, from the tent to hear m ewe.

Er c m t t e m e st r l

Cl I heard thy m and am c me s sad d man  
and fearful dread not sure but what thou ha t ar  
n ed th tidings f som fresh t uble for m be  
ndes the p se t woe

W Na t the ould k u f ld to thee a tosy  
stran nd marn flow bo t th chld

Cl Delay not th n b t peak at once.

Me Dear mistress, thou halt learn all clearly  
from th tter will f ll t unless my memory fail  
m somewhat and e f se my ton we s account  
As soon as we rea hed the grove f A temus th  
hild f Zeus, and th meadows gay w th flowers,  
here th A hæn troops were g the ed bringing  
th da ghter thus f thw th th Arg s host be  
ga assemblin b t w n hæg Agam mnon saw the  
maid n oon h wa t th gro et be sacrific ed h  
g on g on nd s ing way has f l t the  
tears b r t from his m h b ld his robe befor  
th m B t th maid standin close b him that be  
gort b r pak th s w se O m father h r am  
l to d th biddin f eels l ffer this body af mine  
for my country nd all H llas, that v may lead me  
t th altar f th goddess d sa nñ me s e  
thus s Hæa en rdina Good luck be ours for  
v h lp that f ll rd nd m e beaun th s  
ter pit nd oon ount th land of ou fathers.  
So th l no s th Arg es lay hand m f  
l ll b el l d m eck w thout a w o d

Sh pak nd ea b ma marn lld he heard  
th m d b un f h speech B t s the  
mud e p ood T lth b u f h ths d t w a  
d bad th host tra fr m d d ed and  
Cal has th see draw g sha p sword f som out  
to se bhard la d t to k t fbeat g ld c own  
g h maid head th whil Th the son of  
P leus, tak g h bask t d w th t l t al wate  
his ha d ran ound th altar f th goddess ur  
ten s these w ds, O Artemis, tho hld f Zeus,  
sla f ld beasts, that b lent th dazzl g l ht  
mid th gloom, cept ths sa nñce whi h we th  
best f the Achæans nd k s Agam mnon w th us,

Ter to thee e en pure blood from a beauteous  
ma den s ck and g a t us safe sailin fo o r ships  
and the sack of Tro t wers by our spears.

Mea time the so sof str us and all the host stood  
lookin, on th ground while the priest set ng h s  
k se offered up a pr er and w n closely scanning  
the ma den s th out to see where he ould strike  
T as no s h t sorrow filled my heart a I stood by  
with bowed head then l a s d den miracle! Each  
o e of us d t actly he rd th sound of a bow but  
n ne saw the spot here th maiden va hed Loud  
l the priest cried out nd all th host took up the  
cry at the ght of a marvel all unlooked for due to  
some god s a nev and pass ng all belief altho gh  
was seen f r there upon the ground lay hnd f  
size iron ase nd pass g fust see ga pt our her  
l se with whose blood the altar of the goddess was  
thoroughly bed ed Wbe con spake Cal has thus  
h j t ho canst ima e the captain of th s  
learned Achæan host do re see this sct m which  
the goddess has set before her altar a moun t  
roam ng h nd? Th s s more welcome to her by far  
than the ma d that she may not defile her altar by  
shedd noble blood Gladly has sh accepted it  
and s rant ng u a prosperous voyage for our at  
to k on Ilum Wheref re take heart sailors, each  
man f you, nd wa eo ur sh ps, f r to day mu t  
we lea e th hollow ha s of Aul and cross the H  
gean ma n

Then when the sacrific ewa wholly burnt to a he s  
a th blazing flame he offe ed such prayers as we e  
meet that th rm m th win return but me Agam  
mnon sends to t ll thee thus, nd say what Hæa  
e sent luck f us, and how he hath secured und r g  
furn thout th veng of Hellas. Now I was  
th re myself a d speak s an e t w tress w thout  
a doubt thy chld f w awa to the gods. A truce  
the to thv sor nd cease to be wr th with  
thv husband for God s w s with man are not what  
we e peet and those whom he lo es, he keepeth  
saf sea fo the day hath seen thv da bter dead  
a d brought t life a n

Er m sse c r

Ch What joy to hear these tid g from the mes  
se e l He tells thee th chld s living st ll amon  
th gods.

Cl Wh h f th gods, my chld hath t len thee?  
How am I to add es thee? H can I be sure that  
th s not an idl tale told to chee m to make me  
ease my piteou lamentat on f thee?

Ch Lo ling Agamemnon approu hes to confirm  
this tosy f thee

Er s m m o

Ag Happ ma we be u ted lad fur as  
n rnsour da bt r f he hath f llowship with  
god n er south. B t thou must take th tend r  
habe and start for home f the host is too n w  
t sal F thee well us lo g I shall g et thee  
on my r turn fr m Tro may it be well w th  
thee!

Ch Son of At eus, start for Phrygia s land w t  
l and so r turn, I pr after tak g f om Tro  
her fur est spoils.

Exeunt om. 15



*Ch* Thou playest a noble part maiden but sickly are the whims of Fate and the goddess

*Ac* Daughter of Agamemnon! some god was bent on blessing me could I but have won thee for my wife In thee I reckon Hellas happy and thee in Hellas for this that thou hast said is good and worthy of thy fatherland since thou abandoning a strife with heavenly powers which are too strong for thee has fairly weighed advantages and needs But now that I have looked into thy noble nature I feel still more a fond desire to win thee for my bride Look to it for I would fain serve thee and receive thee in my halls and witness Thetis how I grieve to think I shall not save thy life by doing battle with the Danaï Reflect I say a dreadful ill is death

*Ip* This I say without regard to anyone Enough that the daughter of Tyndareus is causing wars and bloodshed by her beauty then be not slain thyself sir stranger nor seek to slay another on my account but let me if I can save Hellas

*Ac* Heroic spirit! I can say no more to this since thou art so minded for thine is a noble resolve why should not one avow the truth? Yet will I speak for thou wilt haply change thy mind that thou must know then what my offer is I will go and place these arms of mine near the altar resolved not to permit thy death but to prevent it for brave as thou art at sight of the knife held at thy throat thou wilt soon avail thyself of what I said So I will not let thee perish through any thoughtlessness of thine but will go to the temple of the goddess with these arms and await thy arrival there

*Exit Achilles*

*Ip* Mother why so silent thine eyes wet with tears?

*Cl* I have reason woe is met to be sad at heart

*Ip* Forbear make me not a coward here in one thing obey me

*Cl* Say what it is my child for at my hands thou shalt ne'er suffer injury

*Ip* Cut not off the tresses of thy hair for me nor clothe thyself in sable garb

*Cl* Why my child what is it thou hast said? Shall I when I lose thee—

*Ip* Lose me thou dost not I am saved and thou renowned as far as I can make thee

*Cl* How so? Must I not mourn thy death?

*Ip* By no means for I shall have a tomb heaped as of me

*Cl* What is not the act of dying held to imply burial?

*Ip* The altar of the goddess Zeus's daughter will be my tomb

*Cl* Well my child I will let thee persuade me, for thou sayest well

*Ip* Aye as one who prospereth and doeth Hellas service

*Cl* What message shall I carry to thy sisters?

*Ip* Put not mourning raiment on them either

*Cl* But is there no fond message I can give the maidens from thee?

*Ip* Yes my farewell words and promise me to rear this babe Orestes to manhood

*Cl* Press him to thy bosom 'tis thy last look

*Ip* O thou that art most dear to me! thou hast helped thy friends thou hast means

*Cl* Is there any thing I can do to pleasure thee in Argos?

*Ip* Yes hate not my father thy own husband

*Cl* Fearful are the trials through which he has to go because of thee

*Ip* It was against his will he ruined me for the sake of Hellas

*Cl* Ah! but he employed base treachery unworthy of Atreus

*Ip* Who will escort me hence before my hair is torn?

*Cl* I will go with thee

*Ip* No not thou thou sayst not well

*Cl* I will clinging to thy robes

*Ip* Be persuaded by me mother stay here for this is the better way alike for me and thee but let one of these attendants of my father conduct me to the meadow of Artemis where I shall be sacrificed

*Cl* Art gone from me my child?

*Ip* Aye and with no chance of ever returning

*Cl* Leaving thy mother?

*Ip* Yes as thou seest undeservedly

*Cl* Hold! leave me not!

*Ip* I cannot let thee shed a tear (*Exit Clytemnestra To the chorus*) Be it yours maidens to hymn in joyous strains Artemis the child of Zeus, for my hard lot and let the order for a solemn hush go forth to the Danaï Begin the sacrifice with the baskets let the fire blaze for the purifying meal of sprinkling and my father pace from left to right about the altar for I come to bestow on Hellas safety crowned with victory Lead me hence me the destroyer of Ilium's town and the Phrygians give me wreaths to cast about me bring them hither here are my tresses to crown bring lustral water too Dance to Artemis queen Artemis the blest around her fane and altar for by the blood of my sacrifice I will blot out the oracle if it needs must be

O mother lady revered! for thee shall my tears be shed and now for at the holy rites I may not weep

Sing with me maidens sing the praises of Artemis, whose temple faces Chalcis where angry spearman madly chafe here in the narrow havens of Aulis be cause of me

O Pelasgia land of my birth and Mycenæ my home!

*Cl* Is it on Perseus' citadel thou callest that town Cyclopean workmen builded?

*Ip* To be a light to Hellas didst thou rear me and so I say not No to death

*Cl* Thou art right no fear that fame will e'er desert thee!

*Ip* Hail to thee bright lamp of day and light of Zeus! A different life a different lot is henceforth mine Farewell I bid thee light beloved!

*Exit Iphigenia*

Od Odysseus of Ithaca, kin of the Cephallenians land.  
 S I know him for a peatig knave, one of Sisyphus shrewd offspring.  
 Od I am the man abuse me not.  
 S Whence hast thou sailed hither? Sicily?  
 Od From Ilum and the toils of Troy.  
 S How was that didst thou not know the passage of the native land?  
 Od Temptuous wind directed me hither against my will.  
 S God woe! thou art in the same plight as I am.  
 Od Where wert thou too drifted hither? gurst thou will?  
 S I was, as I pursued the pirates who carried Eolus off.  
 Od What land is this and who are its inhabitants?  
 S This is mount Aetna the highest point in Sicily.  
 Od But where are the city walls and rampart?  
 S There are none the headlands, save the word of men.  
 Od Who then possess the land the race of wild creatures?  
 S The Cyclopes who have caves, not roofed houses.  
 Od Obedient unto whom? or is the power in the people's hands?  
 S They are rovers no man obeys another in anything.  
 Od Do they sow Demeter's grain, or on what do they live?  
 S On milk and cheese and flesh of sheep.  
 Od Have they then drunk of Bromius, the juice of the vine?  
 S No indeed! and thus it is a joyless land they dwell in.  
 Od Are they hospitable and reverent toward strangers?  
 S Certainly, they so supply the dauntiest meat.  
 Od What do they delight in killing men and eating them?  
 S No one has ever armed her without being tortured.  
 Od What do the Cyclopes do to themselves as do his dogs?  
 S It is gone hunting wild beasts with bound on Aetna.  
 Od Dost thou then what to do, that we may be gone from this land?  
 S Not I Odysseus but I would do anything for Leto.  
 Od Sell us food, if which we are in need.  
 S There is nothing but flesh, as I said.  
 Od Will you then that a peasant prevent the offer?  
 S And her horse curried with fig juice, and the man's figure.  
 Od But then our man should see his purchase.  
 S But tell me, how much gold wilt thou give me in exchange?

Od No gold bring I but Dionysus drink.  
 S Most welcome words! I have long been waiting in that.  
 Od Yes, it was Maron the god's son, who gave me a drink at night.  
 S What! Maron whom once I dandled in these arms?  
 Od The son of the Bacchic god that thou mayst learn more certainly.  
 S Is it inside the ship or hast thou it with thee?  
 Od This, as thou seest is the skin that holds it, old sir.  
 S What that would not give me so much as a mouthful.  
 Od This, and twice as much again as will run from the skin.  
 S Fair the rill thou speakest of, delicious to me.  
 Od Shall I let thee taste the wine unmixed to start with it?  
 S A reasonable offer for of a truth a taste in it is the purchase.  
 Od Well, I haul about a cun as well as the skin.  
 S Come let me gurgles in, that I may revive my memory by a pull at it.  
 Od There then!  
 S Ye gods! what a delicious scent it has!  
 Od What! didst thou see it?  
 S No, I faith, but I smell it.  
 Od Taste it then, that thy approval may not stop at words.  
 S Zounds! But hush! in ringing me to dance hal hal!  
 Od Did it not gurgles fine! down thy throat?  
 S Aye that it did, the ends of my fingers.  
 Od Well, we will give thee money bend sin.  
 S Only undo thy skin and never mind the money.  
 Od Bring out the heaves then and lambs.  
 S I will do so, with small thought of any master.  
 For let me have a little cup of that and I would turn madman, giving in exchange for it the flocks of every Cyclops and then throwing myself into the sea from the Leucadian rock, once I have been well drunk and smoothed out in wrinkled brow.  
 For if a man rejoice in it in his drinking he is mad for in drinking there is no evil with all it of wine and dancing with that, and oblivion of woe. Shall not I then purchase so rare drink, bidding the senseless Cyclopes and his central eye go hang? Exit STILAX.  
 Ch Hearken, Odysseus, let us hold some conference with them.  
 Od Well, do so ours is a meeting of friends.  
 Ch Did you take Troy and capture the famous Helen?  
 Od Aye, and we destroyed the whole family of Priam.  
 Ch After capturing your blooming prize were all of you in turn her lover? for she likes variety in husbands the traitress! the wretch of man with embroidered breeches on his legs and a golden chain about his neck so flattered her that she left Helen, her excellent little husband. Would there had

# THE CYCLOPS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SILENUS

ODYSSEUS

CHORUS OF SATYRS

THE CYCLOPS

MUTL. *Companions of Odysseus*

*Mount Ætna in Sicily, before the cave of the Cyclops. Enter SILENUS*

*Silenus* O Bromius unnumbered are the toils I bear because of thee no less now than when I was young and hale first when thou wert driven mad by Hera and didst leave the mountain nymphs thy nurses next when in battle with earth born spear men I stood beside thee on the right as squire and slew Enceladus smiting him full in the middle of his targe with my spear Come though let me see must I confess 'twas all a dream? No by Zeus! since I really showed his spoils to the Bacchic god And now am I enduring to the full a toil still worse than those For when Hera sent forth a race of Tyrrhene pirates against thee that thou mightest be smugled far away I as soon as the news reached me sailed in quest of thee with my children and taking the helm myself I stood on the end of the stern and steered our trim craft and my sons sitting at the oars made the grey billows froth and foam as they sought thee my liege But just as we had come nigh Malea in our course an east wind blew upon the ship and drove us hither to the rock of Ætna where in lonely caverns dwell the one eyed children of ocean a god the murdering Cyclopes Captured by one of them we are slaves in his house Polyphemus they call him whom we serve and instead of Bacchic revelry we are herding a godless Cyclopes flocks and so it is my children striplings as they are tend the young thereof on the edge of the downs while my appointed task is to stay here and fill the troughs and sweep out the cave or wait upon the ungodly Cyclopes at his impious feasts His orders now compel obedience I have to scrape out his house with the rake you see so as to receive the Cyclopes my absent master and his sheep in clean caverns

But already I see my children driving their browsing flocks towards me

What means this? in the beat of feet in the Sicilian dance the same to you now as when ye attended the Bacchic god in his revelries and made your way with dainty steps to the music of lyres to the halls of Althæa?

*Enter CHORUS OF SATYRS*

*Chorus* Offspring of well bred sires and dams, pray whither wilt thou be gone from me to the rocks? Hast thou not here a gentle breeze and grass to browse and water from the eddying stream set

near the cave in troughs? and are not thy young ones bleating for thee?

Pst! pst! wilt thou not browse here here on the dewy slope? Hol! hol! ere long will I cast a stone at thee Away away! O horned one to the fold keeper of the Cyclopes the country ranging shepherd Loosen thy bursting udder welcome to thy teats the kids whom thou leavest in the lambkins pens Those little bleating kids asleep the livelong day miss thee wilt thou then leave at last the rich grass pastures on the peaks of Ætna and enter the fold?

Here we have no Bromian god no dances here or Bacchantes thrush bearing no roll of drums or drops of sparkling wine by gurgling founts nor is it now with Nymphs in Nyctea I sing a song of Bacchus Bacchus! to the queen of love in quest of whom I once sped on with Bacchantes white of foot

Dear friend dear Bacchic god whither art roaming alone waving thy auburn locks while I thy minister do service to the one eyed Cyclopes a slave and wanderer I clad in this wretched goat skin dress severed from thy love?

Sir Hush children! and bid our servants fold the flocks in the rock roofed cavern

*Ch* (To SERVANTS) Away! (To SILENUS) But prithee why such haste father?

Sir I see the hull of a ship from Hellas at the shore and men that wield the oar on their way to this cave with some chieftain About their necks they carry empty vessels and pitchers for water they are in want of food Luckless strangers! who can they be? They know not what manner of man our master Polyphemus is to have at foot here in his cheerless abode and come to the jaws of the cannibal Cyclopes in an evil hour But hold ye your peace that we may inquire whence they come to the peak of Sicilian Ætna

*Enter ODYSSEUS and crew*

*Odysseus* Pray tell us sirs of some river spring whence we might draw a draught to slake our thirst or of someone willing to sell victuals to mariners in need

Why what is this? We seem to have chanced upon a city of the Bromian god here by the caves I see a group of Satyrs To the eldest first I bid All hail!

Sir All hail sir! tell me who thou art and name thy country

cruel s to slay thy friends on th'ir coming to thy  
 ca e nor regard us as food for thy jaws, an impious  
 meal for we preserved thy site O king, n posses  
 on of his templ seats deep in the nooks of H llas  
 and the sacred port of Tienarus and Malea s flur  
 their co e remain unharmed and Sunium's rock  
 the sil er n ed sacred to Zeus-born Ath na still  
 is safe, and Gerastus, the harbour of r fu e and we  
 did not permit Phrygians to put such a intolerable  
 reproach on Hellas Now in these things thou too  
 hast a shar for thou dwellest in a co ner of the  
 land of H llas beneath Aetna's fire streaming rock  
 and alid on h thou turn from a guments still it is  
 cust m m ngst m ital m n to recee e ship-  
 wrecked sailors as th'ir suppliant and sho them  
 hospitality and help them with raument or that  
 these should fill thy ja s and belly their limbs  
 transfixed with spits for piercing or flesh The land  
 of Pham hath emptied Hellas q re nough, drink  
 ing the blood of many whom the spear laid to  
 with the run it has b ou ht n w dowed m es, on  
 aged childless dames, and hoary headed ures and f  
 thou roa t and co rum the remnant—a meal th u  
 wilt — h' where shall e turn? Nay be per-  
 suaded by m Cyclops forego th'ir ra enous g eed  
 and choose pi ty rather than wickedness for on  
 many a man ere now untr giteous gains have b ought  
 downa retinbut

S I all ge thee a w rd of advice? as fo  
 his flesh, lea e n t a morsel of it and if thou eat has  
 t gue Cyclops, th u w ll becom a mon vious  
 clever talker

O Wealth, mankind m the god f s the wise all  
 else is m r aunting and for w o ds Plagu take  
 the headland by the sea on which m s her seas  
 himself! Wh bast th u p t f sward these a gu  
 m nts? I shudder ot at Zeus thunder no know  
 I whe can Zeus m hit e god than? ar str a  
 what is more I reck n t of him my reasons bear  
 Wh n h pours down th' rain f om above he e in  
 this rock n quarters m m feasting on east calf s  
 flesh some d gam and o tening w ll may  
 pt roed pour h th deep draught from a tub f  
 milk I n al the th d claps of Zeus with my ar  
 tillers and when th' orth w d blo from Thra  
 and shrd' th' snon f wrap my ca case in th' hides of  
 beem d li ht a fire, nd what car l l e now?  
 The ca h p f e wh shet she lik t or n t p o-  
 ducer grain nd fast n my flocks, wh h I sacrific  
 t n e so e myself nd th bell th g eatest of  
 deities bus to the gods, n t l f f m elv to car and  
 dn k one fill from da t day and g e o self no  
 gn f t ll th u is th k g of god f e y was  
 man, but lva go h' g cheq er g they  
 do, th life f man? And so I wld not cease from m  
 dulm m self by d our g thee a d thou shalt  
 n h s t a g r s gift that I may be free of  
 blam — h' nd my fathe element y nde and  
 ca ld n t b ld thy flesh and boil t e l v in  
 co lops So n w th y u, thar may sca t me well,  
 tnd ng ound the altar e honou the ca ern s  
 god

Enter h s go r

Od Alas! escaped from the troubles of Troy and  
 the sea my barque now strands upon the w him and  
 forbidding bea t f th s a age

O Palas, mistress mine goddess-daughter of Zeus  
 h lp me help me now for I am come to toils and  
 d pths of peril worse th n all at H um and thou O  
 Zeus the stranger s god who hast th' dwell ng m d  
 the radiant stars, behold these things for if thou  
 regard them not n va n art thou esteemed the  
 great god Zeus though but a th ng of naught

Follow the cyclops rel cranly

Ch Ope wide the portal of thy gaping throat  
 Cyc ps f r strangers limbs, both boiled and grilled  
 a e steady from f the coals for thee to gnaw and  
 t ar and m ce up small reclining in thy shaggy  
 goatskin coat

Relinquish n t th' meal for me keep that boat  
 for th'is l f alone A unt th s ca el avault the  
 burnt-off rings, wh ch the godless Cyclops offers on  
 Aetna's leas, exulting in meals on strangers flesh!

Oh! the ruthless m nster! to sacrifice his guests  
 t h s own hearth the supphants of h' halls, cleav  
 h s and tear e and serv ng up to his loathsome  
 teeth a feast f human flesh hot f om the coals.

Od (Ras p aring with a look of horror) O Zeus!  
 what can I sai after the hideous sights I have seen  
 in de cave things past belief resembling more  
 the tales men tell than aught th y do?

Ch What news, Odiseus? has the Cyclops, most  
 godless mon ter been feasting on thy dear com-  
 rades?

Od Aye h singled out a pair on whom the flesh  
 a fatter-a d a best co d tion and took them up  
 in his hand e we gh

Ch H w went u w th you then poor wretch?

Od When we had entered yonder rocky abod  
 he lighted first a fire th' own logs of towers g oak  
 upon his spac ous hearth enough for three wa gons  
 t carry as th'ir load e t close by the blazing  
 flame he placed h' e uch of pice boughs laid upon  
 the floor and filled bowl of some ten fi Lins, po  
 s g wh te milk there nto after he had milked h  
 kine and br h s ud he put a can of s y wood whose  
 li endit wa three cub ts a d its d pth four may be  
 next h set his brazen pot a boiling on the f re  
 spits too he et bewid him fast m ed of the branches  
 I th n the points h' de ed in th' fire a d th  
 rest of th m trimm'd with the hatchet nd the  
 blood ho li f Aetna f th are redg t Now when  
 that hell-cook god-detested had e eryth quiv-  
 cady h ca ht up a pa of my companions and  
 proceeded deliberately to cut the throat of one of  
 th m over th' r a e g b n pot b t the other  
 he clut hed b th tendon of his heel, and str kun  
 h m gainst a sharp po nt of rocky stone dashed out  
 his brains then ast hacking the fleshy pa t w th  
 glutton cleaver he set t g ling them, but the  
 limbs he threw oer h' cauld on to seeth And I  
 poo wretch d near with stream g eyes and  
 wa red on th C clops but the others kept cove

to eat h th blood as the st ekes.

never been a race of women born into the world at all unless it were for me alone!

*Re enter SILENUS*

*Si (With food)* Lo! I bring you fat food from the flocks king Odysseus the young of bleating sheep and cheeses of curdled milk without stint Carry them away with you and be gone from the cave at once after giving me a drink of merry grape juice in exchange

*Ch* Alack! yonder comes the Cyclops what shall we do?

*Od* Then truly are we lost old sirl whither must we fly?

*Si* Inside this rock for there ye may conceal yourselves

*Od* Dangerous advice of thine to run into the net!

*Si* No danger there are ways of escape in plenty in the rock

*Od* No never that for surely Troy will groan and loudly too if we flee from a single man when I have oft withstood with my shield a countless host of Phrygians Nay if die we must we will die a noble death or if we live we will maintain our old renown at least with credit

*Enter CYCLOPS*

*Cyclops* A light here! hold it up! what is this? what means this idleness your Bacchic revelry? Here have we no Dionysus nor clash of brass nor roll of drums Pray how is it with my newly born lambs in the caves? are they at the teat running close to the side of their dams? Is the full amount of milk for cheeses milked out in baskets of rushes? How now? what say you? One of ye will soon be shedding tears from the weight of my club look up not down

*Ch* Thel my head is bent back till I see Zeus himself I behold both the stars and Orion

*Cy* Is my breakfast quite ready?

*Ch* 'Tis laid be thy throat only ready

*Cy* Are the bowls too full of milk?

*Ch* Aye so that thou canst swill off a whole hog's head so it please thee

*Cy* Sheeps milk or cows milk or a mixture of both?

*Ch* Whichever thou wilt don't swallow me that's all

*Cy* Not I for you would start kicking in the pit of my stomach and kill me by your antics (*Catching sight of ODYSSEUS and his followers*) Hal what is this crowd I see near the folds? Some pirates or robbers have put in here Yes I really see the lambs from my caves tied up there with twisted osiers cheese presses scattered about and old Salenus with his bald pate all swollen with blows

*Si* Oh! oh! poor wretch that I am pounded to a fever

*Cy* By whom? who has been pounding thy head mid sirrah?

*Si* These are the culprits Cyclops all because I refused to let them plunder thee

*Cy* Did they not know I was a god and sprung from gods?

*Si* That was what I told them but they persisted in plundering thy goods and in spite of my efforts, they actually began to eat the cheese and carry off the lambs and they said they would tie thee in a three cubit pillory and tear out thy bowels by force at thy navel and flay thy back thoroughly with the scourge and then after binding thee fling thy carcass down among the benches of their ship to sell to some one for heating up stones or else throw thee into a mill

*Cy* Oh sudeed! Be off then and sharpen my cleavers at once heap hi h the figs and hit them for they shall be slun forthwith and fill this maw of mine what time I pick my feast hot from the coals waiting not for carvers and fish up the rest from the cauldron boiled and sodden for I have had my fill of mountain fare and sated myself with banquets of lions and stags but tis long I have been without human flesh

*Si* Truly master a change like this is all the sweeter after everyday fare for just of late there have been no fresh arrivals of strangers in these caves

*Od* Hear the strangers too in turn Cyclops We had come near the cave from our ship wishing to procure provisions by purchase when this fellow sold us the lambs and handed them over for a stoop of wine to drink himself—a voluntary act on both sides—there was no violence employed at all No there is not a particle of truth in the story he tells now that he has been caught selling thy property behind thy back

*Si* I? Perdition catch thee!

*Od* If I am lying yes

*Si* O Cyclops by thy sire Poseidon by mighty Triton and Nereus by Calypso and the dau hters of Nereus by the sacred billows and all the race of fishes I swear to thee most noble sir dear little Cyclop master mine it is not I who sell thy goods to strangers else may these children dearly as I love them come to an evil end

*Cy* Keep that for thyself with my own eyes I saw thee sell the goods to the strangers and if I lie perdition catch my sire! but injure not the strangers

*Cy* Ye lie for my part I put more faith in him than Rhodamanthus dechning him more just But I have some questions to ask Whence sailed ye strangers? of what country are you? what city was it nursed your childhood?

*Od* We are Ithicans by birth and have been driven from our course by the winds of the sea on our way from Ilium after sacking its citadel

*Cy* Are ye the men who visited on Ilium that bordereth on Scamander's wave the rape of Helen worst of women?

*Od* We are that was the fearful labour we endured

*Cy* A sorry expedient yours to have sailed to the land of Phrygia for the sake of one woman!

*Od* It was a god's doing blame not any son of man But thee do we implore most noble son of Ocean's god speaking as free born men be not so

557-559

Cy It is not nets that gods should be clad in  
let her

Od What of that provided he please thee? does  
the let her hurt thee?

Cy I hate the wine skin but the liquor we have  
brought I love.

Od So then, Cyclops drink and be merry

C Must I not give my brethren a share in this  
liquor?

Od No, keep thyself and thou wilt appear of  
more honour

Cy Give to my friends and I shall appear of more

Od Revellin is apt to end in blows, base and  
rude

Cy I may be drunk but no man will lay hands  
on me for all that

Od Better stay at home my friend after a car-  
nival

Cy Who loves not revellin then is but a simple-  
ton

Od But who stays at home when drunk, is  
wiser

Cy What shall we do, Silenus? art minded to  
go?

S. That I am for but need have we of others to  
be our drink, Cyclops?

Cy Well, truly the surf is soft as do with its  
fresh flowering plants.

S. (Singing himself) Aye, and its pleasant drink  
is a the warm sunshine.

Cy  
Si Com let me see thee stretch thy carcass on  
the ground

Cy (Singing down) There then! Why art thou put-  
ting thy muslin to behind me?

S. That no one passing by may come upon thee

Cy No but thy purpose is to drink upon the  
side of thy brethren. (To others) How will me  
stranger by that name to call thee.

Od Nor can What boon shall I receive of thee to  
earn my charge?

Cy I will feast on thee last after all thy comrades.

Od Fair indeed thy honour thou bestowest on  
thy guest Sir Cyclops!

Cy (Turning suddenly to sailors) Ho, sailors! what  
art thou about taking stealthily pull the  
net?

S. No, but I kissed me for my good looks.

Cy Thou hast smart, if thou kiss the wine when  
it kisses no more

S. Oh! but it did for I say it is in love with my  
handsome face

Cy (If doing as his cup) Pour in only give me  
my cup full

S. Here how is it mixed? just let me make sure.  
(Takes another pull)

C Perdition! give me at once.

S. Oh, no I really cannot tell I see thee with a  
crown on and have another taste myself.

A line has been lost here.

Cy My cup-bearer is a cheat

S. Really but the wine is so luscious. Thou  
must wipe thy lips, thou hast to get a draught

Cy The wine I sip and beard are clean now

S. Bend thine elbow grace! and then quaff  
thy cup, as thou seest me do, and as now thou seest  
me not (Burying his face in his cup)

Cy Ah! that rest?

S. I drunk it off at a draught with much pleasure

Cy Stranger take the skin thyself and be my  
cup-bearer

Od Well, at any rate the grape is no stranger to  
my hand

Cy Come pour it in.

Od In it goes! keep silence that is all.

Cy A difficult task when a man is deep in his cups.

Od Here, take and drink it off leave none

Cy

Od Thou must be silent and only give in when  
the liquor does.

Cy God wot it is a delicate stock that bears the  
grape.

Od Aye and if thou but swallow plenty of it  
after a plentiful meal, moistening, thy belly till its  
thirst is gone, it will throw thee into slumber but

S. Thou leave a behind the Bacchic god will  
pay thee for it

Cy Hail! what a trouble it was getting out!  
This is pleasure unalloyed earth and sky seem whir-  
ling round together I see the throne of Zeus and all  
the godhead's majesty. Hail! there are the  
Graces trying to tempt me I shall rest well enough

with my Gaiety made here by the Graces, in his  
fairly

S. What! Cyclops, am I Gaiety, Zeus min-  
ion?

Cy (Attempts to carry him into the cave) To be  
sure Gaiety whom I am carrying off from the  
halls of Dardanus.

S. I am undone my children outrageous treat-  
ment waits me

Od Don't find fault with thy lot? dost scorn  
harm in thy cups?

S. Woe is me! most bitter shall I find the wine  
ere long. Exit MENES, dragged away by CYCLOPS

Od Up now children of Dionysus, sons of a noble  
are soon will you creature in the cave related in  
slumber as we see him peep from his shameless maw

the meat already the brandish his lair is out  
a cloud of smoke and the only reason we pre-  
pared it was to burn the Cyclops eye so mad thou  
quaff thee like a man

Od I will have as pure as of rock or adamant but  
go and before my father suffers any shameful  
treatment for here thou hast thy glass ready

Od O Hephaestus, lord of Aetna rid thyself for  
once and all of a troublesome neighbour by burning  
his brains out Come sleep a well offspring of  
of table! get come with all thy power on the

33 line has been lost here in which the Cyclops asked  
And how must I drink this?

445

ing like frightened birds in crannies of the rock and the blood forsook their skin Anon when he had gorged himself upon my comrades' flesh and had fallen on his back breathing heavily there came a sudden inspiration to me I filled a cup of this Maeronian wine and offered him a draught saying Cylops son of Ocean's god see here what heavenly drink the grapes of Hellas yield glad gift of Dionysus He glutted with his shameless meal took and drained it at one draught and lifting up his hand he thanked me thus Dearest to me of all my guests! fair the drink thou givest me to crown so fair a feast Now when I saw his delight I gave him another cup knowing the wine would make him rue it and he would soon be paying the penalty Then he set to singing but I kept filling bumper after bumper and heating him with drink So there he is singing discordantly amid the weeping of my fellow sailors and the cave re-echoes but I have made my way out quietly and would fain save thee and myself if thou wilt Tell me then is it your wish or is it not to fly from this unsocial wretch and take up your abode with Naiad nymphs in the halls of the Bacchic god? Thy father within approves this scheme but therel he is powerless getting all he can out of his liquor his wings are snared by the cup as if he had flown against birdlime and he is fuddled but thou art young and lusty so save thyself with my help and regain thy old friend Dionysus so little like the Cyclops

Ch Best of friends would we might see that day escaping the godless Cyclops! for tis long we have been without the joys of men unable to escape him

Od Hear then how I will require this vile monster and rescue you from thralldom

Ch Tell me how no note of Asiatic lyre would sound more sweetly in our ears than news of the Cyclops death

Od Delighted with this liquor of the Bacchic god he fain would go a revelling with his brethren

Ch I understand thy purpose is to seize and slay him in the thickets when alone or push him down a precipice

Od Not at all my plan is fraught with subtlety

Ch What then? Truly we have long heard of thy cleverness

Od I mean to keep him from this revel saying he must not give this drink to his brethren but keep it for himself alone and lead a happy life Then when he falls asleep o'ermastered by the Bacchic god I will put a point with this sword of mine to an olive branch I saw lying in the cave and will set it on fire and when I see it well alight I will lift the heated brand and thrusting it full in the Cyclops eye melt out his sight with its blaze and as when a man in fitting the timbers of a ship makes his auger spin to and fro with a double strap so will I make the brand revolve in the eye that gives the Cyclops light and will scorch up the pupil thereof

Ch Hol! hol! how glad I feel! wild with joy at the contrivance!

Od That done I will embark thee and these thou lovest with old Silenus in the deep hold of my black ship my ship with double banks of oars, and carry you away from this land

Ch Well can I too lay hold of the Ulinian brand as though the god's libation had been poured? for I would fain have a share in this offering of blood

Od Indeed thou must for the brand is large and thou must help hold it

Ch How lightly would I lift the load of even a hundred wains if that will help us to grub out the eye of the doomed Cyclops like a wasp's nest

Od Hush! for now thou knowest my plot in full and when I bid you obey the author of it for I am not the man to desert my friends inside the cave and save myself alone And yet I might escape I am clear of the cavern's depths already but not to desert the friends with whom I journeyed hither and only save myself is not a righteous course

*Re enters the cave*

Semus Chorus I Come who will be the first and who the next to him upon the list to grip the handle of the brand and thrusting it into the Cyclops eye gouge out the light thereof?

Semus Ch II Hush! hush! Behold the drunkard leaves his rocky home trottling loud some hideous lay a clumsy tuneless clown whom tears await Come let us give this boor a lesson in revelry Ere long will he be blind at any rate

Semus Ch I Happy he who plays the Bacchanal amid the precious streams distilled from grapes stretched it full length for a revel his arm around the friend he loves and some fair drunty damsel on his couch his hair perfumed with nard and glossy the while he calls Oh! who will open the door for me?

*Enter cyclops with odysseus and silenus*

C1 Hal! hal! full of wine and merry with the feast a good cheer am I my hold freighted like a merchant ship up to my belly's very top This turf graciously invites me to seek my brother Cyclopes for a revel in the spring tide

Come stranger bring the wine skin hither and hand it over to me

Semus Ch II Forth from the house its fair lord comes casting his fair glance round him We have some one to befriend us A hostile brand is awaiting thee no tender bride in dewy grot No single colour will those garlands have that soon shall cling so close about thy brow

Od (Returning with the wine skin) Harken Cyclopes for I am well versed in the ways of Bacchus whom I have given thee to drink

C2 And who is Bacchus? some reputed god?

Od The greatest god men know in cheer their life

Cy I like his after taste at any rate

Od This is the kind of god he is he harmeth no man

Cy But how does a god like being housed in a wine skin?

Od Put him where one may he is content there

thou wouldst surely pay for this, tossed on the sea  
for many a day.

O. Go ha! Even as I say so ha! e I done. And  
now will I get me to the beach and start my bowlow  
th. across the sea to Sicily to the land of my fathers.

Cr. Thou shalt not! I will break bold! r off this

rock and crush thee crew and all, beneath my throw  
Find thou h I be I will climb the full mountain  
th. or h under tunnel.

Cr. As for us, hence forth will we be the servants of  
Bacchus, har r th voice of this hero Odysseus.

EUROPEAN.



monster god detested and never after Troy's most glorious toils destroy Odysseus and his crew by the hands of one who reeketh naught of God or man else must we reckon Chance a goddess and Heaven's will inferior to hers *Odysseus re enters the cave*

*Ch* Tightly the pincers shall grip the neck of him who feasts upon his guest for soon will he lose the light of his eye by fire already the brand a tree's huge limb lurks amid the embers charred

*Oh!* come ye then and work his doom pluck out the maddened Cyclops' eye that he may rue his drinking And I too fain would leave the Cyclops lonely land and see King Bromius ivy-crowned the god I sorely miss Ah! shall I ever come to that?

*Od* *(Leaving the cave cautiously)* Silence ye cattle! I adjure you close your lips make not a sound! I'll not let a man of you so much as breathe or wink or clear his throat that you pest awake not until the sight in the Cyclops' eye has passed through the fiery ordeal

*Ch* Silent we stand with bated breath

*Od* In then and mind your fingers grip the brand for it is splendidly red hot

*Ch* Thyself ordain who first must seize the blazing bar and burn the Cyclops' eye out that we may share alike white or betides

*Semi Ch* I Standing where I am before the door I am too far off to thrust the fire into his eye

*Semi Ch* II I have just gone lame

*Semi Ch* I Why then thou art in the same plight as I for somehow or other I sprained my ankle standing still

*Od* Sprained thy ankle standing still?

*Semi Ch* II Yes and my eyes are full of dust or ashes from somewhere or other

*Od* These are sorry fellows worthless as allies

*Ch* Because I feel for my back and spine and express no wish to have my teeth knocked out I am a coward am I? Well but I know a spell of Orpheus a most excellent one to make the brand enter his skull of its own accord and set alight the one-eyed son of Earth

*Od* Long since I knew thou wert by nature such an one and now I know it better I must employ my own friends but though thou bring no active aid cheer us on at any rate that I may find my friends emboldened by thy encouragement

*Exit Odysseus*

*Ch* That and will I do the Canan! shall run the risk for us and as far as encouragement goes let the Cyclops smoulder

What ho! my gallants thrust away make haste and burn his eye brow off the monster's guest devouring Oh! sing and scorch the shepherd of Ætna twirl the brand and drag it round and be careful lest in his agony he treat thee to some wantonness

I let some one whose life is less valuable run the risk instead of doing so oneself The Canan being the earliest mercenaries were commonly selected for any very dangerous enterprise and so it proved to be

*Cy* *(Bellowing in the cave)* Oh! oh! my once bright eye is burnt to cinders now

*Ch* Sweet indeed the triumph song pray sing it to us Cyclops

*Cy* *(From within)* Oh! oh! once more what out rage on me and what ruin! But never shall ye escape this rocky cave unpunished ye worthless creatures for I will stand in the entrance of the cleft and fit my hands into it thus

*Staggering to the entrance*

*Ch* Why dost thou cry out Cyclops?

*Cy* I am undone

*Ch* Thou art indeed a sorry sight

*Cy* Aye and a sad one too

*Ch* Didst fall among the coals in a drunken fit?

*Cy* Noman has undone me

*Ch* Then there is no one hurting thee after all

*Cy* Noman is blinding me

*Ch* Then art thou not blind

*Cy* As blind as thou forsooth

*Ch* How pray could no man have made thee blind?

*Cy* Thou mockest me but where is this Noman

*Ch* Nowhere Cyclops

*Cy* It was the stranger vile wretch! who proved my ruin that thou mayst understand rightly by swilling me with the liquor he gave me

*Ch* Ah! wine is a terrible foe hard to wrestle with

*Cy* Tell me I adjure thee have they escaped or are they still within?

*Ch* Here they are ranged in silence taking the rock to screen them

*Cy* On which side?

*Ch* On thy right

*Cy* Where?

*Ch* Close against the rock Hast caught them?

*Cy* Trouble on trouble! I have run my skull against the rock and cracked it

*Ch* Aye and they are escaping thee

*Cy* This way was it not? 'Twas this way thou saidst

*Ch* No not this way

*Cy* Which then?

*Ch* They are getting round thee on the left

*Cy* Alas! I am being mocked ye jeer me in my evil plight

*Ch* They are no longer there but facing thee that straggler stands

*Cy* Master of villainy where oh! where art thou?

*Od* Some way from thee I am keeping careful guard over the person of Odysseus

*Cy* What a new name! hast changed thine?

*Od* Yes Odysseus the name my father gave me But thou wert doomed to pay for thy unholy feast for I should have seen Troy burned to but sorry purpose unless I had avenged on thee the slaughter of my comrades

*Cy* Woe is met us an old oracle coming true yet it said I should have my eye put out by thee on thy way home from Troy but it likewise foretold that

THE PLAYS OF  
ARISTOPHANES



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ARISTOPHANES



THE PLAYS OF  
ARISTOPHANES



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

ARISTOPHANES c. 445-c. 380 B.C.

ARISTOPHANES, the son of Philippus of the tribe Pandionis, the famous Cynic, was almost certainly a full Athenian citizen by birth. The exact date of his birth is not known. However, the first play, the *Wasps*, written about 427 B.C., and the mention that he has been less than sixteen years of age since he notes in the *Clouds* that he was too young to produce it in his own name.

It is not difficult from his comedies that Aristophanes proved much of his boyhood in the country. His family owned land in Attica which he may have been acquiring. He that the island was expressed by the many of his political sympathies as revealed in the plays, seem to be those of the aristocracy or the ancestral democracy of the doric class.

The character of the Old Comedy to which most of Aristophanes' plays belong made it almost impossible for him to enter into political disputes. Comedy then served some of the functions of a natural censor, a political adviser, and a deal with the issues and personalities before the public. Aristophanes' first play, the *Wasps*, concerned with the contrast between the old and the new systems of education. His second, the *Birds*, is a libel on the first. The age of the poet is not known, but he is believed to have been old when Aristophanes was produced. Cleon, who is mentioned in the *Wasps* and the *Clouds*, was a powerful figure in the politics of Athens in the Peloponnesian War. One that made slaves of the Boeotians, of whom Cleon responded by attacking Aristophanes to prosecute and condemn him. More than this, he falsely claimed that the poet was a traitor. The poet was acquitted but only after he had charged in the *Wasps* that Cleon had been indicted and sentenced to death. The poet's treatment of Cleon is well known. He does not do it to the Thracians, but failed to do so. Aristophanes' *Thesmophoriazusae* (14) he made a pest track upon Cleon who then enjoyed the great popularity and the play was the first of the most interesting that came.

The dramatic career of Aristophanes lasted for fifty years or more, extending from the time when Athens was at the height of its power in the first years of the Peloponnesian War through its fall in 404 and into the period when the city had begun to recover its fortunes after the Athenian league of 392. The various attempts made during that time to restrict the freedom of comedy are reflected to some extent in the character of Aristophanes' work. He wrote some where between forty and sixty plays, eleven of which have survived. The latest surviving play is the *Acharnians* which won first place in 425. The *Knights* was victorious the following year. The *Clouds* produced in 423, although much admired by its author, failed to win a prize. With the *Wasps* Aristophanes again took first place in 422. The *Pacifica* (421) and the *Birds* produced seven years later were awarded second prize. The *Lysistrata* and the *Thesmophoriazusae* belong to 411. The *Frogs* (405) was produced when Athens was making her last effort in the Peloponnesian War. The *Ecclesiazusae* was presented around 392 and the *Plutus* (388) which is the last of the extant plays, already belongs to the so-called "Middle Comedy."

Despite his frequent and bitter attacks upon such idol of the Athenian populace as Cleon and Euripides, Aristophanes appears to have been widely appreciated throughout his long career. Plato is known to have been particularly fond of his plays. He included the comic poet in his *Symposium* and a copy of Aristophanes is said to have been found on his deathbed. The story is also told that when asked by Democritus of Seacise for an analysis of the Athenian constitution, Plato sent an edition of Aristophanes' plays.

Aristophanes produced a play for the last time in 388. The following year his son Araros won the first prize with one of his father's plays, the *Araros* was produced. His own plays by 375 it has been inferred that Aristophanes died somewhere between 385 and 375 B.C.





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## THE ACHARNIANS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

D. C. EPOPOLIS

CRIER

AMBITHEL

VICTOR DOGS

PETER DOG-AR B.S.

THOUGHT

WIFE OF DIC EPOPOLIS

DILIGHTER OF DI EPOPOLIS

CAPHISIO DO servant of Euripides

ELIPIDIS

L. M. HILL

A. M. CARR

TWO YOUNG GIRLS *Daughters of the Megara*

AN I FORMER

A BOOTIAN

NIC. REILS

SERVANT OF L. M. HILL

A FORMER

A GROOMS

MISS AGAR

COUNTESS OF ACHERUSIAN CHRONICLE

BUTTERFLIES

1. The b. k. g. r. o. n. d. are three houses: the central one that of DIC E. POLIS the other two those of E. R. P. IDES and LAM. CHUS. In the foreground is a ro. gh. representa. f. sh. Pnyx where D. C. EPOPOLIS is as g. h. o. p. e. g. f. sh. e. assembly

*Dicropol:* What heaps of things have bitten me! the h. r. t!

A small few pleased me, a few just for  
But those that eyed me as a d-d ne h. d. red fold  
Let see what pleased me, what my gladness?  
I know a th. g. t. h. ed my heart to see  
That a th. r. e. f. e. l. e. is omitted p. b. y. Cleon  
At that I brightened and I lo. the knight  
F. that p. e. f. o. r. m. a. t. i. o. n. of p. r. e. t. o. Hellas.  
Th. n. d. t. e. c. s. o. w. h. n. I looked  
With pen mouth f. Aeschylus, nd. lo.  
Th. C. r. e. c. a. d. e. d. B. n. o. u. p. l. s. Theonius.  
Judg. what a h. o. c. k. that g. a. m. y. h. e. a. t. l.  
A. t. p. l. e. a. s. e. d. I. a. w. h. M. o. e. c. h. s. l. e. f. t. n. d.  
De. t. h. e. u. c. m. t. h. h. B. o. o. t. i. a. n. s. o.  
B. t. h. h. u. s. e. a. l. e. a. f. c. r. a. c. k. e. d. m. y. n. e. c. k.  
W. h. e. i. n. s. l. i. p. p. e. d. C. h. a. r. i. f. o. r. t. h. O. r. t. h. i. a. n. m. e.  
B. t. e. e. t. i. n. f. i. t. l. w. a. h. e. d. m. y. f. a. c. e.  
W. I. s. o. b. i. t. — m. b. r. o. w. s. w. i. t. h. s. o. o. p.  
A. w. h. h. t. h. f. e. d. A. s. s. e. m. b. l. y. D. a. y.  
A. n. d. m. m. d. n. o. o. e. s. i. n. t. h. P. n. y. x.  
Th. s. t. h. A. g. h. a. t. t. i. n. g. p. o. d. d. w. n.  
S. e. g. i. d. e. d. t. h. m. e. t. t. u. r. d. c. o. d.  
W. h. m. t. h. P. r. i. v. t. s. s. i. n. t. h. 'T. h. e. y. l. l. c. o. m. e.  
L. o. f. i. t. m. l. b. o. g. e. a. c. h. o. u. t. j. o. u. t. h.  
I. t. h. f. i. b. e. h. t. e. a. m. s. d. o. w. a. l. l. t. o. o. t. h. e. r.  
Y. e. a. h. k. b. o. w. B. t. f. o. r. m. a. k. i. n. g. P. e. a. c. e.  
F. h. d. t. e. c. a. t. i. O. G. a. t. y.  
B. l. m. l. a. f. i. r. s. t. o. f. l. i. t. o. o. m. e.  
A. n. d. h. I. t. k. m. y. s. e. a. t. t. h. e. n. a. l. l. o. n.  
I. f. i. t. h. t. u. m. c. o. m. p. l. a. s. v. a. m. i. n. g. t. e. c. h. i. n. g.  
I. l. l. t. n. t. t. w. i. t. h. h. a. u. s. o. u. t. d. m. y. m. s.

A. n. o. x. u. s. d. s. w. e. e. p. k. a. t. e. s. f. r. o. m. t. h. A. v. o. r. a.

Gaze fondly country wards, longing for Peace  
Loath the town suck for my illage home  
Which he erred. Come buy my charcoal "or  
My vinegar my oil my a. y. t. h. n. g.  
But freely gave us all no buy word there  
So be e. l. m. w. a. s. t. i. n. g. t. h. o. u. g. h. l. y. p. r. e. p. a. r. e. d.  
To not w. a. g. l. e. i. t. t. e. r. r. u. p. t. t. h. e. s. p. e. a. k. e. r. s.  
Where'er they speak of anything but Peace  
— B. t. h. e. r. e. t. h. e. y. c. o. m. e. o. u. n. o. o. n. - d. a. y. P. r. y. t. a. n. e. s!  
A. y. e. t. h. e. r. e. t. h. e. y. g. o. I. t. o. l. d. o. u. h. o. w. t. w. o. u. d. b. e.  
E. m. v. o. n. j. o. e. t. g. f. o. r. t. h. e. f. o. e. m. o. s. t. p. l. a. c. e.  
*Crier:* M. e. f. o. r. w. a. r. d. a. l. l.  
M. o. e. u. p. w. i. t. h. i. n. t. h. e. c. o. n. s. e. c. r. a. t. e. d. l. i. n. e.  
*Amphitheus:* (*er. er. g. s. a. v. i. o. l. e. n. t. h. u. r. r. y.*) Speaking begun?

*Or:* W. h. w. i. l. l. a. d. d. r. e. s. s. t. h. e. m. e. e. t. i. n. g.?

*Am:* I.

*Or:* W. h. o. a. r. e. y. o. u?

*Am:*

*Amphitheus:*

*Or:*

Not a man?

*Am:* No, a immortal. Fo. the first Amphitheus

W. a. f. D. e. m. e. t. e. r. a. d. T. r. i. p. t. o. l. m. u. s.

The s. o. h. u. s. o. n. w. a. s. C. e. l. e. s. C. e. l. e. u. s. m. a. r. r. i. e. d.

Phaenarete w. h. b. a. m. y. a. r. L. y. c. i. n. u. s.

H. e. n. I. m. m. o. r. t. a. l. a. n. d. t. h. e. g. o. d. c. m. m. u. t. t. e. d.

T. o. m. e. a. l. o. n. e. t. h. m. a. k. i. n. g. p. e. a. c. e. w. i. t. h. S. p. a. r. t. a.

B. t. t. h. o. g. h. m. m. o. r. t. a. l. I. e. n. o. j. o. u. n. e. y. m. o. e. y.

T. h. P. r. y. t. a. n. e. s. w. o. n. t. p. r. o. d. i. t.

*Or:*

Archers, there!

*Am:* (*the archers set e. h. m.*) O. h. l. p. m. e. C. e. l. e. u. s!

h. l. p. T. r. i. p. t. l. m. u. s!

*Di:* Y. w. g. t. h. e. A. s. e. m. b. l. P. r. y. t. a. n. e. s, y. e. d. o.

*Or:*

H. a. l. l. g. a. v. a. m. a. n. w. h. o. n. l. y. w. a. n. t. s.

T. o. g. e. u. s. P. e. a. c. e. d. h. a. g. u. p. o. f. s. h. l. d.

*Th. archers:* I. a. s. e. u. p. m. r. i.

*Or:* S. t. l. T. a. k. e. y. u. s. e. a. t.

*Di:*

By Apollo, no not I

U. n. l. e. s. s. e. p. r. y. t. a. n. i. z. e. a. b. o. u. t. t. h. e. P. e. a. c. e.

*Or:* O. y. e. s! T. h. e. A. m. b. a. s. s. a. d. o. r. s. f. r. o. m. t. h. e. G. r. e. a. t. K. i. n. g!

*Enter clad in gorgeous Oriental apparel the envoys sent to the Persian court eleven years previously in the archonship of Euthymenes 437-6*

B C

*Di* What King! I'm sick to death of embassies  
And all their peacocks and their impositions  
*Cr* Keep silence!

*Di* Hey! Ecbatana here's a show  
*Ambassador* Ye sent us envoys to the Great  
King's Court

Receiving each two drachmas daily when  
Euthymenes was Archon

*Di (aside)* O me the drachmas!  
*Amb* And weary work we found it sauntering on  
Supinely stretched in our luxurious litter  
With awnings over us, through Caystrian plains  
Twice as a bad time

*Di (aside)* Aye the good time was mine  
Stretched in the litter on the ramparts here!

*Amb* And oft they feted us and we perforce  
Out of their gold and crystal cups must drink  
The pure sweet wine

*Di (aside)* O Cranaan city mark you  
The insolent airs of these ambassadors?

*Amb* For only those are there accounted men  
Who drink the hardest and who eat the most

*Di (aside)* As here the most debauched and dissolute

*Amb* In the fourth year we reached the Great  
King's Court

But he with all his troops had gone to sit  
An eight months session on the Golden Hills!

*Di (aside)* Pray at what time did he conclude  
his session?

*Amb* At the full moon and so came home again  
Then he too feted us and set before us  
Whole pot baked oxen—

*Di (aside)* And who ever heard  
Of pot baked oxen? Out upon your lies!

*Amb* And an enormous bird three times the size  
Of our Cleonymus its name was—Gull

*Di (aside)* That's why you gulled us out of all  
those drachmas!

*Amb* And now we bring you Pseudo Artabaz!  
The Great King's Eye

*Di* O ho! I wish some raven  
Would come and strike out yours the

*Ambassador's*  
*Cr* O yes! the Great King's Eye!

Enter PSEUDO ARTABAS

*Di* O Heracles!  
By Heaven my man you wear a war ship look!  
What! Do you round the point and spy the  
docks?

Is that an oar pad underneath your eye?  
*Amb* Now tell the Athenians Pseudo Artabaz

What the Great King commissioned you to say  
*Pseudo Artabaz* I listi bouiti furbiss upde rotti?

*A taba* a Persian measure Thus Pseudo-A taba's g  
nifies a ewlogies false me sure

\*This jumble is supposed to mean: I have just begun  
to repair what is rotten

*Amb* Do you understand?

*Di* By Apollo no not I  
*Amb* He says the King is going to send you gold  
(to PSEUDO ARTABAS) Be more distinct and clear  
about the gold

*P A* No getti goldi nunccompoo Iawny

*Di* Wow but that's clear enough!

*Amb* What does he say?

*Di* He says the Ionians must be nunccompoo  
if they're expecting any gold from Persia

*Amb* No no he spoke of golden income coupons

*Di* What income coupons? You're a great big  
liar!

You get away I'll test the man myself  
(to PSEUDO ARTABAS)

Now look at this (showing his fist) and answer  
Yes or No!

Or else I'll dye you with a Sardian dye  
Does the Great King intend to send us gold?

(PSEUDO ARTABAS nods dissent)

Then are our envoys here bamboozling us?

(He nods assent)

These fellows nod in pure Hellenic style

I do believe they come from hereabouts

Aye to be sure why one of these two eunuchs

Is Cleisthenes Sisyrtus's son!

O thou young shaver of the hot souled rump

With such a beard thou monkey dost thou come

Tricked out amongst us in a eunuch's guise?

And who's this other chirp? Not Straton surely?

*Cr* Sit! Take your seat! O yes!

The Council ask the Great King's Eye to dinner  
At the Town Hall

Exit Ambassadors and PSEUDO ARTABAS

*Di* Now is not that a throatlet?  
Here must I drudge at soldiering while these

rogues

The Town Hall door is never closed to them

Now then I'll do a great and startling deed

Amphitheus! Where's Amphitheus?

*Am*

Here am I  
*Di* Here be eight drachmas take them and  
with all

The Lacedaemonians make a private peace  
For me my wife and children none besides.

(to the PRYTANES and CITIZENS)

Stick to your embassies and befooling you

Exit AMPHITHEUS

*Cr* O yes! Theorus from Sitalces!

*Theorus (rising)* Here!

*Di* O here's another humbug introduced  
Th We should not sure have tarried long in  
Thrace—

*Di* But for the salary you kept on drawing

Th But for the storms which covered Thrace  
with snow

And froze the rivers 'Twas about the season

At which Theorus was performing here

I all that time was drinking with Sitalces

A most prodigious Athen's lover he

Yea such a true admirer he would scribble

On every wall My beautiful Athenians!

Heron, our newly mad Athenian longed  
To taste his Apurina sausages,  
And bid his father help his fatherland  
And with deep libations, vowed to help us  
With such an host that every one would say  
"Hear ye! what a swarm of locusts comes this  
way!"

Dr. Hang me if I believe a single word  
Of all that speech, except about the locusts.  
Th. And here he sends you the most warlike  
tribe

Of all in Thrace.

Dr. Come, here's proof positive  
Of the Thracians whom Theorus brought  
come forward!

Dr. What the plague is this?

Th. The Odontianus host.

Dr. Th. Odontianus, pray! Hello, look here  
Are Odontianus all equipped like this?

Th. G. Is them two drachmas each a day and  
these

Will targeteer Boeotia all to be it.

Dr. Two drachmas for these scarecrows! Oh, our  
tax,

Our noble tax, the safeguard of our state  
Well as they groan at this. O! *Alas de!* O!  
These Odontianus thieves have sacked my garlic  
Put down the garlic! drop it!

Th. You rapscallion  
How dare you touch them when they are gauged  
primed

Dr. O will you let them, Private, use me thus,  
B.arians too, in this my fatherland?

B. I too! I warn you off! boki the Assembly  
About the Thracians pay! I tell you there's  
A part to come if it is a dr. of rain!

Dr. Th. Th. I warn you, go, and two days hence  
Come here again. Th. Assembly dissolved

*Exeunt all but DEICAEOPOLIS*

Dr. O me, the salad I have lost this day!  
B. Ther. Amphitheus, back from Lacedaemon  
Well met, Amphitheus!

*Enter AMPHITHES*

Am. I still don't running  
I need must flee the Achænians, clean away!

Dr. What mean you?

Am. I was bring back in haste  
The wheat, as when some terrans in the mountain  
Achænians, men of Marathon hard in grain  
At their own oak and maple rough and tough  
And all at once they cried O! *Alas de!* you  
Bring treasures when our in and out cut and  
Th. in their lappet the gathered tones  
I fled a way they followed our g. fier

Dr. So! I tell them that the young the  
treasures?

Am. O es, I have. Three samples he they are.  
These the few years' estates take and taste  
here

Dr. Pb. gb

Am. What the matter?

Dr. I don't like the things,

They smell of tar and naval preparations.

Am. Then taste the ten-year samples here they are

Dr. These smell of embassies to all the states

Ugent as if the All is are hangin' back.

Am. Then here are treaties both by land and sea

For thirty years.

Dr. O Feast of Dionysus!  
These have a smell of nectar and ambrosia  
And never mind about the three days' rations,  
And in your mouth they say Go where you

please  
These I welcome these I pour and drain  
Nor care a hang about our old Achænians.

But I released from War and War's alarms,  
Will hold as thus the Rural Dionysus

Am. And I will flee those peppery old Achænians.

*Exeunt DEICAEOPOLIS and AMPHITHES*

*Enter running a party of SAMHITUS twenty-  
fourfold Achæni. as he continues the chorus.*

Chorus Here's the trail pursue pursue him  
follow follow a cry man

Question whose or meets you  
whitherward the fellow ran

Mu hit boots the state to catch him!

(to the audience) O inform me if ye know

Where the man who bears the treaties  
managed from my side to go.

Fled and gone! Disappears!

O this weary weight of years!

O were I now as spry As in youthful days gone by

When I struck Like a man

To Phayllus as he ran

And achieved Second place In the race

Though a great Chariot freight

I was borne on my head,—

N. I so light From my side hit

He did this treaty bearer fled

Nor escaped With this chase From the chase.

Now because my joints have stiffened

and my shins are young, no more,

And the legs of Lacedaemon

by old age are burdened sore

He escaped us! But we'll follow

but he hall not boast that he

G. away from the Achænians,

howsoever old we be.

Who has dared For the Zeus!

Gods of heaven! make a truce,

Who has pledged Faith with those

Who are evermore my foes

Upon whom War I make

For my ruined vineyard's sake

And I need From the strife Will give over

No, In or Will forbear

Till I pierce them in return

Like reed Sharply barbed

Dagger pointed and they learn

Not to end Down my eyes Any more

Now it is ours to seek the fellow

and Pelrewards to look,

And from land to land to chase him  
 till we bring the rogue to book  
 Never shall I tire of pelting  
 pelting him to death with stones  
*Di* (*within*) Keep ye all the holy silence!  
*Ch* Hush! we've got him! Heard ye comrades  
 silence called in solemn tones?  
 This is he the man we're seeking  
 Stand aside and in a trice  
 He methinks will stand before us  
 coming out to sacrifice!

*Di* (*coming out followed by his wife and daughter*) Keep ye all the holy silence!  
 Now basket bearer go you on in front  
 You Xanthius hold the phallus pole erect  
*Wife* Set down the basket girl and we'll begin  
*Daughter* O mother hand me here the gravy spoon

To ladle out the gravy o'er the cake  
*Di* 'Tis well Lord Dionysus grant me now  
 To show the show and make the sacrifice  
 As thou wouldst have me I and all my house  
 Then keep with joy the Rural Dionysia  
 No more of soldiering now And may this Peace  
 Of thirty summers answer to my hopes  
*Wife* O daughter bear the basket sweetly sweet  
 With savory eating look Happy the man  
 Whoe'er he is who weds thee and begets  
 Kittens as fair and saucy as thyself  
 Move on! but heed lest any in the crowd  
 Should nibble off unseen thy bits of gold  
*Di* O Xanthias walk behind the basket bearer  
 Holding you two the phallus pole erect  
 And I'll bring up the rear and sing the hymn  
*Wife* watch me from the roof Now then proceed

(*singing*) O Phales comrade revel roaming  
 Of Bacchus wanderer of the gloaming  
 Of wives and boys the naughty lover  
 Here in my home I gladly greet ye  
 Six weary years of absence o'er  
 For I have made a private treaty  
 And said good bye to toils and fusses  
 And fights and fighting Lamachuses

Far happier 'tis to me and sweeter  
 O Phales Phales some soft glade in  
 To woo the saucy arch deceiving  
 Young Thratta (*Strymone her maiden*)  
 As from my woodland fells I meet her  
 Descending with my fagots laden  
 And catch her up and ill entreat her  
 And make her pay the fine for thieving

O Phales Phales come and sup  
 And in the morn to brace you up  
 Of Peace you'll quaff a jovial cup  
 And mid the chimney sparks our useless shield  
 we'll hang

*Ch* That's the man who made the treaty  
 There he stands Full in view

Pelt him pelt him pelt him pelt him  
 Pelt him you! Pelt him you!  
*Di* Heracles! what ails the fellows?  
 Hang it all we'll smash the pot!  
*Ch* It is you we will smash with our  
 stones you detestable head  
*Di* O most worshipful Acharnians  
 why? what reason have ye got?  
*Ch* Dare you ask? Traitor base!  
 Dare you look me in the face?  
 You who make you alone  
 Private treaties of your own!  
 Shameless heart! Shameless hand!  
 Traitor in your fatherland!  
*Di* But ye know not why I did it  
 hear me now the facts declare  
*Ch* Hear you? Not! You're to die  
 Neath a stony cairn to lie!  
*Di* Not O not until ye've heard me  
 worthy sirs forbear forbear!  
*Ch* No delay! Thee to slay  
 We'll immediately begin

No debate! Thee we hate  
 Worse than Cleon's self whose skin  
 I'll ere long cut to shoes  
 For the worthy knights to use  
 But from you who made a treaty  
 with the false Laconian crew  
 I will hear no long orations

I will surely punish you  
*Di* Worthy fellows for the moment  
 those Laconians pretermitted  
 'Tis a question of my treaty

was I right in making it  
*Ch* Right to make it! when with Sparta  
 no engagement sacred stand  
 Not the altar not the oath pledge  
 not the faith of clasped right hands!  
*Di* Yet I know that these our foemen  
 who our bitter wrath excite  
 Were not always wrong entirely  
 nor ourselves entirely right

*Ch* Not entirely shameless rascal?  
 Do you such opinions dare  
 Openly to flaunt before me?

Shall I then a traitor spare?  
*Di* Not entirely not entirely!  
 I can prove by reasons strong  
 That in many points the Spartans  
 at our hands have suffered wrong

*Ch* This is quite a heart-perplexing  
 terrible affair indeed  
 If you mean that you will venture  
 for our enemies to plead

*Di* Aye and if I plead not truly  
 or the people doubt display  
 On a chopping block I'm willing  
 whilst I speak my head to lay

*Ch* Why so slack my fellow-burgers?  
 Let us stone the naughty varlet  
 Let us scarify and shred him  
 to an uniform of scarlet

Dr What a red and dan e ous ember  
sparkled up w thin you then?  
Woo t you hear me w n t y u hear me  
good Achar nans, worthy men?  
Ch Never ne m will we hear you.  
Dr That will cause me bitter woe  
Ch If I d per d on seize me!  
Dr O Acharnans, say not so  
m know that you must d e th s instant  
Dr Then I'll make you suffer too  
F r m safety I t a hostage  
on that s very dear to you  
No I'll bring him t a d lay h m  
u hall see your darling s e d  
c opolis g e s to the h use a d retur s three  
h s lizer rry g one h d u hamper full  
of charcoal d th ther a d aurn suv d

Ch m Acharnans f llow burghes  
what ca words l k these port nd  
To our oble hand f brethren  
Th k you that the man can b ld  
An child f ures dura e?  
What ca make him wa so bold?  
D Now the pelt me b re th hosta l  
I will lay and w l n t spare  
I hall speedily disco e  
which f v o f r charcoal ca e  
m Hea n pres reu u s a scuttle,  
t my fellow b ght tru l  
N t do the th me ton  
e e do O e er d ?  
Dr Cry loud I m go g t la hum  
I shall th r hear n heed  
Ch You will la then this cha coal ad r  
t eq al veas t  
Dr A e f r when I e s ed heart g  
ou ef sed to hea me plead  
Ch Ah! but ow! Now you ma l  
Whatsoe r suits u s a  
S oulo Sa ou priz  
O d tested enemies  
er ull F thless p  
To th scuttle wh h I lo e  
Dr Well th f t th t es g th ed  
th th mo t po th g und  
Ch Out th go! All m boa d l  
Prith la ide the w rd  
m m l fies that l ppet  
othe m ules may be found  
Ch All ar g e t E  
Se my gar m nt hak wad l  
Don t ade Pr muse mad  
La O lay the sw rd nd  
m be shaken out  
A l w t nd twirl about  
D y u w uld sh n would you, hak your  
ties l ft  
A d this P esta ha oal l b t ed ed  
S b th mad es f t f llow bu ghers,  
A d t f ght hus e tle cuttl w se,  
A ed t k bl kness on my lothes.

Alas that men should carry hearts as sour  
As unripe grapes, to pelt and roar nor hear  
At mpered statement m gled half and half  
Not thou h I m will o e r a d opping block.  
To say m sas for Lacedaemon s f l k  
A d yet I lo m be sure m v o n dear l se  
DIC EO OLIS EXIST house  
Ch O why not bring the block  
out of doo s w thout delay  
And speak the m hty speech  
which you th nk will win the day?  
For really I' e al nging  
to hear what you will say!  
So m th fa huon you yourself p escribed  
Place here the ch ppin block a d start your  
speech  
D (re-er ers g with a block) Well look and see,  
th ch pping block is here  
And I m t speak, poor little frie dless I  
Still ne erm nd f w n t ensus ld myself  
I'll speak m m d for Lacedaemo s f l k  
A d yet I f e f r well I know the moods  
Of our good e untry people how they love  
To l ear the City a d themsel m bepraised  
By some ntri uin humbu ht or wron  
N r er dream th v are bei g bo ght and sold  
A dwell l k th m nds of those ld men  
Look n go nothu b ta e d et bite  
A e nd I know what I myself ndu ed  
At Cleo ha d fo last ve s Comedy  
m t the Cou cil bo se healed me off  
A d s l g e d a d leed nd s l d e red and  
beto gued m  
Roar Cy loborus wase t I I well m h  
Wa d n to death be m r s l u h fied  
N n the f e suff r me bef r I start  
To dress me p the loathliest way I can  
Ch O why k p pitten f with that hully  
shally?  
H on m m mas lend ou f n th ng I care  
The ha g Cap f Darkness from his tangle  
m tted har  
Th n ope all th wiles f S vph s  
S th encou te will not brook d lay  
D Now m m m h r t be t o g d I depart  
T find Eu pides. Bo ! H the e boy!  
Ceph ph Who calls m ?  
Dr Euripides within?  
Ch W th nand t w th f you c ce e me.  
D W th and n t within?  
Ce Tise n so  
H mnd w tho t is ull g flow m f song  
Burh w th is att g upal ft  
W u ga play  
D Ol ckv l cky poet,  
Whose cry servant says su h clever things!  
But call h m.  
Ce But t ean t e d e  
D But till l  
For go I u t. I'll hammer t the doo  
Euripides, my sweet one!  
O f you er hearkened hearken ow



Tis I Cholleidian Dicæopolis

*Euripides* But I've no time

*Di* But pivot!

*Eu* But it can't be done

*Di* But still

*Lu* Well then I'll pivot but I can't come down

*Di* *Euripides!*

*The eccyclema turns*

*Eu* Aye

*Di* Why do you write up there

And not down here? That's why you make lame heroes

And wherefore sit you robed in tragic rags

A pitiful garb? That's why you make them beggars

But by your knees *Euripides* I pray

Lend me some rags from that old play of yours

For to the Chorus I to-day must speak

A lengthy speech and if I fail 'tis death

*Eu* *Rags! Rags! what rags? Mean you the rags wherein*

This poor old Oeneus came upon the stage?

*Di* Not Oeneus no a wretcheder man than he

*Eu* Those that blind Phoenix wore?

*Di* Not Phoenix no

Some other man still wretcheder than Phoenix

*Eu* What shreds of raiment can the fellow mean?

Can it be those of beggarly Philoctetes?

*Di* One far far far more beggarly than he

*Eu* Can it be then the loathly grberdine

Wherein the lame Bellerophon was clad?

*Di* Bellerophon? no yet mine too limped and begged

A terrible chap to talk

*Eu* I know the man

The Mysian Telephus

*Di* Telephus it is!

Lend me I pray that hero's swaddling clothes

*Eu* Boy fetch him out the rags of Telephus

They lie above the Thyesian rags

Twixt those and Ino's

*Eu* (to DICÆOPOLIS) Take them here they are

*Di* (holding up the tattered garment against the light)

Lord Zeus whose eye can pierce through everywhere

Let me be dressed the loathliest way I can

*Euripides* you have freely given the rags

Now give I pray you what pertains to the se

The Mysian cap to set upon my head

For I've to day to act a beggar's part

To be myself yet not to seem myself

The audience there will know me who I am

Whilst all the Chorus stand like idiots by

The while I fillip them with cunning words

*Eu* Take it you subtly plan ingenious schemes

*Di* To thee good luck to Telephus—what I wish him!

Yahi why I'm full of cunning words already

*Eu* show yourself by me of the eccyclema a piece of machinery by which the all of the house is turned as if on a pivot disclosing the

But now methinks, I need a beggar's staff

*Eu* Take this and get thee from the marble halls

*Di* O Soul thou seest me from the mansion thrust

Still wanting many a boon Now in thy prayer

Be close and instant Give *Euripides*

A little basket with a hole burnt through it

*Eu* What need you hapless one of this poor wicker?

*Di* No need perchance but O I want it so

*Eu* Know that you're wearsome and get you gone

*Di* Alas! Heaven bless you as it blessed your mother

*Eu* Leave me in peace

*Di* Just one thing more but one

A little tankard with a broken rim

*Eu* Here Now be off You trouble us begone

*Di* You know not yet what ill you do yourself

Sweet dear *Euripides* but one thing more

Give me a little pitcher plugged with sponge

*Eu* Fellow you're taking the whole tragedy

Here take it and begone

*Di* I'm going now

And yet! there's one thing more which if I get not

I'm ruined Sweetest best *Euripides*

With this I'll go and never come again

Give me some withered leaves to fill my basket

*Eu* You'll slay me! Here! My plays are disappearing

*Di* Enough! I go Too troublesome by far

Am I not witting that the chieftains hate me!

Good Heavens! I'm ruined I had clean forgotten

The thing whereon my whole success depends

My own *Euripides* my best and sweetest

Perdition seize me if I ask aught else

Save this one thing this only only this

Give me some chervil borrowing from your mother

*Eu* The man insults us Shut the palace up

Here *Euripides* is healed in again and *DICÆOPOLIS* advances to the block to make his speech

*Di* O Soul without our chervil we must go

Knowest thou the perilous strife thou hast to strive

Speaking in favour of Laconian men?

On on my Soul! Here is the line How? What?

Swallow *Euripides* and yet not budge?

Oh good! Advance O long enduring heart

Go thither lay thine head upon the block

And say whatever to thyself seems good

Take courage! Forward! March! O well done heart!

*Ch* What will you say? What will you do? Man as it true

You are made up of iron and of shamelessness too?

You who will one against us all debate

Offering your neck a hostage to the State!

Nought does he fear

Since you will have it so speak we will hear

*Di* Bear me no grudge spectators if a beggar

(75-55)

I dare to speak before the 4th-man people  
About the city in a comic play  
For but is true even comedy can tell  
And I shall utter startling things but true.  
Nor now can Cleon slander me, because  
With many others present, I'd-fame thee State  
Tis a Lacedaemon, and we're all alone  
Nor many yet has e come nor from the states  
Have yet arm'd the tribute and alms.  
We're quite alone clean winnowed for I count  
Our own residents the civic brain.

The Lacedaemonians I detest em by  
And as Poseidon, Lord of Tamarua,  
Stalk, as their bosses down about their ears  
For I, like you, ha e had my ribs cut down,  
Bris er all—for none but friends ar here—  
Wh the Lacedaemonians we blame for this?  
For men of ours, I do not say the State  
Remember this, I do not say the State,  
But worthless fellows of worthless stamp  
Coloured, and mottled, pumous little charms,  
Knew no denunciation Megara's little roasts.  
And if a cucumber or hare they saw  
Or radish, pig or garlic, or lump-salt,  
All wer Megarian, and wer sold off hand.  
Still these were trifles, and our country's war  
B some young uppy costabutus-pus ers went  
And stol, from Megara-town th fae Smaetha  
Then the Megarians, garli ked with the smart,  
Stol, in return, two of Arama's hussies.  
From these three Wantons o'er the Hellenic race  
Bart forth the first beginnings of th War  
For then, in wrath, the Olympian Penciles  
Thundered and lihtened, and confounded Hllas,  
Enacting laws which ran like drinking-songs.  
That the Megarians presently'd part  
From earth and sea, the mainland, and the mart."  
Then the Megarians, slowl famishin  
Besour'd their Spartan friends to get the Law  
Of the three Wantons cancelled and withdr wn.  
And oft they asked us, but we wld not  
Then followed constant th clash of shields.  
I— They should not br what should  
ther then?

Come now had some Lacedaemon, sailing out  
Denounced and sold a small Scythian dog  
Would ou have sat unmoved Far far from that!  
I could ha e launched three hundred ships of  
war

And all the City had once been full  
Of our own troops of fuss with their arches,  
Of paying wages, gilding Pallaves,  
Of ra mes measur'd, ouring ponnades,  
Of ushikes, outloops, bargaining for casks,  
Of sets of onions, oil crs, garlic heads,  
Of harlets, pilchards, fl t gils, and black eyes.  
And as the arsenal had run w h noise  
Of our own pla ed, pegs battumered outloops  
Et ed,

Of bou rams, caws, and flutes, and trills, and  
... dies.

This had ve done and shall not Telephus,

Think we do this? we've got no brains at all.  
Sems Chorus: Ave, say you so, you rascally  
allain you?  
And this from you, a beggar? Dare ou blame us.  
Because perchance we e got farmers here?  
Sems Chorus: Ave, by Poseidon, e cry word be  
says

Is true and right he tells no lies at all.  
S C. 1 True or untrue, is he th man to say it?  
I'll pay him ou thought, for his insolent speech.  
S C. 2. Whither away? I pray you stay if him  
you hart,

You'll find your own self hoisted up directly  
A scuffle takes place in the orchestra in which  
the LEADER OF THE FIRST SEMICHOIRS is wor  
sed

S C. 1. Lamachus! Help! with thy glances of light  
an

Terrible-crested, appear in thy pride,  
Come O Lamachus, inbesman and friend to us  
Is there a stormer of cities beside?  
Is there a captain? O come v in haste  
Help me O help! I am caught by the waist,

Exit LAM. CHOR.

Lamachus: Whence came the cry of battle to my  
ears?

Where shall I charge? where cast the battle-din?  
Who roused the sleepers, Gorgon from its cave?  
Di: O Lamachus hero, O those crests and  
coborts!

S C. 1. O Lamachus, here has this fellow been  
With frothy words abusing all the State.

La: You care, you beggar say f ch things as  
those

Di: O Lamachus hero, grant me pardon true  
If I, a beggar spake or hattered aught.

La: What said you? Her?

Di: I can't remember yet.  
I g t so dizzy at the m bt of arms.

I pray you la that terrible shield aside.

La: Ther then.

Di: Now set it upsd down before me.

La: 'Tis done.

Di: Now gi e me from your crest that plume.

La: Here take the feather

Di: Now then, hold my head,

And let me omit I so loath those crests.

La: What! use my feather now, to make you  
omit?

Di: A feather is it, Lamachus? Præ what bird  
P duced t? Is t a Great Boastard's plume?

La: Death and Destruction!

Di: No, no, Lamachus.  
That's not for strength like yours. If strong you are  
Why don't you circumcise me? You e well armed.

La: What! you, a beggar beard the general so?

Di: A beggar am I, Lamachus?

La: What be?

Di: An honest townsman, not an office seekian.

Since war began, an on e-service seekian.

B t you re, since war began, a full pay-seekian.

La: The people chose me—

*Di* Ave three cuckoo birds  
That's what I loathe that's why I made my treaty  
When grey haired veterans in the ranks I saw  
And boys like you paltry malingering boys  
Off some to Thrace—their daily pay three  
drachmas—

Phaenippuses Hipparchus reprobatians  
And some with Chares to Chaonia some,  
Cetetho theodores Diomirogues and some  
To Camarina Gela and Gnæcla

*La* The people chose them—  
*Di* And how comes it pray

That you are always in receipt of pay  
And these are *never*? Come Marilades  
You are old and grey when have you served as  
envoy?

*Never!* Yet he's a steady active man  
Well then Euphorides Prinides Dracyllus  
Have you Ecbatana or Chaonia seen?  
*Never!* But Coesvira's son and Lamachus  
They have to whom for debts and calls unpaid  
Their friends but now like people throwing out  
Their slops at eve were crying Stand away!

*La* O mel Democracy I can this be borne?

*Di* No not if Lamachus receive no pay

*La* But I with all the Peloponnesian folk  
Will always fight and vex them every way  
By land by sea with all my might and main

*Di* And I to all the Peloponnesian folk  
Megarians and Boeotians give full leave  
To trade with me but not to Lamachus

Exit

Exit

### Chorus

The man has the best of the wordy debate and the  
hearts of the people is winning  
To his plea for the truce Now doff we our robes  
our own anapaests beginning

Since first to exhibit his plays he began  
our chorus instructor has never  
Come forth to confess in this public address  
how tactful he is and how clever  
But now that he knows he is slandered by foes  
before Athens so quick to assent  
Pretending he jeers our City and sneers  
at the people with evil intent  
He is ready and fun his cause to maintain  
before Athens so quick to repent

Let honour and praise be the guerdon he says  
of the poet whose satire has stayed you  
From believing the orators novel conceits  
wherewith they capoled and betrayed you  
Who bids you despise adulation and lies  
nor be citizens Vacant and vain  
For before when an embassy came from the states  
intigguing your favour to gain  
And called you the town of the *roset crown*  
so grand and exalted we grew  
That at once on your uptails erect we our list  
thos crowns were so pleasant to you

And then if they added the *sheny* th y got  
whatever they asked for their praises,  
Though apter I ween for an oily sardine  
than for you and your City the phrase is  
By this he's a true benefactor to you

and by showing with humour dramatic  
The way that our wise democratic allies  
are ruled by our State democrats  
And therefore their people will come on ersea  
their tribute to bring to the City  
Consumed with desire to behold and admire  
the poet so fearless and witty

Who dared in the presence of Athens to speak  
the thing that is rightful and true  
And truly the fame of his prowess by this  
has been bruited the universe throu f  
When the Sovereign of Persia desiring to test  
what the end of our warfare will be,  
Inquired of the Spartan ambassadors, first

which nation is queen of the sea  
And next which the wonderful Poet has got  
as its stern and unsparing adviser  
For those who are lashed by his satire he said  
must surely be better and wiser

And they'll in the war be the stronger by far  
enjoying his counsel and skill  
And therefore the Spartans approach you to day  
with proffers of Peace and Goodwill

Just asking indeed that Aegina ye cede  
and nought do they care for the isle  
But you of the Poet who serves you so well  
they ain would despoil and beguile

But be you on your guard nor surrender the bard  
for his Art shall be righteous and true  
Rare blessings and great will he work for the State  
rare happiness shower upon you  
Not fawning or bribing or striving to cheat  
with an empty unprincipled jest  
Not seeking your favour to curry or nurse  
but teaching the things that are best

And therefore I say to the people to day  
Let Cleon the worst of his villainies try  
His anger I fear not his threats I defy  
For Honour and Right beside me I'll fight  
And never shall I  
In ought that relates to the city be found  
Such a craven as he such a profligate hound

O Muse fiery flashing with temper of flame  
energetic Acharnian come to my gaze  
Like the wild squark that leaps from the evergreen  
oak  
when its red glowing charcoal is fanned to a blaze  
And the small fish are lying all in order for the  
frying  
And some are moving Thasian richly dight shiny  
bright  
And some dip the small fish therein  
Come fiery flashing Maud to thy fellow burgher's  
aid  
With exactly such a song so glowing and so strong

To our Id ru tic m lod es him  
N th eterans blame the City  
Wh of old n mar thor s s i our  
Should in a e be left un ded  
I it r ght to let th ou griers  
Wrappi ng us with writs and warrants,  
W wh now ha e lost o r musa,  
We whose only Safe l'overdo  
There w esta d decayed nd m ttern  
You ht discerni g ll arou d us  
Comes the youngster wh has compassed  
S nny hus t ght and suppin phrases,  
Pulls us up and rocs-exams es,  
Rend and rattles ld T th nus  
Till w th toothless gums b mumbles,  
Sobb g we p s a h passes,  
All l esa ed t bu a c fin  
How can t be seemly a g e headed ma by the  
Wh of old ou and bold laboured ha d f r the  
At M thon a m ed to the battle hock we ran,  
And ou mettle w displa ed foot u foot, man t  
A our name and ou fame hall t d e.  
B outh we n Pursuers on th Marathonian  
ge Pursu ex us, and our best defence  
T thus what can Marpsias reply?  
Oh, Thuc d des t w t ess,  
Feetl trug, lung th latches  
Fluent gbb Cephalodemus—  
I m self was moved with ptt  
C ed thea the g lla t et  
H m who, were b b Dem ter  
that Thucydides we knew

Would have stood no aurs or nonsense  
Would have thro n the Goddess Tra el sore  
Shouted down th ee thousand archers  
Shot his own accuser s lankmen  
Na b r s f s e will not lea e u  
Sort the writs, d d e t f c actions,  
Who assails the old and toothless  
For a yomest r wa tons, gabblers,  
So for future fines a d exles,  
Let the youngster sue the yomest r  
and the old man sue th old  
*Enter DICAEOPOLIS*  
D These are the boundanes of my market place  
In the res scene what u s the Pnyx somehow  
becom s the market place of DICAEOPOLIS  
And here may all the P l porneusan folk,  
Me-anians and Bocotians, freely trade  
Selling to m but Lamachus may not,  
And these three th m s, f Lep ous make I set  
As market-cle ks, elected b the l t  
Within thes bounds may o i former come,  
O a v oth r s i co-Phaean man  
But I ll go fetch the Treaty Pillar here,  
And set t up n som conspicuous place  
*Exit DICAEOPOLIS, a d a half starved MEGARA*  
*enters folou d by t v little girls whom he*  
*bids moure th stage from the s de scenes*  
Megara Gud day Athanian market, Megara s  
l e l  
B Frien th Zeus, I e miss e ye like my muther  
But pur hauries o a wa fu father  
Speel up ye ll a bl n s fin a barl v bannock  
N w l ten bourn tten w i yere—pauuch  
Whuk wad ye liefer t be sellt or clemmed?  
Grl I f r be sellt! Liefer be sellt!  
Meg An sae say I m sel I But wha sae dosted  
Ast g a ht for you a u ler kaith?  
Awel I then a pawkie Megara trick,  
I se busk ye up an say I m bring n pigg es,  
Her ship these wee b t clooties on yer nueres,  
An haw j resells a decent grumpli s weans.  
Forgin I tak ye hame unsellt by Ha mes  
Y ll thole th warst e tr mutes o clemmin  
N est pit thur lang p s nowt es owre ver n bs,  
An tech yere bodies in this sackie Sa  
An mm ve grunt an gra e m g r a wa  
An mak the skirfs o little Myster plogies.  
My sel will ca for Dicacopolis.  
Ha Dicacopolis!  
Demeter  
Alchades

*Di:* Ave three cuckoo birds  
That s what I loathe that s whv I made my treaty  
When grey haired veterans in the ranks I saw  
And boys like you paltry malingering boys  
Off some to Thrace—their daily pay three  
drachmas—

Phaenippuses Hipparchidreprobatus  
And some with Chares to Chaonia some  
Ceretothoedores Diomirogues and some  
To Camarina Gela and Grinela

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*Di:* And how comes it pray  
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And these are *never*? Come Maniades  
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Their friends but now like people throwing out  
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But now that he knows he is slandered by foes  
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Pretending he jeers our City and sneers  
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of the poet whose satire has stayed you  
From believing the orators novel conceits  
wherewith they capoled and betrayed you

Who bids you despise adulation and lies  
nor be citizens Vacant and vain

For before when an embassy came from the states  
intriguing your favour to gain

And called you the town of the *iolet crown*  
so grand and exalted we grew

That at once on your tipsails erect we would sit  
those *crowns* were so pleasant to you

And then if they added the *shiny* they got  
whatever they asked for their praises  
Though apter I ween for an oily sardine  
than for you and your City the phrase is  
By this he s a true benefactor to you

and by showing with humour dramatic  
The way that our wise democratic allies

are ruled by our State democratic  
And therefore their people will come overseas  
their tribute to bring to the City

Consumed with desire to behold and admire  
the poet so fearless and witty

Who dared in the presence of Athens to speak  
the thing that is rightful and true

And truly the fame of his prowess by this  
has been bruited the universe throu h

When the Sovereign of Persia desiring to test  
what the end of our warfare will be

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which nation is queen of the sea

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Not fawning or bribing or striving to cheat  
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Let Cleon the worst of his villainies try  
His anger I fear not his threats I defy!  
For Honour and Right beside me will fight  
And never shall I

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Such a craven as he such a profligate hound

O Muse fiery flashing with temper of flame  
energetic Acharnian come to my gaze  
Like the wild spark that leaps from the evergreen  
oak

when its red glowing charcoal is fanned to a blaze  
And the small fish are lying all in order for the  
friving

And some are mixing Thasian richly dight shiny  
bright

And some dip the small fish therein  
Come fiery flashing Maid to thy fellow burghers

and  
With exactly such a song so glowing and so strong

To cut us out yere bannock, an' we get aye  
*Enter DICAEOPOLIS and MEGAREAN*

*Chorus*

A barge lot th' man has got  
 his scheme devised w' his wondrous art  
 Fox-wards and prosper as you see  
 and now he'll sit in his private Mart  
 The front of his bold dream to reap  
 And O if a Cressus come this war  
 Or other reformers exerts, they  
 Will soon for their treasurs weep

No meek shall grieve us on bays first  
 th' fish you wanted in possess,  
 A Prawn on your dainty robes  
 wipe off his bitter loathsomeness.  
 You'll no Cleonomenus jostle there  
 But all resouled through th' Mart you'll go,  
 And no Hyperbolus work you woe  
 W' th' wits enough and to spare.

Never within these bounds shall walk  
 the little fop we all despise.  
 The young Cratinus nearly shorn  
 with wags' razor wanton wise,  
 That Artemon-engineer of L,  
 Whose father came from an old b. goat,  
 And father and son, as I all may note,  
 Are rank with us for rance still.

A Pharon, scurvy knave shall here  
 insult you in th' market place,  
 A vile Leostatus, to all  
 Chelissian folk due disgrace,  
 That deep-ed manner that low buffoon.  
 Who a wares the arts and humours sore  
 Full thirty days or more be more,  
 In every course fith moon.

*Enter BOREAS, with Love and Amorous.*  
 Boreas. H-ch str, m' shouter star wat  
 Heracles!

Isen lad, p' doon thar pennonal  
 I tent care. Pipers who cam fra Thabes  
 Bawoop the ad ticks a burdies w' the banes.  
 Di Ha-g on th' t' Off from m' doors, you  
 wags!

Whar w' these curv Chaeridian brimble droons  
 H'm't m' doot Gert th' ra m' H'ear

*Enter FRONTOUS*

So An echs wear b' John's str'er  
 Thar Nawa br' m' th' wa fr Thabes,  
 As d' red the blossoms f'm pennonal  
 E t' please you, onse th' g'l' got,  
 Sees the licks on thar fow' and gear  
 D' O w' a case dear Boreas m' m' water  
 What ba' ou were?

E A that Boreas gies us  
 M' d' us pennonal la-tern wicks,  
 As waxes, an' kites, an' francous, an' coots,  
 I' eren d' eren.

Di Eh? Why then, methinks,  
 You e browht foul weather to my market place  
 Bo A e an I'm bringin' maikins, geese an' tods,  
 Fashels an' weasels, urchins, moles, an' cats,  
 An' otters too, an' eels frae Loch Copais.

Di O man, to men thur daint est morsel  
 bringin'  
 Let me salute the eels, if eels you bryn  
 Bo Pinkest o' Loch Copais fiftv dochters  
 Coots, oot o' that an' mak the stranger welcome.  
 Di O lo ed and lost, and longed for thou art  
 come.

A p'rent grateful to th' Coots' chours,  
 And d' ar to Morvhus. Bring me out at once,  
 O kist h'm kna es, the braver and the fin.  
 Behold, my lads, this best of all the eels.  
 So years untant, scarce return ng ow  
 U hild en welcome her to you'll g'e  
 A charcoal fire for this sweet stranger's sake.  
 Out w' th' her! He er may I lose again,  
 Not even in death, my darlin' d' rised in-beet.  
 Bo Whar shall I g' t the siller for th' fesh's?

Di This you shall g'e me as a market toll.  
 But tell m' are these other things for sale?  
 Bo A e are they a th' goods.  
 Di And at what price?  
 O would you swap for something else?

Bo I've swap  
 For gear we haena, but y' Attics ha'e.  
 Di Well then, what say you to Phalene sprats,  
 O-carthenware?

Bo Sprats! warel we e thar at hame.  
 G us some gear we lack, an' ve e a rowth o'  
 E I'll tell you what pack an' s' former up,  
 Like ware for exportation.  
 Bo Mon! that's guid.  
 B the Two Gudes, an' unco guid I se mak  
 Tassin monkey fu o plagu' tricks.

*Enter CARCHINUS*  
 Di And her s' carchin coming to denounce  
 you!

Bo He sm' m' bouk.  
 Di B t every lach is bad  
 Carchin! Whos, is this merchandise?  
 Bo T's a maird here.

Frae Thabes, wat Zeus, I bur e.  
 Then I here  
 Denounce tall as enemies!

Bo Hout awa!  
 Do e mak war an' enmity w' the burdies?  
 Them and you too

Bo What hat I dun ye wrang?  
 A Thar will I aw' for th' bystanders sake.  
 A lan eren wick you ar bringin' from the fow'  
 Di Show h'm p' woud you, for lantern wick?  
 A A e for thar la-tern-w' k will fire th' docks.  
 Di Ah, eren wick th' docks! O dear and how?  
 A If Boreas stuck in a beet!  
 And sent t' light red, down a water-course  
 Stru' t' th' dock, wathin' when Boreas blew

\*The two gods of Boreas are Zephyrus and Amphiotes.

Are ye for buyin' onie pigs the day?

*Enter DICAEOPOLIS*

*Di* How now Megarian?

*Meg* Come to suffer guidman

*Di* How fare ye all?

*Meg* A greetin' by the fire

*Di* And very jolly too if there's a piper

What do your people do besides?

*Meg* Sae sae

For when I cam' frae Megara toun the morn

Our Lairds o' Council were in gran' debate

How we might quickliest perish but an' ben

*Di* So ye'll lose all your troubles

*Meg* What for no?

*Di* What else at Megara? What's the price of wheat?

*Meg* Och! high enough high as the Gudes an' higher

*Di* Got any salt?

*Meg* Ye're maisters o' our saut

*Di* Or garlic?

*Meg* Garlic quothal when ye resells

Makin' yer raids like onie swarm o' mice

Howkit up a the rooties wi' a stak

*Di* What hate you got then?

*Meg* Mystery piggies I

*Di* That's good let's see them

*Meg* Hae! They're bonnie piggies

Lift it an' t' please you tis sae sleek an' bonnie

*Di* What on earth's this?

*Meg* A piggie that by Zeus

*Di* A pig! What sort of pig?

*Meg* A Megara piggie

What! no a piggie that?

*Di* It doesn't seem so

*Meg* 'Tis awfu! Och the disbeliefin' carle!

Uphaudin' she's na piggie! Will ye wad

My cantie frien' pinch o' thymy saut

She's no a piggie in the Hellanian use?

*Di* A human being's—

*Meg* Weel by Diocles

She's mine wha's piggie did ye think she was?

Mon? wad ye hear them skirlin'?

*Di* By the Powers

I would indeed

*Meg* Now piggies skirlawa

Ye winna? winna skirl ye graceless hizzies?

By Hairmes then I se tak' ye hame again

*Girls* Weel weel weel

*Meg* This no a piggie?

*Di* Faith it seems so now

But twont remain so for five years I'm thinking

*Meg* Trowth t'ik my word for t' she'll be like her mither

*Di* But she's no good for offerngs

*Meg* What for nae guid for offerngs?

*Di* She's no tail

*Meg* Aw eel the pair weel thing she's o' ye young yet

But when she's auld she'll have a gawcie tail

But wad ye rear them here sa' bonnie piggie!

*Di* Why she's the staring image of the other

*Meg* They're o' ane father an' ane mither baith

But bide a wee an' when she's fat an' curle

She'll be an offerin' gran' for Aphrodite

*Di* A pig's no sacrifice for Aphrodite

*Meg* What no for Her! Mon' for hersel the lane

Whv there's nae flesh sae tastie as the flesh

O' thae sma piggies roastin' on a spit

*Di* But can they feed without their mother yet?

*Meg* Potaidan yes! withouten father too

*Di* What will they eat most freely?

*Meg* Aught ye gie them

But spier yoursel

*Di* Hey piggy piggy!

*1st Girl* Weel

*Di* Do you like pease you piggy?

*1st Girl* Wee wee weel

*Di* What and Phibalean figs as well?

*1st Girl* Wee weel

*Di* What and you other piggy?

*2nd Girl* Wee wee weel

*Di* Eh but ye're squealing bravely for the figs

Bring out some figs here one of you within

For these small piggies Will they eat them? Yah!

Worshipful Heracles! how they are gobbling now

Whence come the pigs? They seem to me Aetolian

*Meg* Na na they haena eaten a thae figs

See here here's a nee I pickit up mysel

*Di* Upon my word they are jolly little beasts.

What shall I give you for the pair? let's hear

*Meg* Gie me for ane a tie o' garlic will ye

An' for the tither half a peck o' saut

*Di* I'll buy them stay you here awhile *Exit*

*Meg* Aye aye

Traffickin' Hairmes wad that I could swap

Baith wife an' mither on sic terms 's thae

*Enter INFORMER*

*Informer* Man! who are you?

*Meg* Ane Megara piggie seller

*In* Then I'll denounce your goods and you

yourself

As enemies!

*Meg* Hech here it comes again

The vera primal source of a our wae

*In* You'll Megarize to your cost Let go the

sack

*Meg* Dicaeopolis! Dicaeopolis! Here's a chuel

Denouncin' me

*Di* (re entering) Where is he? Market clerks

Why don't you keep these sycophants away?

What! show him up without a lantern wick?

*In* Not show our enemies up?

*Di* You had better not

Get out and do your showing other where

*Exit INFORMER*

*Meg* The pest thae birkies are in Athans toun!

*Di* Well never mind Megarian take the things

Garlic and salt for which you sold the pigs

Fare weel!

*Meg* That's na our way in Megara toun

*Di* Then on my head the officious wish return!

*Meg* O piggies try withouten father now

Enter CRIER while the corymbes expose to view  
the interior of the corymbes in a house

Gr O yes! O yes!

Com drain your patches to the trumpet's sound  
In our old fashion Whoso drains his fist  
Shall have for prize a skin of—Crescent

Dr Lad! Lassies! heard ye not the words he said?

What are ye to do when ye hear the Crier?

Quick! sew and roast and turn the roasts of flesh

L spit the haremest weave the coverlets

Bring the spits her and I'll impale the thrushes.

Ch Then ymch your happy plan

Ten y more you lucky man

The joy is yours now possess it

Dr What hen a bird the spits you see  
the thrushes roast n gloriously?

Ch And that saying I admire

Dr B y poke me up the charcoal fire

Ch Oh te w th what cookly art

And go on a sort man and smelt

His apron is dressing

Enter DEZIAS an Athenian farmer

Farmer Alas! Alas!

Dr O Heracles ho's there?

De An ill-starred man

Dr Then keep it yourself.

De O—f r you nly hold the tr ces, dear—

Measure me with gab th eyes s f Peace.

Dr What a! y u?

F R ined! Lost my oxen twice

Dr What l m?

F F m Phyle The Boeotians stole th m.

Dr And y to a clad in white you'll tarred

loon!

F They swa ma stained me n the troy lap

Of m tuckery

Dr Well what want you now?

De Lost m two eyes, weeps my oxen twice

Come, I ouca for De tes of Phil

Dr Borne Pea os m n d on my two yes

Dr Bles the fool I m n i p blue u groo

F D on I luma be find m i n n a n

Dr go nd weep i P t t hus doo

De Do ju t on a gled on f s d op me her

l t chusqu little drop f Peace

Dr No, n t tw tterle t k your tea seke

what

F Alas! Alas! m d b g k f en Enter

Ch H lo ert Treat pleasant t

He will n t be m thinks n h te

To t n th h t

Dr Pour n th t r p t e h o n e s y o l

A d t o th c t l e r i c h l y s t e w l

Ch H trumpet lik b d s s o d

Dr B s u e t h e b t o f c e l e b r o w n e d

Ch Th d o u p e a k o u s a o u p e a

A p h a r p e n s o o u s p e e t e s

Th e h a d i v b e a r t

Dr Now r o a t t h e s e t h m a n d b o w n

th m i

(Enter DEZIAS)

O Discompe!

Enter ROOM M V

Dr

Gr A bridegroom sends you from his wedding  
banquet

These b t of meat

Dr Well done whoe'er he is

Gr And in return he bids you pour him out

To keep him safely with his bride at home

Into th so niment pot one dram of Peace

Dr T ke take v ur meat away I can t a b e s t

Not for ten thousand drachmas would I g e him

One dr p of Peace (Enter BRIDESMAID) Hey who

comes he e?

Gr The bridesmaid

Bring g a private message from the bride

Dr Well what have you to say? What wants the

bride?

(Affect to listen)

Oh en the laughable request she makes

To keep her b degroom safely by her side.

I'll do s bring the tr ces he s a woman

Unfit to bear the burdens of the war

Now hold th my th box underneath my girl

K w y u the way to use it? Tell the bride

When th y re en ll ng told ers for the war

To rub the bridegroom erv n ght with th

Enter GROOMSMAN and BRIDE MAID

Now t ke the tr es back a d b n g the ladle

I'll fill the w accups for the P tcher feast

Ch Burch returns o e with yeb ows puckered up

Me thinks he comes a messe get of woe

Enter CRIER

Gr O tools, and fights, and fi h m Lamachus!

La (u thm) Who clangs around my bronze

accounted halts? Enter LAMACHUS.

Gr The general b d yout he y o r e s t s and

cohort

And hu ry f th s n t n t to keep watch

Amo g t the m tain passes the snow

For news has me that at this P tcher feast

Boeotian band t mean to ra d our! nd

La O g n als great in n mbers small n worth!

Shame that I may note en n y v th feast

Dr O e p e t n b a t t l Lamachus!

La O dear what you! Do y o insult me too?

Dr What w uld y u h t w th G e y o n the

four w ged?

La O woe!

O what mess eha, this Cr e r b r u ght me!

Dr O bo! what messag will th y ru ner b g me?

Enter MESSE R

Dr anger D catopolis!

Dr Well?

Me: Come at on to supper

And b n your p tcher and your pper-chest

The priest of B ch u x e d to fetch you th th

A d d o b e g c k you keep the supper w t g

F all th s e l s e e r e a d a d p o d e

The c h s tables, soft-cushion gs,

Wreaths, w t m e a t m r t h the h a r t y a r e

ther

Whole meal cakes chees cakes, sesame honey

cakes,



His stiffest breeze then if the ships caught fire  
They'd blaze up in an instant

*Di* Blaze you rascal!  
What with a beetle and a lantern wick?

*Al* Bear witness!  
*Di* Stop his mouth and bring me litter  
I'll pack him up like earthenware for carriage  
So they may n't crack him on their journey home

*Ch* Tie up O best of men with care  
The honest stranger's piece of ware  
For fear they break it  
As homeward on their backs they take it  
*Di* To that be sure I'll have regard  
Indeed it creaks as though 'twere charred  
By cracks molested

And altogether God detested  
*Ch* How shall he deal with it?  
*Di* For every use 'tis fit  
A cup of ills a lawsuit can  
For audits an informing pan  
A poisoned chalice

Full filled with every kind of malice  
*Ch* But who can safely use I pray  
A thing like this from day to day  
In household matters  
A thing that always creaks and clatters?

*Di* He's strong my worthy friend and tough  
He will not break for usage rough  
Not though you shove him  
Head foremost down his heels above him

*Ch* (to BOEOTIAN) You've got a lovely pack

*Bo* A bonnie hairst I see mak

*Ch* Aye best of friends your harvest make  
And whoso'er it please you take  
This artful knowing

And best equipped informer going  
*Di* 'Twas a tough business but I've packed the  
scamp

Lift up and take your piece of ware Boeotian  
*Bo* Gae put your shoulther underneath Ismeny

*Di* And pray be careful as you take him home  
You've got a rotten bale of goods but still!  
And if you make a harvest out of him  
You'll be in luck's way as regards informers

*Exeunt DICAEOPOLIS BOEOTIAN and his slave*  
*Enter SERVANT OF LAMACHUS*

*Servant* Dicaeopolis!

*Di* Well? why are you shouting?  
*Se* Why?

Lamachus bids you towards the Pitcher feast  
Give him some thrushes for this drachma here  
And for three drachmas one Copaic eel

*Enter DICAEOPOLIS*  
*Di* Who is this Lamachus that wants the eel?

*Se* The dread the tough the terrible who  
wields

The Gorgon targe and shakes three shadowy  
plumes

*Di* An eel for him? Not though his targe he gave  
me!

Let him go shake his plumes at his salt fish  
If he demur I'll call the Market clerks

Now for myself I'll marry all these things  
Indoors to the tune o' merles an' mautes wings *Exit*

*Chorus*  
Have ye seen him all ye people  
seen the man of matchless art  
Seen him by his private treaty  
traffic gain from every mart  
Goods from every neighbour  
Some required for household uses  
some 'twere pleasant warm to eat  
All the wealth of all the cities  
lavished here before his feet  
Free from toil and labour

War I'll never welcome in  
to share my hospitality

Never shall the fellow sing  
Harmodius in my company

Always in his cups he acts  
so rudely and offensively

Tipsily he burst upon  
our happy quiet family

Breaking this upsetting that  
and brawling most pugnaciously

Yea when we entreated him  
with hospitable courtesies

Sit you down and drink a cup  
a Cup of Love and Harmony

All the more he burnt the poles  
we wanted for our husbandry

Aye and spilt perforce the liquor  
treasured up within our vines

Proudly he prepares to banquet  
Did we mark him all elate

As a sample of his living  
cast these plumes before his gate?

Grand his ostentation!  
O of Cyprus foster sister

and of every heavenly Grace  
Never knew I till this moment

all the glory of thy face  
*Reconciliation!*

O that Love would you and me  
unite in endless harmony

Love as he is pictured with  
the wreath of roses smilingly

Maybe you regard me as  
a fragment of antiquity

Ah but if I get you dear  
I'll show my triple husbandry

First a row of vinelets will I  
plant prolonged and orderly

Next the little fig tree shoots  
beside them growing lustily

Thirdly the domestic vine  
although I am so elderly

Round them all shall olives grow  
to form a pleasant boundary

Thence will you and I anoint us,  
darling when the New Moon shines

Then the Great Boaster's plume be cast away  
 Pounce on the rorks, a dol'rous ery be raised  
 "O glorious Eve with this my late son I look  
 The hea-eulv b'it Ilea n my day is d'ne"  
 II seek and stray: hitwa f'lis nro a ditch  
 I w's up e' confronts the runawa n,  
 And prod the fleein' handlits w' th b'spear  
 B't here he enters. Open w' de the door

*Enter LAMACCHUS, who is followed by a  
 trader's d'nt a' op'as joyful bet'een two  
 cour's*

La O back a-dav! O l'k d'a!  
 I'm back'd I'm k'ed by host' lances!  
 B't ors' th' wou d' o' la ce twill give me  
 If Diacopo's per e' e me  
 And mock, and mock at my mu'ha ces.  
 Dr O l'k day! O l'k day!  
 What mort' l'v r can be rich'er  
 Th' b' ho feels, my gold n' masses,  
 You sof' est closest lo' l'et k' sses.  
 T' w' l' twa I first drained the pitcher  
 La Om my woful d' lo'ous lot!  
 O me, the gruesome wounds I got!  
 D My d' lung Lamachuppus, sit o't?  
 La Od I ful' ha c!  
 D O cursed spitel  
 La Wh' e me a kiss?  
 Dr Why g' e me a bite?  
 La O me the hea'y bea'y charge th' y' tried  
 Dr Who makes a charge th' happy Pitcher tid'?

La O P can Healer! heal me P'ez pray  
 Dr 'Tis not the Healer's festi'al to-day  
 La O I fit me gentlv round the hips,  
 My comrades true!

D O kiss me warmly on the lips,  
 My d' l'ngs, do!

La My brain is dizzy w' th the blow  
 Of host' l' stone

Dr Mine's dizzy too to bed I'll go,  
 And not a l' ne

La O take m' in v' ur' healin' ha ds, and bring  
 To P'italus this battered frame of mine

Dr O take m' to the jud' es. Wh' re s' the k' ng  
 That rules the sea: t' han I me my skin of wine

La A l' c' has struck me through the bone  
 So pitreouslv! so pitreou' ly!

*He is helped off the stage*

Dr I e'drained the pitcher l'alo c'  
 S' g' hol' s' ng' hol' for v'ictory

Ch S' ng' hol' S' ng' hol' for v'ictory then,  
 If so ou' b' d' (so you bid

Dr I filled it w' th neat w' ne my men  
 A d'quaffed t' at a gulp I d' d

Ch S' ng' hol' b' ve heart the w' ne skin take,  
 And onward go, and onward go.

Dr And ye mu' t' follow in my wak  
 And sing for v'ictory hol' sing' hol'

Ch O yes, we'll follow for your sake  
 Your w' ne skin and yourself, I trow  
 Sing' hol' for v'ictory won, sing' hol'

And dancing girls Harmodius dearest ones  
So pray make haste

*La* O wretched wretched me!

*Di* Aye the great Gorgon 'twas you chose for patron

Now close the house and pack the supper up

*La* Boy bring me out my soldier's knapsack here

*Di* Boy bring me out my supper basket here

*La* Boy bring me onions with some thy my salt

*Di* For me fish fillets onions I detest

*La* Boy bring me here a leaf of rotten fish

*Di* A tit bit leaf for me I'll toast it there

*La* Now bring me here my helmet's double plume

*Di* And bring me here my thrushes and ring doves

*La* How nice and white this ostrich plume to view

*Di* How nice and brown this pigeon's flesh to eat

*La* Man don't keep jeering at my armour so

*Di* Man don't keep peering at my thrushes so

*La* Bring me the casket with the three crests in it

*Di* Bring me the basket with the hare's flesh in it

*La* Surely the moths my crest have eaten up

*Di* Sure this hare soup I'll eat before I sup

*La* Fellow I'll thank you not to talk to me

*Di* Nay but the boy and I we can't agree

Come will you bet and Lamachus decide  
Locusts or thrushes which the daintier are?

*La* Insolent knave!

*Di* (to the boy) Locusts he says by far

*La* Boy boy take down the spear and bring it here

*Di* Boy take the sweetbread off and bring it here

*La* Hold firmly to the spear whilst I pull off  
The case

*Di* And you hold firmly to the spit

*La* Boy bring the framework to support my shield

*Di* Boy bring the bakemeats to support my frame

*La* Bring here the grim backed circle of the shield

*Di* And here the cheese backed circle of the cake

*La* Is not this—mockery plain for men to see?

*Di* Is not this—cheese cake sweet for men to eat?

*La* Pour on the oil boy Gazing on my shield  
I see an old man tried for cowardliness

*Di* Pour on the honey Gazing on my cake

I see in old man mocking Lamachus

*La* Bring me a casque to arm the outer man

*Di* Bring me a cask to warm the inner man

*La* With this I'll arm myself against the foe

*Di* With this I'll warm myself against the feast

*La* Boy lash the blankets up against the shield

*Di* Boy lash the supper up against the chest

*La* Myself will bear my knapsack for myself

*Di* Myself will wear my wraps and haste away

*La* Take up the shield my boy and bring it on

Snowing! good luck a wintry prospect mine

*Di* Take up the chest a supper prospect mine

*Enter* DICAEOPOLIS and LAMACHUS

*Ch* Off to your duties my heroes bold

Different truly the paths ye tread

One to drink with wreaths on his head

One to watch and shiver with cold

Lonely the while his antagonist passes

The sweetest of hours with the sweetest of lasses

Pray we that Zeus calmly reduce

to destruction emphatic and utter

That meanest of poets and meanest of men

Antimachus offspring of Sputter

The Choregus who sent me away

without any supper at all

At the feast of Lenaea I pray

two Woes that Choregus befall

May he hanker for a dish

of the subtle cuttle fish

May he see the cuttle sailing

through its brine and through its oil

On its little table lying

hot and hissing from the frying

Till it anchor close beside him

when alas! and woe betide him!

As he reaches forth his hand

for the meal the Gods provide him

May a dog snatch and carry off the spoil off the

spoil

May a dog snatch and carry off the spoil

Duly the first Woe is rehearsed

attend whilst the other I'm telling

It is night and our gentleman after a ride

is returning on foot to his dwelling

With ague he's sorely bested

and he's feeling uncommonly ill

When suddenly down on his head

comes Orestes's club with a will

'Tis Orestes hero mad

in the drunkard and the pad

Then stooping in the darkness

let him grope about the place

If his hand can find a brickbat

at Orestes to be flung

But instead of any brickbat

may he grasp a podge of dung

And rushing on with this Orestes may he miss

And hit young Cratinus in the face in the face

And hit young Cratinus in the face

*Enter* ATTENDANT

A attendant Varlets who dwell in Lamachus's halls

Heat water knaves heat water in a pot

Make ready lint and salves and greasy wool

And ankle bandages Your lord is hurt

Pierced by a stake whilst leaping over a trench

Then twisting round he wrenched his ankle out

And falling cracked his skull upon a stone

And shocked the sleeping Gorgon from his shield



# THE KNIGHTS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| DEMOSTHENES    | PAPHLAGON         |
| NICIAS         | DEMUS             |
| SAUSAGE SELLER | CHORUS OF KNIGHTS |

*In the foreground is a loose arrangement of stones which will later on be taken to represent the Pnyx. Behind are three houses: the central one with a harp set up over the door is the abode of DEMUS whilst the others serve for PAPHLAGON who is CLEON and the SAUSAGE SELLER. Out of the house of DEMUS run two slaves: hailing their masters represent the two famous Athenian generals NICIAS and DEMOSTHENES.*

*Demosthenes* O! O! This Paphlagon with all his wiles

This newly purchased pest I wish the Gods Would utterly abolish and destroy!  
For since he entered by ill luck our house  
He is always getting all the household flogged

*Nicias* I wish they would this chief of Paphlagon

him and his lies!

*De* Ha! how feel you poor fellow?

*Ni* Bad like yourself

*De* Then come and let us wall  
A stave of old Olympus both together

*Both* (sobbing) Mum! Mum! Mum! Mum!

*De* Pahl! What's the good of whimpering?

Better far

To dry our tears and seek some way of safety

*Ni* Which way? You tell me

*De* Rather tell me you  
Or else we'll fight

*Ni* By Apollo no not I  
You say it first and then I'll say it after

*De* O that thou saidst the thing that I would say

*Ni* I've not the pluck I wish I could suggest  
Some plan in smart Euripidean style

*De* Don't do it! Don't! Pray don't be chivalrous  
But find some caper cutting trick from master

*Ni* Will you say 'sert' like that speaking it  
crisply?

*De* Of course I'll say it 'sert'

*Ni* Now after 'sert'

*De* Say 'de'

*Ni* Yes that's very nicely said

Now first say 'sert', and then say 'de', beginning  
Slowly at first but quickening as you go

*De* Aye 'sert de sert-de sert de sert'

*Ni* There! 'tis  
Do you not like it?

*De* Like it yes but—  
*Ni* What?

*De* There's an uncanny sound about desert

*Ni* Uncanny? How?

*De* They flog deserters so  
*Ni* O then 'twere better that we both should go  
And fall before the statues of the Gods

*De* Stat at us is it? What do you really think  
That there are Gods?

*Ni* I know it

*De* Know it! How?

*Ni* I'm such a wretched God-detested chap

*De* Well urged indeed but seek some other way

Would you I told the story to the audience?

*Ni* Not a bad plan but let us ask them first

To show us plainly by their looks and cheer

If they take pleasure in our words and acts

*De* I'll tell them now We two have got a master

Demus of Pnyx borough such a sour old man  
Quick tempered country minded bean con-

suming

A trifle hard of hearing Last new moon

He bought a slave a tanner Paphlagon

The greatest rogue and liar in the world

This tanning Paphlagon he soon finds out

Master's weak points and cringing down before him

Flatters and fawns and wheedles and cajoles

With little apish leather snippings thus

O Demus try one case get the three-obel

Then take your bath gorge guzzle eat your fill

Would you I set your supper? Then he'll seize

A dish some other servant has prepared

And serve it up for master and quite lately

I'd baked a rich Laconian cake at Pylus

When in runs Paphlagon and bags my cake

And serves it up to Demus as his own

But us he drives away and none but he

Must wait on master there he stands through

dinner

With leathern flap and flicks away the speakers

And he chants oracles till the dazed old man

Goes Sibly mad then when he sees him mooning

He plies his trade He slanders those within

With downright lies so then we're flogged poor

wretches

And Paphlagon runs round extorting begging

Upsetting everyone and Mark says he

There's Hylas flogged that's all my doing better

Make friends with me or you'll be trounced to-day"

So then we're be him off or if we don't

## THE KNIGHTS

237-3 8

For he proved himself a rascal

Therefore smite him, chase him, pound him,  
rend and rattle and confound him!

Show your loathin' show as are d'  
press with th' angry shouts around him.

Take you heed, or he'll evade you  
watch him closely for th' man  
Knows how Enos is escaped us.

Pa. O my Hellenic veterans,  
of th' great Trobol clan,  
Whom Laron h' night and wron' I nourish,

Help me by consuming traitors  
shamefully abused and beaten.

Ch. Rightly for th' public commons  
you before your turn has 'eaten,  
And you squeeze the wadit passers,

Which is new, and which is ripeman  
which is crv crude and dry

Find you out of easy temper  
mouth wape, and vacant look.

Back from Chersonese you bring him,  
grasp him firm! fix your hook.

Twist his shoulder back and g' N  
gulf th' him down at once.

And you search among th' townsmen  
for sooth, lam'han witted d' once

Wench road of tri k's d' malice  
shudder-... id. notes and f is.

Pa. I assail me too, m' masters?  
in for you th' beat me thus

Tis because I thought of moving  
that twer proper here to make

Some memorial of your workshops  
for our nobl' about's sake

Ch. Hec. han try'n to escape n  
O h' sup' bendi' weak.

Pa. Off his tri k' pen us.  
on doards out and weak.

Ch. But here m' arm shall smite him  
I to pass on ther' he seek

Lib' drun' th' direction,  
here rain, m' leok' burts.

Pa. Athens Dem see the moor-ns,  
see them punch me in the gu's.

Ch. S' out. are ou' you whoal' av's  
by you shouts subvert the w.

S. S. I'll t' m' t' I'll first surpass him  
thus I shout the fellow down.

Ch. If m' baw' void for him,  
m' g' w' bo' for victors' sake.

Pa. I'll nounce th' sm' g' fellow  
concur hand of war he takes

For he'll t' p'oon' esu' g' w' h'  
traps th' m' w' h' g' uille-akes.

S. S. I denounce th' g' m' f' Low  
at the hill, from w' to da

In he runs with empty belly

G. Fish, and fl-sh, and bread exporting  
and a hundred things like these

Contraband of peace, which never  
were allowed to Pericles.

Pa. Death awaits you at once you two.

S. S. Thrice as loud can I squall as you.

Pa. Now will I haul you down by hawlin'

S. S. Now will I squall you down by squallin'.

Pa. Lead our armies, and I'll be h'ite you.

S. S. I'll with dow' whips smite you and smite you.

Pa. I'll outw' you by fraud and I'll m'

S. S. I'll your pett' toes choon for f'rin'

Pa. Now can h' kin' regard me, you.

S. S. I was bred in the arena too.

P. Say but g' r' and to stings I'll tear you.

S. S. Speak on word, and as dusk I'll bear you.

Pa. I confess that I steal. Do you?

S. S. Agora Herm's's, I do.

Pa. If m' seen I'm perjurer too.

S. S. Some bold else tricks you're vaunting

Tell them you e' got some bol' pig guts.

Ch. O shameless of heart

O Bawler and Brawler self seekin'.

The land the Assembly th' Tolls,

are all with th' empul-nee reckon

And the Courts, and th' actions at law

they are full unto loath n' and ha' el

Thou sturtest the mud to its depths,

perturbin' the whol' of th' State.

Rufian, who hast deafened Athens

with thun' e' everlasting din

Watching from the rocks the tribute

run fashion, shoolin' in

P. Well I know the very quarter

where the cobbled up the plot

S. S. You're a known hand at cobblin'

lie in mincing meat I m' n' t

You who ch-chated th' rust c's

with th' a flabby bullock hide

Cuttin' radiant make it

look lik' leather firm and dried

I a day the shoes you sold them

wobbl'd half a foot too wide

Ch. That's th' very trick the rascal

played th' other day on me

And my friend and fellow bur' bers

lau' bed with undissembled g' ee

I was swimmin' g' in slippers

I I vot to Pericles

Ch. So then thou hast e'en from th' first

that shameless bra' do dispo' ed

Which alone th' Orators Patron.

And foremost of all b' t' r'au

Thou the wealthy stragglers milkest

drauin'g off th' rich sup'ber

And the son of Hippodamus

watches Lare with streamin' eye

Ah, but another has dawned on us now

My sausages What need to flout me so?

*De* You fool! the guts indeed! Now look you here  
You see those people on the tiers?

*S S* I do

*De* You shall be over lord of all those people

The Agora and the Harbours and the Pnyx

You'll trim the Generals' trample down the  
Council

Fetter imprison make the Hall your brothel

*S S* What I?

*De* Yes you yourself! And that's not all

For mount you up upon the dresser here

And view the islands all around

*S S* I see

*De* And all the marts and merchant ships?

*S S* I see

*De* And aren't you then a lucky man?

And that's not all just cast your eyes askew

The right to Caria and the left to Carthage

*S S* A marvellous lucky man to twist my neck!

*De* Nay but all these shall be your—perquisites

You shall become this oracle declares

A Man most mighty!

*S S* Humbug! How can I

A sausage selling chap become a Man?

*De* Why that's the very thing will make you  
great

Your roguery impudence and agora training

*S S* I am not worthy of great power methinks

*De* O me not worthy! what's the matter now?

You've got I fear some good upon your conscience

Spring you from gentlemen?

*S S* By the powers not I

From downright blackguards

*De* Lucky lucky man

O what a start you've got for public life

*S S* But I know nothing friend beyond my  
letters

And even of them but little and that badly

*De* The mischief is that you know *anything*

To be a Demus leader is not now

For lettered men nor yet for honest men

But for the base and ignorant Don't let slip

The bright occasion which the Gods provide you

*S S* How goes the oracle?

*De* Full of promise good

Wrapped up in cunning enigmatic words

Nay but if once the Eagle the black tanned  
mandible curver

Seize with his beak the Serpent the dullard the  
drinker of life blood

Then shall the sharp sour brine of the Paphla-  
gon tribe be extinguished

Then to the entrail sellers shall God great glory  
and honour

Render unless they elect to continue the sale of  
the sausage

*S S* But what in the world has this to do with  
me?

*De* The black tanned Eagle that means Paph-

lagon

*S S* And what the mandibles?

*De*

That's self evident

His fingers crooked in carry off their prey

*S S* What does the Serpent mean?

*De*

That's plainer still

A serpent's long a sausage too is long

Serpents drink blood and sausages drink blood

The Serpent then it says shall overcome

The black tanned Eagle if it's not talked over

*S S* I like the lines but how can I wonder

Contrive to manage Demus affairs

*De* Why nothing's easier Do what now you do

Mince hash and mash up everything together

Win over Demus with the savoury sauce

Of little cookery phrases You've already

Whatever else a Demagogue requires

A brutal voice low birth an agora training

Why you've got all one wants for public life

The Pythian shrine and oracles concur

Crown crown your head pour wine to mighty—

Dulness

Prepare to fight the man

*S S*

But what ally

Will stand beside me for the wealthy men

Tremble before him and the poor folk blench

*De* A thousand Knights all honest men and true

Detest the scoundrel and will help the cause

And whoso'er is noblest in the State

And whoso'er is brightest in the tiers

And I myself And God will lend his aid

And fear him not he is not pictured really

For all the mask providers feared to mould

His actual likeness but our audience here

Are shrewd and bright they'll recognize the man

*Enter NICIAS*

*Ni* Mercy upon us! here comes Paphlagon

*Enter PAPHLAGON*

*Paphlagon* By the Twelve Gods you two shall  
pay for this

Always conspiring plotting ill to Demus!

What's this Chalcidian goblet doing here?

Ha! ye're inciting Chalcis to revolt

Villains and traitors! ye shall die the death

*De* (to SAUSAGE SELLER) Hail where are you off  
to? Stop! For goodness sake

Don't fail us now most doughy Sausage seller!

*The CHORUS of KNIGHTS enter the orchestra*  
Hasten up my gallant horsemen

now's the time your foe to fight

Now then Simon now Panaetius

charge with fury on the right

Here they're coming! Worthy fellow

wheel about commence the fray

Lo the dust of many horsemen

rushing on in close array!

Turn upon him fight him smite him

scout him rout him every way

*Chorus* Smite the rascal smite him smite him  
troubler of our knightly train

Foul extortioner Charybdis

bottomless abyss of gain  
Smite the rascal smite the rascal  
many times the word I'll say

For he proved himself a rascal  
 many many times a day  
 Therefore write him chase him go and him  
 rend and rattle and confound him!  
 Show your leathing show as we do  
 press with angry shouts around him  
 Take you heed or he'll eade ou  
 watch him closely for the man  
 Know how Eucrates escaped us,  
 fleeing to his stores of bran  
 For O my Helustic ceterans,  
 of the great Trobol cla-  
 Whom through right a d wrong I nourish  
 bawl shouting all I can  
 Help me by conspiring traitors  
 sham fully abused and beaten  
 Rightly I r the publi c commons  
 you before your turn have eaten  
 And you squeeze the audit passers,  
 pinching them like figs, to try  
 Which is ripe, and which is ripening  
 which is v ry crude and dry  
 Find you one fear temper  
 mo thagape and cant look,  
 Back fr m Cherso ese ou bring him  
 asphum firmly fix y ur hook,  
 Trust his shoulder back and gl bly  
 gulp the victim down at o ce.  
 And you search amonst the tow smen  
 f r some lambkin w tted d e.  
 Wealthy oud of trick nd mal ce  
 sh dd run td putes and fuss.  
 P I assaume too, m ma t r s?  
 I so you they beat m thus  
 Tis because I th ght of mo ing  
 that m re pper here to make  
 Some memorial f you worsh ps  
 f r nobl aloud sake.  
 Ch Hear him t ngt cayole  
 O the uppe be dings cak  
 Pla ng off his tricks pon us,  
 on d t ds ld nd weak  
 N b t ther my sm shll m tch m  
 f r po y others h seek  
 If he dol t urth d ret  
 he gant my l g he butts  
 # Athenal Dem lare the m sters,  
 see th m fu bme nth g r.  
 Ch Shout g r you? you who always  
 b our shout b et the town  
 S S B t urth I l h t su possum  
 thus I sh tth fellow down  
 Ch If in ba li ou d feat h m  
 m g w h f for t r y sake.  
 Hia dam lessness ou beat h m  
 then ndeed w tak th cake.  
 P I d nou ce th sm g l g f low  
 ont band of war h takes  
 For the P l pon ruan ga  
 frapp g th m w th—g dl cakes.  
 S-S I denou e th y g h f low  
 t the fall from day r day

In he runs with empty belly  
 w th a full one hies away  
 Ch Fish and flesh and bread exporting  
 and a hundred things I ke these  
 Contraband of peace which never  
 were allowed to Per cles.  
 Pa Death awaits you all once you two  
 S S Thrice as I md can I squall as you  
 Pa No will I bawl you do n by bawling  
 S S N w will I squall you do n by squalling  
 Pa Lead our armies, a d I'll backb te you  
 S S I ll with d g wh ps la h you and smite you.  
 Pa I ll outw t you by fraud and lying  
 S S I ll y u petticoes chop for frya  
 Pa h w unblinkin re n d me you.  
 S S I wa b ed n the agora too  
 Pa S y but g r nd to strips I ll tear you  
 S S Speak one word and as dung I ll bear you  
 Pa I con esth t I steal Do you?  
 S S Agora Herries! es, I do  
 If I m see I m a perjurer too  
 Pa So nebol else t tricks you re vaunting  
 Non to the Frya es off I ll run  
 T ll them you e got some h ly p g guts  
 Tell them v u pa d no t the thereon  
 Ch O illan O hamles of heart  
 O Bawler and Brawl r self seeking  
 The land the Assembl the Tolls,  
 at ll with thine impudence reek ng  
 And the Co rts, and th action at law  
 they re f ll unto loaths ga d hate!  
 Thou stur est th mud to its depths,  
 perturb the whole of the State  
 Russian who hast deaf ned Athens  
 w th thine everlast ng d n  
 W tch ng fr n the rock s the trib re  
 t nny fashion hoal ng n  
 Pa W ll I know the ery quarter  
 wher they cobbled up the plot  
 S S You e a kn n g ha dat cobbl ng  
 else n m m cing meat f m n t  
 You who cheated all the eutics  
 with a flabby bullock hide  
 Cutting it ad nt to make it  
 look l ke leather firm nd dried  
 In a day the hoer you sold them  
 wobbled half a foot too w de  
 As That s the ery r ck the raval  
 played the other day o me  
 And my fr nds and fello burghers  
 laughed w th undistembled glee  
 I was sw mm g s m slippe s  
 re I got to P rgatic  
 Ch So the thou hast e en from the first  
 that sham less br d d played  
 Which alone is the Orat r s Pat n  
 And for most of ll by its aid  
 Th u the wealthy stra ers m lk est  
 dra n off th r rich sup bes  
 And the son of Hl pprod mus  
 watches th w th streaming eyes.  
 Ah, but a other has d wred on us now



Viler and fouler and coarser than thou  
 Viler and fouler and coarser by far  
 One who'll beat thee and defeat thee  
 (therefore jubilant we are)

Beat thee in jackanapes tricks and rascality  
 Beat thee in impudence cheek and brutality  
 O trained where Men are trained who best  
 deserve that appellation  
 Now show us of how little worth

*is liberal education*  
 S S The sort of citizen he is I'll first expose to  
 view

Pa Give me precedence  
 S S No by Zeus for I'm a blackguard too

Ch And if to that he yield not add as all my  
 fathers were

Pa Give me precedence  
 S S No by Zeus

Pa O yes by Zeus  
 S S I swear

I'll fight you on that very point you never shall  
 be first

Pa O I shall burst  
 S S You never shall

Ch O let him let him burst  
 Pa How dare you try in speech to vie

with me? On what rely you?  
 S S Why I can speak first rate and eke

with piquant sauce supply you  
 Pa O speak you can! and you're the man

I warrant who is able  
 A mangled mess full well to dress

and serve it up to table  
 I know your case, the common case

against some alien folk  
 You had some petty suit to plead

and fairly well you spoke  
 For oft you'd conned the speech by night

and in the streets discussed it  
 And quaffing water shown it off

and all your friends disgusted  
 Now you're an orator you think

O fool the senseless thought!  
 S S Pray what's the draught which you have

quaffed  
 that Athens you have brought

Tongue wheedled by yourself alone  
 to sit so mute and still?

Pa Who to compare with me will dare?  
 I'll eat my tunny grill

And quaff thereon a stoup of wine  
 which water shall not touch

And then with scurrilous abuse  
 the Pythian generals smutch

S S I'll eat the paunch of cow and swine  
 and quaff thereon their stew

And rising from the board with hands  
 which water never knew

I'll throttle all the orators and flutter Nicias too  
 Ch With all beside I'm satisfied

but one thing likes me no  
 You speak as if you ate alone

whatever stew you've got  
 Pa You'll not consume your haste and then

Miletus bring to grief  
 S S But mines I'll purchase when I've first

devoured my ribs of beef  
 Pa I'll leap the Council chamber in

and put them all to rout  
 S S I'll treat you like a sausage skin

and twirl your breech about  
 Pa I'll hoist you by your crupper up

and thrust you through the gate sur  
 Ch If him you thrust me too you must

you must as sure as fate sur  
 Pa Your feet in the stocks I'll fix full tight

S S And you for your cowardice I'll indict  
 Pa Outstretched on my board your hide I'll pin

S S Pickpocket's purse I'll make your skin  
 Pa Your limbs on the tanhouse floor I'll stake

S S Your flesh into force meat balls I'll bake  
 Pa I'll twitch the lashes off both your eyes

S S I'll cut your gizzard out poulterer wise  
 De Prop open his mouth with all your strength

Insert the extender from jaw to jaw  
 Pull out his tongue to its utmost length

And butcher fashion inspect his maw  
 And whilst his gape is so broad and fine

See if he's not The symptoms got  
 Which show that he's nought but a measly swine

Ch There are things then hotter than fire  
 there are speeches more shameless still

Than the shameless speeches of those  
 who rule the City at will

No trifling task is before you  
 upon him and twist and garotte him

Do nought that is little or mean  
 for round the waist you have got him

If in this assault you knead him  
 limp and supple to your hand

You will find the man a craven  
 I his habits understand

S S Truly for an arrant coward  
 he has all his life been known

Yet a Man he seemed but lately  
 reaping where he had not sown

Now the ears of corn he brought us  
 he aspires to parch and dry

Shuts them up in wood and fetters  
 hopes to sell them by and by

Pa You and your allies I fear not  
 while the Council lives and while

Demus moons upon the benches  
 with his own unmeaning smile

Ch O see how he brazen it out!  
 The colour remains as before

In his shameless impudent face  
 And O if I hate you not sore

Let me be a filthy sheepskin  
 that whereon Cratinus lay

Or let Morsimus instruct me  
 as the Chorus to his Play

Thou in all places and thou at all hours  
 Flitting and sitting in bri berry flowers

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Sucking and sipping the gold they contain  
 Marest thou light as twas wallowed,  
 cast thy mouthful up again.

Then will I ever th roundelay sing,  
 Drink for the luck which the Destinies bring  
 And add to us soon, the pantler Pryor mean  
 For joy will Bacche Bacchus shout  
 and chant his Io-Patan.

Pa. Think thou in shamelessness to win?  
 No by Poseidon no!

Or may I evermore the feasts  
 of Agamemnon Zeus forgo.

S. S. Now by the knuckles which in youth  
 would discipline my head

And those hard handled butchers knives  
 they often used instead

I think in shamelessness I'll win  
 else surely in the slums

Has it such a bulk been earned  
 on finger clean crumbs.

Pa. On finger pellers like a dove?  
 And reared on these you seek

Tight a dove faced fierce baboon!  
 I marvel at your cheek.

S. S. And lots of other monkey tricks  
 I practised as a boy

How I used to choose the cools  
 by shining out. Ahoy!

Look lads, a swallow! perish!  
 Look! per look up I pray

How up they looked a whilst perished  
 a piece of meat way

Cl. Shrewd boys! you were prudent  
 and tole was your meat

Before the small swallow came  
 as folk then might eat

S. S. And no one caught me out of else  
 for I saw me pot to

I dropped the meat between my thigh  
 and owned I had it got to

Whereat an orator observed  
 who watched me in tricks.

Some day this boy will make his mark  
 a leader with Pericles.

Cl. His defence was just by trial  
 was for when he drew it

How saw you fish the meat? a  
 and sweat could I do it

Pa. I'll bet your nose in mine  
 your fangs and ours together

I'll swoop upon you like a  
 off fish and torney weath

And I the land and all the sea  
 a wild confusion throw

S. S. But I will furl my sails,  
 and down the tide will go

Which from across seas, and far from  
 to our finery shopping.

De. And from you to be a leak should open  
 the war I'll be happy

P. Full many talons his could find  
 and deadly shall on go

You public treasury thief!

Cl. Look out and slack the sheet away  
 I hear a loud Nor Easter th re

Pa. From Potidea you received  
 ten talents, that I know

S. S. Will you take one and hold your tongue?  
 Cl. He'd talk it like a shot

Let out the yard arm ropes a bit  
 S. S. The rale has mulder got

Pa. The storm blast is falling fast  
 You'll have for bribers and decent

S. S. Four hundred talent wits to meet  
 And you for cowardliness a score

For theft a thousand wits and more.  
 Pa. From that old scynlegous race

I'll say that our descent is trace  
 S. S. You father's father marched I'll swear

As body guard to—  
 Pa. Whom? Declare!

S. S. To Hippia Bysne  
 Pa. You jackanapes!

S. S. You gallows-tree!  
 Cl. Strike like a man!

Pa. O help me! Oh!  
 These plots trait is hurt me so.

Cl. Strike strike him, well and manfully  
 And with those entrails beat him

And strew of sausage meat and try  
 Meet punishment to mete him

O noblest flesh in all the world  
 O spirit best and dearest

To City and to citizens  
 a Sa your thou appeare to

How well and with what varied skill  
 thou foilst him in debate!

O would that I could praise you so  
 you'd light in great

P. Now by Demeter escaped me not  
 That these same plots were framed, we'll know

How then were perjured and fired and glued to-  
 gether

Cl. O me!  
 (so vs c. 1111) Can't you say some thing for me

S. S. These Agamemnon has escaped me not.  
 He goes, he sa, to make a friend of Aron

But is with Spacah scolloow there.  
 Ar and I, on the a with reupon

His plan is to feed the welded on the captives.  
 Cl. Good! good! turn him welding to his glue

S. S. And men from the new hammering at it  
 too.

A d or b brides of silver or of gold  
 Or send friends, will you persuade me not

To tell the Athenian how you are going on  
 Pa. I'll go this instant to the Council board

And all your vile conspiracies denounce  
 And all our evil gatherings in the town

And how you plotted with the Medes and King  
 And all your cheese pressed down Boeotia

S. S. Pray how's cheese selling in Boeotia now?

- Pa* I'll stretch you flat by Heracles I will *Exit*  
*Ch* Now then what mean you? what are you going to do?  
 Now shall you show us if in very truth  
 You stole the meat and hid it as you said  
 So to the Council house you'll run for he  
 Will burst in thither and against us all  
 Utter his lies and bawl a mighty bawl  
*S S* Well I will go but first I'll lay me down  
 Here as I am these guts and butchers knives  
*De* Here take this ointment and anoint your neck  
 So can you slip more easily through his lies  
*S S* Well now that's good and trainer like advice  
*De* And next take this and swallow it  
*S S* What for?  
*De* Why if you are garlic primed you'll fight much better  
 And now begone  
*S S* I'm off *Exit*  
*D* And don't forget  
 To peck to lie to gobble down his combs  
 And bite his wattles off That done return *Exit*  
*Chorus*  
 Good bye and good speed may your daring succeed  
 And Zeus of the Agora help you in need  
 May you conquer in fight and return to our sight  
 A Victor triumphant with garlands bedight  
 But ye to our anapaests listen the while  
 And give us the heed that is due  
 Ye wits who the Muse of each pattern and style  
 Yourself have attempted to woo  
 If one of the old fashioned Comedy bards  
 Had our services sought to impress  
 And make us before the spectators appear  
 To deliver the public address  
 He would not have easily gained us but now  
 With pleasure we grant the request  
 Of a poet who ventures the truth to declare  
 And detests what we also detest  
 And against the Tornado and Whirlwind alone  
 With noble devotion advances  
 But as for the question that puzzles you most  
 So that many inquire how it chances  
 That he never a Chorus had asked for himself  
 Or attempted in person to vie  
 On this we're commissioned his views to explain  
 And this is the Poet's reply  
 That 'twas not from folly he lingered so long  
 But discerning by shrewd observation  
 That Comedy Chorus instruction is quite  
 The most difficult thing in creation  
 For out of the many who courted the Muse  
 She has granted her favours to few  
 While even as the plants that abide but a year  
 So shifting and changeful are you  
 And the Poets who flourished before him he saw  
 Ye were wont in their age to betray  
 Observing the treatment which Magnes received  
 When his hair was besprinkled with grey  
 Than whom there was none more trophies had won  
 In the fields of dramatic display  
 All voices he uttered all forms he assumed  
 The Lydian the fig piercer Fly  
 The Harp with its strings the Bird with its wings  
 The Fro, with its yellow green dye  
 Yet all was too little he failed in the end  
 When the freshness of youth was gone by  
 And at last in his age he was hissed from the stage  
 When lost was his talent for jeering  
 Then he thought of Cratinus who flowed through  
 The plains  
 Amid a tumult of plaudits and cheering  
 And sweeping on all that obstructed his course  
 With a swirl from their stations he tore them  
 Oaks rivals and planes and away on his flood  
 Uprooted and prostrate he bore them  
 And never a song at a banquet was sung  
 But Doro fig sandaled and true,  
 Or Framers of terse and artistical verse  
 Such a popular poet he grew  
 Yet now that he drivels and dotes in the streets,  
 And Time of his ambers has reft him  
 And his framework is gaping asunder with age  
 And his strings and his music have left him  
 No pity ye show no assistance bestow  
 But allow him to wander about  
 Like Connas with coronal withered and sere  
 And ready to perish with drought  
 Who ought for his former achievements to drink  
 In the Hall nor be laid on the shelf  
 But to sit in the Theatre shining and bright  
 Beside Dionysus himself  
 And then he remembered the stormy rebuffs  
 Which Crates endured in his day  
 Who a little repast at a little expense  
 Would provide you then send you away  
 Who the daintiest little devices could cook  
 From the driest of mouths for you all  
 Yet he and he only held out to the end  
 Now standing now getting a fall  
 So in fear of these dangers he lingered besides  
 A sailor he thought should abide  
 And tug at the oar for a season before  
 He attempted the vessel to guide  
 And next should be stationed awhile at the prow  
 The winds and the weather to scan  
 And then be the Pilot himself for him elf  
 So seeing our Poet began  
 In a mood so discreet nor with vulgar conceit  
 Rushed headlong before you at first  
 Loud surges of praise to his honour upraise  
 Salute him all hand with a burst  
 Of hearty triumphant Lenean applause  
 That the bard may depart all radiant and bright  
 To the top of his forehead with joy and delight  
 Having gained by your favour his cause  
 Dread Poseidon the Horseman's King  
 Thou who lovest the brazen clash

Cloth and no hint of warlike steeds  
I cared to watch where the trimme steeds  
Purple beak'd to the car's lion swim  
Where glory (and pa) but chief  
Where brist'le youths in their chariots dash  
Race (come perchance to grief)  
Croesus son,

Throned on Gereneus' od' Colunus' bow  
Swam in the dolphins with tread of gold  
Come O George III in call of us  
Dearest to Phormio thou,  
Yet and dearest to all of us,  
Dearest to all of us now

Let us praise our many fathers  
Men who ne'er would quake or quail,  
Worth of their nation's country  
Worth of their Athen's seal  
Men whose fleet and crews  
Fought with victory won  
And adorned our country  
By achievements nobly done  
Never staved them when to reckon  
What the numbers of the foe  
At the instant that they saw him,  
All that thou he was "At him go!"  
If they'er did great wrong  
On their souls or chanced to fall,  
Quick they waded way the dust mark,  
Saw they'er were thrown at all,  
Closed again in deadly grapple  
Nor of their general's bra  
Then had stooped a pul' hang  
From Cleomenes' crest  
Now unless grant them banquet,  
Grant precedence as their right  
They will fight no more that I live  
Our ambition is to fight  
Free for our Gods and count  
As our fathers fought before  
A reward or pa' receive  
Asking this and no more  
When return Peace shall set us  
Free from all our warlike toil,  
Grant us of our flow'rs no less,  
Grant us not our battles and oil.

Hail Palas, our guardian Queen,  
Ruler of the holier land  
Land poetic renowned, and strong  
Fruit in battle and first in soo  
Land whose equal never was seen,  
Come prosper our Choral band  
Bring us with thee thy Maiden bright,  
Hail so greet us in every fight  
Hail

With her competitor on ladies' thighs,  
At last against our champions' sides  
Come first Goddess, appear to us,  
Now for us pray  
Bring thou victory down to us,  
Crowd these Horsemen to-day

What we witnessed with our horses  
We desire to eulogize.  
Worthy they of praise and honour!  
Man a deed of high enterprise,  
Man a raid and battle-onset  
They with us have jointly shared  
Yet their feats ashore surprise not  
With their feats afloat compared  
When they bow'd to them can and galle  
How hit them straggles of on oars too,  
Leapt at once board the transports,  
All with manful hearts and true,  
Took their seats upon the benches,  
Dipped their oars blades in the sea  
Pul'd like any human beings,  
Not an out their H' rapae!  
Pulled hearts, pulled to the strongest  
Don't be shirked G'erna brand!  
Then they leapt ashore at Corinth  
And the out-let of the band  
How roared with their boons their couches  
Or for bedd'n searched about  
And the fed on crabs, for clo'er  
Felt in the one crawling out,  
Or deterred any lurking  
In the Ocean's deepest bed,  
Till at length a crab of Corinth,  
So Theorus tells us, said  
Hurd it us, m' Lord Poseidon,  
If the hair hairs we cannot flee  
Even in the depths of Ocean an where by land or  
sea"

# THE SONG OF THE SELLER.

Oh Dearest of men my latest trustiest friend  
Good luck! how anxious has your absence mad us!  
But now that we and sound are come again  
Say what has happened and how went the fight  
S-S How else but thus The Council vector I  
Oh Now may we, ye men, raise the song of sacred  
praise  
Fair the words you speak, but fairer  
Are the deeds you do.  
Far I'd go, This I know  
But I hear them through h.  
Now then tell us all the story  
All that where you went befell  
Few less be sure that we  
All delight in all you tell.  
S-S A and its worth the heann When behind  
him  
I reached the Council-chamber there was he  
Crash'n and dash'n hurling, the Knights  
Sera wonder work'n thundering words,  
Caution them all, with all persuasion fore  
Concerto: And all the Council, heann  
Grew full of joy in speech at his talk,  
Wore mustard looks, and puckered up their brows,  
So when I saw them taking his words,  
Gladly I took aish track, "Ye Gods," said I  
Ye Gods of knavery, Scythians, and Phenaces,  
And v Beteseths, Cobals, Mithon, and

*Pa* I'll stretch you flat by Heracles I will *Exit*

*Ch* Now then what mean you? what are you going to do?

Now shall you show us if in very truth

You stole the meat and hid it as you said

So to the Council house you'll run for he

Will burst in thither and against us all

Utter his lies and bawl a mighty bawl

*S S* Well I will go but first I'll lay me down

Here as I am these guts and butchers' knives

*De* Here take this ointment and anoint your neck

So can you slip more easily through his lies

*S S* Well now that's good and trainer-like advice

*De* And next take this and swallow it

*S S* What for?

*De* Why if you are garbly primed you'll fight much better

And now begone

*S S* I'm off

*D* And don't forget *Exit*

To peck to lie to gobble down his combs

And bite his wattles off That done return *Exit*

### Chorus

Good bye and good speed may your daring succeed

And Zeus of the Agora help you in need

May you conquer in fight and return to our sight

A Victor triumphant with garlands bedight

But ye to our anapaests listen the while

And give us the heed that is due

Ye wits who the Muse of each pattern and style

Yourselves have attempted to woo

If one of the old-fashioned Comedy bards had our services sought to impress

And make us before the spectators appear to deliver the public address

He would not have easily gained us but now

Of a poet who ventures the truth to declare

and detests what we also detest

And against the Tornado and Whirlwind alone

with noble devotion advances

But as for the question that puzzles you most

so that many inquire how it chances

That he never a Chorus had asked for himself

or attempted in person to vie

On this we're commissioned his views to explain

and this is the Poet's reply

That 'twas not from folly he lingered so long

but discerning by shrewd observation

That Comedy Chorus instruction is quite

the most difficult thing in creation

For out of the many who courted the Muse

she has granted her favours to few

While even as the plants that abide but a year

so shifting and changeful are you

And the Poets who flourished before him he saw

ye were wont in their age to betray

Observing the treatment which Magnes received

when his hair was besprinkled with grey

Than whom there was none more trophies had won

in the fields of dramatic display

All voices he uttered all forms he assumed

the Lydian the fig piercing Fly

The Harp with its strings the Bird with its wings,

the Frog with its yellow green dye

Yet all was too little he failed in the end

when the freshness of youth was gone by

And at last in his age he was hissed from the stage

when lost was his talent for jeering

Then he thought of Cratinus who flowed through

the plains

mid a tumult of plaudits and cheering

And sweeping on all that obstructed his course

with a swirl from their stations he tore them

Oaks rivals and planes and away on his flood

uprooted and prostrate he bore them

And never a song at a banquet was sung

but Doro fig sandaled and true

Or Framers of terse and artistic verse

such a popular poet he grew

Yet now that he drivels and dotes in the streets

and Time of his ambets has left him

And his framework is gaping asunder with age

and his strings and his music have left him

No pity ye show no assistance bestow

but allow him to wander about

Like Connas, with coronal withered and sere

and ready to perish with drought

Who ought for his former achievements to drink

in the Hall nor be laid on the shelf

But to sit in the Theatre shining and bright

beside Dionysus himself

And then he remembered the stormy rebuffs

which Crates endured in his day

Who a little repast at a little expense

would provide you then send you away

Who the daintiest little devices would cook

from the driest of mouths for you all

Yet he and he only held out to the end

now standing now getting a fall

So in fear of these dangers he lingered besides

a sailor he thought should abide

And tug at the oar for a season before

he attempted the vessel to guide

And next should be stationed awhile at the prow

the winds and the weather to scan

And then be the Pilot himself for himself

So seeing our I oet began

In a mood so discreet nor with vulgar conceit

rushed headlong before you at first

Loud surges of praise to his honour upraise

salute him all hands, with a burst

Of hearty triumphant Lenaeon applause

That the bard may depart all radiant and bright

To the top of his forehead with joy and delight

Having gained by your favour his cause

Dread Poseidon the Horseman's King

Thou who lovest the brazen clash

Clash and ring of warlike steeds  
Pleas'd to tread where the triforme speeds  
Purple beak'd to the ear a long swing  
Winning glory (and pay) but chief  
Where bright youth in their chariots flash  
Racin' (romin' perchance to grief)  
Crocus son

Throned on Gerasus and Sunsum bold  
Swag'ring d'iph' with trident of gold  
Come, O come at the call of us  
Dearest to Phormio thou,  
Yea and dearest to all of us,  
Dearest to all of us now

Let us praise our might Lixers,  
men who ne'er would quake or quail  
Worthy of the rat com'ry  
Men who tho' fleets and armies  
And adorned our ancient iv  
Never stay'd they then to reckon  
At the instant that they saw him,  
If they ever deperate stru'ling  
Quick th' waded a the dust ma'k,  
Closed a' in deadly grapple  
Then had stoored pub'c be'g't  
N'w less'r grant th' m'ba'quet  
They will fight no more they tell you.  
Freely for our Gods and country  
No coward or pay rec'ting  
When return'g Peace shall set us  
Grudge of our fl'win'g' is,

Hol' Pillas, ou' gl'ad'ian Queen  
R'ly on the holes land  
Land poetic renowned and strong  
First in batt' and fi'ct'mo'g  
Land hose equal ne' was seen,  
Come prosper ou' Chor'band!  
Br'g' how w' th' thee the Maiden bright,  
H' l'w'g'ec' us in cry fight  
I actory!

She th' box-competit'on abades w' thus,  
Al' gainst our t'gon' t' sides w' thus,  
Come f' Goddessa, appea' to us,  
Now f' a pray'  
Br'g' thou story dear'st us,  
Crow' thine Horsemen to-day

What a witness'd with our horses  
Worthy they of praise and honour!  
Many a raid and battle-onset  
Yet their seats ash' re'urprise not  
When they bou'ht them cans and garlic  
Leapt at once aboard the tran'ports  
Took their seats upon th' benches,  
Pulled like a y human beings,  
Pull'm hearties, p'ly ur tro'gest  
Then th' leapt thore at Corinth  
Hol' o'ed w' th' their hoofs th' er couches  
And they fed on crabs, for clo' er  
Or detected any lurkin'  
Till at l'ngth a cr' b of Corinth,  
H'rd it us, m' Lo d Poseidon  
Even the depths of Ocean an' wh'er by land or sea

Enter the SALS GE SELLER.

Ch Dearest of men m' lustiest trustiest friend  
Good luck! how anxious has your abs'nce made us!  
But now that safe and sound you're come again  
Say what has happen'd a d'h' w' went the fight  
S S How lie but thou? The Council stor' I  
Ch Now may we joyous, raise th' son of sacred  
praise  
Fair the words you speak, but fairer  
Are the deeds you d'  
Fa'ld go This I know  
But t' hear th' m' th' ou' b.  
Now then t' ll us all the story  
All that wh'er you went, befell  
Fearless be Sure that we  
All deli'ht w' all you tell  
S S A and tis w' th' the hearing When behu'd  
him  
I ech'd the Cou'cil-chamber th' re was he  
Cr'ly ad dash' h'ul'g at the Kn'ghts  
St'ng wood working thund' d'ri'g words,  
Callin' them ll with all persuading forc'  
Go 'ra'! And all th' Cou'cil hearing  
G'w' ll fly'ng o'ach' th' talk,  
W' e mustard look and p'ck'ed up their brows.  
So when I saw th' m' taking n'h' w'od  
Guiled b' hush'n' th' kn'cks, Ye God' said I  
Ye Gods f'kna' crv' Skutals, and I h' jaces,  
And ye Be' exeths, Cobals, V' thon and

Thou Agora whence my youthful train came  
 Now give me boldness and a ready tongue  
 And shameless voice! And as I pondered thus  
 I heard a loud explosion on my right  
 And made my reverence then I dashed apart  
 The railing wicket opened wide my mouth  
 And cried aloud O Council I have got  
 Some lovely news which first I bring to you  
 For never never since the War broke out  
 Have I seen pilchards cheaper than to day  
 They calmed their brows and grew serene at once  
 And crowned me for my news and I suggested  
 Bidding them keep it secret that forthwith  
 To buy these pilchards many for a penny  
 'Twere best to seize the cups in all the shops  
 They clapped their hands and turned agape to me  
 But Paphlagon perceived and well aware  
 What kind of measures please the Council best  
 Proposed a resolution Sirs quoth he

I move that for these happy tidings brought  
 One hundred beeves be offered to Athens  
 The Council instantly inclined to him  
 So overpowered with crowding in a trice  
 I overshot him with two hundred beeves  
 And yow said I to slay to morrow morn  
 If pilchards sell one hundred for an obol  
 A thousand she goats to our huntress Queen  
 Back came their heads expectantly to me  
 He dazed at this went babbling idly on  
 So then the Prytanes and the Archers seized him  
 And they stood up and raved about the pilchards  
 And he kept begging them to wait awhile  
 And hear the tale the Spartan envoy brings

He has just arrived about a peace shrinked he  
 But all the Council with one voice exclaimed  
 What! Now about a peace? No doubt my man  
 Now they've heard pilchards are so cheap at Athens!  
 We want no truces let the War go on!  
 With that Dismiss us Prytanes! shouted they  
 An overleaped the railings every where  
 And I slipped out and purchased all the leeks  
 And all the coriander in the market  
 And as they stood perplexed I gave them all  
 Of my free bounty garnish for their fish  
 And they so praised and purled about me that  
 With just an obol's worth of coriander  
 I've all the Council won and here I am

Ch What rising men should do  
 Has all been done by you

He the rascal now has met a  
 Bigger rascal still  
 Full of guile Plot and wile,  
 Full of knavish skill  
 Mind you carry through the conflict  
 In the same undaunted guise  
 Well you know Long ago  
 We're your faithful true allies  
 S S See here comes Paphlagon driving on be  
 fore him

A long ground swell all fuss and fury thinking  
 To drink me up Boff for your impudent bluster  
 Enter PAPHLAGON

Pa Ouf I've any of my old lies left  
 And don't destroy you may I fall to bits!  
 S S I like your threats I'm wonderfully tickled  
 To hear you hum I skip and cuckoo around you  
 Pa O by Demeter if I eat you not  
 Out of the land I'll never live at all  
 S S You won't? Nor I unless I drink you up  
 And swill you up and burst myself withal  
 Pa I'll crush you by my Pylus won precedence  
 S S Precedence is it? I'm in hopes to see you  
 In the last tier instead of here in front  
 Pa By Heaven I'll clap you in the public stocks  
 S S How fierce it's growing! what would it like  
 to eat?

What is its favourite dainty? Money bags?

Pa I'll tear your guts out with my nails I will  
 S S I'll scratch your Town Hall dinners out  
 I will  
 Pa I'll hale you off to Demus then you'll catch it  
 S S Nay I'll hale you and then out slander you  
 Pa Alack poor chap he pays no heed to you  
 But I can fool him to my heart's content  
 S S How sure you seem that Demus is your own!  
 Pa Because I know the titbits he prefers  
 S S And feed him badly as the nurses do.  
 You chew and pop a morsel in his mouth  
 But thrice as much you swallow down yourself  
 Pa And I'm so dexterous handed I can make  
 Demus expand and then contract again  
 S S I can do that with many things I throw  
 Pa 'Twill be like bearding me in the Council  
 now!

No come along to Demus

S S Aye why not?  
 I'm ready march let nothing stop us now

Pa O Demus come out here  
 S S O yes by Zeus  
 Come out my father

Pa Dearest darling Demus,  
 Come out and hear how they're ill treating me!  
 Enter DEMUS and DEMOSTHENES

Demus What's all this shouting? go away you  
 fellows

You've smashed my harvest garland all to bits!  
 Who wrongs you Paphlagon?  
 Pa He and these young men  
 keep beating me because of you

Dem Why so?  
 Pa Because I love you and adore you Demus  
 Dem (To SAUSAGE SELLER) And who are you?

S S A rival for your love  
 Long have I loved and sought to do you good  
 With many another honest gentleman  
 But Paphlagon won't let us you yourself  
 Excuse me sir are like the boys with lovers.  
 The honest gentlemen you won't accept  
 Yet give yourself to lantern selling chaps  
 To snew stitchers cobblers ay and tanners  
 Pa Because I am good to Demus

S S Tell me how  
 Pa 'Twas I slipped in before the general there  
 And sailed to Pylus and brought back the Spartans.

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S S And I walked round and from the workshop  
 A mess of pottage cooked by someone else.  
 P Come make a full Assembly out of hand  
 O Demus, then find which loves you best  
 And so decide a dispute that man your foe.  
 S S O Demus, do not in this Pnyx how'er  
 Dem. Aye, it is Pnyx not else here will I sit.  
 So forward all, move forward to the Pnyx  
 S S O! Bless me I'm ruined! The old fellow  
 Is when I home the bristliest man alive  
 But once he sits upon his rock, he moons  
 With open mouth, as one who gapes for flies.  
 Dem. Now take his seat as the audience the  
 famous Pnyx and the orators take their places  
 Now listen, every hearer  
 In speed your bark, alone  
 And mind your soul is easier  
 And mind your words are strong  
 No subterfuge-admission  
 The man has many tricks  
 From hopeless things in hopeless times,  
 A hopeful course to pursue  
 Upon him the whirlwind's force  
 Impetuous, fresh and quick  
 But keep on him elements a watch and be sure  
 That before he can deal you blow  
 You have hit the mast, your diphys, a d cast  
 Your essential regard the foe  
 P T the Lady who enters the city p'ndes,  
 To our mistress Athen I pray  
 If beyond all the rest I'm stoutest and best  
 In the service of Demus to-day  
 E cept Salabaccho, and C na th bold  
 And Lyacles—the the H H  
 Na Idineas of late the ost of the St re  
 (I doing) I nothi g at all  
 But O I hate you, no end to this  
 To protect you from woes a d mis haps,  
 The saw me and flay me and saw me to bits,  
 To be cut into martingal straps.  
 S S And I follow you I Demus, am gam  
 I be slau'ht'ed by choppy g and mis can  
 And boiled in a soup meat and fish  
 Is, you think, not eat I be con uinc  
 Let me be re frain please with a morsel of cheese  
 For this to a salad be grated  
 Or I fear Ceramus be dragged through the streets  
 In his flesh hook and then be cremated  
 P M Demus, how can the e be a man  
 Who loves you so dearly as I?  
 When on me you elude your fine cease good  
 You Treasurer e was d  
 I begg'ng if these while those I would see  
 And might did I ca how townsmen might fa e  
 S S Wh Demus, there oth'g to boast of  
 That  
 To do it I'm perfectly bl  
 I feel only to steal from my comrade a meal,  
 And serve it up to your table

And as for his in and when, you well  
 It is not so you that he cares,  
 Excepting indeed for the gain that he gets,  
 And the snug little fee that he shares.  
 Why you who at Marathon fought with the Medes,  
 For the sake of Hellas contending  
 And won the great battle and left us a theme  
 For our songs and our speeches unending  
 He cares not a bit that so rough him you sit  
 On the rocks, nor has dreamed of pro ad n,  
 Those seats with the thing I have stitched you and  
 bring  
 Just lift yourself up and subside in  
 This ease given cushion for fear you should g  
 What at Salamis sat by the oar  
 Dem. Who are you? I opine you are sprung from  
 the line  
 Of Harmodius famous of yore  
 So noble and Demus-reliving a act  
 I see er ha ew nessed before!  
 P Come by what paltry attentions and gifts  
 You contrive to attract and delude him!  
 S S 'Twas but baits that are smaller and poorer  
 than mine  
 You rascal you hooked and subdued him  
 P Was there ever a man since the City began  
 who for Demus has done such a lot  
 Or if you hit for his welfare so stoutly as I?  
 I will wave my head there is no  
 S S You love him in heart well who permit him to  
 dwell  
 eight years in the cliffs of the City  
 I the nests of the vulture turrets a d ca h  
 in e'er assist him or pity  
 But keep him a distance to rile his heart  
 and that is the reason no doubt  
 Why the peace which unsought Arch prolemus  
 brought  
 you quick from the city to scout  
 A d so the embassies coming to treat  
 you spanked the man a d chid'd them out  
 P That's all Hellas our Demus may rule  
 I do not the oracles say  
 He will surely be re d c't in Arcady  
 receive five bolts a day  
 If he grow weary of fighting? Meanwhile  
 it is I who will no in ha d pet him  
 A d I always the dail trouble he earns,  
 I justly or justly I'll get him  
 S S No not that or Arch Demus may ul  
 but rather that you might essay  
 To harry and plunder the cities at will,  
 while Demus looks away  
 And the war with the haze and the dust that you  
 raise  
 I obscure your a t n f m view  
 And Demus, constrained by his wants a d his pay  
 as a gaping dpendent on you  
 But if once the country in peace he returns,  
 away from all his hungers and fusses,  
 A d t'enghten his sytem with firmety there  
 and a confect of olive discourses



He will know to your cost what a deal he has lost  
 while the pay you allowed him he drew  
 And then like a hunter irate he will come  
 on the trail of a vote against you  
 You know it and Demus you swindle with dreams  
 crammed full of yourself and your praises  
 Pa It is really distressing to hear you presume  
 to arraign with such scurrilous phrases  
 Before the Athenians and Demus a man  
 who more for the city has done  
 Than ever by Demeter Themistocles did  
 who glory undying has won  
 S S O city of Argos! yourself would you match  
 with mighty Themistocles him  
 Who made of our city a bumper and ed  
 though he found her scarce filled to the brim  
 Who while she was lunching Peiræus threw in  
 as a dainty additional dish  
 Who secured her the old while providing untold  
 and novel assortments of fish  
 Whilst you with your walls of partition forsooth  
 and the oracle chants which you hatch  
 Would dwarf and belittle the city again  
 who yourself with Themistocles match!  
 And he was an exile but you upon crumbs  
 Achillean your fingers are cleaning  
 Pa Now is it not monstrous that I must endure  
 accusations so coarse and unmeaning  
 And all for the love that I bear you?  
 Dem Forbear! no more of your wrangle and row!  
 Too long have your light fingered tricks with my  
 bread  
 my notice escaped until now  
 S S He's the vilest of miscreants Demus and  
 works  
 more mischief than any I know  
 While you're gaping about he is picking from out  
 Of the juiciest audit the juiciest sprout  
 And devours it with zest while deep in the chest  
 Of the public exchequer both hands are addressed  
 To ladling out cash for himself I protest  
 Pa All this you'll deplore when it comes to the  
 fore  
 That of drachmas you stole thirty thousand or  
 more  
 S S Why make such a dash with your oar blades  
 and thrash  
 The waves into foam with your impotent splash?  
 'Tis but furv and sound and you'll shortly be  
 found  
 The worst of the toadies who Demus surround  
 And proof I will give or I ask not to live  
 That a bribe by the Mitylenæans was sent  
 Forty minas and more to your pockets it went  
 Ch O's not to all the nation  
 a blessing and a boon!  
 O wondrous flow of language!  
 Fight thus and you'll be soon  
 The greatest man in Hellas  
 and all the State command  
 And rule our faithful true allies  
 a trident in your hand

Wherewith you'll gather stores of wealth  
 by shaking all the land  
 And if he lend you once a hold  
 then never let him go  
 With ribs like these you ought with ease  
 to subjugate the foe  
 Pa O matters have not come to that  
 my very worthy friends!  
 I've done a deed a noble deed  
 a deed which so transcends  
 All other deeds that all my foes  
 of speech are quite bereft  
 While any shred of any shield  
 from Pylus brought is left  
 S S Halt at those Pylus shields of yours!  
 a lovely hold you're lending  
 For if you really Demus love  
 what meant you by suspendin'  
 Those shields with all their handles on  
 for action ready strapped?  
 O Demus there's a dark design  
 within those handles wrapped  
 And if to punish him you seek  
 those shields will bar the way  
 You see the throng of tanner lads  
 he always keeps in pay  
 And round them dwell the folk who sell  
 their honey and their cheeses  
 And these are all combined in one  
 to do whatever he pleases  
 And if the oyster shelling game  
 you seem inclined to play  
 They'll come by night with all their might  
 and snatch those shields away  
 And then with ease will run and seize  
 the passes of your wheat  
 Dem Oh are the handles really there?  
 You rascal what deceit  
 Have you so long been practising  
 that Demus you may cheat?  
 Pa Pray don't be every speaker's gull  
 nor dream you'll ever get  
 A better friend than I who all  
 conspiracies upset  
 Alone I crushed them all and now  
 if any plots are brewing  
 Within the town I scent them down  
 and raise a grand hallooing  
 S S Oay you're like the fisher folk  
 the men who hunt for eels  
 Who when the mere is still and clear  
 catch nothing for their creels  
 But when they rout the mud about  
 and stir it up and down  
 'Tis then they do and so do you  
 when you perturb the town  
 But answer me this single thing  
 you sell a lot of leather  
 You say you're passionately fond  
 of Demus—tell me whether  
 You've given a clout to patch his shoes  
 Dem No never I declare

## THE KNIGHTS

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S.S. You see the sort of man he is!  
 but I've bought a pair  
 Of good stout shoes, and here they are  
 I give them you to wear  
 Dem. O worthy patriotic gift!  
 I really don't suppose  
 There ever lived a man so kind  
 to Demus and his toes.  
 Pa. 'Tis shameful that a pair of shoes  
 should have the power and might  
 To pettish in our conforted  
 nature out of sight  
 I who struck Crutus from the lists,  
 and stopped the boy's loquacity.  
 S.S. 'Tis shameful, I with truth retort,  
 that you should love to give  
 into such vile degradation  
 as that you name. And why?  
 Because you fear you'll make the boys  
 for public speaking fit  
 B. Demas, at his age, you see  
 about a tunic at  
 is winter too and now he from you  
 his poverty relieves,  
 B. There's a tunic I have brought  
 well lined with double sleeves.  
 Dem. O why Themistocles himself  
 never thought of such a vest!  
 Pericles was cleverer thing  
 but yet, I do protest  
 That on the whole, between the two,  
 I like the tunic best  
 Pa. (as a peace seller) Pahl would you circum-  
 vent me thus,  
 with such a paphj jest?  
 S.S. Have as on guest at supper turn  
 will take no other shoes,  
 When dire occasion calls him out  
 so I your methods use.  
 Pl. Fawn on you won't outdo me there  
 I'll wrap him round about  
 With this of mine how go and who, you rascal  
 Dem. Pheus, he's got out!  
 (to a Phalaemon & poet) Go to the crows, you  
 brute, with that  
 disarming smell of leather  
 S.S. He did it for the purpose, Sir  
 to break you altogether  
 He tried to do so once before  
 don't you remember when  
 A stalk of sulphur sold so cheap?  
 Dem. Remember? 'tis what then?  
 S.S. Why that was his contrivance too  
 he managed there should be  
 So I for a bit buy and eat  
 and in the Heliantra  
 The dice is on and I were seized  
 with violent diarrhoea  
 Dem. O a Cyprioteish man  
 described the sad fear  
 S.S. And worse and worse and worse you grew  
 and yellow tailed you were

Dem. It must have been Pyrrhander's trick,  
 the fool with yellow hair  
 Pa. (as a sacrilegious seller) With what tomfooleries,  
 you rogue, you harass and torment me.  
 S.S. Yes, 'tis with humbug I mean to win  
 for that the Goddess sent me  
 Pa. You shall not win! O Demus dear  
 be idle all the day  
 And I'll provide you free to swell,  
 a foaming bowl of—  
 S.S. And I'll this gallipot provide,  
 and heal my cream with it  
 Whereby the sores upon your shins  
 you'll doctor in minute  
 Pa. I'll pick these grey hairs neatly out  
 and make you young and fair  
 S.S. See here this hare-scut take to wipe  
 your darling eyes with care  
 Pa. Vouchsafe to blow your nose and clean  
 your fingers on my hair  
 S.S. No, no on mine on mine on mine!  
 Pa. A trierarch's office you shall fill,  
 And by my influence I'll prevail  
 That you shall get, to test your skill  
 A battered bull with tattered sail.  
 Your outlay and your building too  
 On such a ship will never end  
 No end of work you'll have to do,  
 No end of cash you'll have to spend  
 Ch. O see how foamy foul he gets,  
 Good Heavens, his boiling over stays!  
 Some sticks beneath him draw away  
 Bal out a ladleful of threats,  
 Pa. Rare punishment for this you'll taste  
 I'll make the taxes weigh you down  
 Amongst the wealthiest of the town  
 I'll manage that your name is placed  
 S.S. I will not use a single threat  
 I only most devoutly wish  
 That on your brazier may be set  
 A hissing pan of cuttle fish  
 And you the Assembly must address  
 About Milerus—'tis his job  
 Who, if it meets entire success,  
 Will put a talent in your fob—  
 And O that ere your feast begins,  
 The Assembly waits," your friend may cry  
 And you, afore the feast to win  
 And very likely to lose the fry  
 May tripe in greed; hate to swallow  
 The cuttles and be choked thereby  
 Ch. Good! Good! by Zeus, Demeter and  
 Apollo.  
 Dem. As noted in all respects he seems to me  
 A worthy citizen. When I've a man  
 So good to the Many (the Many for penny)?  
 You'll phlaeon, pretending that you'd ed me,  
 Primed me with garlic G in back my no  
 You shall no more be rewarded

<sup>2</sup>This line is to prove is the solemn form is used in  
 the heaviest oath

*Pa* Take the ring  
And be you sure if I'm no more your guardian  
You'll get instead a greater rogue than I  
*Dem* Bless me this can't be mine this signet ring  
It's not the same device it seems to me  
Or can't I see?

*S S* What's the device on yours?  
*Dem* A leaf of beef fat stuffing roasted well  
*S S* No that's not here  
*Dem* What then?  
*S S* A cormorant

With open mouth haranguing on a rock  
*Dem* Pheugh!  
*S S* What's the matter?  
*Dem* Throw the thing away  
He's got Cleonymus's ring not mine

Take this from me and you be steward now

*Pa* O not yet master I beseech not yet

Wait till you've heard my oracles I pray

*S S* And mine as well  
*Pa* And if to *his* you listen

You'll be a liquor skin

*S S* And if to *his*

You'll find yourself severely circumcised

*Pa* Nay mine foretell that over all the land

Thyself shalt rule with roses garlanded

*S S* And mine that crowned in spangled purple

robe

Thou in thy golden chariot shalt pursue

And sue the lady Smicythe and her lord

*Pa* Well go and fetch them hither so that *he*

May hear them

*S S* Certainly and you fetch yours

*Pa* Here goes *Exit to house of DEMUS*

*S S* Here goes by Zeus There's nought to

stop us *Exit*

*Chorus*  
O bright and joyous day  
O day most sweet to all  
Both near and far away  
The day of Cleon's fall  
Yet in our *Action* mass  
I overheard by chance  
Some ancient sires and tart  
This counter plea advance  
That but for him the State  
Two things had never possessed —  
A stirrer up of hate  
A pestle of unrest

His swine bred music we  
With wondering hearts admire  
At school his mates agree  
He always tuned his lyre  
In Dorian style to play  
His master wrathful grew  
He sent the boy a way  
And this conclusion drew  
This boy from all his friends  
Durations seeks to wile  
His art begins and ends  
In *Dono-do-rian* style

*Pa* (*re entering*) Look at them seel and there  
are more behind

*S S* (*re entering*) O what a weight! and there  
are more behind

*Dem* What are they?

*Pa* Oracles!

*Dem* All?

*Pa* You seem surprised

By Zeus I've got a chestful more at home

*S S* And I a garret and two cellars full

*Dem* Come let me see Whose oracles are these?

*Pa* Mine are by Bakis

*Dem* (*TO SAUSAGE SELLER*) And by whom are yours?

*S S* Mine are by Glanis Bakis' elder brother

*Dem* What do they treat of?

*Pa* Mine? Of Athens Pylus

Of you of me of every blessed thing

*Dem* (*TO SAUSAGE SELLER*) And you of what

treat yours?

*S S* Of Athens pottage

Of Lacedaemon mackerel freshly caught

Of swindling barley measurers in the mart

Of you of me That nincompoop be hanged

*Dem* Well read them out and prithee don't forget

The one I love to hear about myself

That I'm to soar an Eagle in the clouds

*Pa* Now then give ear and hearken to my words

Heed thou well Erechtheides

the oracle's drift which Apollo

Out of his secret shrine

thru' his priceless tripods delivered

Keep thou safely the dog

thy jag toothed holy protector

Yapping before thy feet

and terribly roaring to guard thee

He thy pay will provide

if he fail to provide it he'll perish

Yes for many the daws

that are hating and cawing against him

*Dem* This, by Demeter beats me altogether

What does Erechtheus want with daws and dog?

*Pa* I am the dog I bark aloud for you

And Phoebus bids you guard the dog that's me

*S S* It's not that but this confounded dog

Has gnawn the oracle as he gnaws the door

I've the right reading here about the dog

*Dem* Let's hear but first I'll pick me up a stone

Lest this dog oracle take to gnawing me

*S S* Heed thou well Erechtheides

the kidnapping Cerberus ban-dog

Wagging his tail he stands

and fawning upon thee at dinner

Waiting thy slice to devour

when aught distract thine attention

Soon as the night comes round

he steals unseen to the kitchen

Dog wise then will his tongue

clean out the plates and the — islands.

*Dem* Aye by Poseidon Glanis that's far better

*Pa* Nay listen first my friend and then decide

Woman she is but a lion

she'll bear us in Athens the holy

1078-1078

One who for Demus will fight  
 with an army of stinging, mosquito toes,  
 Fight as if shuddering his whelps  
 born see thou guard with the dragon  
 Building a wooden wall  
 and a iron fort to secure him.  
 Do you understand?  
 Dem By Apollo no not I  
 P The God, my plan would have you keep me  
 safe  
 For I'm a valiant lion for your sake  
 Dem What you Antleora and I ne'er knew  
 S S Or this purpose I fear you not  
 What that oracular wall of wood a dragon  
 Where Loxus bids you keep him safely  
 Dem What means the God?  
 S S He means that you're to clap  
 Paphlagon in the five holed yellows stocks  
 Dem I should be surprised I that came true.  
 P Heed not the words for jealous  
 the crew that are croaking against me  
 Chorus the lordly falcon  
 none forget that he brow beat thee,  
 Brow beat thee: fetters and chains  
 the you glaucian man owns.  
 S S Thus did Paphlagon dare  
 in a moment of drunken bravado  
 Why think much of the deed  
 Cecropides foolish in counsel?  
 Weight a Woman will bear  
 in a Mas impose it upon her  
 Fightish woman and she can't  
 in fight is a swayer a fight in.  
 P Nay but remember the word  
 How Pylus, be said before Pylus  
 Pylus there is before Pylus.  
 Dem What means you by that before Pylus?  
 S S Truly your pile of baths  
 all be capture before you can take them  
 Dem O dear then bathless must I go to-day  
 S S Because he has earned off our pile of baths.  
 B there a oracle born the fleet  
 Your best attention is required: this  
 Dem I'll get it too but put thee first of all.  
 Read how my sailor a to get thee pay  
 S S Agades beware  
 of the hound fox, lest he decoy thee  
 stealthily snapping thy craft  
 the swiftest the tricky marauder  
 know on the ocean of this?  
 Dem Philostratus, plant the hound fox  
 S S Not so but Paphlagon is we moe  
 taking swiftest enemies collect the all  
 So Loxus bid you not to give him these  
 Dem Why is it called a hound fox?  
 S S Why?  
 A once fleet hound is also it  
 Dem But for what reason add he to the hound?  
 S S The troops, he means, resemble him for us,  
 Because they scour the farm and eat the grapes.  
 Dem Good  
 B Where is the cash? pay them little for us?

S S That I'll provide within three days I'll do it  
 Last thou further the need  
 by the son of Leto delivered  
 keep thou aloof, said he  
 from the wiles of hollow Cyllene  
 Dem Hollow Cyllene? what's that?  
 S S 'Tis Paphlagon's hand he's describing  
 Paphlagon's outstretched hand  
 with his Dr. p me a coin in the hollow  
 P There this fellow is wrong  
 When he spoke of the hollow Cyllene,  
 Phoebus was his name  
 at the ban of the maimed Diopithes.  
 Nay but I've got me for you  
 a winged oracular message  
 Thou shalt an Eagle become  
 and rule all lands as a Monarch  
 S S Nay but I've got me the same  
 and the Red Sea too thou shalt govern  
 Yea in Echata is judgment  
 rich cakes of thou judgest devouring  
 P Nay but I dreamed in a dream  
 and methought the Goddess Athene  
 Health and wealth was bidding  
 in plentiful streams upon Dem.  
 S S Nay but I'd earned one myself  
 and methought of the Goddess Athene  
 Down from the Citadel spied  
 and an owl sat perched on her shoulder  
 Then from a bucket she poured  
 ambrosia down upon Demus,  
 S Sweetest of scents upon you  
 upon Paphlagon's out of pocket.  
 Dem Good! Good!  
 There never was a cleverer chap than C'laus.  
 So now myself I yield myself to you  
 Be you the tutor (my thoughtless age  
 P Not yet pray wait awhile and I'll provide  
 your barley grain and daily necessities  
 Dem I can't abide your belly talk too often  
 Ha! I've been duped by you and Thuphanes.  
 P I'll give you barley meal, all ready made  
 S I'll give you barley cakes, all ready baked  
 And well broiled fish Do nothing else but eat  
 Dem Make haste and do it then remembering  
 this.  
 Which ever brings me most to this to-day  
 To him I'll give the Pox's reward.  
 P Oth I'll run first  
 S S Not you but I. Exit  
 Ch. P Oud O Demus thy way  
 Thee, as Thy art and hang  
 All men fear and obey  
 Yet O thou art a thing  
 Easy to lead thee  
 Empty flattery and praise  
 Pleased thou art to receive  
 All each orator says  
 Sure at once believe  
 What thou hast but is empty  
 Ne'er we find truth therein.

*Dem* Wit there s none in your hair  
 What you think me a fool!  
 What you know not I wear  
 Wear my morley by rule!  
 Well all day do I fare  
 Nursed and cockered by all  
 Pleased to fatten and train  
 One prime thief in my stall  
 When full gorged with his gain  
 Up that instant I snatch him  
 Strike one blow and dispatch him

*Ch* Art thou really so deep?  
 Is such artfulness thine?  
 Well for all if thou keep  
 Firm to this thy design  
 Well for all if as sheep  
 Marked for victims thou feed  
 These thy knaves in the Pay  
 Then if dainties thou need  
 Haste on a victim to fix  
 Slay the fattest and finest  
 There s thy meal when thou dinest

*Dem* Ah! they know not that I  
 Watch them plunder and thieve  
 Ah! tis easy they cry  
 Him to gull and deceive  
 Comes my turn by and by!  
 Down their gullet full quick  
 Lo my verdict tube coils  
 Turns them giddy and sick  
 Up they vomit their spoils  
 Such with rogues is my dealing  
 'Tis for myself they are stealing

*Enter PAPILAGON and SAUSAGE SELLER*

*Pa* Go and be blest!  
*S S* Be blest yourself you filth  
*Pa* O Demus I ve been sitting here prepared  
 Three ages past longing to do you good  
*S S* And I ten ages aye twelve ages aye  
 A thousand ages ages ages ages  
*Dem* And I ve been waiting till I loathe you both  
 For thirty thousand ages ages ages  
*S S* Do—know you what?  
*Dem* And if I don t you ll tell me  
*S S* Do start us from the signal post us two  
 All fair no favour  
*Dem* Right you are move off  
*Pa and S S* Ready!  
*Dem* Awail  
*S S* No cutting in allowed  
*Dem* Zeus! if I don t with these two lovers have  
 A rare good time tis dainty I must be  
*Pa* See I m the first to bring you out a chair  
*S S* But not a table I m the firstlier there  
*Pa* Look here s a jolly little cake I bring  
 Cooked from the barley grain I brought from Pylus  
*S S* And here I m bringing splendid scoops of  
 bread  
 Scooped by the Goddess with her ivory hand

*Dem* A mighty finger you must have dread Lady!  
*Pa* And here s peace porridge beautiful and  
 brown  
*Pallas Pylamachus* it was that stirred it  
*S S* O Demus plain it is the Goddess guards you  
 Holding above your head this—soup tureen  
*Dem* Why think you Athens had survived unless  
 She plainly were us held her soup tureen?  
*Pa* This slice of fish the Army frightener sends  
 you  
*S S* This boiled broth meat the Nobly fathered  
 gives you  
 And this good cut of tripe and guts and paunch  
*Dem* And well done she to recollect the peplos.  
*Pa* The Terror crested bids you taste this cake  
 With roe of fish that we may row the better  
*S S* And now take these  
*Dem* Whatever shall I do  
 With these insides?  
*S S* The Goddess sends you these  
 To serve as plinks inside your ships of war  
 Plainly she looks with favour on our fleet  
 Here drink this also mingled three and two  
*Dem* Zeus! but it s sweet and bears the three  
 parts well  
*S S* Tritogeneia twas that three and two did it  
*Pa* Accept from me this slice of luscious cake  
*S S* And this whole luscious cake accept from me  
*Pa* Ah you ve no hare to give him that give I  
*S S* O me wherever can I get some hare?  
 Now for some mountebank device my soul  
*Pa* Yah see you this poor Witless?  
*S S* What care I?  
 For there they are! Yet there they are coming!  
*Pa* Who?  
*S S* Envoys with bags of silver all for me  
*Pa* Where? Where?  
*S S* What s that to you? Let be the strangers.  
 My darling Demus take the hare I bring  
*Pa* You thief you ve given what wasn t yours to  
 give!  
*S S* Poseidon yes you did the same at Pylus  
*Dem* Hal! Hal! what made you think of filching  
 that?  
*S S* The thought s Athens but the theft was  
 mine  
*De* Twas I that ran the risk!  
*Pa* Twas I that cooked it!  
*Dem* Be off the credit s his that served it up  
*Pa* Unhappy me! I m over impudenced  
*S S* Why not give judgement Demus of us two  
 Which is the better towards your paunch and you?  
*Dem* Well what s the test will make the audience  
 think  
 I give my judgement cleverly and well?  
*S S* I ll tell you what teal softly up and search  
 My hamper first then I aphlagon s, and note  
 What s in them then you ll surely judge aright  
*Dem* Well what does yours contain?  
*S S* See here it s empty  
 Dear Father mine I served up all for you  
*Dem* A Demus-loving hamper sure enough

## THE KNIGHTS

1217-1264

S-S Now come along and look at Paphlagon s.  
H 'only we!

Dem Why here a store of dainties!  
Why here s a splendid cheese cake he put by!  
And me begot the tithes since so big  
S-S And, Demus, that's what he always does  
Gives you the pettiest morsel of his gains,  
And keeps by far the largest share himself.  
Dem O miscreant did you steal and give me so.  
The whole I crowned the growndged thee s fines.  
Pa And I stole twice s the public good.  
Dem Off with your own this instant and I'll  
place it

Or k m instead.

S-S Off a thist filth this n tant  
Pa Not so a Pythian oracle s t  
Describing him how n l can defeat me  
S-S Describe me about the l i ttest doubt  
Pa W l i the l i l test and pr e you t d seem  
How far out tally with the God s predictions  
And fir s I ask this quest on — when a boy  
T l me the teach r t whose school you went  
S-S Hard knuckles drilled me in the sun eing  
pits.

P How say you? Hea ens, the oracle s wo d  
sinks home!

W l l  
What tithes tra e s d d s I learn to d ?

S-S F r swear my thetis, and st re the cruser  
down

P Phoebeus Apollo! Lve s ' what means this ?  
Tell m hat trad ou pra tised when man  
S-S I sold messages—

Pa Well?

S-S And sold myself.  
P L happy m I'm done! The remains  
Or s lende h pe wh con to an ho s t  
Where did you sell your musa s D d ou t nd  
W thin th A nora or bewle th Gates?

S-S Because the G tes, whe e the salt fish is sold  
P Om th ora leha l come tru s

Rod a, roll n, this most unhappy ma  
O own fa ew il Un dling! l iea thee

Before b t iee some th s w l ioban  
A luck r ruz pe cha s but s t more—th evish

S-S l l l s Zeus, the sory prize is thuel  
De Hail mighty V toe s f rret t zsl

Had ou a M and grant this small eq est  
W k me ou Pha us, ugn s your writs.

Dem Your nam what s?

S-S Agora ritus.

t Agre l l l l ed nd thn ed by w r ngling  
Dem T Agora ritus I commit myself

And s harge consign th P phlagon

S-S And Demus, l w l l ways tend ou w l l,  
And ou shall own the en t l ed a man

And tha l t the F ergaping Cat

Exeunt al but no t t ho se speakers

Chorus

O hat s a obler thin  
Beginning or nding a song

For horsemen who joy in driving  
Their fleet foot coursers along  
Than—Ne er to launch a lampoon  
at Lynstratus, scurvy buffoon  
Or at heartless Thumant s to g d  
poor starvel n n l hness of heart  
Who s weepin hot tears at ths shn e  
Apollo, in Pytho di ne  
And clutching thy quiver am l o es  
to be healed of his po rty s smart l

For lampoon s worthless wretches,  
none should bear the bard a grud s

'Tis a sound and wholesome practice  
s the case you rightly judge

Now if he whose e l d n s  
I mu t need expose to blame

Were himself a noted person  
ne er had I named the name

Of a man I love and honour  
Is there one who knows not well

Arionotus princ of harpers?  
No s bel eve me who can tell

How the whitest colour d fiers  
from the str ing tune he plays.

Arionotus has a brother  
(not a brother in his ways)

Named Aniphrades, a rascal—  
nay but that s the fellow s whom—

Not an ordinary rascal  
or I had not not ced him

Not a thorough rascal merely  
he s in ented somethin, mo e

N d l o ms of self poll tion  
bestial tricks unknown befo e.

Yea to nam less filth a d horrors  
does the loathsome wretch de ce d

Works the work of P lymnestus,  
call Oeon hus his friend

Whoso loathes s t such a m nster  
never hall be a friend of m e

N er from the selfsame g blier  
quaff w th us, the rosy wine

And oft in the watches of night  
My spirit w thn me is thrilled

To think of Cleo ymus eat  
As thou h l l w uld ne e be filled

O wh nce could the fellow acquire  
that appet to deadly and dire?

Th y say whe he razes w th those  
whose table w th plenty is stored

That they ne e can get him away  
from the t en h r tho h humbly they pray

Ha e me cy O ha and depa t l  
O spare w e beseech thee the board!

R cently us said our galleys  
met their p ospects to discuss,

And an old experienced trit me  
introd ced the s bject thus

"Ha ey heard the news, my sisters?  
as th talk in e ery street,

as

That Hyperbolus the worthless  
 rapid townsman would a fleet  
 Of a hundred lovely galleys  
 lead to Carthage far away  
 Over every prow there mantled  
 deep resentment and dismay  
 Up and spoke a little galley  
 yet from man's pollution free  
 Save us! such a scurvy fellow  
 never shall be lord of me  
 Here I'd liefer rot and moulder  
 and be eaten up of worms  
 Nor Nauphante Neuson's daughter  
 shall he board on any terms  
 I like you can feel the insult  
 I'm of pine and timber knit  
 Wherefore if the measure passes  
 I propose we sail and sit  
 Suppliant at the shrine of Theseus  
 or the Dread Avengeing Powers  
 He shall ne'er as our commander  
 fool it o'er this land of ours  
 If he wants a little voice  
 let him launch his sale trays those  
 Whereupon he sold his lanterns  
 steering to the kites and crows

*Enter SAUSAGE SELLER*

S S O let not a word of ill omen be heard  
 away with all proof and citation  
 And close for to day the Law Courts though they  
 are the joy and delight of our nation  
 At the news which I bring let the theatre ring  
 with Phaeac's loud acclamation  
 Ch O Light of the City O Helper and friend  
 of the islands' ward guard with our fleets  
 What news have you got? O tell me for what  
 shall the sacrifice blaze in our streets?  
 S S Old Demus I've stewed till his youth is  
 renewed  
 and his aspect most charming and nice is  
 Ch O where have you left him and where is  
 he now  
 you inventor of wondrous devices?  
 S S He dwells in the City of ancient renown  
 which the violet chaplet is wearing  
 Ch O would I could see him! O what is his garb  
 and what his demeanour and bearing?  
 S S As when for his mess mates Miltiades bold  
 and just Aristides he chose  
 But now ye shall see him for listen the bars  
 of the great Propylaea unclosed  
 Shout shout to behold as the portals unfold  
 fair Athens in splendour excelling  
 The wondrous the ancient the famous in song  
 where the noble Demos is dwelling!  
 Ch O shining old town of the violet crown  
 O Athens the envied display  
 The Sovereign of Hellas himself to our gaze  
 the monarch of all we survey

*Enter DEMUS*

S S See see where he stands no vote in his hands  
 but the golden cicala his hair in  
 All splendid and fragrant with peace and with  
 myrrh  
 and the grand old apparel he wears!  
 Ch Hail Sovereign of Hellas! with thee we rejoice  
 right glad to behold thee again  
 Enjoying a fate that is worthy the State  
 and the trophy on Marathon's plain  
 Dem O Agoracritus my dearest friend  
 What good your stewing did me!  
 S S Say you so?  
 Why if you knew the sort of man you were  
 And what you did you'd reckon me a god  
 Dem What was I like? What did I do? Inform  
 me  
 S S I first if a speaker in the Assembly said  
 O Demus I'm your lover I alone  
 Care for you scheme for you tend and love you  
 well  
 I say if any one began like that  
 You clapped your wings and tossed your horns  
 Dem What if?  
 S S Then in return he cheated you and left  
 Dem O did they treat me so and I not know it!  
 S S Because by Zeus your ears would open wide  
 And close again like any parasol  
 Dem Had I so old and witless grown as that?  
 S S And if by Zeus two orators proposed  
 One to build ships of war one to increase  
 Official salaries the salary man  
 Would heat the ships of war man in a canter  
 Hallo! why hark your head and shift your ground?  
 Dem I am ashamed of all my former faults  
 S S You're not to blame pray don't imagine  
 that  
 'Twas they who tricked you so But answer this  
 If any scurvy advocate should say  
 Now please remember justices ye'll have  
 No barley if the prisoner gets off free  
 How would you treat that scurvy advocate?  
 Dem I'd tie Hyperbolus about his neck  
 And hurl him down into the Deadman's pit  
 S S Why now you are speaking sensibly and well  
 How else in public business will you act?  
 Dem First when the sailors from my ships of war  
 Come home I'll pay them all arrears in full  
 S S For that full many a well worn rump will  
 bless you  
 Dem Next when a hoplite's placed in any list  
 There shall he stay and not for love or money  
 Shall he be shifted to some other list  
 S S That bit the shield strap of Cleonymus  
 Dem No beardless boy shall haunt the agora  
 now  
 S S That's rough on Straton and on Cleisthenes  
 Dem I mean those striplings in the perfume mart  
 Who sit them down and chatter stuff like this  
 Sharp fellow Phaeax wonderful defence  
 Coercive speaker most conclusive speaker  
 Effective argumentative incisive  
 Superlative against the combative

S S You equite dence e f thine talkat es.  
 Dem I d make them all gi n thine polt es.  
 And go a bents with their hounds or read.  
 S S Then on there r ms accept this folding  
 rool

And here sa boy to carry t belu d ou.  
 V em ab bel

Dem O I shall be one more  
 A happy Demus sin days gone b

S S I think you'll think so w hen ou t the  
 sweet

That ear treat es. Treasures dear come here

Dem Worshul Zeus h a beaut ful thev re  
 Would I like to sol-manize them all.

Whence got you them?

S S Wks had not Paphlagon  
 Bought them up that ou m ht ne et see them?

N w then I freedv ge you them to take  
 Ba k to your farms, w th you.

Dem But Paphlagon

Who wrou ht all this, how will you puni h him?

S S Not much this onlt he shall ply m trad,

Sol sausage seller at the City gates.

There let him do's meat m w th asses fesh,

There let him tipsy w th th har t wranle,

And drink the filthy scum of the bath.

Dem A happ thought and very fit he is

To brawl with hadlots and with bathmen there.

But you I a k to d ner in the H ll.

To tak the place that scullion held before

Put on thi frow green robe and follow me.

Whilst him they carry out to ply his trade,

That so the tran rs, whom he wrou ed may  
 see him.



## THE CLOUDS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| STREPSIADES            | WRONG LOGIC      |
| PHIEDIPPIDES           | PASIAS           |
| SERVANT OF STREPSIADES | AMYNIAS          |
| STUDENT OF SOCRATES    | A WITNESS        |
| SOCRATES               | CHAEPPHON        |
| RIGHT LOGIC            | CHORUS OF CLOUDS |

*At the back of the stage are two buildings—the house of STREPSIADES and the PHRONTISTERION. The interior of the first is exposed to view by means of the eccyclema.*

*STREPSIADES and PHIEDIPPIDES discovered in bed.*

*Strepsiaades* O dear! O dear!  
O Lord! O Zeus! these nights how long they are  
Will they ne'er pass? will the day never come?  
Surely I heard the cock crow hours ago  
Yet still my servants snore. These are new customs  
O'ware of war for many various reasons  
One fears in war even to flog one's servants  
And here's this hopeful son of mine wrapped up  
Snoring and sweating under five thick blankets  
Come, we'll wrap up and snore in opposition.

*Tries to sleep.*

But I can't sleep a wink, devoured and bitten  
By ticks and bugbears, cluns and race horses  
All through this son of mine. He curls his hair  
And sports his thoroughbreds and drives his tandem.

Even in dreams he rides while I—I'm ruined  
Now that the Moon has reached her twentieths  
And paying time comes on. Boy! light a lamp  
And fetch my ledger, now I'll reckon up  
Who are my creditors and what I owe them  
Come, let me see then. Fifty pounds to Pasias!  
Why fifty pounds to Pasias? what were they for?  
O for the hack from Corinth. O dear! O dear!  
I wish my eyes had been hacked out before—

*Phiedippides (in his sleep)* You are cheating. Phylon, keep to your own side.

*St.* Ah! there it is! that's what has ruined me!  
Even in his very sleep he thinks of horses.

*Ph (in his sleep)* How many heats do the war chariots run?

*St.* A pretty many heats you have run your father.

Now then, what debt assails me after Pasias?

*A curlicue and wheel. Twelve pounds Amynias.*

*Ph (in his sleep)* Here, give the horse a roll and take him home.

*St.* You have rolled me out of house and home my boy.

Cast in some suits already while some swear

They'll seize my goods for payment.

*Ph.* Good, my father.

What makes you toss so restless all night long?

*St.* There's a bumbulist from the mattress bites me.

*Ph.* Come now, I prithee, let me sleep in peace.

*St.* Well then, you sleep; only be sure of this:

These debts will fall on your own head at last.

Alas, alas!

Forever cursed be that same matchmaker

Who stirred me up to marry your poor mother.

Mine in the country was the pleasantest life.

Untidy, easy, going unrestrained.

Brimming with olive, sheepfolds, honey, bees.

Ah! then I married—I a rustic—her

A fine town lady, niece of Megacles.

A regular, proud, luxurious Coesyras.

This wife I married and we came to earth.

I rank with wine, leets, fig boards, greasy woolpacks.

She all with scents and saffron and tongue-kissings.

Feasting, expense, and lordly modes of loving.

She was not idle though she was too fast.

I used to tell her, holding out my cloak,

Threadbare and worn. Wife, you're too fast by

halt. *Enter SERVANT BOY.*

*Servant Boy.* Here's no more oil remaining in the lamp.

*St.* O me! what made you light the tipping lamp?

Come and be whipped.

*S B.* Why what would you whip me for?

*St.* Why did you put one of those thick wicks in?

Well, when at last to me and my good woman

This hopeful son was born, our son and heir,

Why then we took to wrangle on the name.

She was for giving him some knightly name.

Callippides, Xanthippus, or Charippus.

I wished Phaedonides, his grandure's name.

Thus for some time we argued till at last

We compromised it in Phiedippides.

This boy she took and used to spoil him, saying

Oh! when you are driving to the Acropolis, clad

Like Megacles in your purple, whilst I said

Oh! when the goats you are driving from the fells

Clad like your father in your sheepskin coat.

Well, he cared nought for my advice, but soon

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A poor consumption eat his my fortunes.  
 Now come all gallants loose if I found  
 One way else more glorious transcendent way  
 Which if he follow we may yet be saved,  
 So-but however I must rouse him first  
 For how to rouse him kind-ness that's the rub.  
 Now when my sweet cat

Ph. Well, my father  
 S. Shake hands, P'sch-pnd's, shake hands and  
 kiss me.

Ph. There's that matter  
 S. Dost thou love me boy?

Ph. A by Poseidon there the God of horses.

S. No no, not that must out the God of horses,

That God's the origin of all my ills.

But if you'll come from our heart and soul,

Ph. Yes, obey me.

S. Very well what is it?

S. Sm. with all speed, strip off your present  
 habits,

and go and learn that I'll add use to you.

Ph. Name your commands.

S. Will you obey?

Ph. I will.

E. Diogenes!

S. Well then, look this way

See you that we ket and th. I'd be wot?

Ph. I see and yet there what's that in father?

S. That is th. (think) house of sapient souls.

That'd call the men who teach--a who per  
 suad us.

That Hecatonion as fit rest-rooms  
 I call round about us, and that we're the cinders.

A. And they'd teach (and they'll want some  
 money)

How can we break and conquer in bit or wot?

Ph. Come, tell their names.

S. Well, I can't quite remember

B. they're deep thinkers and true gentlemen.

Ph. Out on the rogues! I know them. Those rank  
 pedants.

Those few breed, but look again on mean

That See the poor wretches and Chaerophon

S. Oh! Oh hush hush! don't use those foolish  
 words

E. If I sorrowed in my heart touch you,

E. I'll then School and with Turf for er

Ph. I own you, so I'll give you some

Ph. I'll own you, so I'll give you some

Ph. I'll own you, so I'll give you some

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Ph. I will not so. How could I face the knights  
 With all my colour worn and torn away!

S. O then, by Earth, 'twas a great your last o'

You, and your coach-horse, and your arms brand  
 Out with you! Go to the crows, I call I care.

Ph. But uncle Metacles won't let me long  
 Without a horse I'll go to him good bye

S. I'm thrown by Zeus, but I won't long lie  
 prostrate.

I'll pray the God and send myself to school

I'll go at once and try their thinking, house.

Stay how can I forgetful, slow, old fool.

Learn the w. what parting (subtle Lome?)

W. I'll go at once 'Tis not do to longer here.

Com on I'll knock the door Boy! Ho there boy!

S. (w. trs) O hang t all who knock in  
 the door?

S. Met' Phendon goes St. grades of Cic. nna.

St. W. what a clown you are to kick our door  
 In such a thou. hiles, inconsiderate way!

You mad my cor. : no to miscarry

S. Forgive me I am an awkward country fool.

But I dare, what was that I made miscarry?

S. 'Tis not allowed. Students alone may hear

S. O that all in the you may I hear I'm com-

To be a student in your thinking, house.

S. Come then But they're h. h. mysteries

remember

'Twas Socrates was asking, Chaerophon

How many feet of t. own a flea could jump.

For a first but the br. w. of Chaerophon,

Then bounded off to Socrates head.

S. How did he measure this?

S. Most cleverly

He measured some wax and then he caught the flea,

And dipped its feet into the wax he'd melted

There it stood, and there we Perman shipners!

There it took off and so found the distance.

S. O Zeus and him what subtle intellectual

St. What would you say then if you heard

another

Our Master's own?

S. O come d. t. I'll me that.

S. W. Chaerophon was a w. h. man in turn.

Which theory did he sanction that the gnats

Hummed through their mouth or he knew, nls,

through the tail

S. A. and what said your Master of the gnat?

S. He answered thus the central of the gnat

I said and through this narrow pipe the wind

Rushes with violence straight toward the tail

There close next the pipe, the hollow rump

Receives the wind and whistles to the breeze

S. So, then the rump trumpet to the gnats!

O happy, happy in your end all learning!

Full surely need he fear not of his no duns,

Who knows about the central of the gnat?

S. And I have night's might thou have lost

Through a gnat's canal.

S. T. I'll see how was that?

S. T. I'll see how was that?

S. T. I'll see how was that?

S. T. I'll see how was that?

S. T. I'll see how was that?

S. T. I'll see how was that?

S. T. I'll see how was that?

*Stu* Why as Himself with eyes and mouth wide open  
 Mused on the moon her paths and revolutions  
 A lizard from the roof squirted full on him  
*St* He he he he I like the lizard's spattering  
 Socrates  
*Stu* Then yesterday poor we we d got no dinner  
*St* Hah! what did he devise to do for barley?  
*Stu* He sprinkled on the table—some fine ash—  
 He bent a spit—he grasped it compass wise—  
 And—filched a mantle from the Wrestling School  
*St* Good heavens! Why Thales was a fool to this!  
 O open open wide the study door  
 And show me show me show me Socrates  
 I die to be a student Open open!  
*O* Heracles what kind of beasts are these!  
*Stu* Why what's the matter? what do you think  
 they're like?  
*St* Like? why those Spartans whom we brought  
 from Pylus  
 What makes them fix their eyes so on the ground?  
*St* They seek things underground  
*St* O! to be sure  
 Truffles! You there don't trouble about that!  
 I'll tell you where the best and finest grow  
 Look! why do those stoop down so very much?  
*Stu* They're diving deep into the deepest secrets  
*St* Then why's their rump turned up towards  
 the sky?  
*Stu* It's taking private lessons on the stars  
 (to the other Students)  
 Come come get in, I'll catch us presently  
*St* Not yet! not yet! just let them stop one  
 moment  
 While I impart a little matter to them  
*Stu* No no they must go in, I would never do  
 To expose themelves too long to the open air  
*St* O! by the Gods now what are these? do tell  
 me.  
*Stu* This is Astronomy  
*St* And what is this?  
*Stu* Geometry  
*St* Well what's the use of that?  
*Stu* To mete out lands  
*St* What for allotment grounds?  
*St* No but all lands  
*St* A choice idea truly  
 Then every man may take his choice you mean  
*Stu* Look here's a chart of the whole world Do  
 you see?  
 This city's Athens  
*St* Athens? I like that  
 I see no dicasts sitting That's not Athens  
*Stu* In very truth this is the Attic ground  
*St* And where then are my townsmen of  
 Cicyna?  
*Stu* Why thereabouts and here you see  
 Euboea  
 Here reaching out a long way by the shore

1 The entire front of the house is wheeled round  
 exposing the inner court of the Phrontisterion Rogers.

*St* Yes overreached by us and Peicles  
 But now where's Sparta?  
*Stu* Let me see O here  
*St* Heavens! how near us O do please mark  
 this  
 To shove her off from us, a long way further  
*Stu* We can't do that by Zeus  
*St* The worse for you  
 Hallo! who's that? that fellow in the basket?  
*Stu* That's he  
*St* Who's he?  
*Stu* Socrates  
*St* Socrates!  
 You sir call out to him as loud as you can  
*Stu* Call him yourself I have no leisure now  
*The machine swings Socrates in*  
*St* Socrates! Socrates!  
 Sweet Socrates!  
*Socrates* Mortal! why call'st thou me?  
*St* O first of all please tell me what you are  
 doing  
*So* I walk on air and contemplate the Sun  
*St* O then from a basket you condemn the Gods  
 And not from the earth at any rate?  
*So* Most true  
 I could not have searched out celestial matters  
 Without suspending judgement and infusing  
 My subtle spirit with the kindred air  
 If from the ground I were to seek these things  
 I could not find so surely doth the earth  
 Draw to herself the essence of our thought  
 The same too is the case with water cress  
*St* Hillo! what's that?  
 Thought draws the essence into water cress?  
 Come down sweet Socrates more near my level  
 And teach the lessons which I come to learn  
*So* (descending) And wherefore art thou come?  
*St* To learn to speak  
 For owing to my horrid debts and duns  
 My goods are seized I'm robbed and mobbed and  
 plundered  
*So* How did you get involved with your eyes  
 open?  
*St* A galloping consumption seized my money  
 Come now do let me learn the unjust Logic  
 That can shirk debts now do just let me learn it  
 Name your own price by all the Gods I'll pay it  
*So* The Gods! why you must know the Gods  
 with us  
 Don't pass for current coin  
*St* Eh? what do you use then?  
 Have you got iron as the Byzantines have?  
*So* Come would you like to learn celestial  
 matters,  
 How their truth stands?  
*St* Yes if there's any truth  
*So* And to hold intercourse with you on bright  
 Clouds  
 Our virgin Goddesses?  
*St* Yes that I should  
*So* Then sit you down upon that sacred bed  
*St* Well I am sitting



St Why no on my word for I always had heard  
they were nothing but vapour and dew  
So O then I declare you can't be aware  
that tis these who the sophists protect  
*Prophets sent beyond sea quacks of every degree*  
Astrological knaves and fools who their staves  
of dithyrambs proudly rehearse—  
Tis the Clouds who all these support at their ease  
because they exalt them in verse  
St Tis for this then they write of the on  
rushin might  
the light stappin rain-drappin Cloud  
And the thousand black curls whilk the Tempest  
lord whirls  
and the thunder blast stormy an loud  
And birds o the sky floatin upwards on high  
and air water leddies which droon  
Wi their saft falling dew the gran Ether sae blue  
and then in return they gulp doon  
Huge gobbets o fishes an bountifu dishes  
o *mavises prime in their season*  
So And is it not right such praise to requite?  
St Ah but tell me then what is the reason  
That if as you say they are Clouds they to day  
as women appear to our view?  
For the ones in the air are not women I swear  
So Why what do they seem then to you?  
St I can tsay very well but they straggle and swell  
like fleeces spread out in the air  
Not like women they sit no by Zeus not a bit  
but these have got noses to wear  
So Well now then attend to this question my  
friend  
St Look sharp and propound it to me  
So Didst thou never espy a Cloud in the sky  
which a centaur or leopard might be  
Or a wolf or a cow?  
St Very often I vow  
and show me the cause I entreat  
So Why I tell you that these become just what  
they please  
and whenever they happen to meet  
One shaggy and wild like the tangle haired child  
of old *Xenophantes their rule*  
Is at once to appear like Centaurs to jeer  
the ridiculous look of the fool  
St What then do they do if Simon they view  
that fraudulent harpy to shame?  
So Why his nature to show to us mortals below  
a *wolfish appearance they frame*  
St O they then I ween having yesterday seen  
Cleonymus quaking with fear  
(Him who threw off his shield as he fled from the  
field)  
metamorphosed themselves into deer  
So Yes and now they espy soft Cleisthenes nigh  
and therefore as women appear  
St O then without fail All hail! and All hail!  
my welcome receive and reply  
With your voice so fine so grand and divine  
majestical Queens of the Skyl

Ch Our welcome to thee old man who wouldst  
see  
the marvels that science can sho  
And thou the high priest of this subtlety feast  
say what would you have us bestow?  
Since there is not a sage for whom we engage  
our wonders more freely to do,  
Except it may be for Prodicus he  
for his knowledge may claim them but you  
For that sideways you throw your eyes in you go  
and are all affectation and fuss  
No shoes will you wear but assume the grand air  
on the strength of your dealings with us.  
St O Earth! what a sound how august and  
profound!  
it fills me with wonder and awe.  
So These these then alone, for true Deities own  
the rest are all Godships of straw  
St Let Zeus be left out He sa God beyond  
doubt  
come that you can scarcely deny  
So Zeus indeed! there's no Zeus don't you be  
so obtuse  
St No Zeus up aloft in the skyl  
Then you first must explain who it is sends the  
rain  
or I really must think you are wron  
So Well then be it known these send it alone  
I can prove it by arguments stron  
Was there ever a shower seen to fall in an hour  
when the sky was all cloudless and blue?  
Yet on a fine day when the Clouds are away  
he might send one according to you  
St Well it must be confessed that chimes in  
with the rest  
your words I am forced to believe  
Yet before I had dreamed that the rain water  
streamed  
from Zeus and his chamber pot woe  
But whence then my friend does the thunder  
descend?  
that does make me quake with affright!  
So Why tis they I declare as they roll through  
the air  
St What the Clouds? did I hear you aright?  
So Ay for when to the brim filled with water  
they swim  
by Necessity earned along  
They are hung up on high in the vault of the sky  
and so by Necessity stron  
In the midst of their course they clash with great  
force  
and thunder away without end  
St But is it not He who compels this to be?  
does not Zeus this Necessity send?  
So No Zeus have we there but a Vortex of air  
St What! Vortex? that's something I own  
I knew not before that Zeus was no more  
but Vortex was placed on his throne!  
But I have not yet heard to what cause you  
referred  
the thunder's majestical roar

## THE CLOUDS

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So yes, us then when on high full of water  
 they fly and then, as I told you before,  
 E Con-ression impelled as they clash, are  
 compelled

a terrible clatter to make.  
 S Come how can that be? I really don't see.  
 So I myself as my proof I will take.  
 He e you ever then eat the broth puddings you

when the Panathenaea comes round  
 and felt with what might your bowels all night  
 in turbulent tumult resound

S B Apollo, us true, there's a mighty rondo,  
 and my belly keeps rumbling about  
 And the puddings begin to clatter w than  
 od kick up a wonderful rout

Qate-gail at first papapax, papapax,  
 b t soon papapoppax away  
 Til at last, I'll be bound I can thound as loud  
 papapoppappapapax, as They

So Shalt thou the a sound so loud and profound  
 from thy belly dismaneuve send,  
 And shall not the high and the infinite Sky  
 go thundering on without end?

For both, ou will find, on an impulse of wind  
 and similar causes depend  
 u Well, but tell me from Whence comes the bolt  
 through the gloom,

with its whif and terrible flashes  
 And better it turns, some it smites and burns,  
 and some it reduces to best

For th, us quite plain, let who will send th rain  
 that Zeus's are not perjurers dashed,  
 So And how you old fool of a dark ages school,  
 and an tedious ran a t

If the perjured they strike not all men alike,  
 ha e they never Cleon mus but?

Then of Simon again, and Theorus pla n  
 known perjurers, yet they escape  
 B t he smiter has own shrine w th his arrows  
 d e

and S Arum Attica's cape  
 And the anon i gnarled takes now what p mised  
 those strokes? They ever forswore I should

er  
 S C t is that then do you and appear  
 true,  
 Whence comes then the thunderbolt's pray?

u When w nd that is dry being lifted on high  
 is sudd nly pent i to these  
 (its p their kin, lik a blad e within,

by necessity hangs loose decrees  
 T l, overruled right t b sis them out his  
 nd a w th an impulse so upon

That at last d the force and th w ng of its course,  
 t t kes fire t w huzzes along  
 S That exact the th ng that I suffered on  
 Spr

at the great feat (Zeus, I doubt  
 Id per ch the por b t i wholly forgot  
 bout making th self val sh

So it spluttered and swelled while the saucepan I  
 held,

ill at last with a vengeance it flew  
 Took me quite by surprise, dimg bespattered my  
 eyes,

and scalded my face black and blue!  
 O thou who wouldst gain great wisdom at a n,  
 and comest u us in tly need

All Hellas are nd shall ths glory resound  
 such a prosperous life thou shalt lead  
 So thou art but endued with a memory good  
 and accustomed profound ly to think

And ths soul wilt nure all wants to endure  
 and from no undertaking to shrink,  
 And art hard and bold t bear up against cold  
 and with patience a supper thou lovest

Nor too much dost incline to grama tics and wine  
 but all lusts of the body refusest  
 A d esteemest it best what is always the test  
 of a truly int lligent brain

To prevail and succeed whensoe er you plead  
 and hosts of tongue-congruists to gain  
 St But as far as a sturdy soul is concerned  
 and a horrible restless care

And a b h that pines and wears away  
 on the wretchedest frugalst fare  
 You men hammer and strike as long as you like  
 I am quite invincible there.

So Now then you erce in r jecting with me  
 the Gods you beli ed in when young  
 And my creed you ll embrace I believe in w de  
 pace,

in the Clouds, in the eloquent Tongue.  
 St If I happened to meet other Gods in the  
 street,

I'd show the cold shoulder I vow  
 No libat on I'll pour not one victim more  
 on their altars I'll sacrifice now

Ch Now be honest and true and say what we  
 shall do  
 since you never shall fail of our aid

If you hold us most dear in devotion and fear  
 and will ply th e ph losopher's trade,  
 St O Lad e Di zoe, small amb t on s mine  
 I only most modestly seek,

Out and out for the rest of my lif to be best  
 af th children of Hellas to peal.  
 Ch Sa no more of your care, we have granted  
 you prayer

and know from this moment th t none  
 Mor act shall pas throu h in the People than you  
 such fa our from us you have won

St A t cts, if ou please I want nothing of  
 these  
 this (if you may) quickl withdraw

B t I wish to succeed just eno b for my need  
 and to sp throw th clutches of law  
 Ch Thus then you shall do, for you wish are  
 few

not ma y nor great your demands,  
 So away with all care from henceforth a d p epare  
 to be placed in our otatic hands.

St Why no on my word for I always had heard  
they were nothing but vapour and dew  
So O then I declare you can't be aware  
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rushin might  
the light stappin rain drappin Cloud  
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lord whirls  
and the thunder blast stormy an loud  
And birds o the sky floatin upwards on high  
and air water leddies which droon  
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and then in return they gulp doon  
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come that you can scarcely deny  
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streamed  
from Zeus and his chamber pot nee  
But whence then my friend does the thunder  
descend?  
that does make me quake with affright!  
So Why tis they I declare as they roll through  
the air  
St What the Clouds? did I hear you aught?  
So Ay for when to the brim filled with water  
they swim  
by Necessity carried along  
They are hung up on high in the vault of the sky  
and so by Necessity stron  
In the midst of their course they clash with great  
force  
and thunder away without end  
St But is it not He who compels this to be?  
does not Zeus thus Necessity send?  
So No Zeus have we there but a Vortex of air  
St What! Vortex? that's something I o'wn  
I knew not before that Zeus was no more  
but Vortex was placed on his throne!  
But I have not yet heard to what cause you  
referred  
the thunder's majestical roar

33-49

So Yes, as they when on high full of water  
 then fly  
 and then, as I told you before,  
 B Compression unpelled as th y clasp, are  
 compelled

a terrible clatter I make.  
 S Com how can that be? I really don't see.  
 So I myself as my proof I will take  
 Have you never then eat the broth puddings you  
 eat

when the Panathenaea comes round  
 And fill it with what in ght your bowels all night  
 a turbulent tumult resound?  
 S By Apollo, tis true, there is a might to do,  
 and my belly keeps rumbling about  
 And the puddings begin to clatter w than

and kick up a wonderful rout  
 Quite gentle as first papapax, papapax,  
 but soon paprapappax away

Then last, I'll be bound I can thunder as loud  
 paprapappappappax. S Then  
 So Shalt thou then a sound so loud and profound  
 from thy belly d minutes send,  
 And hail o the high and the infinite Skye

go thundering on without end?  
 For both, you will find, on an impulse of wind  
 and impulse of sea descend  
 S Well but tell me from Whence comes th bolt  
 through the gloom,

as th is awful and terrible flashes  
 And wherever it turns, some is a as and b ras,  
 and some it reduces to ashes?  
 For this is quite plain, I t who I send the rain  
 that Zeus against perjurers dashes.

So And how you old fool I a day gets school,  
 and an antidotal ran wit  
 If the perjured they stink, not not all men alike,  
 ha e they never Cleon must hit?

Then of Simon guan and Theorus plain  
 known perjurers, yet they escape.  
 B The matter has own thine as th has srown  
 di ree,

and "Suumus. Athens a come  
 And the ancle t guarded oaks now what prompted  
 those sin ket They never before I should  
 so

S Can tis that they do your words press  
 true.  
 Whence comes then the thund'rbolt pray?  
 So When a nd that is driv being lifted on high,  
 is suddenly pent i to these.

It sw llis p their ki lik a bladder within,  
 by Necessar chang less decrees  
 T I ump erced er i ght s burst them outright  
 nd w2 th a impulse so stron

Tha t last b the for e and th sw g furs ours...  
 t takes fire as t whuzzes alo  
 S That exactly th th g that I will red on  
 Sprin

a the g e f e t of Zeus, I admit  
 Id a paranch th por b t I w bold forgot  
 about making th safety al shat

So it spluttered and swelled, while the saucepan I  
 h id,

till at last with a vengeance it flew  
 Took me quite by surprise, dung bespluttered my  
 eyes,

and scalded my face black and blue!  
 Ch O thou who would t be a great mind an attain  
 and comest to us in thy need

All Hellas around shall thy glory resound  
 such a prosperous I se thou shalt lead  
 So thou art but endowed with a memory good,  
 and accustomed pr oundly to think

And th soul wilt insure all wants t endure  
 and from no undertakin m shrink,  
 And art hard and bold to bear up ag m cold  
 nd with patience a r pper thou lovest

Nor too much dost incline to grama t c and w ne  
 but all lusts of the bod refusest  
 A d esteemest it best, what is alwa s the tris  
 of a trul intelligent brain

To prevail nd succeed w henceo er you p rad  
 and hosts of tongue conquests to gain.  
 Sr But as far as a sturdy soul is concerned  
 and a horn b e restless care

And a belly that pe es and wurs away  
 on the wretchedest frugalst fare  
 You may hammer and str ke as long as you l ke  
 I am quite i inc ble there.

So Now then you rec m rejecti g w th me  
 the God you bel e d in when young  
 And my creed you'll embrace I believe m wide  
 as e  
 in the Clouds, in the eloquent Tongue."

Sr If I happened to meet other Gods in the  
 street  
 I d show the cold shoulder I ow  
 No look on I'll pour out one victim more  
 on their altar I'll sacrifice now

Ch You be honest and true, and say what we  
 shall do  
 since you never shall fail of our aid  
 If you hold us most dea in devotion and fear  
 and will ply the philoso her s trade

Sr O Ladies Di rne, small ambition is m re  
 I only most modestly seek,  
 Out and out for th rest of my life to be best  
 of the children of Hella to mock.

Ch So no more of you care we have granted  
 our prayer  
 nd know from this moment that none  
 Mor acts shall pass thro h n th People than you  
 such favour from us you ha e won

Sr Not acts, if you please I want nothing of  
 th-x  
 thr se you may qu kly w thdraw  
 B t I wish to succed just enough for my need  
 and to d p throw b th clutches of law

Ch Thus then you shall d, for your wishes are  
 few  
 not m y nor great your demands,  
 So away with all care from henceforth, a d prepare  
 t be placed in our votaries hands.



- St Why no on my word for I always had heard  
 they were nothing but vapour and dew  
 So O then I declare you can't be aware  
 that 'tis these who the sophists protect  
 Prophets sent beyond sea quacks of every degree  
 fops signet and jewel bedecked  
 Astrological knaves and fools who their staves  
 of dithyrambs proudly rehearse—  
 'Tis the Clouds who all these support at their ease  
 because they exalt them in verse  
 St 'Tis for this then they write of the on  
 rushin might  
 o the light stappin rain drappin Cloud  
 And the thousand black curls whilk the Tempest  
 lord whirls  
 and the thunder blast stormy an loud  
 And birds o the sky floatin upwards on high  
 and air water leddies which droon  
 Wi their saft falling dew the gran Ether sae blue  
 and then in return they gulp doon  
 Huge gobbets o fishes an bountifu dishes  
 ■ maves prime in their season  
 So And is it not right such praise to requite?  
 St Ah but tell me then what is the reason  
 That if as you say they are Clouds they to day  
 as women appear to our view?  
 For the ones in the air are not women I swear  
 So Why what do they seem then to you?  
 St I can tsay very well but they straggle and swell  
 like fleeces spread out in the air  
 Not like women they flit no by Zeus not a bit  
 but these have got noses to wear  
 So Well now then attend to this question my  
 friend  
 St Look sharp and propound it to me  
 So Didst thou never espy a Cloud in the sky  
 which a centaur or leopard might be  
 Or a wolf or a cow?  
 St Very often I vow  
 and show me the cause I entreat  
 So Why I tell you that these become just what  
 they please  
 and whenever they happen to meet  
 One shaggy and wild like the tangle haired child  
 of old Xenophantes their rule  
 Is at once to appear like Centaurs to jeer  
 the ridiculous look of the fool  
 St What then do they do if Simon they view  
 that fraudulent harpy to shame?  
 So Why his nature to show to us mortals below  
 a wolfish appearance they frame  
 St O they then I ween having yesterday seen  
 Cleonymus quaking with fear  
 (Him who threw off his shield as he fled from the  
 field)  
 in tamorphosed themselves into deer  
 So Yes and now they espy soft Cleisthenes nigh  
 and therefore as women appear  
 St O then without fail All hail! and All hail!  
 my welcome receive and reply  
 With your voices so fine so grand and divine  
 majestical Queens of the Sky!
- Ch Our welcome to thee old man who wouldst  
 see  
 the marvels that science can show  
 And thou the high priest of this subtlety feast  
 say what would you have us bestow?  
 Since there is not a sage for whom we'd enga-  
 ■ our wonders more freely to do,  
 Except it may be for Prodicus he  
 for his knowledge may claim them but you  
 For that sideways you throw your eyes as you go  
 and are all affectation and fuss  
 No shoes will you wear but assume the grand air  
 on the strength of your dealings with us  
 St O Earth! what a sound how august and  
 profound!  
 it fills me with wonder and awe  
 So These these then alone for true Deities own  
 the rest are all Godships of straw  
 St Let Zeus be left out He's a God beyond  
 doubt  
 come that you can scarcely deny  
 So Zeus indeed! there's no Zeus don't you be  
 so obtuse  
 St No Zeus up aloft in the sky!  
 Then you first must explain who it is sends the  
 rain  
 or I really must think you are wrong  
 So Well then be it known these send it alone  
 I can prove it by arguments strong  
 Was there ever a shower seen to fall in an hour  
 when the sky was all cloudless and blue?  
 Yet on a fine day when the Clouds are away  
 he might send one according to you  
 St Well it must be confessed that chimes in  
 with the rest  
 your words I am forced to believe  
 Yet before I had dreamed that the rain water  
 streamed  
 from Zeus and his chamber pot sieve  
 But whence then my friend does the thunder  
 descend?  
 that does make me quake with affright!  
 So Whv 'tis they I declare as they roll through  
 the air  
 St What the Clouds? did I hear you aright?  
 So Ay for when to the brim filled with water  
 they swim  
 by Necessity carried along  
 They are hung up on high in the vault of the sky  
 and so by Necessity strong  
 In the midst of their course they clash with great  
 force  
 and thunder away without end  
 St But is it not He who compels this to be?  
 does not Zeus this Necessity send?  
 So No Zeus have we there but a Vortex of air  
 St What! Vortex? that's something I own  
 I knew not before that Zeus was no more  
 but Vortex was placed on his throne!  
 But I have not yet heard to what cause you  
 referred  
 the thunder's majestical roar

52-553

Yeth clever ones amongst you  
 e can now I won't betray  
 'fore er since from judes  
 unt whom tis joy to speak,  
 Brothers Profligate and Modest  
 gained the praise we fondly seek  
 When for I was yet a \urg  
 and it was not right to bear

Exposed it and A ther  
 d d the foundl nurse with care  
 B t was e whom bl nurtured  
 ve who brou ht it up with skull  
 From that hour I proudl herish  
 pled es of your sure good will  
 Now then comes it sister hith r  
 like Electra in the Play  
 Comes in earnest expectation  
 kindred m nds to meet to-day  
 's will recogniz full surely  
 fsh find her brother's tress.

Aod bserve how pure h r morals  
 wh to notice h r first d ess,  
 Enters not w th filthy s mbols  
 on h r modest garne ts hung  
 Joun bald heads, dancing ball ts,  
 for th l ighter of the young  
 In this play no ret hed ger beard  
 w th a taff h fellow jokes,  
 So bcurin from the aud e ce  
 all the poorness of h s jokes.

No one rushes n with t rhet,  
 o on groans, Oh dear! Oh dear!  
 Trusting in t genuin merits  
 omes th pl v before you here  
 Y t, thou h uch h ro-poet  
 I th bald head d not grow  
 Cuck run let nuth d l  
 twic thinc m's p eces show  
 Alwa fresh idea parkl

alwa no l jests del ght  
 Noth glk each th t sa that  
 lla e most ceed n bri ht  
 I am b wh floored the guest  
 Cleon, n his hour of p de  
 Y t when d walsc ned ink h m  
 nd l l f h m whe l d edl  
 M t th th ra, whe handle  
 o e l l p e bol did lend  
 Tramp down the w t bed ca tiff  
 nd h's mothe without end  
 l his Maricas th Drunka d

E poli th cha ge began,  
 Sham fully my kn ht dist tng  
 h sa a ham ful man  
 T ki gon h tipsy beldam  
 t th ballet-da t keep  
 Phrym hus prim t ent on,  
 eat b moost is of th deep  
 Then Hermippus on th ca tiff  
 pened all h's l tll skill,  
 And th est upon the ca tiff  
 are their wit xhausts g till

A d my simile to pifer  
 "of the Fels they all combine  
 Whoso laughs at their producti ns,  
 let t m not delight in mine  
 But f r you who p r ne riv gen us,  
 you who th nk my writings cle er  
 Y e shall ga n a name for wld m  
 yeal fore er and forever

Om his God O hea only King  
 First unto Thee my prayer I brin  
 O come Lord Zeus, to riv choral so g -  
 A d Thou d ead Power whose reu tles hand  
 Hea es up the sea and the trembl' land  
 Lo Jof the indent stern and stron -  
 And Thou who u t t est the l f of u all  
 Come Fither our pa ent O come to my call -  
 And Thou wh fondest the world with l ght  
 Cud g th stee d th o gh the glitter g sky  
 To men below and to Gods on h gh  
 A P tentate hea only brs htl

O most sapient wise spectators,  
 hither turn attent on due  
 We ompla n of sad tll treatment  
 we e a bone to pick with you  
 We have e r helped your city  
 helped with all our m ght and main  
 Yet you pay us no devotion  
 that is why we now complain  
 We wh always watch around you

For f any project seems  
 Ill-concocted then w th n der  
 then the rain comes down in streams.

And remember v r l t l  
 how we knit our brows together

Thunders crashs l l ghtn m fla h ng  
 m er was such awful weather

And the Moon n ha t eed p sed h  
 nd th Sun in anger swore

It would cu l this wick with n h m  
 and g l ght to you no more

Should you choose that mischeif worker  
 Cleon whom the Gods abhor

T n er Sla e nd Paphl onian  
 to lead out you hosts to war

Yet ou chose him! et you chose h m!  
 For they say that Folly grows

Best and finest: this city  
 b t th gracious God dispose

Always all things for the better  
 causing errors to succeed

And how ths sad job may p lit  
 su el he who runs may read.

Let the Cormora t be o rcted  
 in command of bribes and th fr

Let us ha e him gag ed nd muzzled  
 a the pulley chained and l fl

Then a wain, in ancient fashion,  
 all that ye have er ed of late

Will turn out your own ad ant ge  
 and blessing to the Stat

St This then will I do confiding in you  
for Necessity presses me sore  
And so sad is my life twist my coils and my wife  
that I cannot put up with it more.

So now at your word I give and afford  
My body to these to treat as they please  
To have and to hold in squalor in cold  
In hunger and thirst vea by Zeus at the worst  
To be flayed out of shape from my heels to my  
nape

So along with my hide from my duns I escape  
And to men may appear without conscience or  
fear

Bold hasty and wise a concouter of lies  
A rattler to speak a dodger a sneak  
A regular claw of the tables of law  
A shuffler complete well worn in deceit  
A supple unprincipled troublesome cheat  
A hang dog accurst a bore with the worst  
In the tricks of the jury courts thoroughly versed  
If all that I meet this praise shall repeat

Work away as you choose I will nothing refuse  
Without any reserve from my head to my shoes  
You shan't see me wince though my gutlets you  
mince

And these entrails of mine for a sausage combine  
Served up for the gentlemen students to dine

Ch Here is a spirit bold and high  
Ready armed for any strife

(to STREPSIADES)

If you learn what I can teach  
Of the mysteries of speech  
Your glory soon shall reach To the summit of the  
sky

St And what am I to gain?

Ch With the Clouds you will obtain  
The most happy the most enviable life

St Is it possible for me Such felicity to see?

Ch Yes and men shall come and wait  
In their thousands at your gate

Desiring consultations and advice

On an action or a pleading

From the man of light and leading  
And you'll pocket many talents in a trice

(to SOCRATES)

Here take the old man and do all that you can  
your new fashioned thoughts to instil  
And stir up his mind with your notions refined  
and test him with judgement and skill

So Come now you tell me something of your  
habits

For if I don't know them I can't determine

What engines I must bring to bear upon you

St Eh! what? Not going to storm me by the  
Gods?

So No no I want to ask you a few questions

First is your memory good?

St Two ways by Zeus

If I moved anything I'm mindful very

But if I owe (Oh dear!) forgetful very

So Well then have you the gift of speaking in  
your?

St The gift of speaking no of cheating yes

So No? how then can you learn?

St Oh well enough

So Then when I throw you out some clever no-  
tion

About the laws of nature you must catch it.

St What! must I snap up sapience in dog fash-  
ion?

So Oh! why the man's an ignorant o'd savage  
I fear my friend that you'll require the whip  
Come if one strikes you what do you do?

St I'm struck

Then in a little while I call my witness

Then in another little while I summon him

So Put off your cloak

St Why what have I done wrong?

So O nothing nothing all go in here naked

St Well but I have not come with a scar h  
warrant

So Fool! throw it off

St Well tell me this one thing

If I'm extremely careful and attentive

Which of your students shall I most resemble?

So Why Chaerephon You'll be his very image

St What! I shall be half dead! O luckless me!

So Don't chatter there but come and follow me  
Make haste now quicker here

St Oh but do first

Give me a honied cake Zeus! how I tremble

To go down there as if to see Trophonius

So Go on! why keep you pottering round the  
door?

SOCRATES and STREPSIADES enter the *Protonotus*  
*terron*

### Chorus

Yes! go and farewell as your courage is great

So bright be your fate

May all good fortune his steps pursue

Who now in his life's dim twilight haze,

Is game such venturesome things to do

To steep his mind in discoveries new

To walk, a novice in wisdom's ways

O Spectators I will utter

Yea! by mighty Dionysus  
Him who bred and nurtured me

So may I be deemed a poet  
and this day obtain the prize

As till that unhappy blunder  
I had always held you to me

And of all my plays esteeming  
this the wisest and the best

Served it up for your enjoyment  
which had more than all the rest

Cost me thought and time and labour  
then most scandalously treated

I retired in mighty dudgeon  
by unworthy foes defeated

This is why I blame your critics  
for whose sake I framed the play

5. Ah, but Cleonemus has got no trough.  
 His head is loaded in a rounded mortar  
 What must I say in future?  
 What! why call it  
 A "trough-hen, female, just as one says "an  
 actress.  
 5. A "trough-hen, female?  
 That's the way to call it.  
 5. ■ "trough-hen" then and Miss Cleonemus.  
 5. Still you must learn some more about these  
 names.  
 What are the names of men and which of women.  
 5. Oh, I know which are women.  
 5. Well repeat some.  
 5. Demetrius, Cleonemus, Philoneta.  
 5. Now tell me some men's names.  
 5. ■ Yes, ten thousand  
 Philoneta, Amyntas, Amyntas.  
 5. Hold! I said men's names these are women's  
 names.  
 5. No, no, they're men's.  
 5. There are not men's, for how  
 would you address Amyntas if you're a man?  
 5. How? somehow thus. He's here Amyntas.  
 5. Amyntas's woman's name, you see.  
 5. And rightly too a sneak who shirks all  
 service!  
 B. I'll know this let's pass to something else.  
 5. Well, then, you get into the bed  
 5. And then?  
 5. Escortate about your own affairs.  
 5. Or there I do beseech, not the at least  
 Let me escortate on the bare ground  
 5. There is no way but this.  
 5. O luckless me!  
 How I shall suffer from the bugs to-day  
 5. Now then survey me carefully  
 with sure judgment sharp and quick  
 Wringing thou his around you thuck  
 And if so be in one you stuck  
 ever stop me and bother  
 Lightly lightly lightly leap,  
 To another's another  
 Far war be balm sleep  
 5. Lgh! Lgh! Lgh! Lgh! Lgh!  
 5. What the matter? What's the matter?  
 5. Friend! I'm doing for the bed  
 O creep thou beneath me! sed.  
 And my ribs they bite me in  
 And in his blood on the suck,  
 And in manhood off the pluck,  
 And in loaves the di and drams,  
 And I'm up once again.  
 5. O take not this matter to heart.  
 5. Why what can I do  
 I'm bed in kin so rudd of hue,  
 I'm bed in blood, in bed in shoe,  
 I'm bed in purse, and what is still worse  
 A hummer'd in bed till one who should  
 be past  
 I had cry near anubed myself with last.  
 5. Hello there, are you pondering?  
 5. Yes to be sure.  
 5. And what have your ponderings come to?  
 5. Whether these bugs will leave a bit of me  
 5. Consume you, wretch!  
 5. Faith I'm consumed already  
 5. Come come don't flinch pull up the  
 clothes again  
 Search out and catch some very subtle dodge  
 To flee your cred toes.  
 5. O me how can I  
 Fleece any one with all these fleeces on me?  
 (Puts his head under the clothes)  
 5. Come let me peep a moment what he's doing  
 He'll be asleep!  
 5. No, no! no fear of that!  
 5. Caught anything?  
 5. No, nothing  
 5. Surely something  
 5. Well I had something in my hand, I'll own.  
 5. Pull up the clothes again, and go on ponder  
 it.  
 5. Or what? now do please tell me Socrates.  
 5. What is it that you want? I'll tell me that.  
 5. You have heard a million times what this I  
 want  
 My debt! my debts! I want to shirk my debts.  
 5. Come come pull up the clothes refine your  
 thoughts  
 With subtle wit look at the case on all sides  
 Mind out! ide correctly  
 5. Ugh! O me.  
 5. Hush! you meet with any debt security  
 Let's see a moment then return again  
 To the same thought when I find it weighs it well.  
 5. Oh, here, dear Socrates!  
 5. Well, my old friend  
 5. I've found a notion how to shirk my debt.  
 5. Well then, propound it.  
 5. What do you think of this?  
 Suppose I hire some grand Thersesian witch  
 To conjure down the Moon and then I take it  
 And clap it into some round balm box,  
 And keep it fast there, like a lock of glass, —  
 5. But what the use of that?  
 5. The use, quotha  
 Why if the Moon should never rise again  
 I'd never pay one farthing.  
 5. No! why not?  
 5. Why don't we pay our interest by the  
 month?  
 5. Good! now I'll profit you another problem.  
 Suppose an action drama, a fine talent  
 Now I'll show you how you can evade that same.  
 5. How? how can I say at all but I'll go seek.  
 5. Don't wrap your mind for ever round  
 yourself.  
 5. Let your thoughts range freely through the air  
 Like characters with thread about their feet  
 5. I found a bit evasion of the clause  
 Confess yourself, as I should.  
 5. But what is it?

Phoebus my king come to me still  
 Thou who holdest the Cynthian hill  
 The lofty peak of the Deban isle —  
 And Thou his sister to whom each day  
 Lydian maidens devoutly pray  
 In Thy stately gilded Ephesian pile —  
 And Athens our Lady the queen of us all  
 With the Aegis of God O come to my call —  
 And Thou whose dancing torches of pine  
 Flicker Parnassian blades slow  
 Dionysus Star of Thy Maenad throng  
 Come Reveller most divine!

We when we had finished packing  
 and prepared our journey down  
 Met the Lady Moon who charged us  
 with a message for your town  
 First All hail to noble Athens  
 and her faithful true Allies  
 Then she said your shameful conduct  
 made her angry passions rise  
 Treating her so ill & ho! says  
 aids you not in words but clearly  
 Saves you first of all in torchlight  
 every month a drachma nearly  
 So that each one says if business  
 calls him out from home by night  
 Buy no link my boy this evening  
 for the Moon will lend her light  
 Other blessings too she sends you  
 yet you will not mark your days  
 As she bids you but confuse them  
 jumbling them all sorts of ways  
 And she says the Gods in chorus  
 shower reproaches on her head  
 When in bitter disappointment  
 they go supperless to bed  
 Not obtaining festal banquets  
 duly on the festal day  
 Ye are badgering in the law courts  
 when ye should arise and slay!  
 And full oft when ye celestials  
 some strict fast are duly keeping  
 For the fate of mighty Memnon  
 or divine Sarpedon weeping  
 Then you feast and pour libations  
 and Hyperbolus of late  
 Lost the crown he wore so proudly  
 as Recorder of the Gate  
 Through the wrath of us immortals  
 so perchance he'll rather know  
 Always all his days in future  
 by the Lady Moon to go

SOCRATES here comes out of the *Phrontisterion*  
 where he has been endeavouring to teach  
 STREPSIADES

So Never by Chaos Air and Respiration  
 Never no never have I seen a clown  
 So helpless and forgetful and absurd!  
 Why if he learns a quirk or two he clean  
 Forgets them ere he has learnt them all the same

I'll call him out of doors here to the light  
 Take up your bed StrepsiaDES, and come!  
 St By Zeus I can't the bugs make such resistance  
 So I'll be haste There throw it down and listen  
 St (entering with bed) Well!  
 So Attend to me what shall I teach you first  
 That you've not learnt before? Which will you have  
 Measures or rhythms or the right use of words?  
 St Oh! measures to be sure for very lately  
 A grocer swindled me of full three pints  
 So I don't mean that but which do you like the best  
 Of all the measures six feet or eight feet?  
 St Well I like nothing better than the yard  
 So Fool! don't talk nonsense  
 St What will you bet me now  
 That two yards don't exactly make six feet?  
 So Consume you! what an ignorant clown you are!  
 Still perhaps you can learn tunes more easily  
 St But will tunes help me to repair my fortunes?  
 So They'll help you to behave in company  
 If you can tell which kind of tune is best  
 For the sword dance and which for fencer music  
 St For fencers' sake but I know that  
 So Say on then  
 St What is it but this finger? though before  
 Ere this was grown I used to play with that  
 So Insufferable dolt!  
 St Well but you goose,  
 I don't want to learn this  
 So What do you want then?  
 St Teach me the Logic! teach me the unjust Logic!  
 So But you must learn some other matters first  
 As what are males among the quadrupeds  
 St I should be mad indeed not to know that  
 The Ram the Bull the Goat the Dog the Fowl  
 So Ah! there you are! there's a mistake at once!  
 You call the male and female fowl the same  
 St How I tell me how  
 So Why fowl and fowl of course  
 St That's true though! what then shall I say in future?  
 So Call one a fowlless and the other a fowl  
 St A fowlless? Good! Bravo! Bravo! by Air  
 Now for that one bright piece of information  
 I'll give you a barley bumper in your trough  
 So Look there a fresh mistake you called it trough  
 Masculine when it's feminine  
 St How pray?  
 How did I make it masculine?  
 So Why trough  
 St I don't quite catch it  
 So Why trough Cleonymus both masculine

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S. And lots besides but e'erwin, I learn  
 I straight forget I am so old and stupid  
 P. And this is what you have lost your mantle  
 for?  
 S. It is e'er absent sometimes I am lost  
 M. And what have you done with your shoes,  
 you'd tard you?  
 S. Like Pencils, all for the best I've lost them.  
 Come, come go with me humour me in this,  
 And then do what you like Ah! I remember  
 How I humour you, a cooing baby  
 W. The first o'clock which my judicious friend  
 Brought you go-cart at the great Drama  
 P. The time will come when you'll repent of  
 this.  
 S. Good boy to obey me. H. Ho! Socrates.

Enter SOCR. YES.

Come here come here I've brought this son of  
 mine.

T. O'! I know he'll warrant you.

S. Poor infant.

Not aware of my suspension wonders.

P. You'd make a wondrous piece of ware  
 suspended

S. H. H. H. the last! Do you abuse the  
 Master?

S. And look, suspended! In what foolish  
 fashion

He mumbled the word with point n. lips a-ape.

How can he learn upon a snail

Tim. I citation, damnable replies

Hyperbolic, though, least them for a talent.

S. One or two I try to pay by nature.

For bench was a little bay by high.

He used to build small baby houses, boats.

Go-cart I fleath dangle little frogs

Carved from pomegranates, you can't think how  
 nicely!

So now I put their teach him both your Logics.

Th. Better you call it odd the worse

Wh. h. n. the worse cause can defeat th. Better

Or if not both tall cut th. Worse

S. Ah, with his own ears he shall hear th. m  
 arcu

I shall be there

S. B. I please remember this,

C. him the knack of reasoning down. H. Yes ce.

Exit SOCR. YES.

Enter MENT. LOG. &amp; DEM. LOGIC.

Rhet. Logic Come show yourself now

with your confident be w

—T. the to of our dare!

H. Rhet. Logic Lead on with you please

I shall smother with ease

If you and one be the e

R. L. I'll smother me, you say! And who are you

pr

H. L. A Logic like you

R. L. But th. Worst of the two

H. L. Yet you I can drub whom my Better they

d. b

R. L. By what rules taught?

H. L. I on that thought  
 R. L. A truly your trade so successful is made  
 B. means of these noodles of ours, I am afraid  
 H. L. Not noodles, but wise  
 R. L. I'll smother you and your lies!  
 H. L. By what method forsooth?  
 R. L. By speaking the Truth  
 H. L. Your word I will meet a decent reply defeat  
 There no error as Justice or Truth is great  
 P. L. No Justice! you say?  
 H. L. Well, where does it stay?  
 R. L. With the Gods in the  
 H. L. If Justice be there  
 How comes it that Zeus could his father reduce  
 Yet he with the Gods upon the throne and  
 lone?

R. L. Ugh! Ugh! These evils come thick,  
 I feel awfully sick

A horse, quick quick!

H. L. You're a useless old drone with one foot in  
 the grave!

R. L. You're a shameless, unprincipled, absolute  
 knave!

H. L. Here! a torrid festoon.

R. L. A d. a vulgar buffoon!

H. L. What! Lies from you?

R. L. And a parricide too!

H. L. Tin with gold (you don't know it) you

sprinkle my head

R. L. O gold! I know? but it used to be lead!

H. L. But now it is a grace and a glory instead

R. L. You're a little too bold

H. L. You're a good deal too old

R. L. 'Tis through you I well know not a stripling

will go

To attend to the rules which are taught in the  
 Schools

H. L. Then one day shall be up to the fools

H. L. How squalid your dress!

R. L. Yours is fine I confess.

Y. of old I declare but a pauper you were

And paid yourself off on compassion to draw

As a Telephus, (Eur. Iphigenia)

W. I'll pleased from a beggarly wallet to gnaw

At parastis Pandetean

H. L. O me! for the wisdom you've mentioned in  
 jest!

R. L. O me! for the folly of you and the rest

Who seek to destroy their children employ!

H. L. How you never shall teach you are quite  
 out of date

R. L. If not he'll be lost as he'll find to his cost

T. ought thing by you but to chatter and prate.

H. L. Here comes, so we see let him be let him be.

R. L. Touch him if you dare! I bid you beware

Oh! Forbear forbear to wrangle a d. scold!

Each of you show

You what you taught their fathers of old

You let us know

Yours is maintained that hearing each side

From the lips of the Rhetorics the youth may decide

To which of your schools he will go.

*St* I say haven't you seen in druggists' shops  
That stone that splendidly transparent stone  
By which they kindle fire?

*So* The burning glass?  
*St* That's it, well then I'd get me one of these  
And as the clerk was entering down my case  
I'd stand like this some distance towards the sun  
And burn out every line

*So* By the Three Graces  
A clever dodge!

*St* O me, how pleased I am  
To have a debt like that clean blotted out  
*So* Come then, make haste and snap up this  
*St* Well, what?  
*So* How to prevent an adversary's suit  
Supposing you were sure to lose it, tell me

*St* O nothing easier  
*So* How pray?  
*St* Why thus  
While there was yet one trial intervening  
Lre mine was cited I'd go hang myself

*So* Absurd!  
*St* No, by the Gods, it isn't though  
They could not prosecute me were I dead

*So* Nonsense! Be off! I'll try no more to teach  
you  
*St* Why not? do please, now please do  
*Socrates*

*So* Why you forget all that you learn directly  
Come, say what you learnt first, there's a chance  
for you

*St* Ah! what was first?—Dear me, whatever was  
it?—

Whatever's that we knead the barley in?—  
Bless us, what was it?

*So* Be off and feed the crows  
You most forgetful, most absurd old dolt!

*St* O me! what will become of me, poor wretch!  
I'm clean undone, I haven't learnt to speak—  
O gracious Clouds, now do advise me something

*Ch* Our counsel, ancient friend, is simply this  
To send your son, if you have one at home  
And let him learn this wisdom in your stead

*St* Yes! I've a son, quite a fine gentleman  
But he won't learn, so what am I to do?

*Ch* What! is he master?

*St* Well, he's strong and vigorous  
And he's got some of the Coesyræ blood within  
him

Still I'll go for him, and if he won't come  
By all the Gods I'll turn him out of doors  
Go in one moment, I'll be back directly

*SOCRATES EXITS to PHROTISTION and STREPSIADES to his house*

*Ch* Dost thou not see how bounteous we our  
favours free

Will shower on you  
Since whatsoever your will prepare  
This dupe will do

But now that you have dazzled and  
elated so your mind

Make haste and seize whatever you please  
as quickly as you can

For cases such as these, my friend  
are very prone to change and bend  
*Enter STREPSIADES and PHEDIPIIDES*

*St* Get out! you shan't stop here, so help me  
Mist!

Be off and eat up Megacles' columns

*Ph* How now, my father? what's the wind to-  
day?

You're wandering by Olympian Zeus, you are

*St* Look there! Olympian Zeus! you blockhead  
you

Come to your age and yet believe in Zeus!

*Ph* Why printhee, what's the joke?

*St* It's so preposterous

When babes like you hold antiquated notions

But come and I'll impart a thing or two

A wrinkle making you a man indeed

But mind, don't whisper this to any one

*Ph* Well, what's the matter?

*St* Didn't you swear by Zeus?

*Ph* I did

*St* See now, how good a thing is learnin'

There is no Zeus, Phaedippides

*Ph* Who then?

*St* Why Vortex reigns, and he has turned out  
Zeus

*Ph* Oh me, what stuff

*St* Be sure that this is so

*Ph* Who says so, pray?

*St* The Melian—Socrates,

And Chaerephon, who knows about the flea  
tracks

*Ph* And are you come to such a pitch of madness  
As to put faith in brain-struck men?

*St* O hush!

And don't blaspheme such very dexterous men

And sapient too, men of such frugal habits

They never shave, nor use your precious ointment

Nor go to baths to clean themselves, but you

Have taken me for a corpse and cleaned me out

Come, come, make haste, do go and learn for me

*Ph* What can one learn from them that is worth  
knowing?

*St* Learn! why whatever's clever in the world

And you shall learn how gross and dense you are

But stop one moment, I'll be back directly *Exit*

*Ph* O me! what must I do with my mad father?

Shall I indict him for his lunacy

Or tell the undertakers of his symptoms?

*St* (re-entering) Now then! you see this, don't  
you? what do you call it?

*Ph* That? why a fowl!

*St* Good! now then, what is this?

*Ph* That's a fowl too

*St* What both! Ridiculous!

Never say that again, but mind you always

Call this a fowless and the other a fowl

*Ph* A fowless! These then are the mighty secrets  
You have picked up amongst those earth-born  
fellows

St And lots besides but e erything I learn  
 L t a h t f g t l m so old and stupid  
 Ph And this is what you have lost your mantle  
 for?  
 St It's very absent som times tisa t lost  
 Ph And what ha e you d ne with your shoes  
 you dotard you?  
 St Like Pericles all f r the best I've lost them.  
 Com. come go with me humour me in this  
 And then d what you'll be Ah! I remember  
 How I to b mous you a cooing baby  
 With the first obol wh ch my judgsh p fetched me  
 Bow ht to a go-cart at the great D assa  
 Ph Th time will come when you'll repeat of  
 this.  
 St Good boy to obey m H II I Socrates

Enter socr res

Come he e come here I've brought th's son of  
 mine

Trouble enough I'll warrant you

St Poor infants  
 Not yet are I my suspension w iders.

Ph I u d make a wondrous p ece I swear  
 su pended

St Hey! Ha the lad! Do you abuse the  
 M nter?

So And look, nuth pended! In what foolish  
 fashion

He mo thed the word w th pout ng lips aape.  
 Hon can he learn e on of s it

Time! ut ion darra ng replies?

Hype bolus, thou h sea nt them for a t lent

St O'er fear! hea e y harp by nature

F when he was a littl hap ligh

He u ed to bu ld small b by h ses, boats.

Go-eat! fleathe darling little frogs

Carved fr m pomegranates, y can t th nk how  
 nicely!

So now I prithe teach him both yo r Log ca.

The B t t e o call it a d h W se

Which th th w se cause ca d feat th Better

Or fa t both at ll nts the W n

St Aye, w th his own ears he sh ll hear them  
 gue

Ishan t be the

St B t please r membe th s,

G e him th kna k f eason ng d w nall ju tice

Enter a ch loc dw n logic

Right Log Come bow you sell n w

with y u confid nt b w

-To the tag f y udar!

It w g Log c Le d wh you please

I shall sma h y u w th ease

It naid ene be ther

RL Y ll m hme you say? A d who re you

It A Log t k y

RL B t th W t of the two

W L Y t you l c d h whom my B tter they

d b

RL B y wha s t ice taught?

W L Ba or inal thought  
 RL Aye truly your trade so su ces ful is made

By means of these noodles of ours I m a f d

It Not noodles, but wice

RL I ll sma h you and your fier

It L B y what method forsooth?

RL By speaking th Truth

It L Y ur w rds I will meet and crushly defeat

There never was Justice or Truth I f eat

RL No Justice! you say?

It L W ll, w l re does it stav?

RL W th the Gods in the a

W L If Ju tice be there

How e mes it that Zeu coul l l iather reduce

Yet l e with these Godshups unpunished and

lame?

RL Ugh! Ugh! These e ils come th ck

I feel aw fully sick

Aba n, quick qu ckl

It L You re a useless old drone with o e foot in

the g a el

RL You re a shameless, unpr nc pled d; solute

kn a el

W L H y la rory festoon

RL And a ulgar buffoon!

It L What! Lal m from you?

RL And a parricide too!

It L 'Tis with gold (you don a know it) you

sp nkle my head

RL O gold is it n w? but it used to be lead!

It L But now it sag ace and a gl ry instead

RL You re a tile too bold

It L You re a good deal too old

RL 'Tis thro gh you I well know n t a simpl ng

w l go

To attend t the rules wh ch re taught in the

Schools

But Athens ne day shall be up to the fool's

It L How aqual d your dres!

RL Yours is fne I confess

Y t af ld I declar but a pauper you were

A I pas ed yours if off our compa uon to draw

As a Teleph s, (Eu y d e n)

W ll pleased from a beggarly wallet to gnaw

Ac nanities Pandeletea

W L O mel! for the w idom you n mentioned in

je t l

RL O mel for the folly of you and the rest

Who y u to deser y th re chuld en employ!

W L If m you ne w shall teach you are quite

o t of date

RL If n t h ll be lost as t e ll find to h srost

T ough t hng by y ou but to chatter and pr te

It L Here s as you see let him be let him be.

RL Touch h m I you dar I bid you b ware

Ck Forbear so bear to wrangle and scold!

Each of y u show

You what you taught thes fathers fold

You! t us know

Your y tem u used that hea ng each side

Fro n the lps f th Rivals the youth may decide

To which of your school's he will go



R L This then will I do  
 W L And so will I too  
 Ch And who will put in his claim to begin?  
 W L If he wishes he may I kindly give way  
 And out of his argument quickly I will  
 Draw facts and devices to sledge the reply  
 Wherewith I will shoot him and smite and refute  
 him  
 And at last if a word from his mouth shall be heard  
 My sayings like fierce savage hornets shall pierce  
 His forehead and eyes  
 Till in fear and distraction he yields and he—dies!  
 Ch With thoughts and words and maxims  
 pondered well  
 Now then in confidence let both begin  
 Try which his rival can in speech excel  
 Try which this perilous wordy war can win  
 Which all my votaries hopes are fondly centred in  
 O Thou who wert born our sires to adorn  
 with characters blameless and fair  
 Say on what you please say on and to these  
 your glorious Nature declare  
 R L To hear then prepare of the Discipline rare  
 which flourished in Athens of yore  
 When Honour and Truth were in fashion with youth  
 and Sobriety bloomed on our shore  
 First of all the old rule was preserved in our school  
 that boys should be seen and not heard  
 And then to the home of the Harpist would come  
 decorous in action and word  
 All the lads of one town though the snow peppered  
 down  
 in spite of all wind and all weather  
 And they sang an old song as they paced it along  
 not shambling with thighs glued together  
 O the dread shout of War how it peals from afar  
 or Pallas the Stormer adore  
 To some manly old air all simple and bare  
 which their fathers had chanted before  
 And should any one dare the tune to impair  
 and with intricate twistings to fill  
 Such as Phrynis is fain and his long wended train  
 perscively to quaver and trill  
 Many stripes would he feel in return for his zeal  
 as to genuine Music a foe  
 And every one's thigh was forward and high  
 as they sat to be drilled in a row  
 So that nothing the while indecent or vile  
 the eye of a stranger might meet  
 And then with their hand they would smooch  
 down the sand  
 whenever they rose from their seat  
 To leave not a trace of themselves in the place  
 for a vigilant lover to view  
 They never would soil their persons with oil  
 but were artificial and true  
 Nor tempered their throat to a soft mincing note  
 and sighs to their lovers addressed  
 Nor laid themselves out as they strutted about  
 in the wanton desires of the rest  
 Nor would any one dare such stimulant fare  
 as the head of the radish to wish

Nor to make over bold with the food of the old  
 the anise and parsley and fish  
 Nor daunties to quaff nor guggle and laugh  
 nor foot within foot to enfold.  
 W L Fought! this smells very strong of some musty  
 old song  
 and Chirrupers mounted in gold  
 And Slaughter of beasts and old fashioned feasts.  
 R L Yet these are the precepts which taught  
 The heroes of old to be hardy and bold  
 and the Men who at Marathon fought!  
 But now must the lad from his boyhood be clad  
 in a Man's all enveloping cloak  
 So that oft as the Panathenaea returns,  
 I feel myself ready to choke  
 When the dancers go by with their shields to their  
 thigh not caring for Pallas a jot  
 You therefore young man choose me while you  
 can  
 cast in with my Method your lot  
 And then you shall learn the forum to spurn  
 and from dissolute baths to abstain  
 And fashions impure and shameful a byre  
 and scorers repel with disdain  
 And rise from your chair if an elder be there  
 and respectfully give him your place  
 And with love and with fear your parents revere  
 and shrink from the brand of Disgrace  
 And deep in your breast be the Image impressed  
 of Modesty simple and true  
 Nor resort any more to a dancing girl's door  
 nor glance at the harlotry cren  
 Lest at length by the blow of the Apple they throw  
 from the hopes of your Manhood you fall  
 Nor dare to reply when your Father is nigh  
 nor musty old Japhet to call  
 In your malice and rage that Sacred Old Age  
 which lovingly cherished your youth  
 W L Yes yes my young friend if to him you  
 attend  
 by Bacchus I swear of a truth  
 You will scarce with the sty of Hippocrates vie  
 as a mammy suck known even there!  
 R L But then you'll excel in the games you love  
 well  
 all blooming athletic and fair  
 Not learning to prate as your idlers debate  
 with marvellous prickly dispute  
 Nor dragged into Court day by day to make sport  
 in some small disagreeable suit  
 But you will below to the Academe go  
 and under the olives contend  
 With your chaplet of reed in a contest of speed  
 with some excellent rival and friend  
 All fragrant with woodbine and peaceful content  
 and the leaf which the lime blossoms fling  
 When the plane whispers love to the elm in the  
 grove  
 in the beautiful season of Spring  
 If then you'll obey and do what I say  
 And follow with me the more excellent way  
 Your best shall be white your aim shall be bright

Your arms shall be tight, your tongue shall be alight  
And everything else shall be proper and right  
If you pursue what men nowadays do,  
You will have to begin a cold painful shiver  
And chest work, tongue practised to speak.

Your laws are long and the symptoms all strong  
Which show that your life is licentious and wrong  
And your mind he'll prepare so that foul to be fair  
And fair to be foul you shall always decide  
And you'll find yourself soon if you listen to him.  
He is the Echo of Anaximachus filled to the brim!  
Oh glorious Council with its chief Wisdom

From the words does a mentis true exit  
Three happy they who watched thy youth's  
In its bearing!  
Those of the educated generation with best  
This man has gained applause His Wisdom stands  
Confirmed.

And you with clever words and thou his must  
Order your case adorn  
Else he will surely win the day and you retreat  
With scorn.

H.L. A, say you so? why I have been  
Half burst I do so long  
To overthrow his argument

With arguments more strong  
I am the Lesser Love? True  
These Schoolmen call me so,  
Simply because I was the first

Of all mankind to show  
How old established rules and laws  
Were contradicted by  
And this, as you may guess, is worth  
Thousand pounds to me,  
To take the frebler cause and yet

Win the disputation.  
And mark me now how I conclude

His boasted Education!  
I said that always from warm baths  
The strapping must be born  
Which must be on what ground do you  
Of these warm baths complain?

R.L. Why is it the worst thing possible  
It quite undermines a man.

H.L. Hold there! I got you round the waist  
Escape me if you can.  
And first of all the sons of Zeus

Who I think you was the best?  
Which is the manliest? which endured  
More is than all the rest?

R.L. Well, I suppose that Heracles  
Was his best and most bold.

H.L. And as the baths of Heracles  
So wonderful cold?

Alas you blame warm baths, I think.  
R.L. Thus, this is what they say  
This is the stuff our precious youth

Is battered by the day!  
This is what makes them hate the baths,  
And shun the manly Games!

H.L. Well then, we'll take the Forum next  
I praise it and be blamed.  
But if it is so bad do you think  
And Homer would have made  
Nestor and all his worthies pl

A real forensic trade?  
Well then he says a strapping tongue  
Should always die be

I say it should be used of course  
So there we disagree

And next he says you must be chaste  
A most preposterous plan!

Come tell me did you ever know  
One single blessed man

Gains the less regard by chastity?  
Come proceed I must make haste

R.L. Yes, many many! Pelops is dead  
A sword he brought chaste

H.L. A sword indeed! would our meed  
The unlucky fool obtained

Hyperbolus the Lamp-raker  
With many a talent gained

By his wisdom which I have always  
But not a sword no, no!

R.L. Then Pelops is to his chaste life  
The bed of Thetis owe

H.L. And then he cut and ran away  
For nothing so engages

A woman's heart as force did with  
Old thread of those dark Ages!

For take this chaste young man  
He made and out

Count all the pleasures, all the joys  
It bids you live without

No kind of games, no kind of games,  
No kind of feasting drinking—

Why let itself in little worth  
Without these joys I'm the loser

Well, I must not or now the war  
By force I sell unplanted

You lose and you can't help that  
You are caught too victed, Granted

You done for you can't say one word  
While if you follow me

Indulge your genius, laugh and quaff  
Hold nothing base to be

Why if you're in adultery, say  
Your pleas will still be ample

You are done no wrong you lose and then  
Bring Zeus as our example

He'll be for the woodruff powers  
By Love and Beauty won

And how can you, the mortal stand  
Where life the immortal is held

R.L. Ah, but suppose a spiteful ill  
He must be wedged and sanded!

Won't he be probed or else can you  
For it is? now be candid.

H.L. And what the damage if it should be  
So?

Punishments of those taken in adultery

- RL* What greater damage can the young man know?  
*WL* What will you do if this dispute I win?  
*RL* I'll be for ever silent  
*WL* Good begin  
 The Counsellor from whence comes he?  
*RL* From probed adulterers  
*WL* I agree  
 The Tragic Poets whence are they?  
*RL* From probed adulterers  
*WL* So I say  
 The Orators what class of men?  
*RL* All probed adulterers  
*WL* Right again  
 You feel your error I'll engage  
 But look once more around the stage  
 Survey the audience which they be  
 Probed or not Probed  
*RL* I see I see  
*WL* Well give your verdict  
*RL* It must go  
 For probed adulterers him I know  
 And him and him the Probed are most  
*WL* How stand we then?  
*RL* I own I've lost  
 O Cinaeds Cinaeds take my robe!  
 Your words have won to you I run  
 To live and die with glorious Probel  
*The two LOGICS go out and enter SOCRATES from the PHRONISTERION and STREPSIADES from his own house to see how his son's education has been progressing. During the interval of the CHORUS (1114-1130) that education is supposed to be completed.*  
*So* Well what do you want? to take away your son  
 At once or shall I teach him how to speak?  
*St* Teach him and flog him and be sure you will  
 Sharpen his mother wit grind the one edge  
 Fit for my little law suits and the other  
 Why make that serve for more important matters  
*So* Oh never fear! He'll make a splendid sophist  
*St* Well well I hope he'll be a poor pale rascal  
*Ch* Go but in us the thought is strong  
 you will repent of this ere long  
 Now we wish to tell the Judges  
 all the blessings they shall gain  
 If as Justice plainly warrants  
 we the worthy prize obtain  
 First whenever in the Season  
 ye would fain your fields renew  
 All the world shall wait expectant  
 till we've poured our rain on you  
 Then of all your crops and vineyards  
 we will take the utmost care  
 So that neither drought oppress them  
 nor the heavy rain impair  
 But if anyone amongst you  
 dare to treat our claims with scorn  
 Mortal he, the Clouds immortal  
 better had he never been born!
- He from his estates shall gather  
 neither corn nor oil nor wine  
 For whenever blossoms sparkle  
 on the olive or the vine  
 They shall all at once be blighted  
 we will ply our slings so true  
 And if ever we behold him  
 building up his mansions new  
 With our tight and nipping hailstones  
 we will all his tiles destroy  
 But if he his friends or kinsfolk  
 would a marriage feast enjoy  
 All night long we'll pour in torrents  
 so perchance he'll rather pray  
 To endure the drought of Egypt  
 than decide amiss to-day!  
*St* The fifth the fourth the third and then the second  
 And then that day which more than all the rest  
 I loathe and shrink from and abominate  
 Then comes at once that hateful Old and New day  
 And every single blessed dun has sworn  
 He'll stake his gage and ruin and destroy me  
 And when I make a modest small request  
 O my good friend part don't exact at present  
 And part defer and part remit they swear  
 So they shall never touch it and abuse me  
 As a rank swindler threatening me with actions  
 Now let them bring their actions! Who's afraid?  
 Not I if these have taught my son to speak  
 But here's the door I'll knock and soon find out  
 Boy! Ho there boy!  
*So* I clasp Strepsiades  
*St* And I clasp you but take this meal bag first  
 'Tis meet and right to glorify one's Tutors  
 But tell me tell me has my son yet learnt  
 That Second Logic which he saw just now?  
*So* He hath  
*St* Hurrah! great Sovereign Knavery!  
*So* You may escape whatever suit you please  
*St* What if I borrowed before witnesses?  
*So* Before a thousand and the more the merrier  
*St* Then shall my song be loud and deep  
 Weep obol weighers weep weep weep  
 Ye and your principals and compound interests  
 For ye shall never pester me again  
*Such a son have I bred*  
 (He is within this door)  
 Born to inspire my foemen with dread  
 Born his old father's house to restore  
 Keen and polished of tongue is he  
 He my Champion and Guard shall be  
 He will set his old father free  
 Run you and call him forth to me  
 O my child! O my sweet! come out I entreat  
 'Tis the voice of your sire  
*So* Here's the man you require  
*St* Joy joy of my heart!  
*So* Take your son and depart  
*St* O come O come my son my son  
 O dear! O dear!  
 O joy to see your beautiful complexion!



- R L What greater damage can the young man  
 know?  
 W L What will you do if this dispute I win?  
 R L I'll be for ever silent  
 W L Good begin  
 The Counsellor from whence comes he?  
 R L From probed adulterers  
 W L The Tragic Poets whence are they?  
 R L From probed adulterers  
 W L The Orators what class of men?  
 R L All probed adulterers  
 W L You feel your error I'll engage  
 But look once more around the stage  
 Survey the audience which they be  
 Probed or not Probed  
 R L I see I see  
 W L Well give your verdict  
 P L It must go  
 For probed adulterers him I know  
 And him and him the Probed are most  
 W L How stand we then?  
 R L I own I've lost  
 O Cinaeds Cinaeds take my robe!  
 Your words have won to you I run  
 To live and die with glorious Probed!  
*The two LOGICS go out and enter SOCRATES from  
 the PHRONISTERION and STREPSIADES from his  
 own house to see how his son's education has  
 been progressing During the interval of the  
 CHORUS (1114-1130) that education is sup-  
 posed to be completed*  
 So Well what do you want? to take away your  
 son  
 At once or shall I teach him how to speak?  
 St Teach him and flog him and be sure you  
 well  
 Sharpen his mother wit grind the one edge  
 Fit for my little law suits and the other  
 Why make that serve for more important matters  
 St Oh never fear! He'll make a splendid sophist  
 So Well well I hope he'll be a poor pale rascal  
 Ch Go but in us the thought is strong  
 you will repent of this ere long  
 Now we wish to tell the Judges  
 all the blessings they shall gain  
 If as justice plainly warrants  
 we the worthy prize obtain  
 First whenever in the Season  
 we would fain your fields renew  
 All the world shall wait expectant  
 till we've poured our rain on you  
 Then of all your crops and vineyards  
 we will take the utmost care  
 So that neither drought oppress them,  
 nor the heavy rain impair  
 But if anyone amongst you  
 dare to treat our claims with scorn  
 Mortal he, the Clouds immortal  
 better had he ne'er been born!
- He from his estates shall gather  
 neither corn nor oil nor wine  
 For whenever blossoms sparkle  
 on the olive or the vine  
 They shall all at once be blighted  
 we will ply our slings so true  
 And if ever we behold him  
 building up his mansions new  
 With our tight and nipping hailstones  
 we will all his tiles destroy  
 But if he his friends or kinsfolk  
 would a marriage feast enjoy  
 All night long we'll pour in torrents  
 so perchance he'll rather pray  
 To endure the drought of Egypt  
 than decide amiss to-day!  
 St The fifth the fourth the third and then the  
 second  
 And then that day which more than all the rest  
 I loathe and shrink from and abominate  
 Then comes at once that hateful Old and New day  
 And every single blessed dun has sworn  
 He'll stake his gage and ruin and destroy me  
 And when I make a modest small request  
 O my good friend part don't fret at present  
 And first defer and part remit they swear  
 So they shall never touch it and abuse me  
 As a rink swindler threatening me with actions  
 Now let them bring their actions! Who's afraid?  
 Not I if these have taught my son to speak  
 But here's the door I'll knock and soon find out  
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 St And I clasp you but take this meal bag first  
 'Tis meet and right to glorify one's Tutors  
 But tell me tell me has my son yet learnt  
 That Second Logic which he saw just now?  
 So He hath  
 St Hurrah! great Sovereign knavery!  
 So You may escape whatever suit you please  
 St What if I borrowed before witnesses?  
 So Before a thousand and the more the merrier  
 St Then shall my song be loud and deep  
 Weep obol weighers weep weep weep  
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 Run you and call him forth to me  
 O my child! O my sweet! come out I entreat  
 'Tis the voice of your sire  
 So Here's the man you require  
 St Joy joy of my heart!  
 So Take your son and depart  
 St O come O come my son my son  
 O dear! O dear!  
 O joy to see your beautiful complexion!

I bade him bring his lyre and sing  
 the supper to adorn  
 Some lay of old Simonides,  
 as, how the Ram was shorn  
 But he repaid to sing at meal  
 was coarse and boisterous  
 Like some old beldame humming airs  
 the while she grinds her wheat  
 Ph. And should you not be thrashed who told  
 your son, from food abstaining  
 To sing as though you were fit smooth  
 cicadas entertain  
 So you hear him! so he said just now  
 or ever his words be again  
 And next he called Simonides  
 a very sorry man.  
 And when I heard him, I could scarce  
 my own wrath command  
 Yet so I did, and him I bade  
 take myrtle in his hand  
 And chant some lines from Aeschylus,  
 but he replied with wit  
 Believe me, I am of one of those  
 who Aeschylus admire  
 That rough unpolished rugged bard  
 that mouthful of bombast!  
 When he said this, my heart began  
 to beat extremely fast  
 Yet still I kept my passion down,  
 and said "Then perthre you  
 Sir, one of those few fangled songs  
 which modern strappings do."  
 And he began the shameful tale  
 Euphides has told  
 How a brother and sister loved  
 incestuously each of ill  
 Then, then I could no more restrain  
 but first I must confess  
 With strong abuse I loaded him  
 and so, as you may guess,  
 We stormed and bandied threats  
 till out at last he flew  
 And smacked and thrashed and thumped and bumped  
 and bruised me black and blue  
 Ph. And rightly too, who could dare  
 Euphides to blame  
 Most sapient bard  
 So! Most sapient bard!  
 Ah! but he'll punish me again  
 you what your fitting name?  
 Ph. H. Will and justly too  
 So. What just! heartless villain! when  
 'twas I who nurtured you  
 I kneaded our little lisping ways,  
 how soon, you'd hardly think,  
 If you cried "be it!" I guessed your wants,  
 and used to give you drink  
 If you said "mamma!" I'd bed you bread  
 with fond discontent true,  
 And you could hardly say "Ca-ca!"  
 when through the door I flew  
 And held you out full arms length  
 your little needs to do

But now when I was crying  
 That I with pain was dying  
 You brute! you would not tarry  
 Me out of doors to carry  
 But choking with despair  
 I'd been and done it there  
 Cl. Sure all your hearts are palpitating now  
 To hear him plead  
 Since if those lips with artful words avow  
 The daring deed  
 And once a flourishing edict win,  
 A fine for every old man's sin  
 O thou! who takest up new thoughts  
 with daring hands profane.  
 Try all you can, ingenious man,  
 that 'erend it to obtain  
 Ph. How sweet it is these novel arts,  
 these clever words to know  
 And have the power established rules  
 and laws to overthrow  
 Why in old times when horses were  
 my sole delight 'twas wonder  
 If I could say a dozen words  
 without some awful blunder!  
 But now that he has made me quit  
 that reckless mode of living  
 And I have been to subtle thoughts  
 my whole attention giving  
 I hope to prove by logic strict  
 is right to beat my father  
 Sir. O! buy your horses back by Zeus,  
 as I would ten times rather  
 Have to support a four-n hand  
 so I be struck no more.  
 Ph. Peace! I will now resume the thread  
 which I broke off before  
 And first I ask when I was young  
 did you or strike me then?  
 Sir. Yes for I loved and cherished you  
 Ph. Well, so let me this again  
 Is it not just that I, your son  
 should cherish you alike  
 And strike you, since as you bier me  
 when he means to strike?  
 What! must my body need be scourged  
 and pounded black and blue  
 And yours be scathless? was not I  
 as much freeborn as you?  
 "Children are whipped and hall not ares be  
 whipped?"  
 Perhaps you'll urge that children's minds  
 alone are taught by blows—  
 Well! Age is Second Childhood then  
 that every body knows.  
 And by old experience Age  
 should guide its steps more clearly  
 So when they err they surely should  
 be punished more severely  
 Sir. But Law goes everywhere for me  
 d'y t if you can  
 Ph. Well was not he who made the law  
 a man, a mortal man  
 As you or I, who in old times

*Im* O heavy fate! O Fortune thou hast broken

*My* chariot wheels! Thou hast undone me Pallas!  
*St* How! has Tlepolemus been at you man?

*Am* Jeer me not friend but tell your worthy son  
To pay me back the money which I lent him

*I* m in a bad way and the times are pressing  
*St* What money do you mean?

*Am* Why what he borrowed  
*St* You are in a bad way I really think

*Am* Driving my four wheel out I fell by Zeus  
*St* You rave as if you d fall n times out of mund

*Am* I rave? how so? I only claim my own  
*St* You can't be quite right surely

*Am* Why what mean you?  
*St* I shrewdly guess your brain's received a shake

*Am* I shrewdly guess that you'll receive a sum  
mons

*If* you don't pay my money  
*St* Well then tell me

Which theory do you side with that the rain  
Falls fresh each time or that the Sun draws back

The same old rain and sends it down again?  
*Am* I'm very sure I neither know nor care

*St* Not care! good heavens! and do you claim  
your money

So unenlightened in the Laws of Nature?  
*Am* If you're hard up then pay me back the In  
terest

At least  
*St* Int-er est? what kind of a beast is that?

*Am* What else than day by day and month by  
month

Larger and larger still the silver grows  
As time sweeps by?

*St* Finely and nobly said  
What then! think you the Sea is larger now

Than twas last year?  
*Am* No surely tis no larger

It is not right it should be  
*St* And do you then

Insatiable grasper! when the Sea  
Receiving all these Rivers grows no larger

Do you desire your silver to grow larger?  
Come now you prosecute your journey off!

Here fetch the whip  
*Am* Bear witness I appeal!

*St* Be off! what won't you? Gee up sigma  
brand!

*Am* I say! a clear assault!  
*St* You won't be off?

*I* ll stimulate you Zeus! I'll goad your haunches  
*Exit* AMYNTAS

Aha! you run I thought I'd stir you up  
You and your phaetons and wheels and all! *Exit*

# Chorus

What a thing it is to long for matters which are  
wrong!

For you see how this old man  
Is seeking if he can

His creditors trepan  
And I confidently say

That he will this very day  
Such a blow

Amid his prosperous cheats receive  
that he will deeply deeply grieve

For I think that he has won what he wanted for his  
son

And the lad has learned the way  
All justice to gunsay

Be it what or where it may  
That he'll trump up any tale

Right or wrong and so prevail  
This I know

Yea! and perchance the time will come  
when he shall wish his son were dumb

# Enter STREPSIADES AND THEPIDIPIDES

*St* Oh! Oh!  
Help! Murder! Help! O neighbours kinsfolk towns  
men

Help one and all against this base assault  
Ahl Ah! my cheek! my head! O luckless me!

Wretch! do you strike your father?  
*Ph* Yes Papa

*St* Seel Seel he owns he struck me  
*Ph* To be sure

*St* Scoundrell and parricidal and house breaker!  
*Ph* Thank you go on go on do please go on

I am quite delighted to be called such names!  
*St* O probed Adulterer

*Ph* Roses from your lips.  
*St* Strike you your father?

*Ph* O dear yes what's more,  
I'll prove I struck you justly

*St* Struck me justly!  
Villain! how can you strike a father justly?

*Ph* Yes and I'll demonstrate it if you please  
*St* Demonstrate this?

*Ph* O yes quite easily  
Come take your choice which Logic do you choose?

*St* Which what?  
*Ph* Logic the Better or the Worse?

*St* Ah then in very truth I've had you taught  
To reason down all Justice if you think

You can prove this that it is just and right  
That fathers should be beaten by their sons!

*Ph* Well well I think I'll prove it if you'll listen  
So that even you won't have one word to answer

*St* Come I should like to hear what you've to say  
*Ch* 'Tis yours old man some method to contrive

This fight to win  
He would not without arms wherewith to strive

So bold have been  
He knows be sure whereon to trust

His eager bearing proves he must  
So come and tell us from what cause

this sad dispute began  
Come tell us how it first arose

do tell us if you can  
*St* Well from the very first I will

the whole contention show  
'Twas when I went into the house

to feast him as you know

## THE WASPS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOSI 1 STY- f Philocleon  
 ANTHIL STY- f of Philocleon  
 PHILOCLEON  
 B YCLEO so of Philocleon  
 BOY

CLER  
 A GLEST  
 A B K G-CIRE  
 A COMPLAINT  
 CHORUS O W STS

The play over with d f he was two  
 down a were with have been here gg rd a  
 right before an then with se l is still dark  
 but the day is with and

Then t these heep I heard or seemed to hear  
 An all receipts e grampus bonds forth  
 In tone and accents like scalded pe

W Thru b'

So Fh'

W Stop stop don t tell us any more

Your dream in 'l hornbl of putrid bides

So Then the 'e grampus, scales n hand

wer bed out

B is f fat beef, cut up

W Woe worth the day!

If men se cut our crew up in bits

So M thou hit beside him, on the ground I saw

Theorus seated with a m on s head.

Then Al bade l ped out to me

"Cemark! Thoreus has a rwa on s head"

W Well, he ped and right! Alcibiades!

So But, thi n t all-omened, that a man

Turn to a crow?

W A e c lent

So How?

W How!

Bei e man h straight becomes crow

f t not ob oust conjecture that

If goan to tea eus, goan to the crows?

S Shall tpa twoohol then, nd hire

O wh soel erl ante pr is dreams?

W Come l time tell th story to the aud ence

W th just these few emarks, bi way of pr face

Expect not f oau somethun might grand

Not t some m rth purloined from Megara.

W ha obra f servants her t scatter

t from their ba ket out mon th aud ence

W f rades d frauded of hi supper

Wor t Euripides besmir hed a man

W, nor thou d Cleon mus quite ridid

Will wet muncement chop the man agun.

W is a bird tal w th meazun, in t

W t too n ed nd quate for you.

W t t r fatha wla comed

You see that g eat bi man th man a sleep

Upon the roof al ft w ll that ou master

He keeps hi father boy h t up within

And bid us us d h m that h ur tout

For h th fite ha a tra ed cease

W h hnoe of you w ll know or yet conjecture

Unless we ll be f you think so, guess.

So... You al-starred Anthias, what s th matter now?

Ant. at Theu hit wat h l m studv t

relieve

So W then, your nbs will ha e a score a'ant

ou.

Do ou forg t what sort f beast w regard g?

A Na, b t I'd fain just d owse dull care a w v

So W ll try our luck for i too feel a roost

Of down sweet en settlin o e m es.

W Sure ou a m a uac or Corvaut.

So (moderate me f d) N is a sleep from

g out Sabazus hold or

W. (producing a w. her) Ah, and I m your f flow

start ther

M lids too f l t just now th fiere vault

Of stron Median nod-compelln, sleep

And then I'd earned d eam such stranee d eam!

So And so did I th transt as I heard of.

B t tell ours first

W M thou hit a monstrous ea le

Cam fl g towards th ma k t plac nd ther

Seized in t la w n h g brass shu ld

And bore t pa. trum h so th k

And then—Cleon m fled f nd dro ped it

So W th Cleon mus quite ridid

W How so

So A man wll k hi boon companions,

What is the tru which throws awa t shu ld

Auk in a u oca th field?

Y O bae au hay wates in thar he e seen

So tran- woon

So T k t nott heart.

T will be harm. I swa t b th Gods.

W N harm t see man throw off hi shu ld!

B t now tell ours.

So Ah mir bi on man is

Abou th whol ea esed of th stat

W T ll us ton th keel of th affair

So Twa m earhest werp methought I saw

A flock of heep aembled the Pnyx.

So ung cose pa ked, with little cloaks and sta es



talked over all the crowd  
 And think you that to you or me  
 the same is not allowed  
 To change it so that sons by blows  
 should keep their fathers steady?  
 Sull we'll be liberal and blows  
 whi h we've received already  
 We will forget we'll have no ex  
 post facto legislation  
 —Look at the game cocks look at all  
 the animal creation  
 Do not the beat their parents? Aye  
 I say then that in fact  
 They are as we except that they  
 no special laws enact  
 St Why don't you then if always where  
 the game cock leads you follow  
 Ascend your perch to roost at night  
 and dirt and ordure swallow?  
 Ph The case is different there old man  
 as Socrates would see  
 St Well then you'll blame yours—If at last  
 if you keep striking me  
 Ph How so?  
 St Why if it's right for me to punish you my son  
 You can if you have got one yours  
 Ph Aye but suppose I've none  
 Then having gulled me you will die  
 while I've been flogged in vain  
 St Good friends! I really think he has  
 some reason to complain  
 I must concede he has put the case  
 in quite a novel light  
 I really think we should be flogged  
 unless we act aright!  
 Ph Look to a fresh idea then  
 St He'll be my death I own  
 Ph Yet then perhaps you'll not grudge  
 ev'n what you suffer now  
 St How I will you make me like the blows  
 which I've received to-day?  
 Ph Yes for I'll beat my mother too  
 St What! What is that you say!  
 Why this is worse than all  
 Ph But what if as I proved the other  
 By the same Loic I can prove  
 tis right to beat my mother?  
 St Aye! what indeed! if this you plead  
 If this you think to win  
 Why then for all I care you may  
 To the Accursed Pit convey  
 Yourself with all your learning nee  
 Your master and your Logic too  
 And tumble headlong in  
 O Clouds! O Clouds! I owe all this to you!  
 Why did I let you manage my affairs!  
 Ch Na nav old man you owe it to yourself  
 Why did I thou turn to wicked practices?  
 St Ah but ye should have asked me that before  
 And not have spurred a poor old fool to evil  
 Ch Such is our plan We find a man  
 On evil thoughts intent

Guide him along to shame and wrong  
 Then leave him to repent  
 St Hard words alas! yet not more hard than just  
 It was not right unfairly to keep back  
 The money that I borrowed Come my darling  
 Come and destroy that filthy Chacrophon  
 And Socrates for they've deceived us both!  
 Ph No I will lift no hand against my Tutors.  
 St Yes do come reverence Paternal Zeus  
 Ph Look there! Paternal Zeus! what an old fool  
 Is there a Zeus?  
 St There is  
 Ph There is no Zeus.  
 Young Vortex reigns and he has turned out Zeus  
 St No Vortex reigns that was my foolish thought  
 All through this vortex here Fool that I was  
 To think a piece of earthenware a God  
 Ph Well rave away talk nonsense to yourself Est  
 St Oh! fool fool fool how mad I must have been  
 To cast away the Gods for Socrates  
 Yet Hermes gracious Hermes be not angry  
 Nor crush me utterly but look with mercy  
 On faults to which his idle talk hath led me  
 And lend thy counsel tell me had I better  
 Plague them with lawsuits or how else annoy them  
 (Affects to listen)  
 Good your advice is good I'll have no lawsuits  
 I'll go at once and set their house on fire  
 The prating rascals Here here Xanthias  
 Quick quick here bring your ladder and your  
 pitchfork  
 Climb to the roof of their vile thinking house  
 Dig at their tiles dig stoutly an thou lovest me  
 Tumble the very house about their ears  
 And someone fetch me here a lighted torch  
 And I'll soon see if boasters as they are  
 They won't repent of what they've done to me  
 1st Student (within) O dear! O dear!  
 St Now now my torch send out a lusty flame  
 1st Stu (within) Man! what are you at there?  
 St What am I at? I'll tell you  
 I'm splitting straws with your house rafters here  
 and Stu (within) Oh me! who's been and set our  
 house on fire?  
 St Who was it think you that you stole the  
 cloak from?  
 3rd Stu (within) O Murder! Murder!  
 St That's the very thing  
 Unless this pick prove traitor to my hopes  
 Or I fall down and break my blessed neck  
 So (at the window) Hallo! what are you at upon  
 our roof?  
 St I walk on air and contemplate the Sun  
 So O! fall off wat O dear! O dear!  
 Chacrophon And I poor devil shall be burnt to  
 death  
 St For with what aim did we insult the Gods  
 And pry around the dwellings of the Moon?  
 Strike smite them spare them not for many reasons,  
 But most because they have blasphemed the Gods!  
 Ch Lead out of the way for I think we may say  
 We have acted our part very fairly to-day

Donkey wh grieve? at been sold to-day?  
Get w' grunt and groan unless you carry  
Some new Old news there?

Y. And, a good truth,  
How (How) climb on beneath.  
Ed. Who? here?  
Y. Whi here.

Ed. Why what is the world is this?  
Who are you, sirrah?

Ed. Norman! My Zeus.  
Ed. Where from?

Ed. From Ithaca son of Runaway  
Ed. Norman I promise to no word you'll be  
Dri him out there from under O the allam,  
The place had crept to! Now he seems me  
The very image of a scorn-mour's fool.

Ed. Come now hands off or you and I shall hit  
Ed. Fright what about?

Ed. About a donkey's shadow  
Ed. You're a born bad one with your tricks and  
fitches.

Ed. Bad O my gracious! then you don't know yet  
How good I am but wait until you see  
The seasoned paunchlet of a prime old judge  
Ed. Get along in, you and your donkey too.

Ed. O help me, fellow-donkey to help me Cleon!  
Ed. Below within there when the door is shut

Now pile's head of stones away, at the door  
And shoot the door pin home into the bar  
And beat the beam at thwart it, and roll in,  
Quick, the great mortar block.

Ed. (singing) So 'tis what that?  
When'er fell that clod of dirt upon my head

Ed. Belike some mouse dislodged (from above)  
Ed. A mouse? O no, a rafter haunting decay

Now about behind the using there.  
Ed. Good back! the man is chann to sparrow

Sure he'll fly off where, where the casting net?  
Shoo shoo there! shoo! For Zeus, were easier work

To guard some than are like this.  
Ed. So I'll but at last we have fairly scared him in.

He can slip out, he can elude us now  
So why not slumber just — just — drop?

Ed. Slumber you rove! when is a little while  
His fellow justices will come this way

Call him in.  
Ed. Why are us twilight yet.

Ed. Why then, by Zeus, they are very late to-day  
Soon after midday: it is their usual time

T come here, carrying lights, and warbling tunes  
Sweet-charming-old-Sid no-Phrym began

Wherewith they call him out.  
Ed. And if they come

Had w' not better pelt them with those stones  
Ed. Pelt them, you rove! you must hit as well pro'oke

A nest I was pelted over these old men.  
Each wears head his knees dead! then

Wherewith the snout and on with yells and cries  
They leap, and sink to you, like sparks (fire).

Ed. T'is ever trouble, give me but some wones,  
I'll chase the biggest wasps — out of them all.

Ed. (singing) WASPS.

Chorus 'Tis pour it pour in comrades stout  
no loiter Cornus, pound along  
You're shakin' now you used, I 'ow

to pull it tough as leathern thong  
Yet now with ease Charnades

is w' a braver pace than you.  
H 'Strymonore of Conth 12,

the best of all our d cast crew  
His and Evergades appeared.

and Chubers too from Philya pray?  
Ah! here it strains, the poor remains,

ah! alas! slack the day  
Of that mad set I found it was

when once we faced our night's round  
I years gone both you and I

along Byzantium's wall, and found  
And stole away the baker's tray

and s'ed it up and chopped it well,  
A merry blaze thereon it to be

and so we cooked our pumpernel  
On o again with might and main

for Laches turn is come to-day  
Quick, look ah! a splendid his

of wealth the f'low's go they say  
And Cleon too, our petro true

enjoyed us each betimes to bring  
Of ger sore an ample store

a good three days provisioning  
On all the man's unrighteous plans

a vengeance well-deserved to take.  
Come e'er dear and tried compeer

come quickly come ere morning break,  
And as you go, be sure you throw

the li'ht around on every side  
Lest some here nigh a stone may lie

and we therefrom be damned.  
Boy O father father here's some mud!

look sharp or in you'll go.  
Ed. Pick up a stick and trim the wick,

a better light to show  
Boy 'Y father with my finger thus,

I choose to trim the lamp  
Ed. How dare you rout the wick about

you little wasteful scamp,  
And that with oil so scarce? but no,

it don't disturb your quiet  
How ever dear the oil may be,

whi' I have got to buy it  
Boy If with your knuckles once gnash

you mounsh us, I swear  
We'll douse the light and take to flight

ad lea you soundering there.  
Then wading on without the lamp

in darkness, I'll be bound  
You'll turn and splash the mud about

like snakes in marshy ground

Chorus  
Ah, greater men than you, my bo

is f'ien mine to beat  
But, bless me, this is filth indeed

I feel beneath my feet

Amynias there the son of Pronapes  
Says he's a dice lover but he's quite out  
So Ah he conjectures from his own disease  
Ya Nay but the word does really end with *lover*  
Then Sosias here observes to Democritus  
That tis a *drunk* lover

So Confound it no  
That's the disease of honest gentlemen  
Ya Then next Nicostrius of Scambon says  
It is a sacrifice or stranger lover  
So What like Philovenus? No by the dog  
Not quite so lewd Nicostrius as that  
Ya Come you waste words you'll never find it  
out

So all keep silence if you want to know  
I'll tell you the disease old master has  
He is a *lau court* lover no man like him  
Judging is what he does on and he weeps  
Unless he sit on the front bench of all  
At night he gets no sleep no not one grain  
Or if he doze the tiniest speck his soul  
Flutters in dreams around the water clock  
So used he is to holding votes he wakes  
With thumb and first two fingers closed as one  
That offers incense on a new moon's day  
If on a gate is written *Lovely Demus*  
Meaning the son of Pylamp he goes  
And writes beside it *Lovely Verdict box*  
The cock which crew from eventide he said  
Was tampered with he knew to call him late  
Bribed by officials whose accounts were due  
Supper scarce done he clamours for his shoes  
Hurries ere daybreak to the Court and sleeps  
Stuck like a limper to the doorpost there  
So sour he is the long condemning line  
He marks for all then homeward like a bee  
Laden with wax beneath his finger nails  
Lest he lack votes he keeps to judge withal  
A private pebble beach secure within  
Such is his frenzy and the more you chide him  
The more he judges so with bolts and bars  
We guard him strictly that he stir not out  
For all the young man brooks his sire's disease  
And first he tried by soft emollient words  
To win him over not to don the cloak  
Or walk abroad but never a jot he yielded  
He washed and purged him then but never a jot  
A Corybant next he made him but old master  
Timbrel and all into the New Court bursts  
And there sits judging So when these rites failed  
We cross the Strait and in Aegina place him  
To sleep the night inside Asclepius temple  
Lo! with the dawn he stands at the Court rails  
Then after that we let him out no more  
But he! he dodged along the pipes and gutters  
And so made off we block up every cranny  
Stopping and stuffing them with clouts of rag  
Quick he drove pegs into the wall and clambered  
Up like an old jackdaw and so hopped out  
Now then we compass all the house with nets  
Spreading them round and mew him safe within  
Well sirs Philocleon is the old man's name

Ay truly and the son's Bdelcleon  
A wondrous high and mighty mannered man  
Bdelcleon (from the roof) Xanthias and Sosias!  
are ye fast asleep?

Xa O dear!

So What now?

Xa Bdelcleon is up  
Bd One of you two run hither instantly  
For now my father's got into the kitchen  
Scurrying mouselike somewhere Mind he don't  
Slip through the hole for turning off the water  
And you keep pressing at the door

So Ay ay sir

Bd O heavens! what's that? what makes the  
chimney rumble?

Hallo sir! who are you?

Philocleon (in the chimney) I'm smoke escaping

Bd Smoke? of what wood?

Ph I'm of the fig tree panel

Bd Ay and there's no more stinging smoke than  
that

Come trundle back what won't you? where's  
the board?

In with you! nay I'll clap this log on too  
There now invent some other stratagem  
But I'm the wretchedest man that ever was  
They'll call me now the son of Chimney smoked  
So He sat at the door now pushing

Bd Press it back then

With all your force I'm coming there directly  
And O be careful of the bolt and bar

And mind he does not nibble off the door pin

Ph (within) Let me out villains! let me out to  
judge

What shall Dracontides escape unpunished!

Bd What if he should?

Ph Why once when I consulted

The Delphian oracle the God replied

That I should wither if a man escaped me

Bd Apollo shield us what a proph'cy!

Ph O let me out or I shall burst I shall

Bd No by Poseidon! no Philocleon never!

Ph O then by Zeus! I'll nibble through the net

Bd You've got no teeth my beauty

Ph Fire and fury!

How shall I slay thee how? Give me a sword

Quick quick or else a damage cessant tablet

Bd Hang it! he meditates some dreadful deed

Ph O no I don't I only want to take

And sell the donkey and his panniers too

'Tis the new moon to-day

Bd And if it's

Cannot I sell them?

Ph Not so well as I

Bd No but much better drive the donkey out

Xa How well and craftily he dropped the bait

To make you let him through

Bd But he caught nothing

That haul at least for I perceived the trick

But I will in and fetch the donkey out

No no he shan't come slipping through again

(Gets donkey)

He will let me do no mischief,  
and no more a law-suit try  
True, he'll fear and get to

With that I won't comply

Ch. Thus the Demas and Leon blared  
Out a nast'ly snarl and dared  
Truth about the feet to show  
It must be in old ed I see  
I some dark conspiracy  
Else he durst not use you so.

It is some mean, I suspect find,  
some elegant ingenious plan that so,  
Lest of our son you may get you down,

What hall it be? conspire it?

Ph. I'm ready to do what it is planned  
Sooner I'll learn a curfew to go,  
thru' the h's of the Court with more in my  
hand

Ch. Can you find no crane to see it run,  
Lure it which, from within, our path to urge  
And then like wily Old Zeus, here  
disguised in tatters and rags, meet it?

Ph. Each era's barred there never run,  
thru' hith'ro h't were but a road it could  
squeeze

You must think if you can of all k'ly plan  
I can't run out like a run it please

Ch. O soon you remember the old empire go  
ben' oustol the pet and I myself down,  
And a w' b' the end of the wall you had?

Ph. Ah, when we had captured the town  
Ah, when we had captured the town

For then I was you and then I could steal,  
And o'er my self possessed full sway

And then we g'ded in it, b' b' b' b'  
We free where we chose to fl'  
What on a err' l'ev and st'et

Armed men with arms, a t'ioned bout  
Which with re that I steal t'out

And th' at the gate you may see those  
two

With us with p't to put me thru' b,  
Lik' cat that is runn' awa' with the  
meat

Ch. Will it now be quiet hap'n  
Some contr'anc for escap'n

Ph. Then h' best that I can think of  
to gnaw these meshes through

Ma. Di't nna q'cen th'ant r'  
go don't in the deed I do.

Ch. Spok'lik' man whose fl' is  
all sail at on's goal ensue.

Ph. Our w'th a justly  
Th' I gnaw th'm through compl'ed

Ph. Th' I gnaw th'm through compl'ed  
— Ah! b' t'd not use bout

Ph. Must use the g'arest ca'tion  
lest B'dydeon f'd us out

Ch. F'ea not fear not the weak  
He shall gnaw his heart and seek

For he'll se to run am' n  
We will quickly make him learn  
Nevermore ag'n to spurn  
Th' hol' statutes of the Twa'n.

So now to the w'nd w' l' h' cord  
and tw' e' t' secur' your l'mbs around

With all Drope thes fill our soul  
then let yourself cle'rl down to the ground

Ph. But suppose they catch me suspended here  
and hoist me up by the l'ne again

And angle me into the house once more  
say what e' will do to del'et me then.

Ch. Our hearts of oak we'll summon to aid,  
a dall'g' e' h'at' at once for you.

Twere a'n to attempt to deta'n you more  
such a wonderful feat we a' going to do.

Ph. Thus it n' l' l' do, com'd' g'n in you  
and if anythin' happens to me I implore

That you t' l' me up and bewa' l'my fate  
and hurt me under the court house floor

Ch. O noth'g' nothing w' l' happen to you  
keep up old comrade your heart and hope

First b' e' the a' prayer to your f' ther's god  
th' n' t' yourself down by the trusty rope

Ph. O L' Zeus, ne'ghbor' and hero and lord!  
thou lo' est th' selfsame pleasures as I

Th' v' after da' we both e' l' y  
the suppliant's tears and his wail'ng cry

Thou earnest her thine h'ole to f'x,  
on purpose t' listen t' sounds so sweet

The only h' ro' of all that deign  
b' the mourn' t' side to assume his seat

O p't thin' l' fam'ly friend  
O m' e' m' d' u'ccour me Power Di' n'el

And e'v' a' w' l' l' d' m' needs  
b' the ou' r' m'at' that guards thy shrine

B'd. G'rup' g' t' p'  
soll' cl' o'v' s' d'ent' res' tears and w'akes up  
the w'ar'ner g'aw'it

So. Why w'at's n' the w'nd?  
B'd. Some one seems catch' me round and round

So. I the o'd m' a' p'p'n away thro' a h' l' ?  
B'd. No, b' Zeus, but h' lets h' m'elf down to the  
g'ound

T'ed on to the rope  
So. You infamous wretch!

What won't you be quiet and not come down?  
B'd. Climb up b' the other window all

nd wall plum well with th' harvest crown.  
I w'at' the h' pend'ly back t' n' f'ir

when he's thrashed w' th' the b' nch f' utumnal  
fruits.

Ph. Help! help! all those who've propose  
this ca' to bust them'el' es with wits.

Sm'cytho. h' l' p' l' s'ades, l' p' l'  
Ph. ed'ap'nus, Ch'remon th' fray begin

On w' o' n' v'era' s'at you friend  
before I earned way within.

Ch. Wh' for a m'bers, wh' f' s' l' m'bers,  
that resentm' t' n'our b' e' t'

S' cha' wh' n' a rash assulant  
da' e' p' e' ok our horns-nest?



Pa. He will let me do much else,  
and no more a lawsuit try  
True it is he'll fear it and get me  
but with that I won't comply

Ed. Thus the Demagogue lion blared  
Out against us since he dared  
Truth about the fleet's show  
He must be in of ed I see  
In some dark conspiracy  
Else he durst not use our so.  
It were some means of escape to find  
some good plan, that so,  
I seen if our son you may get you down,  
alight in safety to be below

Ed. What hail it be? condescend to travel  
I intend to do what is planned  
Secret, I mean, a circuit to go,  
through the house of the Court with a vote in my  
hand.

Ed. Ca. you find a certain or secret run,  
two which, from which your path to urge  
with the evil Odysseus here  
d guided in fate's and fate's, emerge?  
Pa. Es. heran a star ed the star run  
thru hith thou hither but judge could  
my eye

You must think if you can of all her pla  
I can try out like a run et heese.  
Ed. Odon't you remember the old campaign  
when you told the plot and I told myself down,  
And was by the side of the wall out ed?

Pa. T. a when we had captured a bastion  
Ed. Ah, I'll remember but what is that?  
it is quite another affair to-day  
For then I was you and the night could tell  
and o'er me, if I possessed full swa

And then non-guessed my steps, but I  
W. free where'er I chose to fly  
While in a very alien and I set  
Armed men with arms resat ed about  
Which was the estate that I steal out  
And the night gat our men see those  
two

W. ting with past spirit through,  
Like cat that is running away with the  
meat

Ed. Well be it we begun to hating  
Some ours for escaping  
Morning hails, my hon. here

Pa. Then the best that I can think of  
is to gnaw these meshes thru h

Ed. Dictation given by the  
pa. dom the feed I do.

Ed. Spoken like man whose efforts  
will set you goal issue

Pa. Your wish I do  
Pa. To: I gnaw the mesh thru h compl t  
—Ah but I raise about

W. must use the greatest caution,  
lest Ed. I don't find us out

Ed. Fear not fear not I'll speak,  
H. shall gnaw his heart and seek

For his life to run again  
We will quickly make him learn  
He ermore again to spurn  
The hol statutes of the Twin.

So now to the wind we lead the cord  
and we secure our limbs around  
We shall do penitence for our soul,  
then let ourselves cleave down to the ground

Pa. But suppose the catch me suspended here  
and hoist me up by the neck again.  
And angle me into the house once more  
say what we will do to deliver me then

Ed. Our hearts of oak we'll summon to aid  
and all give battle at once for you.  
There was an attempt to detain you more  
such wonderful feats we are going to do.

Pa. Thus the will I do, confiding in you  
and if anything happens to me I implore  
That you take me up and bewail my fate  
and bury me under the court house floor

Ed. On thing nothing will happen to you  
keep up old comrade your heart and hope  
First breathe a prayer to our father's gods  
then I'll yourself down by the true rope

Pa. O Locus, be about and hero and lord!  
thou lovest thyself some pleasures as I  
Ed. after day we both enjoy  
the suppliant tears and bewailing cry

Thou earnest here thine about to fix  
on purpose to tell ten to sound so sweet  
The only be of that design  
be the mouse's side to come his seat

Optiv. thin old familia I end  
O save me and succour me Power Divine!  
And ne man will I needs  
by the our smart that guards the shrine

Ed. Get up get p  
a Lycates suddenly appears and makes up  
the old men's graves

So. Wh. what's with wind?  
Ed. Com. once seen in clun, or ro. island round  
S. I the old man I pray, wa. thru a hole?

Ed. No, by Zeus, but he is himself w. to the  
ground  
Ted. on the ope

So. You famous wretch!  
what won't you be quiet and not come down?  
Ed. Climb up by the other way low will  
and wallop him well with the harvest crown.

I was ranting I peddle back tern first  
when he thrashed with the branch of utumnal  
fruits.

Pa. Help! help! all those who are propose  
this year to busy themselves with suits.  
Smuck them help! T. under, h. l. p.  
Ph. redemptum, Chrem. n. th. fr. v. be. n.

On who is crassus you find  
before I'm carried away within  
Ch. Wh. if I remember, who of the lumbars,  
that resentment in our breast

Such when a haussulant  
dares provoke our hearts—next?



Ed. Can't we now without this outcry  
and this fierce denunciation,  
Come to peaceful terms together  
terms of reconciliation?

Cl. Terms with thee thou people hater  
and with Bressids, thou traitor  
Hand and glove! You who dare  
Woolly friend Clothes to wear  
In and show Beard and hair  
Left to grow Everywhere.

Ed. O b Zeus, I'd really prefer  
drop my fatheral overburden  
than endure these daily conflicts,  
butting with wasps and wasps.

Cl. Why as yet you're hardly entered  
on the gambler and the rascal  
That we'll just throw in, a scuffle  
four three-quarter words for you.)  
How you can't wait little,  
till the prosecutor trowce you,  
Then out these selfsame charges  
and counter-charge denounce on.

Ed. O by all the gods I ask you,  
will you ever go away?  
Are you a fool led to Lagers  
thwacked and thwacking all the day?

Cl. Never more Will I whal  
Ther's grain Left of me  
Let your door Traitor lie  
Best to gain Tyranny

Ed. At Conspiracy and Treason,  
These with you are all in all,  
What now is brought before you,  
be the matter great or small.  
Everywhere the name of Tyrant,  
now for fifty years unknown,  
Is then cheap salt fish at Athens  
commoner and cheaper town.  
Everywhere about the market  
is handed to and fro  
If you wish a haire to purchase,  
and without a pilchard go,  
Search the man who sells the pilchards  
grumbles from his stall hard by  
Here is plainly one that caters  
with a crow to Tyranny.

Cl. Look, besides, you order  
relish for your spears perchance  
Saw the potter's-god directly  
erring you with looks aslant  
Looks red-red! and looks I prattle!  
what, with Tann in view?  
Athens must be taxed, you lance  
relish to supply for you.

Cl. Even so naughty dined  
yesterday observed to me  
Just because I said her manners  
were little but too free.  
She supposed that I was washing  
Hippus's Tyranny

Ed. Ay by characters such as these  
our women friends they pass.

Now because I'd ha a my father  
(quitting all this toil and strife)  
Thus up early false in coming  
my blameless life, gross life)

Cl. Is a life of ease and spendour  
Is like Morchus, you see  
Straight I am charged with T trait leavings,  
charged with foul conspiracy

Ed. Yes, by Zeus, and very justly  
Not for pidgeon's milk in store  
I the pleasant life would barter  
which you let me lead no more  
Nought I care for eels and rascals  
dainties food to me would seem  
Just a little may law suit  
dashed and stuffed in is steam.

Ed. Yes, for that is the sort of dainty  
you, by Zeus, have loved so long  
Yet I think I'll soon convince you  
that our mod of life is wrong  
If you can but once be alert  
and to what I say give heed.

Ed. I am wrong to be a duncel!  
Ed. Laughed so utter scorn indeed,  
Mocked by men you all but worship,  
(for you can't their treachery see,  
You're a slave and yet don't know it.

Ed. Name not slavery to me  
I'm lord of all, I tell you.

Ed. You're the venest drudge I now  
Thinking that you're lord of all. For  
come my father teach us now  
If you reap the fruits of it.

Ed. What the benefit to you?  
Ed. What? Let these be wipers.

Ed. I'll accept their judgment too.  
Now then and at once release him.

Ed. And besides a sword supply  
If in this domestic I'm worried,  
here upon this sword I'll die

Ed. But suppose you won't let us final  
(what's the phrase) a ward order?

Ed. May I never drink thereafter  
pure and neat good fortune's pur

Cl. Now must the chamber-von, going  
Out of our school, be showing  
Heaven wit and grace is new

Ed. Bring forth my memorandum book  
bring forth my desk to write in.  
I'll quickly show you what you like  
if that's your style of fighting

Cl. In quite another fashion  
To avert this youth can do.  
Stern is the stern and must  
For all our earthly good,  
If he intends to conquer  
Which Heaven can foretell be should.

Ed. Now I'll observe his arguments  
and take a note of each.

Ed. What would you say if he to-day  
should rank the congress speech?

Cl. Ah! should that merchant befall us,



Now protruding now protruding  
 Comes the fierce and dreadful sting  
 Which we wield for punishing  
 Children hold these garments for us  
 then away with all your speed  
 Shout and run and bawl to Cleon  
 tell him of this dreadful deed  
 Bid him quickly hither fly  
 As against a city hater  
 And a traitor doomed to die  
 One who actually proposes  
 That we should no lawsuits try *Exit boys*  
*Bd* (entering) Listen worthy sirs to reason  
 goodness! don't keep screaming so  
*Ch* Scream! we'll scream as high as heaven  
*Bd* I don't intend to let him go  
*Ch* These be frightful things to see!  
 This is open tyranny!  
 Rouse the State! Rouse the great  
 God abhorred! Sneak Theorus!  
 And whoever Else is there  
 Fanning lord Ruling over us  
*Xa* Heracles! they've stings beside them!  
 Master master don't you see?  
*Bd* Ay which slew the son of Gorgias  
 Philip with their sharp decree  
*Ch* You will also slay directly!  
 Wheel about him everyone  
 Draw your stings and all together  
 in upon the fellow run  
 Close your ranks collect your forces  
 brimming full of rage and hate  
 He shall know the sort of wasps' nest  
 he has dared to irritate  
*Xa* Now with such as these to combat  
 is by Zeus a serious thing  
 Verily I quake and tremble  
 but to look upon their sting  
*Ch* Let him go! Loose your hold!  
 If you don't I declare  
 You shall bless Tortoise backs  
 For the shells Which they wear  
*Ph* On then on my fellow dicasts  
 brother wasps of heart severe  
 Some fly in with angry buzzings  
 and attack them in the rear  
 Some surround them in a ring and  
 both their eyes and fingers sting  
*Bd* Ho there! Midas! Phryx! Masynias!  
 hither! hither! haste to me!  
 Take my father guard him safely  
 suffer none to set him free  
 Else you both shall lurch off nothing  
 clapped in fetters strong and stout  
 There's a sound of many fig leaves  
 (well I know it) buzzed about  
*Ch* This shall stand infixed within you  
 if you will not let him go  
*Ph* Mighty Cecrops! King and hero!  
 Dragon born and shaped below  
 Wilt thou let these rude barbarians  
 vex and maul me at their pleasure

Me who heretofore have made them  
 weep in full imperial measure?  
*Ch* Truly of abundant evils  
 age evermore the source  
 Only see how these two scoundrels  
 hold their ancient lord perforce  
 Clean forgetting how aforesome  
 he their daily wants supplied  
 Bought them little sleeveless jackets  
 bought them caps and coats of hide  
 Clean forgetting all the kindness  
 shown their feet in wintry weather  
 How from chill and cold he kept them  
 ah! but these have altogether  
 Banished from their eyes the reverence  
 owing to those dear old brogues  
*Ph* Won't you even now unhand me  
 shameless villain worst of rogues?  
 When the grapes I caught you stealing  
 O remember if you can  
 How I tied you to the olive  
 and I flogged you like a man  
 So that all beheld with envy  
 but a grateful soul you lack!  
 Oh unhand me you and you  
 at once before my son come back.  
*Ch* But a famous retribution  
 ye for this shall undergo  
 One that will not lag nor linger  
 so that ye betimes shall know  
 know the mood of angry tempered  
 righteous mustard glancing men  
*Here Bdelycleon suddenly issues from the house  
 followed by Xanthias and Sosias the former  
 armed with a stick the latter carrying an appa-  
 ratus for smoking out wasps*  
*Bd* Beat them Xanthias from the door way  
 beat the wasps away again  
*Xa* That I will sir  
*Bd* Fume them Sosias  
 drive the smoke in dense and thick  
 Shoo there shoo! be off confound you  
 At them Xanthias with the stick!  
 Smoke them Sosias smoke infusing  
 Aeschines Selartius son  
 So so then we at last were going  
 as it seems to make you run  
*Bd* But you never would have managed  
 thus to beat them off with ease  
 Had it chanced that they had eaten  
 of the songs of Philocles  
*Ch* Creeping over us creeping over us  
 Here at least the poor can see  
 Stealthy creeping tyranny!  
 If you from the laws debar us  
 which the city has ordained  
 You a curly haired Amynias  
 you a rascal double grained  
 Not by words of wit persuading  
 Not for weighty reasons shown  
 But because forsooth you will it  
 Like an autocrat alone

Is just the success of a tail that's washed  
 gone back to its filth and its sloe enlivened.  
 For B then the most pleasant part of it all  
 is this, which I'd wholly forgotten to say  
 That he has seen in my wallet I come  
 from home to the close of the day  
 Other hat a welcome light to take  
 in daylight the darling is foremost of all,  
 And washes my feet and anoints them with care  
 and abashes my toops, and a kiss to fill  
 Till that he has put his Pappas of her tongue  
 she a les withal my three-ohol wa  
 Then dear little wif she set on the board  
 and manchet of bread in temptum array  
 And coal taken a seat by my side  
 with loaves and trays con-train to feed  
 I beseech you taste this, I implore you try that  
 This, thus I'd light in, and ever may I need  
 To look to yourself and your pantler's ass, rub  
 his when I ask him to breakfast to set  
 Keeps smiling and to mourn in detest breath  
 No! no! if he has a manchet to get  
 Let me see it, for in the evil of life  
 in armour (proof, in impregnable  
 And that if you pour me in liquor to drink,  
 whether an old An, full of wine that I've  
 And let him, and pour for myself and nibble  
 whilst sturd old J, a bumper I drain  
 Let's drink a goblet of bra-contempt  
 my lady and my terrible snort of disdain  
 I thus a fine dominion of me?  
 I'll tell thee the empire of Zeus?  
 Why then cry same phrases, so grand and  
 divine,  
 For me as for I'm, are to use  
 For when we are a loud and his  
 in stormy tumultuous din  
 O Lord! O Zeus! say the powers by  
 How thunders the Court with  
 To wealthy and great when in his  
 mine's glare  
 Turn pale and hush, and mutter a prayer  
 You fear me too I protest aloud  
 Yes, yes, by Demeter I own to true.  
 But than me I'm afraid of you.  
 In or no, I ever  
 He's heard so clear and clever  
 And eloquent a speech—  
 For a thought of teal in grapes,  
 and pluck them undressed  
 For that I'm not a  
 For a top, he mistook  
 But the dulcet through each  
 I waxed in size to bear him  
 Till with rest so possessed  
 Methought I sat judging  
 I th' Island of the Blest  
 Ph. See how uneasily he stands,  
 and gapes, and huffs and grunts  
 I errant as before I'd  
 you'll look like beat-bound

Ch. You must now, young man, be  
 seek  
 Every turn and every twist  
 Whichever your defence is  
 To a youth and not me speak  
 Mine is a heart as hard to render  
 (So you'll find it) soft and tender  
 And therefore unless you can peak to the point  
 you must look for a millstone hand and good  
 Fresh hewn from the rock to shatter and shock  
 the unyielding grit of my resolute mood  
 Ed. He'd were the task and shroud of the tent  
 for a Comedy poet all too great  
 To attempt to heal an intricate old  
 disease rampant in the heart of the state  
 Yet O dread Cronos, Father and Lord  
 Ph. Stop, stop, don't say in that father me way  
 Commence me at once that I'm only a slave  
 or else I protest you shall die this day  
 Albert I then must enter the  
 from the bol' flesh of the victims slain  
 Ed. Then listen my own little pet P, say,  
 and smooth your brow from its frowns again.  
 And of with pebbles precious ranged  
 but roughly thus on your fingers count  
 The tribute paid by the subject States,  
 and just consider its whole amount  
 And then, in addition to this, compute  
 the many taxes and one per-cent,  
 The fees and the fines, of the miller mules,  
 the markets, and harbours and sales and rents,  
 If you take the total result of the lot  
 will reach two thousand talents or near  
 And next put down the just cess pay  
 and reckon the sums they receive a year  
 Six thousand just cess, count them through,  
 there dwell some more in the land as yet  
 One hundred and fifty talents a year  
 I'll show you will find is all they get  
 Ph. Then none of the our come goes  
 to furnish the justices pay  
 Ed. No, certainly not  
 Ph. And what becomes  
 of all the rest of the revenue pray?  
 Ed. Why bless you, it goes to the pockets of those  
 "To the rabble of Athens I'll ever be true  
 I'll give battle way for the mob"  
 O father my father is wiser to you  
 By such small phrases as these capoled,  
 you lift the money to our  
 And then believe me they soon contrive  
 some fifty talents, bribes to gain  
 Extort from the mouth of the subject states,  
 by hostile menace and merry frown  
 "Hand over the vast tribute pay  
 or be with orders shall crush your town"  
 You join while the muzzles of  
 the traitors and the power to gnaw  
 So when you know wing cut allies  
 the rest the scum of the Populace saw  
 On one box and on a thing as diseased  
 a dimpled bow lanky and lean ye grow

Our old troop were nothing worth  
 In the streets with ribald mirth  
 Idle boys would dotards call us  
 Fit for naught but olive bearing  
 Shrivelled husks of counter swearing  
 O friend upon whom it devolves to plead  
 the cause of our Sovereign Power to-day  
 Now show us your best now bring to the test  
 each trick that an eloquent tongue can play  
 Ph Away away like a racer gay  
 I start at once from the head of the lists  
 To prove that no kingly power than ours  
 in any part of the world exists  
 Is there any creature on earth more blest  
 more feared and petted from day to day  
 Or that leads a happier pleasanter life  
 than a Justice of Athens though old and grey?  
 For first when rising from bed in the morn  
 to the criminal Court betimes I trudge  
 Great six foot fellows are there at the rails  
 in anxious haste to salute their Judge  
 And the delicate hand which has dipped so deep  
 in the public purse he claps into mine  
 And he bows before me and makes his prayer  
 and softens his voice to a piteous whine  
 O pity me pity me Sire he cries  
 if you ever indulged your longing for pelf  
 When you managed the mess on a far campaign  
 or served some office of state yourself  
 The man would never have heard my name  
 if he had not been tried and acquitted before  
 Bd (urging) I'll take a note of the point you make  
 that suppliant fellows your grace implore  
 Ph So when they have begged and implored me  
 enough  
 and my angry temper is wiped away  
 I enter in and I take my seat  
 and then I do none of the things I say  
 I hear them utter all sorts of cries  
 designed expressly to win my grace  
 What won't they utter what don't they urge  
 to coax a Justice who tries their case?  
 Some say they are needy and friendless men  
 and over their poverty wail and whine  
 And reel on up hardships false and true  
 till he makes them out to be equal to mine  
 Som tell us a legend of days gone by  
 or a joke from Aesop witty and sage  
 Or jest and banter to make me laugh  
 that so I may doff my terrible rage  
 And if all this fails and I stand unmoved  
 he leads by the hand his little ones near  
 He brings his girls and he brings his boys  
 and I the Judge am composed to hear  
 They huddle together with piteous bleats  
 while trembling above them he prays to me  
 Prays as to a God his accounts to pass  
 to give him a quitance and leave him free  
 If thou lovest a bleating male of the flock  
 O lend thine ear to this boy of mine  
 Or pity this sweet little delicate girl  
 if thy soul'd lights in the squeaking of swine

So then we relax the pitch of our wrath  
 and screw it down to a peg more low  
 Is this not a fine derision of mine  
 a derision of wealth with its pride and show?  
 Bd (Writing) A good point for my note book  
 that  
 A derision of wealth with its show and its pride  
 Go on to mention the good you get  
 by your empire of Hell's so vast and wide  
 Ph 'Tis ours to inspect the Athenian youths  
 when we enter their names on the rolls of men  
 And if ever Oeagrus gets into a suit  
 be sure that he'll never get out again  
 Till he give us a speech from his Niobe part  
 selecting the best and the liveliest one  
 And then if a piper gain his cause  
 he pays us our price for the kindness done  
 By piping a tune with his mouth band on  
 quick march as out of the Court we go  
 And what if a father by will to a friend  
 his daughter and heiress bequeath and bestow  
 We care not a rap for the Will or the cap  
 which is there on the seal so grand and sedate  
 We bid them begone and be hanged and ourselves  
 take charge of the girl and her worthy estate  
 And we give her away to whoever we choose  
 to whoever may chance to persuade us to  
 Whilst other officials must pass an account  
 alone from control and accounting are free  
 Bd Ay that and that only of all you have said  
 I own is a privilege lucky and rare  
 But uncapping the seal of the heiress's will  
 seems rather a shabby and doubtful affair  
 Ph And if ever the Council or People have got  
 a knotty and difficult case to decide  
 They pass a decree for the culprits to go  
 to the able and popular Courts to be tried  
 Evathlus and He! the loser of shields  
 the fawning the great Cowardonymus say  
 They'll always be fighting away for the mob  
 the people of Athens they'll never betray  
 And none in the People a measure can pass  
 unless he propose that the Courts shall be free  
 Dismissed and discharged for the rest of the day  
 when once we have settled a single decree  
 Yea Cleon the Bawler and Bravler himself  
 at us and us only to nibble forbears  
 And sweeps off the flies that annoy us and still  
 with a vigilant hand for our dignity cares  
 You never have shown such attention as this  
 or displayed such a zeal in your father's affairs  
 Yet Theorus a statesman as noble and grand  
 as lordly Euphemus runs at our call  
 And whips out a sponge from his bottle and stoops  
 to black and to polish the shoes of us all  
 Such such is the glory the joy the renown  
 from which you desire to retain and withhold me  
 And thus you will show this Empire of mine  
 to be bondage and slavery merely you told me  
 Bd Ay chatter your fill you'll cease before  
 long  
 and then I will show that your boasted success

Is just the success of a tail that I washed  
 got back to its filth and its slovenliness.  
 P. But the nicest and pleasantest part of it all  
 is this, which I did whole for often to see  
 To whom I have been in my wallet I come  
 returning home at the close of the day  
 O how what a welcome I get for its sake  
 my daughter the darling in foremost of all,  
 who rubs my feet and anoints them with care  
 and hove them to stoves, and a kiss lets fall,  
 Then a list by the pretty Papias of her songs  
 she sings withal my three-obol away  
 Then my dear little wife she sets on the board  
 more manchet of bread in a terrarium array  
 And easily takes a seat by my side,  
 which love enters constrains me to feed  
 "I beseech you taste this, I know you try that."  
 Then, thus I delight in, and see or may I need  
 To look to yourself and your pantler a scrub  
 who, whenever I ask him my breakfast to set,  
 keeps grumbling and murmuring under his breath.  
 "No! if he taste not a manchet to get,  
 To bite me and force from the evils of life  
 in armour I proof, in impenetrable shield  
 And that if you pour me no liquor to drink,  
 yet here I am old Am, full of wine that I would  
 And that him, and pour for myself, and imbibite  
 while round old Jack, at a bumper I drain,  
 Let's at our goblet a brav of contempt  
 a manly and marvellous sort of disdain.  
 It is not fine domination of mine?  
 I tell you the empire of Zeus?  
 Why the very same phrases, so grand and  
 divine,  
 For me as for Him, are I use.  
 For when we are ranging loud and bush  
 in some rural route dia,  
 "O Lord! O Zeus!" is the passion-br  
 How thunder the Court within?"  
 Then we, by and great when my little  
 are in place,  
 Turn pale and sick, and to meet a prey  
 you fear me too I protest you do  
 Yes, as by Demeter I now is true.  
 B. But how can I am afraid of you.  
 C. I cover you, I cover  
 My ear heard so clear and clever  
 And they are sweet—  
 P. A be thou that he of steal my grapes,  
 and Jack and road fenced,  
 For as to know that I am in this  
 particular splendid.  
 C. A you be occurred,  
 But he did went through each.  
 I was not in state to bear him  
 Till with certain possessed  
 Without but judging  
 In a Islands of Bless.  
 P. See how useless he stands,  
 and pipes, and shifts his ground.  
 I want to see before I do,  
 you'll look like best in hand.

C. You must now young man be  
 seek. g  
 F. I turn and every twist  
 Which can your defence assist  
 To a youth against me speaking  
 Me a heart is his to render  
 (So you'll find it) soft and tender  
 And therefore unless you can speak to the point  
 you must loo for a null tone handy and good  
 Fresh blown from the rock, to show and shock  
 the unyielding grit of my steel to mord.  
 B. Hand were I, I would, and threw the intent,  
 for a Comedy poet all too great  
 To attempt to heal an ineradicable old  
 disease engrained in the heart of the state  
 O dread Cronides, Father and Lord  
 P. Still, still, don't talk in that father me way  
 Convince me at once that I am or a slave,  
 or else I protest you shall die this day  
 Albeit I then might ever abstain  
 from the bold slash of the victims slain.  
 B. Then listen my own little pet Papa,  
 and smooth your brow from its frowns vain.  
 And not with pebbles preciously ranged,  
 but roll this on your fingers roll  
 The tribute paid by the subject States,  
 and just consider its whole amount  
 And then, in add to this, compute  
 the many taxes and one per-cent,  
 The fees and the fines, and the alms and moneys,  
 the markets and harbours and sales and rents.  
 If you take the total result of the lot  
 shall reach two thousand talents or near  
 And next put down the justices pay  
 and reckon the sums they receive a year  
 Six thousand justices count them through,  
 there dwell no more in the land as yet  
 One hundred and fifty talents a year  
 I think you will find it all they get.  
 P. Then not one tithe of our income goes  
 to furnish forth the justices pay  
 B. No, certainly not.  
 P. And what becomes  
 of all the rest of the revenue pay?  
 B. Why bless you, it goes to the pockets of those  
 "To the rabble of Athens I'll be true,  
 I'll always battle away for the mob."  
 O father my father my own, to you  
 B. such small phrases as these are jotted,  
 you live them or yourself is to ruin.  
 And then, believe me, they soon contrive  
 some fifty talents in bribes to gain,  
 Exporting them out of the subject States,  
 by hostile menace and an army from  
 Head over there is "the tribute pay  
 or else my thousands shall crush your town."  
 You poor little while at the remnants of  
 the trotters and tips of our power to gnaw  
 So when our knowledge are away  
 the rest of the sum of the Porcellane, saw  
 On a or box, and on nothing goes down  
 and marked how I am and lean ye grow

Our old troop were nothing worth  
 In the streets with ribald mirth  
 Idle boys would dotards call us  
 Fit for nought but olive bearing  
 Shrivelled husks of counter swearing  
 O friend upon whom it devolves to plead  
 the cause of our Sovereign Power to-day  
 Now show us your best now bring to the test  
 each trick that an eloquent tongue can play  
*Ph* Away like a racer gain  
 I start at once from the head of the lists  
 To prove that no kniglier power than ours  
 in any part of the world exists  
 Is there any creature on earth more blest  
 more feared and petted from day to day  
 Or that leads a happier pleasanter life  
 than a Justice of Athens though old and grey?  
 For first when rising from bed in the morn  
 to the criminal Court betimes I trudge  
 Great six foot fellows are there at the rails  
 in anxious haste to salute their Judge  
 And the delicate hand which has dipped so deep  
 in the public purse he claps into mine  
 And he bows before me and makes his prayer  
 and softens his voice to a pitiful whine  
 O pity me pity me Sir he cries  
 if you ever indulged your longing for pelf  
 When you managed the mess on a far campaign  
 or served some office of state yourself  
 The man would never have heard my name  
 if he had not been tried and acquitted before  
*Bd* (*writing*) I'll take a note of the point you make  
 that suppliant fellows your grace implore  
*Ph* So when they have begged and implored me  
 enough  
 and my angry temper is wiped away  
 I enter in and I take my seat  
 and then I do none of the things I say  
 I hear them utter all sorts of cries  
 design'd expressly to win my grace  
 What won't they utter what don't they urge  
 to coax a Justice who tries their case?  
 Some say they are needy and friendless men  
 and over their poverty wail and whine  
 And reel on up hardships false and true  
 till he makes them out to be equal to mine  
 Some tell us a legend of days gone by  
 or a joke from Aesop witty and sage  
 Or jest and banter to make me laugh  
 that so I may doff my terrible rage  
 And if all this fails and I stand unmoved  
 he leads by the hand his little ones near  
 He brings his girls and he brings his boys  
 and I the Judge am composed to hear  
 They huddle together with piteous bleats  
 while trembling above them he prays to me  
 Prays as to a God his accounts to pass  
 to give him a quitance and leave him free  
 If thou lovest a bleating male of the flock  
 O lend thine ear to this boy of mine  
 Or pity this sweet little delicate girl  
 if thy soul delights in the squeaking of swine

So then we relax the pitch of our wrath  
 and screw it down to a peg more low  
*Is this not a fine dominion of mine*  
 a derision of wealth with its pride and show?  
*Bd* (*Il ratur*) As a cond point for my note book  
 that  
 A derision of wealth with its show and its pride  
 Go on to mention the good you get  
 by your empire of Hellas so vast and wide  
*Ph* Tis ours to inspect the Athenian youths  
 when we enter their names on the rolls of men  
 And if ever Oedrus gets into a suit  
 be sure that he'll never get out again  
 Till he give us a speech from his Niobe part  
 selecting the best and the liveliest one.  
 And then if a piper gain his cause  
 he pays us our price for the kindness done  
 By piping a tune with his mouth band on  
 quick march as out of the Court we go  
 And what if a father by ill to a friend  
 his daughter and heirs's bequeath and bestow  
 We care not a rap for the Will or the cap  
 which is there on the seal so grand and sedate  
 We bid them begone and be hanged and ourselves  
 take charge of the girl and her worthy estate  
 And we give her away to whoever we choo  
 to whoever may chance to persuade us y'ne  
 Whilst other officials must pass an account  
 alone from control and accounting are free.  
*Bd* As that and that only of all you have said  
 I own is a privilege lucky and rare  
 But uncapping the seal of the heiress's will  
 seems rather a shabby and doubtful affair  
*Ph* And if ever the Council or People have got  
 a knotty and difficult case to decide  
 They pass a decree for the culprits to go  
 to the able and popular Courts to be tried  
 Evathlus and Hel the loser of shields  
 the fawning the great Cowardonimus say  
 They'll always be fighting away for the mob  
 the people of Athens they'll never betray  
 And none in the People a measure can pass  
 unless he propose that the Courts shall be free  
 Dismissed and discharged for the rest of the day  
 when once we have settled a single decree  
 Yea Leon the Bawler and Brawler himself  
 at us and us only to nibble forbears  
 And sweeps off the flies that annoy us and still  
 with a vigilant hand for our dignity cares  
 You never have shown such attention as this  
 or displayed such a zeal in your father's affairs  
 Yet Theorus a statesman as noble and grand  
 as lordly Euphemus runs at our call  
 And whips out a sponge from his bottle and stoops  
 to black and to polish the shoes of us all  
 Such such is the glory the joy the renown  
 from which you desire to retain and withhold me  
 And thus you will show this Empire of mine  
 to be bondage and slavery merely you told me  
*Bd* As chatter your fill you will ease before  
 long  
 and then I will show that your boasted success

A better and wiser man  
 By our advice he'll live hereafter  
 PE. Ourselves? (To himself)  
 ED. O father, what a dolorous err?  
 PE. Take note of them like these to meel  
 These are my pleasures, nor would I be  
 When the labor comes  
 "Who has no need?" let him arise,  
 And O that the list of the young band  
 By the verdict-box I could take my stand.  
 On, on, my soul! why when is the game?  
 Hiss! by your leave, my shadowy one!  
 Zephira, if I catch when in Court I'm sitting  
 Clean gain a theft conviction!

ED. O father, father, by the Gods come  
 PE. Come, what name shall we give to thee?  
 ED. Save what I prize thee

PE. Not to judge, but that  
 Hades shall smile ere my soul come  
 ED. Will but if these are really your daughters,  
 Let me see them? what not remain at home  
 And see and judge among your household here?  
 PE. For what? what?

ED. The same as There would do,  
 I would you could see your housemaid on the way  
 Opening the door to her for that one drachma.  
 The same has you did at every art-gate There.  
 And my only if the morning's fine,  
 For the fine your court with you in the sun,  
 I would see your judgments by the fire  
 When it runs on and—how do you keep till  
 night

No other here will close the door or shut you.

PE. Ha! like this—

ED. And then, however long  
 I am or press on, no need to fear  
 Worning myself (and the prisoner too)  
 PE. I do you tell that I can judge  
 As now you are sitting and doing  
 ED. As well, much better When there's reckless  
 reason

Don't people say what time and thought and  
 truth?

I took the judges to dress the case?

PE. I'm sure in this I've not told me yet  
 How I'm to go to go

ED. I'll pay you.

PE. Good.

Then I shall have more to myself alone

For our Livestock, the funny fool,

It's not the wretched trick. We did get one  
 drachma

Brutus was two brachms and the fish-sell  
 Then had me down three minutes later and I  
 I thought I should have formed them in my mouth  
 O the nice work! O! I trust them out  
 And coward him.

ED. And what said he?

PE. The same.

He said I'd give the stomach of a cock.

You'll soon direct him, he says, says he.

ED. Then there was you'll not a great advantage.

PE. Ay, at that something—let's begin at once.

ED. Then's op a moment while I fetch the traps.  
 ED.

PE. See here now how the oracles come true.  
 Of this I heard, I said that the Athenians  
 One day would try their lawsuit in their homes,  
 That each would have a little Courtly-built  
 For his own use, in his own porch, before  
 His entrance like a shrine of Ilion.

ED. (singing) such a quarry of judicial pro-  
 verbs)

Now then I hope you're satisfied I've brought

All that I possessed, and a lot besides.

See here I'll have this case on a peg

In case you want it as the suit proceeds.

PE. Now that I call extremely kind and thoughtful

And wondrous handy for an old man's needs.

ED. And here's a fire, and gravel set beside it,

All ready when you want it.

PE. Good again.

Now if I'm feverish I shall love my jar

For here I'll sit, and sip my gravel too.

But why in the world has he've brook, it's not out the  
 cock?

ED. To wake you, father, crowing over head

In case you're dozing, whilst a prisoner's friends.

PE. Oor this I saw, and only one.

ED. What's that?

PE. If you could somehow fetch the shrike of  
 I could

ED. Here then it is, and here's the law in person.

PE. O hero lord, how stern you are to see!

ED. Amongst men, like our—Clean you are.

ED. A and to try the hero has no shield!

ED. If you got me at once I should sooner  
 Call out on.

PE. Call on, I've set for aye.

ED. Let see what matter shall I bring on first?

Who been a mischief of the household here?

That carries Thratta now she charred the pitcher

PE. Orop, for goodness sake! ou all but  
 killed me.

What! call'st thou on a th no name here

Always the first of all our sacred things?

ED. No more there is, by Zeus.

PE. I'll run myself

And secure out why ever comes it hand. ED.

ED. H'm! where now? The strange situation!

ED. Enter a woman.

ED. What's happened now?

ED. Why has not Labes here

Got the kitchen staff, and given a chase?

And Socrates chased and baited it?

ED. Then that's the first indictment we'll bring on

Before my father you shall prosecute.

ED. Thank you, not I. This other Cur declares

Whether a charge, he'll prosecute with pleasure.

ED. Bring them both here.

ED. Yes, yes, my soul will.

ED. Enter Philocleon.

They count you all as a Connas's vote  
 and ever and ever on these bestow  
 Wines cheeses necklaces sesame fruit  
 and jars of pickle and pots of honey  
 Rugs cushions and mantles and cups and crowns  
 and health and vigour and lots of money  
 Whilst you sit from out of the broad domain  
 for which on the land and the wave you toiled  
 None gives you so much as a garlic head  
 to flavour the dish when your sprats are boiled  
*Ph* That's true no doubt for I just sent out  
 and bought myself from Eucharides three  
 But you wear me away by your long delay  
 in proving my bondage and slavery  
*Bd* Why is it not slavery pure and neat  
 when these (themselves and their parasites too)  
 Are all in receipt of their pay God wots  
 as high officials of state whilst you  
 Must thankful be for your obols three  
 those obols which ye yourselves have won  
 In the battle's roar by sea and by shore  
 mid sieges and museries many a one  
 But O what throttles me most of all  
 is this that under constraint you go  
 When some young dissolute spark comes in  
 some son of a Chæreus straddling—so  
 With his legs apart and his body poised  
 and a mincing soft effeminate air  
 And bids you Justices one and all  
 betimes in the morn to the Court repair  
 For that any who after the signal come  
 shall lose and forfeit their obols three  
 Yet come as late as he choose himself  
 he pockets his drachma Counsel's fee  
 And then if a culprit give him a bribe  
 he gets his fellow the job to share  
 And into each other's hands they play  
 and manage together the suit to square  
 Just like two men at a saw they work  
 and one keeps pulling and one gives way  
 While you at the Treasurer stare and gape  
 and never observe the tricks they play  
*Ph* Is that what they do! O can it be true!  
 Ah me the depths of my being are stirred  
 Your statements shake my soul and I feel  
 I know not how at the things I've heard  
*Bd* And just consider when you and all  
 might revel in affluence free as air  
 How these same demagogues wheel you round  
 and cabin and coop you I know not where  
 And you the lord of such countless towns  
 from Pontus to Sardo now lit obtain  
 Save this poor pittance you earn and this  
 they dole you in dribbles grain by grain  
 As though they were dropping oil from wool  
 as much forsooth as will life sustain  
 They mean you all to be poor and gaunt  
 and I'll tell you father the reason why  
 They want you to know your keeper's hand  
 and then if he huss you on to fly  
 At some helpless foe away you go  
 with eager vehemence ready and rough

Since if they wished to maintain you well  
 the way to do it were plain enough.  
 A thousand cities our rule obey  
 a thousand cities their tribute pay  
 Allot them twenty Athenians each  
 in feed and nourish from day to day  
 And twice ten thousand citizens there  
 are living immersed in dishes of hate  
 With creams and beestings and sumptuous fare  
 and garlands and coronals every where  
 Enjoying a fate that is worthy the state  
 and worthy the trophy on Marathon plain.  
 Whilst now like gleaners ye all are fain  
 to follow along in the paymaster's train  
*Ph* O what can this strange sensation mean  
 this numbness that over my hand is stealing?  
 My arm no longer can hold the sword  
 I yield unmanned to a womanish feeling  
*Bd* Let a panic possess them they're ready to give  
 Euboea at once for the State to divide  
 And engage to supply for every man  
 full fifty bushels of wheat beside  
 But five poor bushels of barley each  
 in all that you ever obtained in fact  
 And that doled out by the quart while first  
 they worry you under the Aben Act  
 And therefore it was that I locked you away  
 To keep you in ease unwilling that these  
 With empty mouthings your age should bilk  
 And now I offer you here to day  
 Without any reserve whatever you please  
 Save only a draught of—Treasurer's milk  
*Ch* 'Twas a very acute and intelligent man  
 whoever it was that happened to say  
 "Don't make up your mind till you've heard both  
 sides  
 for now I protest you have gained the fray  
 Our staves of justice our angry mood  
 for ever and ever aside we lay  
 And we turn to talk to our old compeer  
 our choir companion of many a day  
 Don't be a fool give in give in  
 Nor too perverse and stubborn be  
 I would to Heaven my kith and kin  
 Would show the like regard for me  
 Some deity tis plain befriends  
 Your happy lot believe believe it  
 With open arms his aid he sends,  
 Do you with open arms receive it  
*Bd* I'll give him whatever his years require  
 A basin of gruel and soft attire  
 And a good warm rug and a handmaid fair  
 To chafe and cherish his limbs with care  
 —But I can't like this that he stands so  
 mute  
 And speaks not a word nor regards my suit  
*Ch* 'Tis that his soberer thoughts review  
 The frenzy he indulged so long  
 And (what he would not yield to you)  
 He feels his former life was wrong  
 Perchance he'll now amend his plan  
 Unbend his age to mirth and laughter

934-985

O! gamecock? As he wink I he th k so  
 Archon! H fillow hand m d n th vessel  
 B! Reach it yourself I'll call m w nesses  
 The witnesses for Labes, please stand forward!  
 For perle grater brazi r water ju  
 And il the other scarred and cha red utensils.

(To PHLOCLAZON)

Good hea ent, sir finish there a d take your seat!  
 Ph I gursal l f sh h m bef r lve done  
 B! What a! a shard and pitiless and that  
 To the prison r always been to but!

(To LA r)

Lp plead ca se what quite dumbf u ded?  
 speak

Ph Setm be gy notl g n th w d to say  
 B! Nay u a sudden seizure such a u ce  
 Attacked Thuc dides wh m brought to trial  
 T to paral us that stops his jaws

(T Labes)

O t of th way I'll plead your cause myself.

O n u hand t a guef r a dog

Wailed by slander o e theless, I'll try

T good doo and drives way the wol en.

Ph A th ef I call him and con pnat

B! h e the best and w o th est dog als e

F to take harg of any number o sh ep

Ph What use in that if h eat up the cheese?

B! Use! why be fight you battles guard your

Th best dog along ther If he filched

Y t O forg ve be nev learnt the l r

Ph I would to hea e he had ne r learned h s  
 letters

Then he d n t gi en u all this u esom speech

B. A n av m hea my witnesses, I beg

Grat r g t s the bo a d speak well out

I kept th mess I sh y p ane plainly

Did ou not grate th post betw n th soldiers?

H mys he did

Ph A b t f on bes l ng

B! O h g ty upo poor toad ng souls.

Ou Labes her h l es on odd nd nds,

Bones, gn the nd u lwa on th go

Thut o the Cur: me e t v at h me

But by th hearth d wh n m bring ught in

A k for a h sh get none h bites.

Ph Om wh tails me th t l g m so soft!

Some ill foot i m mea ly g e m

B! O f bevec h v o fathe show me p ty

Don't cru h m y te Wh a eh l tle cub?

Enter gro p f h l d r d s s e d p p p e s

Lp l t l w t be w up d whumpen there

Mead to our f th w p m l e beseech

Ph (deeply ff ted) G t down get d ger

d w n g t down

Bd I will

Y t that g t down I k w ha t k an

A man m n H w e I l g t d o n

Ph D h ' t h u s guzzling a n e the thing at all

I ter w a k hedding tea a, and se m s t me

Onl bec use I ha g ged myself w th gruel.

Bd Th w l h not g t off?

Ph 'Tis har t to know  
 B! O take dear father take the kindl r turn  
 Here h l d th s vote then sh l ut eyes dash by  
 To the F r Urn O father do acqu t h m  
 Ph No, no m boy I never learnt the ly re  
 B! H r e let me lead you round the handiest

w a s

Ph Is this the nearer?

Bd

Ph

Bd

(and)

mustakel

(at ud)

Ph

Bd

Wh

Ph

Bd

Ph

Is h r deed acqu tted?

Bd

Ph

Bd

Ph

U w f l d d i d i d not from natural be t

Bd

And take you father every where with me

To sea t s, to supper, to the publ c games

Hen forth in pleasure you shall spend your days,

And no t t perbolus delude and mock you

But go w e in

Ph

Yes, if you wish t now

Excu t all but choats

Chor s

Yes go r joic ng your own good way

Wh rever you path may be

But you ye numbe less m nads, stz)

And liss n the wh le to me

Ben re lest the truths I am go to say

L h eed to earth sho l d fall

For th t w e the pa r fa fool to play

And not y m parta a l.

Now all s people attend a d hear

f) m e a s m p l e and p e u e s t r a i n

F r n o v o r p o e t w t h r l t g o o d w l l

o f v o s p e c t a t s m u t e d c o m p l a n

Y e h a e w n g e d h i m m u c h h p r o t e s t s, a b a r d

w h o h a d s e r v e d y u o f t e n a n d w e l l b e f o e

P a r t l y i n d e e d h i m s e l f u n s e e n

s w u g o t h e r s t o p l e a s e y o u m o r e

W t h t h e a t f a E u r y c l e s, w e i r d a n d w l d

b u l o e d t o d i e i a s t r a n e r s b r e a s t

A n d p o u r f r o m t h e r t h o u g h a s t r a n g r s l p s

f u l l m a n y a s p o k l g c o m a l j e s t

A n d p a r t l y a t l e g t h i n h s o w n t r u e f o m

a b e c h a l l e n g e d h i s f a t e b y h i m s e l f l e

A n d t h e M u s e s w h o s e b r i d l e d m o u t h h d r a v e

w e r e n e c r a n o t h e r s, w e r e a l l h i s o v n



*Bd* (to PHILOCLEON) Hallo what's this?

*Ph* Pig railings from the hearth

*Bd* Sacnlege eh?

*Ph* No but I'd trounce some fellow

(As the phrase goes) even from the very hearth

So call away I'm keen for passing sentence

*Bd* Then now I'll fetch the cause lists and the

pleadings *Exit*

*Ph* O these delays! You weary and wear me out

I've long been dying to commence my furrows

*Bd* (re-entering) Now then!

*Ph* Call on

*Bd* Yes certainly

*Ph* And who

Is first in order?

*Bd* Dash it what a bother!

I quite forgot to bring the voting urns

*Ph* Goodness! where now?

*Bd* After the urns

*Ph* Don't trouble

I'd thought of that I've got these ladling bowls

*Bd* That's capital then now methinks we have

All that we want No there's no water piece

*Ph* Water piece quotha! pray what call you this?

*Bd* Well thought on father and with shrewd

home wit

Ho there within! some person bring me out

A pan of coals and frankincense and myrtle

That so our business may commence with prayer

*Ch* We too as ye offer the prayer and wine

We too will call on the Powers Divine

To prosper the work begun

For the battle is over and done

And out of the fray and the strife to-day

Fair peace ye have nobly won

*Bd* Now hush all idle words and sounds profane

*Ch* O Pythian Phoebus bright Apollo deign

To speed this youth's design

Wrought here these gates before

And give us from our wanderings rest

And peace for evermore

*Bd* Agueus! my neighbour and hero and lord!

who dwellest in front of my vestibule gate

I pray thee be graciously pleased to accept

the rite that we new for my father create

O bend to a pliant and flexible mood

the stubborn and resolute oak of his will

And into his heart so crusty and tart

a trifle of honey for syrup instil

Endue him with sympathies wide

A sweet and humane disposition

Which leans to the side of the wretch that is

tried

And weeps at a culprit's petition

From harshness and anger to turn

May it now be his constant endeavour

And out of his temper the stern

Sharp sting of the nettle to sever

*Ch* We in thy prayers combine and quite give in

To the new rule for the aforesaid reasons

Our heart has stood our friend

And loved you since we knew

That you affect the people more

Than other young men do

*Enter XANTHIAS with two persons as dogs*

*Bd* Is any Justice out there? let him enter

We shan't admit him when they've once begun

*Ph* Where is the prisoner fellow? won't he catch it!

*Bd* O yes! attention! (Reads the indictment)

Cur of Cydathon

Hereby accuses Labes of Aexone

For that embezzling a Sicilian cheese

Alone he ate it Fine one fig tree collar

*Ph* Nay but a dog's death an he's once

convicted

*Bd* Here stands to meet the charge the prisoner

Labes

*Ph* O the vile wretch! O what a thievish look!

See how he grins and thinks to take me in

Where's the Accuser Cur of Cydathon?

*Cur* Bowl!

*Bd* Here he stands

*Ya* Another Labes this

Good dog to yelp and lick the platters clean

*Bd* Still take your seat (to cur)

Go up and prosecute

*Ph* Meanwhile I'll ladle out and sip my gruel

*Xa* Ye have heard the charge most honourable

judges

I bring against him Scandalous the trick

He played us all me and the Sailor laddies

Alone in a corner in the dark he gorged

And munched and crunched and Siciliced the

cheese!

*Ph* Pheugh! the thing's evident the brute this

instant

Breathed in my face the filthiest whiff of cheese

O the foul skunk!

*Ya* And would not give me any

Not though I asked Yet can he be your friend

Who won't throw any thing to Me the dog?

*Ph* Not give you any! No nor Me the state

The man's a regular scorcher (burns his mouth)

like this gruel

*Bd* Come don't decide against us pray don't

father

Before you've heard both sides

*Ph* But my dear boy

The thing's self evident speaks for itself

*Xa* Don't let him off upon my life he is

The most lone eatingest dog that ever was

The brute went coasting round and round the

mortar

And snapped up all the rind off all the cities

*Ph* And I've no mortar even to mend my pitcher!

*Xa* So then be sure you punish him I or his?

One bush they say can never keep two thieves

Lest I should bark and bark and yet get nothing

And if I do I'll never bark again

*Ph* So! so!

Here's a nice string of accusations truly!

A rare thief of a man! You think so too

'Twas then a life of gl'ry  
 ne'er craven fear came o'er me  
 Every footman quailed before me  
 As cross the many waters,  
 List the eager galleys bore me  
 'Tis not then our mahood's test  
 Who can make a fine oration?  
 Who is shrewd in litigation?  
 It was, if he *eat* *row* the best?  
 Therefore did we batter down  
 man a loathsome Median town.  
 And thus we wh for the nation  
 Gathered in the tribute pay  
 Which the young generation  
 Merely steal away  
 You will find us every wa'plike  
 if you see us through and through  
 Is our general mode of living  
 and in all our bab is too  
 First, if any rash assailant dare provoke us, can  
 ther be  
 Answer him more indict e  
 more wascible than we?  
 Then emanate from our business  
 in a waspish sort of war  
 Swarming in the Courts of Justice  
 gathering in from day to day  
 May here the Eleven nite us,  
 many who re the Archon calls,  
 Man to the great Odeum man to the city walls  
 There we lay our heads together  
 densely packed and stoop g low  
 Like the grubs within their cells, with  
 no me t's emulous and slo  
 And for ways and means in general  
 we are upstart ely good  
 Singing every man about us,  
 a thing to see in eldhood  
 Yet we restrain less droes amongst us,  
 all knaves who set them still  
 Shrink from a d to labour  
 st p' them and eat their fill  
 Eat the gl'd n tribute h  
 our indu'know care has wrou'ht  
 Thus what extremely g e us,  
 that our who e' fou'ht  
 Should contrive us fees to puller  
 one who for his nat'land  
 None to this day balked  
 la ce or blister in his hand  
 Therefore let us for the future  
 pass a little short decree  
 Whoso wear no st g shall n'er carry off the  
 obols three

Enter PHILOCLEAS and BOGELYCLEON

Ph. Not! Not! I'll n' put this off alive  
 With this I was a raged and found myself  
 I the in reason of the great north wind.  
 Bd. You seem unwilling to accept a good.  
 Ph. 'Tis o'er the pediment no by Zeus tis not.

'Twas but the oil or day I gorged on sprats  
 And had to pay three obols to the fuller  
 Bd. Try it at all e'ents since once for all  
 Into my hand you have placed yourself for good  
 Ph. What would you have me do?  
 Bd. Put off that cloak.  
 And wear this mantle in a cloak like was  
 Ph. Should I we begot and bring up children then  
 When here my son is bent on smothering me?  
 Bd. Come take and put it on and don't keep  
 chattering  
 Ph. Good heavens! and what is this misery of a  
 the g?  
 Bd. Some call it Persian others Caunacts.  
 Ph. There! and I thought it a Thymactian rug  
 Bd. No wonder for you never been to Sardis  
 Else you'd have known it now you don't  
 Ph. Who?  
 No more I do by Zeus it seemed to me  
 Most like an overwrap of Marichus.  
 Bd. Nay in Echotana they wear this st of  
 Ph. What! have they wool guts in Echotana?  
 Bd. Tut man they wear it in their f'reign looms  
 At wondrous cost this very article  
 Absorbed with ease a talent's weight of wool  
 Ph. Why, then, wool gatherers were no proper  
 name  
 In stead of Caunacts.  
 Bd. Come take it take it  
 Stand still! I put it on  
 Ph. O dear O dear  
 O what a sultry puff the brute breathed o'er me!  
 Bd. Quick, wrap it round you  
 Ph. No, I won't that's flat  
 You had better wrap me in a stove at once.  
 Bd. Come then I'll throw it round you  
 (to the cloth) You begone  
 Ph. Do keep a flesh hook near  
 Bd. A flesh hook! why?  
 Ph. To pull me out before I melt away  
 Bd. 'Tis woff' once with those confounded shoes.  
 And on with these Laconians, instantly  
 Ph. What if my boy I bring myself to wear  
 The hated for insufferable—clout nyl  
 Bd. Come sit insert your foot and step out firmly  
 in this Laconian  
 Ph. 'Tis too bad it is,  
 To make a man set foot on hostile—leather  
 Bd. Now for the other  
 Ph. O no, pray not that  
 I've a toe there, a regular Laton h' ter  
 Bd. There is no way but this.  
 Ph. O lu kless I  
 Why I shan't have, to bless my age one—chub! in  
 Bd. Qu'k faith get th' mon and then mo e  
 forward  
 Thus an opulent swaggering so t'f way  
 Ph. Look then! observe my attitudes think  
 which  
 Of if you opulent friends I walk most like  
 Bd. Most like a pumpl' band ed round with  
 garlic.

And thus he came to a height of fame  
 which none had ever achieved before  
 Yet waxed not high in his own conceit  
 nor ever an arrogant mind he bore  
 He never was found in the exercise ground  
 corrupting the boys he never complied  
 With the suit of some dissolute knave who loathed  
 that the vigilant lash of the bard should chide  
 His vile effeminate boylove Nol  
 he kept to his purpose pure and high  
 That never the Muse whom he loved to use  
 the villainous trade of a bawd should ply  
 When first he began to exhibit plays  
 no piltzy men for his mark he chose  
 He came in the mood of a Heracles forth  
 to grapple at once with the mightiest foes  
 In the very front of his bold career  
 with the jag toothed Monster he closed in fight  
 Though out of its fierce eyes flashed and flamed  
 the glare of Cyana's detestable light  
 And a hundred horrible sycophants' tongues  
 were twining and flickering over its head  
 And a voice it had like the roar of a stream  
 which has just brought forth destruction and dread  
 And a Lamia's groin and a camel's loin  
 and foul as the smell of a seal it smelt  
 But He when the monstrous form he saw  
 no bribe he took and no fear he felt  
 For you he fought and for you he fights  
 and then last year with adventurous hand  
 He grappled besides with the Spectral Shapes  
 the Agues and Fevers that plagued our land  
 That loved in the darksome hours of night  
 to throttle fathers and grandsires choke  
 That laid them down on their restless beds  
 and against your quiet and peaceable folk  
 Kept welding together proofs and wits  
 and oath against oath till many a man  
 Sprang up distracted with wild affright  
 and off in haste to the Polemarch ran  
 Yet although such a champion as this ye had found  
 to purge your land from sorrow and shame  
 Ye played him false when to reap last year  
 the fruit of his novel designs he came  
 Which failing to see in their own true light  
 ye caused to fade and wither away  
 And yet with many a deep libation  
 invoking Bacchus he swears this day  
 That never a man since the world began  
 has witnessed a cleverer comedy  
 Yours is the shame that ye lacked the wit  
 its infinite merit at first to see  
 But none the less with the wise and skilful  
 the bard his accustomed praise will get  
 Though when he had distanced all his foes  
 his noble Play was at last upset

But O for the future my Masters pray  
 Show more regard for a genuine Bard  
 Who is ever inventing amusements new  
 And fresh discoveries all for you  
 Make much of his play and store it away

And into your wardrobe throw it  
 With the citrons sweet and if this you do,  
 Your clothes will be fragrant the whole year  
 through  
 With the volatile wit of the Poet

O of old renowned and strong  
 in the choral dance and song  
 In the deadly battle throng  
 And in this our one distinction  
 manliest we mankind among!  
 Ah but that was long ago  
 Those are days forever past  
 Now my hairs are whitening fast  
 Whiter than the swan they grow  
 Yet in these our embers low  
 still some youthful fires must glow  
 Better far our old world fashion  
 Better far our ancient truth  
 Than the curls and dissipation  
 Of your modern youth

Do you wonder O spectators  
 thus to see me spliced and braced  
 Like a wasp in form and figure  
 tapering inwards at the waist?  
 Why I am so what's the meaning  
 of this sharp and pointed stin  
 Easily I now will teach you  
 though you knew not anything  
 We on whom this stern appendage  
 this portentous tail is found  
 Are the genuine old Autochthons  
 native children of the ground  
 We the only true born Attics  
 of the staunch heroic breed  
 Many a time have fought for Athens  
 guarding her in hours of need  
 When with smoke and fire and rapine  
 forth the fierce Barbarian came  
 Lager to destroy our wasps' nests,  
 smothering all the town in flame  
 Out at once we rushed to meet him  
 on with shield and spear we went  
 Fought the memorable battle  
 primed with fiery hardiment  
 Man to man we stood and grimly  
 gnawed for rage our under lips  
 Hahl their arrows hail so densely  
 all the sun in eclipsel  
 Yet we drove their ranks before us  
 ere the fall of eventide  
 As we closed an owl flew over us  
 and the Gods were on our side!  
 Stung in jaw and cheek and eyebrow  
 fearfully they took to flight  
 We beheld them we harpooning  
 at their slops with all our might  
 So that in barbarian countries  
 even now the people call  
 Attic wasps the best and bravest  
 yea the manliest tribe of all

## THE WASPS

1271 1315

Once he t' called in Pharsalus, our ambassador  
t be

There a solitary guest he  
Stayed with only the Penestae,  
Cocum from the tribe himself  
the kindred tribe, of Penury

Fort nat Automenes, we e your felicity  
E cry so of your is of an infite dexterity  
Forth Harper kn to all, and lo ed of all  
eyes ely

Go and attend hisst pr and lega t fests try  
At the Act shir wd of w t beyond il  
red blitv

Last fall Amphrader, that soul of ingenuity  
Il boof's natu ew tw th a con nality  
His nona undiscovered trick f bestiality  
Alas th father t llas, stinks out awo dline.

Some there a h said that il  
was reconciled in rusty

When upon m Cleon pressed  
and made m smart with injury  
Currying and ta u gm

Then s the stripes fell hea ily  
Th outed laughed to see the sport  
and hear m squalor lustly

Caring not a w t for me, but onl looking merrily  
To know f squeezed and pressed il hanced  
t d p som small buffoonery

Seeing thus, I played the pe lil bitu  
doubt edl

So then, for d, the vin pole  
pr ed unfa thful to th vine

Enter XANTHUS.

X Ol ck tortoses, to ha such ains  
Thine luck f rth case upon you sbs  
How ll and cu n gl your back a esooof  
W bulin st o genou h to keep out blow  
Whist I l m cudg led and tattooed t death.

How no m bo for though man be old  
Still, the beaten w may call him bo

Xe Wa t th old man th most oute geous  
nastate

Much the most dr k ndr ous fail?  
And et w d L on Ant phora, Hipp l l  
L wnat s Theo b stus, Ph sch  
B k fa th noxest of th lot.  
Soon a h l pr d t ed of the good cheer  
Il kipped h l pt, and laughed, and f sked, and  
hurd ed

I tlik don es na feed of  
And warmed m o thid ca. Boy! Boy!  
So then L s tratus ompa ed him ths  
Old man, sa se, w s like ewa n f mentun  
O like someone scampen ge t be  
B th hn kerb k, and ou llk locu t  
That ha l m b d th lamer of loak.  
Or s bend orn of his goods and chattels.  
At this al loped, sa Throth st buth  
Mad wry fa e, being forsworn a w t.

And p ay the old man asked him what makes  
yo

G e yourself airs, and think yourself so grand  
You grin ning flatterer of the well to-do  
Thus he kept banter n every guest in turn  
Making rude jokes, and tell ng idle tales,  
I clownish fa h n sele ant t nothing  
At la t well drunk homeward he turns once more,  
Aim ga blow at e cry one he me ts  
Ah! here he scomin stumbling t ggerin on.  
Methu ks I ll vanish ere I m slapped a n.

Enter PHILOCLEON u th ag l and c, est  
Ph Up ahoy! out ahoy!

Some of you that follow me  
Shall ere long be crying  
If they don t sho off l s ear  
I ll fuzzle em all with the torch I bear  
I ll set the rogues a fryin

G ent Zound! we ll all make you pay for this  
to morrow.

You vile old rak howe er young you are!  
We ll come nd exte and summon you all together

Ph Yahi hah! summon and cite!  
Th obsolete not onl don t you know  
I m ck of the names of your suits and  
clams.

Fau h! Fau h! Pheugh!  
Here s m d t bt!  
Away with the verd ct boy! Won t he go?  
Wh e s the ll last out of my sight!

M little golden chaf r c me up here,  
H ll by the rope, a otten one perchance,  
B t st ong enough for you. Mount up my dear  
See now how cle ly I filched you off

A wa ton bu sr stur g with the guests  
You we me, chuld some grat tud for that  
But your not onet ga your d bts, I know  
O no! you ll luv h nd chaff and sl p away  
That s what you al ay do ll l ten now  
B a good gl, and don t be d soble n g.  
And when my son is dead, I ll ransom you,  
And make you a honest woman F indeed  
I m not yet maste of my own affa r  
I am so you g and kept so ery strict.  
My son s m guardian, wha e os-g ained man,  
A commu p tting mu tard-s apin fellow  
H so frad that I should t m out badly  
For I m n truth his onl father on  
B t here he vna. Belu h saft us.  
Quick, little lad hold these links n instant  
And won t l q z hum bovi h v nd well,  
As he did me before the n tiation.

Bd y or there! you ther l you o d laza youn  
dota d!

Enamoured ch y of a fir r pe coffin.  
Oh, b Apel a you hall smart for this!  
Ph Dea dear how keen to taste sust in peck!  
Bd No q zing, s when you ha e fil hed ay  
The f t girl from o r party  
Ph Eh? what? fl te-gul?  
You out of your mind or out of your g e, or  
something.

Ph Ay ay I warrant I've a mind for wiggling  
Bd Come if you get with clever well read men  
Could you tell tales good gentlemanly tales?

Ph Ay that I could

Bd What sort of tales?

Ph Why lots  
As first how Lamia spluttered when they caught her

And next Cardopion how he swinged his mother

Bd Pooh pooh no legends give us something human

Some what we call domestic incident

Ph O ay I know a rare domestic tale

How once upon a time a cat and mouse—

Bd O fool and clown Theogenes replied

Rating the scavenger what I would you tell

Tales of a cat and mouse in company!

Ph What then?

Bd Some stylish thing 'tis how you went

With Androcles and Cleisthenes surviving

Ph Why bless the boy I never went surviving

Save once to Paros at two obols a day

Bd Still you must tell how splendidly for in stance

Ephudion fought the pancratiastic fight

With young Ascondas how the game old man

Though grey had ample sides strong hands firm flanks

An iron chest

Ph What humbug! could a man

Fight the pancratium with an iron chest!

Bd This is the way our clever fellows talk

But try another tack suppose you sat

Drinking with strangers what's the pluckiest feat

Of all your young adventures you could tell them?

Ph My pluckiest feat? O much my pluckiest much

Was when I stole away Ergasion's vine poles

Bd Tchah! poles indeed! Tell how you slew the boar

Or coursed the hare or ran the torch race tell

Your gayest youthfullest act

Ph My youthfullest action?

'Twas that I had when quite a hobbledehoy

With fleet Phayllus and I caught him too

Won by two—votes 'Twas for abuse that action

Bd No more of that but lie down there and learn

To be convivial and companionable

Ph Yes how lie down?

Bd In an elegant graceful way

Ph Like this do you mean?

Bd No not in the least like that

Ph How then?

Bd Extend your knees and let yourself

With practised ease subside along the cushions

Then praise some piece of plate inspect the ceiling

Admire the woven hangings of the hall

Hol' water for our hands! bring in the tables!

Dinner! the after wash! now the libation

Ph Good heavens! then 'tis in a dream we are feasting?

Bd The flute girl has performed! our fellow guests

Are Phanus Aeschines Theorus Cleon

Another stranger at Accestor's head

Could you with these cap verses properly?

Ph Could I? Ay truly no Diacrian better

Bd I'll put you to the proof Suppose I'm Cleon

I'll start the catch Harmodius You're to cap it

(singing) Truly Athens never knew

Ph (singing) Such a rascally this as you

Bd Will you do that? You'll perish in your noise

He'll swear he'll sell you quell you and expel you

Out of this realm

Ph Ay truly will he so?

And if he threaten I've another strain

Mon' lustin' for power supreme ye'll mak

The city capseeze she's noo on the shak

Bd What if Theorus lying at his feet

Should grasp the hand of Cleon and begin

From the story of Admetus learn my friend

to love the good

How will you take that on?

Ph I very neatly

It is not good the fox to play

Nor to side with both in a false friend's way

Bd Next comes that son of Sellus Aeschines

Clever accomplished fellow and he'll sing

O the money O the might

How Cleistagora and I

With the men of Thessaly —

Ph How we boasted you and I

Bd Well that will do you're fairly up to that

So come along we'll dine at Philoctemon's

Boyl' Chryst' pack our dinner up and now

For a rare drinking bout at last

Ph No no

Drinking ain't good I know what comes of drinking

Breaking of doors assault and bitterness

And then a headache and a fine to pay

Bd Not if you drink with gentlemen you know

They'll go to the injured man and beg you off

Or you yourself will tell some merry tale

A jest from Sybaris or one of Aeschines

Learned at the feast And so the matter turns

Into a joke and off he goes contented

Ph O I'll learn plenty of those tales if so

I can get off whatever wrong I do

Come go we in let nothing stop us now . . . *Exeunt*

*Chorus*

Often have I deemed myself

exceeding bright acute and clever

Dull obtuse and awkward never

That is what *Amymias* is

of Curling borough Sellus son

Him who now upon an apple

and pomegranate dines I say

At Leogoras's table

Eat as hard as he was able

Goodness, what a hungry man!

Pinched and keen as Antiphon

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Once he tra-elled to Pharsalus, our ambassador  
to be  
There a w-ter's guest he  
Sayed a thout th Penestae  
Comin f om the tribe himself  
th kindred tribe of Penury

Fortunat Aut menes, we en- your felicity  
E-er son f yours is of an inf-ite de-terity  
Furth his per k own to all and l-ed of all  
exer el

Grace d- attend his steps, and legant festi-ty  
ent th Actor h- wd of wit bev nd all  
sed bulit

La t f ll Amphrades, that so l- of ingen-ty  
H- ho f-ur nat- it with rare or unal-ty  
His non an undisc-ered t-ck of bestial-ty  
Aid- the fath- r tells us, striking out a no el line

S- meth rears who said that I  
When upon me Cleon pressed

and mad me sma- r- w- th injur-  
Curving ad to no- me

then a- the stripes fell heavily  
Th outdend- la- ghed to see the sport

nd hear m- squall- g- lustly  
Carng not- what for me but on- lookng- wrenly

T- know f-queezed and p-essed I chanced  
t- drop some small buffoonery

Seen- this, I played the- pe a little but on-  
doubtldv

So th- n- af- fall the- v- re pole  
p- ed und- thful- t- the- v- e

E- T- X- A- T- H- I- S

X- Ol- ky- toises, to ha- e- uch- lina-  
Thn- el- kv- fo- the- cas- upo- your- s- bs

How- M- and- cun- i- gh- u- b- ck- are- coofed  
With- ul- str- e- ou- brok- p- ur- blows

Whil- t- I- m- ud- ll- d- and- car- noo- d- to death  
Ch- H- w- non- m- bo- fo- though- man- be- old

St- ll- th- beat- n- w- may- call- him- bo-  
X- Wa- n- t- th- old- ma- th- most- out- tra- cou-  
rus

Much- th- most- dru- k- nd- no- rous- fall-  
And- t- d- L- co- Ant- ph- m- H- pp- lius

L- s- trar- s- Theop- a- tus, Ph- n- chu-  
S- t- a- t- a- th- no- nest- of- the- lor-

So- h- i- go- god- h- fill- f- th- good- ch- r-  
H- k- ip- ed- be- leapt- nd- la- hod- nd- fr- kod- and-  
h- ed

I- t- k- d- k- seed- of- o- n-  
And- p- p- ed- o- th- f- ll- v- all- B- v- l- B- i-

So- th- L- t- a- i- e- m- p- a- r- ed- h- m- th- u-  
Old- ma- s- th- m- l- k- n- f- m- n- t- u- g-

O- like- a- s- m- p- u- s- m- p- e- g- t- be- a- n-  
B- th- h- ck- ed- h- k- And- o- o- l- k- loc- st-

Th- t- h- a- t- h- ed- the- lapp- er- f- i- loak-  
Or- S- i- be- el- s- h- m- th- good- nd- h- at- t- l-

At- th- ll- k- ip- ed- s- e- Theop- h- ut- but- he-  
Ma- d- a- w- ry- li- be- ing- f- sooth- s- t-

And pray- the old man asked him- what makes  
yo- i-

Gi- t- our- self- airs, and- th- nk- yourself- so- grand-  
You- grinning- flatter- er- of- the- well- to- do-

Thus- he- kept- bant- ring- e- cry- guest- in- turn-  
Makin- rud- jokes, and- t- ll- ng- idle- tales-

In- do- tu- h- li- h- uo- rele- ant- to- nothing-  
At- la- t- u- ll- d- unk- homeward- he- turns- once- more,

Am- ing- a- bl- w- at- e- v- r- one- he- meet- s-  
Ahl- here- be- s- com- in- stum- blin- stag- g- er- on-

W- thanks! I- ll- van- ish- ere- I- m- slapp- ed- again-

Enter PHILOCLEON- u- h- a- g- o- f- a- d- o- u- e- s- t-  
Ph- L- p- a- hoy! out- a- hoy!

Some- of- you- that- follow- me-  
Shall- ere- lon- be- cry- ing-

If- they- don- t- shog- I- I- swear-  
I- ll- t- r- ize- em- all- w- th- th- torch- I- bear-

I- ll- set- the- rogues- a- s- r- y- ng-

Guest- Zo- nd- if- we- ll- all- make- y- u- pay- for- this-  
to- mor- row-

You- de- old- rake- how- e- r- y- ou- ng- you- re- l-  
W- ll- come- a- d- e- t- e- and- sum- mon- you- all- to- get- her-

Ph- Y- ah! h- a- h! s- ur- mon- and- a- c- i- e- l-  
The- ob- so- le- te- not- a- l- don- t- you- know-

I- m- s- u- ck- of- the- names- of- your- suits- and-  
claims-

Faugh! Faugh! The- gh!-  
He- s- m- d- el- gh! s-

Away- with- the- verd- et- box! W- on- t- he- go-?  
Wh- re- s- the- Hel- i- a- s- t- out- of- my- sight!

My- lit- t- l- golden- chaf- er- come- up- h- re-  
Hold- by- the- rope- a- rotten- on- per- chance-

But- strong- enou- h- for- you- Mount- up- my- dear-  
See- n- a- how- ele- s- ly- I- filch- ed- you- off-

A- n- ton- hussy- flur- t- ng- with- the- guests-  
You- owe- me, child- som- gra- t- i- tud- f- r- that-

B- t- you- re- not- o- e- to- pay- your- d- b- ts, I- know-  
O- no! you- ll- laugh- and- chaff- and- s- f- paw- y-

That- s- what- you- s- w- ay- do- But- I- ten- now-  
Be- a- good- girl- and- d- n- t- be- dis- ob- l- g- ng-

And- wh- n- my- son- is- dead- I- ll- r- e- s- om- you-  
And- mak- you- an- honest- woman- F- r- indeed-

I- m- o- o- k- get- m- a- r- t- e- of- my- own- aff- a- i- r-  
I- am- so- y- un- and- kept- so- v- e- r- m- t- r-

My- son- s- m- y- guard- a- s- such- e- r- o- gra- v- ed- man-,  
A- cum- m- n- split- t- n- m- e- r- d- scrap- n- f- el- low-

H- so- af-raid- that- I- shoud- turn- o- b- badly-  
P- I- m- in- truth- has- o- l- l- a- the- ow-

B- t- h- be- s- u- s- Beh- ke- he- s- a- f- t- er- u-  
Quick- l- it- t- l- had- hold- these- l- u- ks- in- a- n- tant-

And- w- o- t- I- qu- iz- him- boy- ish- ly- and- well-  
A- h- d- ul- me- be- fo- the- i- m- m- n- a-

Ed- v- u- the- el- v- u- the- r- e- l- s- u- ld- l- a- s- c- i- v- i- o- u- s-  
d- tard!

En- m- ed- h- y- of- a- fine- ripe- co- s- sin-  
Oh- by- Ap- o- l- o- u- hall- smart- for- this!

Ph- Des- dear- h- a- keen- to- t- a- t- e- a- s- t- n- pick- le!  
Ed- No- g- u- z- z- in- s- w- when- you- ha- e- filch- ed- way-

Th- flut- g- l- from- our- party-  
Ph- F- h- what-? flute- girl?

Y- u- e- our- of- your- mind- or- o- t- of- your- grave- or-  
some- th- ng-

*Bd* Why bless the fool here s Dardanis beside you!  
*Ph* What this? why *this* is a torch in the market place!  
*Bd* A torch man?  
*Ph* Clearly pray observe the punctures  
*Bd* Then what s this black here on the top of her head?  
*Ph* Oh that s the rosin oozing while it burns  
*Bd* Then this of course is not a woman s arm?  
*Ph* Of course not that s a sprouting of the pine  
*Bd* Sprouting be hanged  
 (to DARDANIS) You come along with me  
*Ph* Hi! hi! what are you at?  
*Bd* Marching her off  
 Out of your reach a rotten as I think  
 And impotent old man (He leads girl into house)  
*Ph* Now look ye here  
 Once when surveying at the Olympian games  
 I saw how splendidly Ephudion fought  
 With young Ascondas saw the game old man  
 Up with his fist and knock the youngster down  
 So mind your eye or you ll be pummelled too  
*Bd* (re entering) Troth you have learned  
 Olympia to some purpose

*Enter BAKING-GIRL with CHAEREPHON*

*Baking Girl* Oh there he is! Oh pray stand by me now!  
 There s the old rascal who misused me so  
 Banged with his torch and toppled down from here  
 Bread worth ten obols and four loaves to boot  
*Bd* There now you see troubles and suits once more  
 Your wine will bring us  
*Ph* Troubles? Not at all  
 A merry tale or two sets these things right  
 I ll soon set matters right with this young woman  
*B G* No by the Twain! you shan t escape scot free  
 Doing such damage to the goods of Myrtia  
 Sostrata s daughter and Anchylion s, sir!  
*Ph* Listen good woman I am going to tell you  
 A pleasant tale  
*B G* Not me by Zeus sir no!  
*Ph* At Aesop as he walked one eve from supper  
 There yapped an impudent and drunken bitch  
 Then Aesop answered O you bitch! you bitch!  
 If in the stead of that un odly tongue  
 You d buy some wheat methinks you d have more sense  
*B G* Insult me too? I summon you before  
 The Market Court for damage done my goods  
 And for my sompnour have this Chærephon  
*Ph* Nay nay but listen if I speak not fair  
 Simonides and Lasus once were rivals  
 Then Lasus says Pish I don t care says he  
*B G* You will sir will you?  
*Ph* And you Chærephon  
 Are you her sompnour you like fear blanched Ino  
 Pendent before Euripides s feet?

*Exeunt BAKING-GIRL and CHAEREPHON*

*Bd* See here s another coming as I live  
 To summon you at least he has got his sompnour  
*Enter COMPLAINANT*  
*Complainant* O dear! O dear! Old man I summon you

For outrage

*Bd* Outrage? no by the Gods, pray don t  
 I ll make amends for every thing he has done  
 (Ask what you will) and thank you kindly too

*Ph* Nay I ll make friends myself without com pulson

I quite admit the assault and battery  
 So tell me which you ll do leave it to me  
 To name the compensation I must pay  
 To make us friends or will you fix the sum?

*Co* Name it yourself I want no suits nor troubles  
*Ph* There was a man of Sybaris do you know  
 Thrown from his carriage and he cracked his skull  
 Quite badly too Fact was, he could not drive  
 There was a friend of his stood by and said  
 Let each man exercise the art he knows  
 So you run off to Doctor Pittalus

*Bd* Ay this is like the rest of your behaviour

*Co* (to BDLYCLEON) You m'r yourself  
 remember what he says

*Ph* Stop listen Once in Sybaris a girl  
 Fractured a jug

*Co* I call you friend to witness.

*Ph* Just so the jug u' called a friend to witness  
 Then said the girl of Sybaris By r Lady!  
 If you would leave off calling friends to witness  
 And buy a rivet you would show more brains  
*Co* Jeer till the Magistrate call on my case

*Exe*

*Bd* No by Demeter but you shan t stop here  
 I ll take and carry you—

*Ph* What now!

*Bd* What now?

Carry you in or soon there won t be sompnours  
 Enough for all your summoning complainants

*Ph* The Delphians once charged Aesop—

*Bd* I don t care

*Ph* With having filched a vessel of their God  
 But Aesop up and told them that a beetle—

*Bd* Zounds! but I ll finish you beetles and all

*Exeunt PHILOCLEON and BDLYCLEON*

*Chorus*

I envy much his fortune  
 As he changes from his dry  
 Ungenial life and manners  
 Another path to try  
 No vail to soft indulgence  
 His ea,er soul will take  
 And yet perchance it will not  
 For thl tis hard to break  
 From all your lifelong habits  
 Yet some the change have made  
 With other minds consortng  
 By other counsels swayed

*Ph* rphone.

With us and all good people  
Great praise Philocleon's son  
For filial love and genius  
In this affair has won.  
Such sweet and gracious manners  
I never saw before,  
Nor merit with much fondness  
My dotum heart gushed o'er  
Where proved he not the actor  
In all this wordy strife,  
Seeking to raise his father  
To high estate of life?

*Enter XANTHIAS*

Xa. O Dion, what her so pretty mess  
Into our house some power has whirled,  
Soon as the old man heard the pipe and drank  
The long untasted wine he grew so merry  
He on a stop dancing all the while night through  
Those strange old dances such as Thespis taught  
And your new bards he'll prove old fools, he says,  
Dancing against them in the lists directly

*Re-enter PHILOCLEON and a CLON*

Ph. Who is, who waits the entrance gates?  
Xa. More and more is this evening  
Ph. Be the bolts undone we have just begun  
Thus, this is the first solution  
Xa. First solution of mad acts, I think.  
Ph. With the strong contort on the ribs twist round  
And the nostril snorts, and the joints resound  
And the tendons crack.

X. O hellebo drink!

Ph. Cocklike Phrynichus crouches a deceiver,

Xa. You'll strike by and by

Ph. Then he kick his leg to the wonderous sky

Xa. O look to yourself, look out look out

Ph. For now in these snowy joints fours

The cup-like socket is twisted about

Bd. 'Twas I do, by Zeus won I do us down  
night madness.

Ph. Come on, I challenge all the world to dance

Now what tragedian thinks he does well

Let him come and dare a match with me

Well, is there one or none?

Bd.

Here's only one.

*Enter Dancer as crab*

Ph. Who's the poor devil?

Bd.

Of poet Carcinus, the Crabbe

Ph.

'Sdeath! I'll destroy him with a knuckle-dance.  
He's a born fool at rhythm.

Bd.

Nay, but look here!  
Here comes a brother crab another son  
Of Carcinus.

*Enter another Dancer*

Ph. Faith I've got crab enough

Bd. Nothing but crabs! For Zeus, nothing but  
crabs!

Here creeps a third of Carcinus's brood.

Ph. Heyday! what's this? a vras grette or  
spider?

*Enter a third Dancer*

Bd. This is the Pinboteer of all the tribe

The tunest crab a tragic poet too!

Ph. O Carcinus! O proud and happy father!

Here's a fine troop of wrynecks settling down.

Well, I must gird me to the fight and you

Mix pickles for these crabs: ease I beat them.

Ch. Come draw we aside and leave them a wide  
a roomy and peaceable exercise round

That before us therein like tops they may spin  
reeling and whirling and twirling around

O lofty titled sons of the ocean rolling are

Ye brethren of the shrimps, come and leap

On the sand and on the strand

of the salt and barren deep.

Whisk nimble feet around you

kick out till all admire

The Phrynuchean luck to the sky

That the audience may applaud

as they view your leg on high.

On on in many circles but your stomach with  
your heel

Flung! go! to heaven

as like spinning tops you wheel.

Your S-e creeps onward the Ruler of the Sea

He gets a thighbone at his hobby-dancers three

Come dancing as you are if you like it lead away

For a very yet I warrant has an actor till to-day

Led out chorus, dancing at the ending of the

Play



# THE PEACE

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                          |                      |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| TWO SERVANTS OF TRYGAEUS | A CREST MAKER        |
| TRYGAEUS                 | A BREASTPLATE SELLER |
| DAUGHTERS OF TRYGAEUS    | A TRUMPETER          |
| HERMES                   | A HELMET SELLER      |
| WAR                      | A SPEAR BURNISHER    |
| RIOT                     | SON OF LAIACHUS      |
| HIEROCLES                | SON OF CLEONYMUS     |
| A SICKLE MAKER           | CHORUS OF FARMERS    |

*The scene represents the exterior of the house of TRYGAEUS two of whose SERVANTS are visible in the foreground ministering to the wants of an enormous dung beetle which is confined in one of the outer courts the walls of the court being sufficiently high to conceal its inmate from the audience*

1st Servant Bring bring the beetle cake  
quick there quick! quick

2nd Servant Herel

1st S Give it him the abominable brute  
and S O may he never taste a daintier morsel!

1st S Now bring another shaped from asses dung  
and S Here here again

1st S Where's that you brought just now?  
He can't have eaten it

and S No he trundled it  
With his two feet and bolted it entire

1st S Quick quick and beat up several firm and  
tight

and S O help me scavengers by all the Gods!  
Or I shall choke and die before your eyes

1st S Another cake a boy companion's bring him  
He wants one finer moulded

and S Here it is

There's one advantage in this work my masters  
No man will say I pick my dishes now

1st S Pahl more bring more another and another  
Keep kneading more

and S By Apollo no not I!  
I can't endure this much a moment longer  
I'll take and pitch the muck tub in and all

1st S Aye to the crows and follow it yourself  
and S Can any one of you I wonder tell me  
Where I can buy a nose not perforated?  
There's no more loathly miserable task  
Than to be mashing dung to feed a beetle  
A pig or do will take its bit of muck  
Just as it falls but this conceited brute  
Gives himself airs and bless you he won't touch it  
Unless I mash it all day long and serve it  
As for a lady in a rich round cake  
Now I'll peep in and see if he has done

Holding the door thus that he may not observe me  
Aye tuck away go gobbling on don't stop  
I hope you'll burst yourself before you know it  
Wretch! how he throws himself upon his food  
Squared like a wrestler grappling with his jaws  
Twisting his head and hands now here now there  
For all the world like men who plait and weave  
Those great thick ropes to tow the barges with  
Tis a most stinking foul voracious brute  
Nor can I tell whose appanage he is  
I really think he can't be Aphrodite's  
Nor yet the Graces

1st S No? then whose?  
and S I take it

This is the sign of sulphur bolting Zeus  
Now I suspect some pert young wittling there  
Is asking Well but what's it all about?  
What can the beetle mean? And then I think  
That some Ionian sitting by will answer

Now I've nae doubt but this is aimed at Cleon  
It eats the muck sae unco shamelessly  
But I will in and give the beetle drink

1st S And I will tell the story to the boys  
And to the lads and also to the men  
And to the great and mighty men among you  
And to the greatest mightiest men of all  
My master's mad a novel kind of madness  
Not your old style but quite a new invention  
For all day long he gazes at the sky  
His mouth wide open thus and rails at Zeus  
O Zeus says he what seekest thou to do?  
Lay down thy besom sweep not Hellas bare!

Trygaeus (behind the scenes) Ah me! Ah me!  
and S Hush! for methinks I hear him speaking now  
Tr (behind the scenes) O Zeus

What wouldst thou with our people? Thou wilt  
drain  
The lifeblood from our cities ere thou knowest!

and S Aye there it is that's just what I was saying  
Ye hear yourself 'tis a sample of his reasoning  
But what he did when first the frenzy seized him  
I'll tell you he kept muttering to himself  
Oh if I could but somehow get to Zeus!  
With that he got thin scaling ladders made

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And cry'd then to scamble up to heaven,  
 Till I came tumbling down, and crack'd my skull.  
 Then friends here. I know not whether  
 And brought a huge Aetnaean beetle home  
 And made me groom it while he could educt wa-  
 Lik a room favourite colt and kept it as a son  
 As Pegasus in thoroughbred  
 Your wits in it were the best as to Zeus'  
 As I'll prepare to see what he about  
 Oh or even us'net hours'net hours'help'  
 As most spot staid upon the beetle  
 And up they go scending in the air

*Enter Pegasus a great dappled horse with wings spread.*

T Fair and so in me beaust at first  
 Saw not at once with a you at burst  
 In the proud light of your eyes—my sight  
 E. you joints with sweat are red and wet  
 From the powerful rain of your stalwart wing  
 And breathe not strong as we soar alone  
 L or can I refrain, you had best remain  
 Down here in the stall of your master's halls.  
 As O master of me why have I told you must be?  
 As Help silence! keep silence!  
 As Wh where'd you try so manel to fly?  
 T M Be for the sake of all that I take  
 As I land down as I venture prepan  
 As Wh by can I ou remain at home and be  
 safe?

T O let not word of women be heard  
 B t greet me with blessings and cheers as I go,  
 And order mankind to be silent below  
 And please to be silent with briks to secure  
 All places receptive of id and masure.  
 As No, no I won't keep till unless you tell me  
 Whether you fly or off

T Whither accept  
 T That Zeus in heaven?  
 As Whate'er for?  
 T I'm going to ask him what he is going to do  
 About the Hellenic peoples, on and all.  
 As And if he won't inform me

T I'll send him  
 As going Helios over to the Medes.  
 As (struggling with Pegasus)  
 As While I live to help me Dionysus!  
 T There is no way but this.

As Here! hold out here!  
 Quick quick our father is also off to heaven  
 As You here deserted and forlorn.  
 Speak then, Pegasus, to him, you'll stay and stand me.  
*Enter the gods to see the scene.*  
 As O father O faith and can I be true  
 To the that is on my ears about me  
 That among the birds of the air go to go,  
 And to leave you alone and be off to the crow?  
 As I fact O my father

O I'll be the truth if you'll come  
 T Yes it appears so, my child  
 As truth I am sorry to see you  
 Calling me dearest Papa,  
 And asking me bread for your dinner

When I have got in the house  
 not an atom of silver to buy it  
 B t I'll return with success  
 As we shall soon be enjoying

Buns of enormous size  
 with strong fist sauce to improve them.

As And what's to be the method of your passage?  
 As It will not be the cannot go to journey

T I find a steed with wings no ship for me

G But what's the wit of harnessing a beetle

To ride on it to heaven Papa Papa

T It is the only way in this with wings

So Aesop says, that even reached the Gods

G O father father that's too good a story

That such a stinking brute should enter heaven!

T It went to take revenge upon the eagle

And break her eggs, as my dear son

G But should you not have harnessed Pegasus,

And so, in tragic style approach the God?

T Then I must have had supplies for two

But now the only food I eat myself

All this will presently be food for him

G What if he flies into waters where he

How will his wings help him to swim then?

T Oh, I've a rudder all prepared for that

As I'll have a beetle-woop of Aetna make

G What be will land you drifting

on?

T Wh in Pegasus, there's the Beetle Bay

G Let O be carefullest you tumble off

And (lame for life) as I found

A subject and become a tragic hero.

T I'll see to that good-bye good-bye my dear!

B t you for whom I toiled and laboured

Do for three days wait the calls of nature

Once if my beetle in the air should smell it

It'll toss me head on off and turn it graze

Up my Pegasus, mer de chert!

With ears complacent while the and hold

Your curious shake out their clatter of gold

(Wood what in the world he means

By pointing his nose at those soul machines.)

Rise valiantly rise from the earth to the skies,

And on with the beat of your pinion fleet

Till you come to Zeus in his heavenly seat

From all your earthly supplies of dirt

From ordure and muck our new dirt

Man! man Pegasus! you'll kill me! Is ear

Committs a worse evil good fellow bear

Dig it down with ground scatter peeples around

Heap heap up the earth on the top

Pluck sweet mellow the me to circle the mound

Bring me with you a summer to drop

F t (I throw you off) hall tumble to-day

And my enterprise fail to succeed in

F t valent the cry of Chaos hall ps

On account of your each—of good breeding

*The same sentiments change*

\*Trygaeus has been in the supported by some sort of crane but now some sort of platform is pushed forward with the Palace of Zeus for its back ground, and on the Trygaeus dais.

*Zounds!* how you scared me I'm not joking now  
 I say scene shifter have a care of me  
 You gave me quite a turn and if you don't  
 Take care I'm certain I shall feed my beetle  
 But now methinks we must be near the Gods  
 And sure enough there stand the halls of Zeus  
 Oh open! open! who's in waiting here?

*Hermes (within)* A breath of man steals o'er me  
 whence whence comes it? (*Opens door*)

O Heracles what's this?

*Tr* A beetle horse  
*He* O shameless miscreant vagabond and rogue  
 O miscreant utter miscreant worst of miscreants  
 How came you here you worst of all the miscreants?  
 Your name? what is it? speak!

*Tr* The worst of miscreants  
*He* Your race? your country? answer!

*Tr* Worst of miscreants  
*He* And who's your father?

*Tr* Mine? the worst of miscreants  
*He* O by the Earth but you shall die the death

Unless you tell me who and what you are

*Tr* Trygaeus an Athimonian skilled in vines

No sycophant no lover of disputes

*He* Why are you come?

*Tr* To offer you this meat

*He* How did you get here? Where'dling?

*Tr* Oho Greedling!

Then I'm not quite the worst of miscreants now

So just step in and summon Zeus

*He* O! O!

When you're not likely to come near the Gods!

They're gone they left these quarters yesterday

*Tr* Where on Earth are they?

*He* Earth indeed!

*Tr* But where?

*He* Far far away close to Heaven's highest dome

*Tr* How came they then to leave you here alone?

*He* I have to watch the little things they left

Pipkins and pannikins and trencherlets

*Tr* And what's the reason that they went away?

*He* They were so vexed with Hellas therefore  
 here

Where they were dwelling they've established

War

And given you up entirely to his will

But they themselves have settled up aloft

As high as they can go that they no more

May see your fightings or receive your prayers

*Tr* Why have they treated us like that? do tell  
 me

*He* Be au c though They were oftentimes for  
 Peace

You always would have War If the Laonians

Achieved some slight advantage they would say

Nooby the Two! shall master Attic catch it

Or if the Attics had their turn of luck

And the Laonians came to treat for peace

At once ye cried We're being taken in

Athenes! Zeus! we can't consent to this

They're sure to come again if we keep Pylus.

*Tr* Yes that's exactly how we talked exactly

*He* So that I know not if ye'er again

Will see the face of Peace.

*Tr* Why where's she gone to?

*He* War has immured her in a deep deep pit

*Tr* Where?

*He* Here beneath our feet And you may see

The heavy stones he piled about its mouth

That none should take her out

*Tr* I wish you'd tell me

How he proposes now to deal with us

*He* I only know that ye'er eve he brought

Into this house a most gigantic mortar

*Tr* What is he going to do with that? I wonder!

*He* He means to put the cities in and pound  
 them

But I shall go He's making such a din

I think he's coming out

*Exit*

*Tr* Shoo! let me run

Out of his way methought that I myself

Heard a great mortar's war inspiring blast

*Enter WAR bearing a gigantic mortar in which he  
 is about to mix a salad*

*War* O mortals! mortals! wondrous woe!ful  
 mortals!

How ye will suffer in your jaws directly!

*Tr* O King Apollo what a great big mortar!

Oh the mere look of War how bad it is!

Is this the actual War from whom we flee

The dread tough War the War upon the legs?

*War (throuing in leek)*

O Praxiad! O thrice wretched five times wretched

And tens of times how you'll be crushed to day!

*Tr* Friends this as yet is no concern of ours

This is a blow for the Laconian side

*War (throuing in garlic)*

O Megara! Megara! in another moment

How you'll be worn and torn and ground to salad!

*Tr* Good gracious! O what heavy bitter tears

He has thrown in to mix for Megara

*War (throuing in cheese)*

O Sicily! and you'll be ruined too

*Tr* Ah how that hapless state will soon be grated!

*War* And now I'll pour some Attic honey in

*Tr* Hey there I warn you use some other honey

Besparing of the Attic that costs sixpence

*War* Ho boy! boy! Riot!

*Riot (entering)* What's your will?

*War* You'll catch it

You rascal standing idle there! take that!

*R* Ugh how it stings! O me! O me! why master

Sure you've not primed your knuckles with the

garlic?

*War* Run in and get a pestle

*R* We've not got one

We only moved in yesterday you know

*War* Then run at once and borrow one from

Athens

*R* I'll run by Zeus or else I'm sure to catch it

*Exit*

63-33)

T What to be done, my poor dear mortals, now?  
 For how terrible our danger is  
 For if that varlet bring a pestle back,  
 War will t down and pul enize our cities.  
 Heaven's may h perish and not kn on back  
 R. You were!

W-- What! Don't you brn, it?  
 R. Just look here ar  
 Th pestl th Athenians had is lost  
 The tamer f'ow that disturbed all Hellas.

T O well done be, Athens mighty mistress  
 Well n be lost and for the state sad 'antag  
 Before t ey e mixed us up this bitter salad  
 W- Then run away and fetch from Lacedaemon  
 Another pestle.

R. Yes, ar  
 W- Don't be long  
 T Now is the crisis of our fat my friends,  
 And if there's here a man intate  
 In Samothrace us now the hour to pray  
 For t's a ering of th varlet's feet.

R. As's alar! and y e a-un, alar!  
 W- What's you? don't you bring one now?  
 R. O Sir  
 The "artans too ha e lost their pestle now  
 W- How so, ou rascal?

R. Why they lent it out  
 To friends up Thraceward, and they lost it there.  
 T And well don the I well done! Twin sons of  
 Zeus!

Tik cours= mortals all may y t be well.  
 W- Pick up the things, and carry them away  
 I'll go within and make myself pestle.

Enter WAR AND JUST  
 T Now may I an the od that Datis mad  
 Th ode b sac, in ecstasy at noon.

Eh, sir, I'm pleased, and joyed and comforted."  
 Now men f Hellas, now th hour has com  
 T Lrow away our troubles and our wars,  
 And, er another pestle me to it pus.

T Pull out Peace, the j all mankind.  
 O all y farmers, merchants, artisans,  
 O all ye craftsmen, lions, sojourners,  
 O all islands, O all ye peoples.

Come with ropes, and judes and crowbars,  
 Come n eager hurrying hast  
 Now the top f happy fortune,  
 brothers, it is ours to taste.

Enter CHORUS OF LABORERS  
 Chorus Come then heart and soul, my comrades,  
 hast to win this great salvation,  
 Now or erer now if ever

come the whol Hellenic nation!  
 Throw way your ranks and squadrons,  
 throw ou scarl t plaques way  
 Lo, t length the da is dawn

Lamachus-d-testing day!  
 O be thou our guide and leader  
 man= presiding o er us,

\*Persian commander Marathon and mored for his  
 blunders in Greek. Thus, be ver's endings of l. 29

For I think I shan t gr cover  
 in this noble task before us,  
 Till with levers, cranes, and pulleys  
 once again to light we haul

Peace, the Goddess best and greatest  
 one and lovingest of all.  
 Tr O be quiet! O be qui if by your noisy load  
 deli ht

You will waken War the d-mon,  
 who is crouching out of sight.  
 Ch O we j v we joy we jo to  
 hear your glorious proclamations,

So unlike that odious "Wanted  
 at the camp with three days' rations."  
 T Yet beware, beware remember!

Cerberus is down below  
 He may come with fuss and fury  
 (as when he was here you know)

E ery obstacle and hindrance  
 in the way of Peace to throw  
 Ch. Who shall bear her who shall tear her  
 from these loving arms a way

Ill once can clasp and grasp her?  
 O hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 Tr Zounds! you ill surely be our run  
 stop your clamour I entreat

War will br and bve come trampling  
 everything beneath his feet.  
 Ch. Let him stamp, and tramp, and trample  
 let him do what'er he will

I am so immensely happy that I really can't be still.  
 T What the mischief! what's the matter?  
 do not by the Gods, I pray

W th your dancing and your prancing  
 spoil our noble work to-day  
 Ch. Really now I didn't mean to no I did t I  
 d-charge

Quite without my will my ankles  
 will perform this joyous air  
 Tr Well, but don't go on at present  
 cease your dancin, or you'll rue it.

Ch Look, observe, I've read ceased t  
 Tr So you say but stul you do t.  
 Ch Only once, I do beseech you only just a  
 an le hop.

T W ll then, one make hast bout s  
 only one and then you stop.  
 Ch Stop? of course we stop with p'caur  
 if t will your de'ous assist.

T Well, but look you're still proceedin  
 Ch Just by Zeus, on other twust  
 Let m fling m v n ht leg upwards,  
 and I'll really then t frain,

T This indulgence too I'll gra t you,  
 so you don't offend again  
 Ch Hah! but here's my l fr less also  
 t must ha its turn us plain.

(dancing vigorously with both legs)  
 I'm so happy glad, deli hted,  
 g-ttu g rid of arms at last

More than if, my youth renew  
 I th slough of Age had ca t

Tr Well but don't exult at present  
 for we're all uncertain still  
 But when once we come to hold her  
 then be merry if you will  
 Then will be the time for laughing  
 Shouting out in jovial glee  
 Sailing sleeping feasting quaffing  
 All the public sights to see  
 Then the Cottabus be playing  
 Then be hip hip hurrahing  
 Pass the day and pass the night  
 Like a regular Sybarite

Ch O that it were yet my fortune  
 those delightful days to see!  
 Woes enough I've had to bear  
 Sorry pallets trouble care  
 Such as fell to Phormio's share

I would never more thereafter so morose and bitter  
 be

Nor a judge so stubborn hearted  
 unrelenting and severe

You shall find me yielding then  
 Quite a tender youth again  
 When these weary times depart  
 Long enough we've undergone  
 Toils and sorrows many a one  
 Worn and spent and sick at heart

From Lyceum to Lyceum  
 trudging on with shield and spear

Now then tell us what you would  
 Have us do and we'll obey  
 Since by fortune fair and good  
 You're our sovereign Lord to day

Tr Come let me see which way to move the  
 stones

Re enter HERMES  
 He Rogue! miscreant! what are you up to now?

Tr No harm  
 Everything's right as Cillicon observed

He Wretch! you shall die!  
 Tr When it's my lot of course

For being Hermes you'll use lots I know  
 He O you are doomed! doomed! doomed!

Tr Yes? for what day?  
 He This very instant

Tr But I'm not prepared  
 I've bought no bread and cheese as if to die

He Ah well you're absolutely gone!  
 Tr That's odd

To get such famous luck and yet not know it  
 He Then don't you know that death's de-

nounced by Zeus  
 On all found digging here?

Tr And is it so?  
 And must I die indeed?

He You must indeed  
 Tr O then I prithee lend me half a crown

I'll buy a pig and get initiate first  
 He Hoi Zeus! Zeus! thunder crasher!

Tr O pray don't  
 O by the heavenly powers don't peach upon us

He No no I won't keep silence

Tr O pray do  
 O by the heavenly meat I brought you master  
 He Why bless you Zeus will quite demolish me  
 If I don't shout and tell him all about it

Tr O pray don't shout my darling dearest  
 Hermes

Don't stand gaping there my comrades  
 are ye quite deprived of speech?

What's the matter? speak ye rascals!  
 if you don't he's safe to peach

Ch Do not do not mighty Hermes  
 do not do not shout I pray

If you ever have tasted swine  
 Tasted sucking pigs of mine  
 Which have soothed your throat divine

Think upon it think upon it  
 not despise the d'ed-to-dav

Tr King and master won't you listen  
 to the coaxing words they say?

Ch View us not with wrathful eye  
 Nor our humble prayers deny

From this dungeon let us hand her  
 O if you indeed detest

And abhor the sweeping crest  
 And the eyebrows of Peisander

Let us now O God most gracious!  
 let us carry Peace away

Then we'll glad processions bring  
 Then with sacrifices due

We will always lord and king  
 We will always honour you

Tr Ours be pitiful and heed their cry  
 They never showed you such respect as now

He Why no they never were such thieves as now  
 Tr And then I'll tell you a tremendous secret

A horrid dreadful plot against the Gods  
 He Well tell away I'm open to conviction

Tr 'Tis that the Moon and vile immoral Sun  
 Have long been plotting to your hurt and now

They're giving Hellas up to the Barbarians  
 He Why are they doing that?

Tr Because by Zeus!  
 We sacrifice to you but those Barbarians

Only to them So naturally they  
 Are very anxious that we all should perish

And they get all the rites of all the Gods  
 He Then that's the reason why they clipped the

days  
 And nibbled off their rounds misguiding sinners

Tr It is it is come Hermes lend a hand  
 Help us to pull her out And then for you

We'll celebrate the great Panathenaea  
 And all the other rites of all the Gods

Demeter Zeus Adonis all for you  
 And everywhere the cities saved from woe

Will sacrifice to you the Saviour Hermes  
 Much much besides you'll gain and first of all

I give you this (producing a gold cup)  
 a vessel for libations

He Fie! how I soften at the sight of gold!  
 There my men the works before you!

I've got nothing more to say

F-F-I

Qak, take up your spades, and enter  
who elum all the stones away

Ch. Gadi gladly will we do t.  
wrest of the Gods and you

Lk. a skilled & remorse craftsman,  
teach us what we ou ht to do.

I errant, when the wa w know  
you ll find us an thun but slow

T H Jost th ecel, and we ll launch the work  
W h fire libation and th holy prayers.

H Pour libations.  
Silence! silence! pour libations.

T And as we pour we ll pray O happy morn  
E thou th, source of e ery joy to Hellas!

And O may he who labours well to-day  
ll never forced to bear a shu lid a-man!

Ch. No may he spend his happy days in peace,  
C nne, the fire, his misters t his nd

T ll there be an that delveth in war  
King Dion us, ma h never cease

Pickin out sweat-ead from his funn bones.  
Ch. Has seekin to be made a Captain.

His to see Peace return, O ma be e er  
Far in his battles lik Cleonimus.

T Many merchant, sellin wears or shields,  
Now has have battles, to imp e h trade

Marh be seiz'd b thieves nd eat raw barley  
Or if an would be General won t assist us,

Or any a prepar to desert.  
May be be fowrd, nd b ken on the wheel.

B on oursel es all; hup, hup, hurrah!  
T Don t talk of beinghipped Hurrah s the

word.  
Ch. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah s the word to-day

T (singing h. songs)  
T H Himes, Lov D-rear, th Hours, and Graces.

Ch. Not Aris  
T (with dignus) Nol

Ch. Nor Enyalus?  
T No.

Ch. Now all set to, and labour at th ropes.  
H Y ho! pull awa

Ch. Pull wa little stron er  
H Y ho pull wav

Ch. Keep t p little longer  
H Pull, pull, pull, pull.

T Ah! wry don t pull all alike.  
Cease our crans us but feroming

Pul, Boecotus 'o I ll take.  
H Y ho pul wa

Ch. Pul wav awa wav  
(singing h. songs)

Verl ou should be b lips us too.  
T (m. rarily) Don t k train, night and

man.  
Ch. g nd swing tug and haul?

Ch. Y t w don t ad an t ll  
T Now don t sit there and thwart us, Lamachus.

W don t requir our B gaboon, my train.

He These Argi es, too, they give no help at all.  
They ool laugh at us, our toils and troubles,  
And all the while take pay from either side.

Tr But the Laconians, comrad pull like men.  
He Ah, mark, is only such s work in wood

That fun would help us but the smith impedes.  
Tr And the Megarians d no good they pull,

thou h.  
Scrabbling away like ra enous puppy dogs.

Good la k! they re regularly starved and runned.  
Ch We make now a m comrades we must try

Astro. pul, and a lon pull, all to-ether  
H Y o ho! pull way

Tr Keep it up a little longer  
He Y o ho! pull way

Tr Yes, b Zeus! a l tle stronger  
Ch Veri slow now we go.

Tr What a sham ful dirty trick!  
Com are works others shurkin,

Argi es, e shall feel the stick.  
He Y o ho! pull awa

Tr Pull awa awa awa  
Ch Some of you st ll are degening us ill.

Tr Y who fun Peace would gain,  
Pull and strai mu ht and man.

Ch Some oer shade s us rain.  
H Plurue take you, men of Megara get out!

The Goddess hat s you she remem'ers well  
T Was you that pruned her up at first with garlic.

St p stop Athenian sh fit your hold a little  
It s no use pullin as you re now disposed

You don t do an th but go to law  
No, if you really want to pull her out

Stand back tifle further towa ds the sea.  
Ch Come, let us farmers pull alone

and s-t our shoulders to it  
He Upon my word you re gain ground

I think you goan to do it  
Ch. H says we re really gain ground

cheer up, cheer up, my heartv  
Tr The farmers ha e it all themself es,

and not another party  
Ch. Pull rain, pull, my men

Now we re gaining fast  
Never slacken, put your back in.

Her sh comes tlast  
Pull pul, pull, pull, every man, all he can

Pull, pull, pull pull pull,  
Pull pul, pull, pull all to-ether

PEACE is lifed ut with her two attendants HAR TST  
HOME and M. YFALK.

T G of grapes, O how shall I add ess you?  
O for a word ten thousand bucket big

Wherewith to accout you for I e none at hand  
Good mornin Harv esthome good morn Mayfair

What a lovely charman face Mayfair!

(kisses her)  
O what breath! how fragrant to m heart

How sweet how soft, with perfum nd inaction.  
H N t quite th odour of a knapsack, eh?

T F ga! that odious pouch of odious men, I  
hate t.

\*The Gorgon shield of Lamach, a one of the Athenian  
generals in the Sicilian expedition.

It has a smell of rancid onion whiffs  
But *she* of harvests banquets festivals  
Flutes thrushes plays the odes of Sophocles  
Euripidean wordlets

*He* O how dare you  
Slander her so I'm sure she does not like  
That logic monger's wordy disputations  
*Tr* (*continuing*) The bleating lambs the ivy leaf  
the vat

Full bosomed matrons hurrying to the farm  
The tipsy maid the drained and emptied flask  
And many another blessing

*He* And look there  
See how the reconciled cities greet and blend  
In peaceful intercourse and laugh for joy  
And that too though their eyes are swollen and  
blackened

And all cling fast to cupping instruments  
*Tr* Yes and survey the audience by their looks  
You can discern their trades

*He* O dear! O dear!  
Don't you observe the man that makes the crests  
Tearing his hair? and *voilà* a pitchfork seller  
Fiel how he filips the sword cutler there

*Tr* And see how pleased that sickle maker looks  
Joking and poking the spear burnisher

*He* Now then give notice let the farmers go

*Tr* O yes! O yes! the farmers all may go  
Back to their homes farm implements and all  
You can leave your darts behind you  
yea for sword and spear shall cease

All things all around are teeming  
with the mellow gifts of Peace

Shout your Paeans march away  
to labour in your fields to-day

*Ch* Day most welcome to the farmers  
and to all the just and true

Now I see you I am eager  
once again my vines to view

And the fig trees which I planted  
in my boyhood's early prime

I would fain salute and visit  
after such a weary time

*Tr* First then comrades to the Coddess  
be our grateful prayers addressed

Who has freed us from the Gorgons  
and the fear inspiring crest

Next a little salt provision fit for country uses buy  
Then with merry expedition

homeward to the fields we'll hie  
*He* O Poseidon! fair their order

sweet their serried ranks to see  
Right and tight like rounded biscuits

or a thronged festivity  
*Tr* Yes, by Zeus! the well armed mattock

seems to sparkle as we gaze  
And the burnished pitchforks glitter

in the sun's delighted rays.  
Very famously with those

will they clear the vineyard rows  
So that I myself am eager

homeward to my farm to go

Breaking up the little furrows

(long neglected) with the hoe.

Think of all the thousand pleasures

Comrades which to Peace we owe

All the life of ease and comfort

Which she gave us long ago

Figs and olives wine and myrtles

Luscious fruits preserved and dried

Banks of fragrant violets blowing

By the crystal fountain's side

Scenes for which our hearts are yearning

Joys that we have missed so long—

—Comrades here is Peace returning

Greet her back with dance and song!

*Ch* Welcome welcome best and dearest

welcome welcome welcome, home.

We have looked and longed for thee

Looking longing wondrously

Once again our farms to see

O the joy the bliss, the rapture  
really to behold thee come

Thou wast aye our chief enjoyment

thou wast aye our greatest gain

We who ply the farmer's trade

Used through thy benignant aid

All the joys of life to hold

Ah! the unbought pleasures free

Which we erst received of thee

In the merry days of old

When thou wast our one salvation

and our roasted barley grain.

Now will all the tiny shoots

Sunny vine and fig tree sweet

All the happy flowers and fruits,

Laugh for joy thy steps to greet

Ah but where has Peace been hiding  
all these long and weary hours?

Hermes teach us all the story  
kindest of the heavenly Powers.

*He* O most sapient worthy farmers,  
listen now and understand

If you fain would learn the reason,  
why it was she left the land

Pheidias began the mischief  
having come to grief and shame

Penciles was next in order  
fearing he might share the blame,

Dreading much your hasty temper  
and your savage bulldog ways,

So before misfortune reached him  
he contrived a flame to raise

By his Megara enactment<sup>1</sup>  
setting all the world ablaze

Such a bitter smoke ascended  
while the flames of war he blew

That from every eye in Hellas  
everywhere the tears it drew

Wailed the vine and rent its branches  
when the evil news it heard

<sup>1</sup>The *sedes probata* the Megarians from all  
intercourse with the Athenian empire.

But on butt was dashed and shivered  
 by revenge and anger stirred  
 There was none to smy the tumult  
 Peace in silence disappeared  
 Tr By Apollo I had ne'er  
 heard these ample facts narrated  
 No, nor knew the was to el-ly  
 to our Phœdrias related  
 Al No, nor I till just this mome-nt  
 that is why she looks so fair  
 Goodness me! how many this g-  
 escape our notice I declare  
 H Then when- nce the subject cities,  
 er whom ye bare the sway  
 Saw you at each other nart'ing  
 rowling and jer day by day  
 To escape the contri- butions,  
 ery w'ing nes- t'hy strained  
 And the ch' f' Lac- na- leaders  
 b- en- rious b- hes they gained  
 These at once i- r' thyl- c- e  
 g- st- delude s- as they are,  
 Hustling out this gr- ous lad  
 g- ced ly- mbraced the War  
 But from this their own adva- ta-  
 run to their farmers came  
 For from h- nce th- ea- r' galleys  
 sail g- f- th with v- ng f' laim,  
 S- allowed p- th- fig- people  
 who w- e- ot perchance to blame  
 T- v- ry justly e- v- u- il- t-  
 n- h- h- had they ea- ned th- blow  
 Loppin' down th- ducks f- tre  
 I- hail- ed and nurtured on  
 G- l- ery justly v- u- il- t-  
 n- e- m- g- eat capacious bin,  
 L- ght th- r- cal cam- o- s- t-  
 took ston- and sto- c- e- t- n-  
 H- Then y- labour- populat- on  
 flocking i- f- om- le- nd plu-  
 Never dreamed that like th- oth- rs,  
 the th- msel- es were sold f- gain  
 But a ha- ng lost their gr- p- t- nos,  
 nd dears g- g- t- g- t-  
 Et- ry one h- rapt- ut- nt- on  
 on th- publ- speakers set  
 These bel- id- v- o- poor- d- f- amul- ed  
 b- h- n- all- v- ou- home- ppl- es,  
 Straight they put- ch- ked- i- the Goddess,  
 scout- ng- h- th- y- l- s- d- cries,  
 Wh- n- o- e- (f- m- h- be- lo- ed- v- o- )  
 b- k- h- tu- ed- w- th- w- ful- eyes,  
 Then- th- s- t- they- ed- nd- harassed  
 y- u- b- st- nt- u- l- rich- l- es,  
 Wh- p- en- g- in- our- Th- f- l- l- o- n-  
 l- k- pack- f- bound- horu-  
 on- ch- q- a- ring- v- i- ct- in- f- l- ew  
 l- ca- the- Cit- suck- and- pallid  
 h- u- ring- w- th- disease- nd- fight-  
 Any calumny they cast h- r-  
 te with ravenous p- p- et- te

Till at last your friends perceiv- ing  
 whence their heavy wounds arose,  
 Stopped with gold the mouths of speakers  
 who were such d- astrous foes.  
 Thus the scoundrels thro- e- and prospered  
 wh- l- st- distracted Hellas came  
 Unobserved to wrack and ruin  
 but the fellow most to blame  
 W- s- a- tanner- t-  
 Tr- Softly softly Hermes master say not so  
 Let the man remain in silence,  
 whence'er he is, below  
 For the man is ours no longer  
 he is all your own you know  
 Therefore whatsoe- er you call him  
 kna- e- and- l- ave- while- yet- among- us,  
 W- angler- jangler- false- accuser  
 T- ouble- m- ddler- all- confuser  
 You will all these names be calling  
 One who now is yours alone.

(to PEACE)

But t- l- me- l- dy- why you stand so mute.  
 He- Oh, she won- t- peak- one- word- before- this  
 ud- en- c-  
 No, no they- v- e- wronged her far too much for that.  
 Tr- Then won- t- she- whisper- all- alone- to- you?  
 H- Will you, my dearest speak your thoughts  
 t- m- ?  
 Come of all lad- es- most- shield- hand- l- having  
 (flects to listen.)  
 Yes, good that- s- their- offence- I- unde- stand  
 Late- spectat- ors, why she blames you so  
 She- say- that- after- that- affair- in- Pylus  
 She- cam- un- b- d- den, with- a- chest- of- treat- es,  
 And- th- ce- y- u- blackb- l- l- ed- her- in- full- assembly  
 Tr- We- r- eed- in- that- but- lady- p- d- n- us,  
 F- then- our- w- its- were- swaddled- up- n- shins  
 He- Well- then- attend- t- what- she- s- ks- me- now  
 Who- i- vo- tylo- es- her- least? nd- who-  
 Lo- es- her- the- best- and- shrinks- from- fighting- most?  
 Tr- Cleo- yatus, I- think, by- far- the- most.  
 He- What- s- o- t- of- man- is- this- Cleonymus  
 l- military- matters?  
 Tr- L- c- l- lent  
 Only- he- s- not- has- so- called- faith- e- s- son  
 Fo- f- he- goes- to- battle- in- a- trice  
 He- p- ves- him- self- east- away- of- sh- l- ds.  
 He- Still- further- listen- what- sh- asks- me- now  
 Who- is- it- o- that- way- th- Assembly- stone?  
 Tr- Hyperbolus- at- present- h- l- ds- the- place.  
 But- h- now- M- ist- es? Why- a- err- your- eyes?  
 H- Sh- tu- n- s- v- man- r- from- the- peopl-  
 F- tal- g- s- to- self- so- d- le- lead-  
 Tr- He- s- a- w- e- makes- h- st- w- e- ll- not- use- him  
 now  
 Twa- that- the- people, bare- and- stripped- of- leader- t-  
 Ju- caught- him- up- to- gird- t- self- w- th- al-  
 H- She- ask- h- w- this- ca- benefit- the- state.  
 T- Twill- make- ur- counsels- brighter  
 H- Will- it- b- h- w-?

\*Cleon.



Tr Because he deals in lamps before he came  
We all were groping in the dark but now  
His lamps may give our council board some light  
He Oh! oh!

What things she wants to know!

Tr What sort of things?

He All the old things existing when she left  
And first she asks if Sophocles be well

Tr He s well but strangely metamorphosed

He How?

Tr He s now Simonides not Sophocles

He What do you mean?

Tr He s grown so old and sordid

He d put to sea upon a sieve for money

He Lives the old wit Cratinus?

Tr No he perished

When the Laconians made their raid

He How so?

Tr Snooded dead away he could not bear to see

A jolly butt of wine all smashed and wasted

Much much beside we ve suffered wherefore lady

We ll never never let you go again

He Then on these terms I ll give you Harvest  
home

To be your bride and partner in your fields

Take her to wife and propagate young vines

Tr O Harvesthome! come here and let me kiss  
you

But Hermes won t it hurt me if I make  
Too free with fruits of Harvesthome at first?

He Not if you add a dose of pennyroyal

But since you re going please to take Mayfair

Back to the Council whose of old she was

Tr O happy Council to possess Mayfair!

O what a three-days carnival you ll have!

What soup! what tripel! what delicate tender meat!

But fare thee well dear Hermes

He And do you

Farewell dear mortal and remember me

Tr Home home my beetle! let us now fly home

He Your beetle s gone my friend

Tr Why where s he gone to?

He Yoked to the ear of Zeus he bears the  
thunder

Tr What will he get to mt poor creature there?

He Why Ganymede s ambrosia to be sure

Tr And how shall I get down?

He O well enough

There by the side of Peace

Tr Now girls now girls

Keep close to me our youngsters I well know

Are sore all over for the love of you

*Exeunt TRYGAeus with HARVESTHOME and  
MAYFAIR*

### Chorus

Yes, go and good fortune escort you my friend

meanwhile the machines and the wraps

We ll give to our faithful attendants to guard

for a number of dissolute chaps

Are sure to be lurking about on the stage

to pilfer and plunder and steal

Here take them and watch them and keep them  
with care

while we to the audience reveal

The mind of our Play and whatever we may

By our native acumen be prompted to say

Tu ere proper and right for the Ushers to smite

if ever a bard we confess

Were to fill with the praise of himself and his plays

our own anapaestic address

But if ever O daughter of Zeus, it were fit

with honour and praise to adorn

A Chorus Instructor the ablest of men

the noblest that ever was born

Our Poet is free to acknowledge that he

is deserving of high commendation

It was he that advancing unaided alone

compelled the immediate cessation

Of the jokes which his rivals were cutting, at rags

and the battles they waged with the bee

It was he that indignantly swept from the stage

the paltry ignoble device

Of a Heracles needy and seedy and greedy

a vagabond sturdy and stout

Now baking his bread now windmilling instead

now beaten and battered about

And freedom he gave to the lachrymose slave

who was wont with a howl to rush in

And all for the sake of a joke which they make

on the wounds that disfigure his skin

Why how now my poor knave? so they bawl

to the slave

has the whipcord invaded your back

spreadin' havoc around hacking trees to the

ground

with a savage resistless attack?

Such vulgar contemptible lumber at once

he bade from the drama depart

And then like an edifice stately and grand

he raised and ennobled the Art

High thoughts and high language he brought on

the stage

a humour exalted and rare

Nor stooped with a scuttrilous jest to assail

some small man and woman affair

No he at the mightiest quarry of all

with the soul of a Heracles flew

And he braved the vile scent of the ran put and

went

through foul mouthed revilings for you

And I at the outset came down in the lists

with the jagged fanged monster to fight

Whose eyeballs were lund and glaring with flames

of Cynna s detestable light

And around his forehead the thin forked tongues

of a hundred scyophants quiver

And his smell was the smell of a seal and his voice

was a brawling tempestuous River

And his hunder parts like a furnace appeared

and a goblin s uncleanable liver

But I recked not the least for the look of the beast

I never desponded or quailed

And how he for the safety of you and the Isles  
I galls the fouls, and pre a led  
You therefore should heed an I rem ember th deed  
and afford me my guerdon to-day  
For he er went off to make love to the boys  
in the schools of athletic d splay  
Henceforth when I gained the theatrical prize  
but I packed up my wraps a d d parted  
Hann caused you great joy and but I tile an oy  
and my huly pleased the true hearted

It is h t then for all young, and old great and  
small,  
Henceforth of my side and my party to be,  
And ex h bold headed man should do all that he can  
That the prize be awarded t me.  
For be sure f this play be triumphant to-day  
That here er you recline at the feast or the wine,  
Your ne, labour will say  
Gi e that the bold head give that to the bold  
head  
And take ot away  
That sweetmeat, that cake, but present and be  
stow t  
On the man with the brow of our wood sful Poet!

Woe ha in dn en afar this terrible business of  
war  
Jan nth Meth chorus.  
Com ungen of Nuptials d rine and earthly  
bangu is  
Sums th j vs of the blessed thus fold to Thee  
below  
But and f Caranus comes  
Ask thee t pain with his sons o choral dances,  
Hearken not come n t stand not  
A ad beside them  
Th nk f them all merely  
Litt domst cal quails, ballet-dancers with waltz  
n k  
Apped f m the d v of goats, small,  
ru ted machinery hunt ss.  
Yes for their father declared that the drama  
wh h  
Passed ad his h pes, in the evening  
By the cat wa trangled

These are the songs of the fa  
sweet Gra es with beautiful hair  
Which t n I bessem th  
The poet swind m to chant while fish m  
W blest small w s spr and Mo sum o  
horu gains,  
No, nor Melanth us th  
W ill mtembe h drill disc rdant hatter  
When th t sedia b rus  
H all b th t vntored  
Both fish m bean me l  
Gorgone, de v f et s, lat wosh pper,  
and ha pres,  
Pests id mants, alk f d goats, destroyers f  
fishes.

Thou having spat on them lar dy and heavily  
Join in the festi al dances,  
Heavenly Muse beside me.

ELCT TRYGAEUS HARVESTHOME, & d MAYFAIR.  
T O what a job it was to reach the Gods!  
I know I m right fatigued in both my legs.  
How moll v seemed down h sel why from above  
Vethou he ye looked as bad as had could be  
But here ye look considerably worse

ELCT FIRST SERVANT  
1st S What master you returned?  
Tr So I m informed  
1st S What ha t you g t?  
Tr Got? pains in both my legs  
Faith! it s a rare long way  
st S Nay tell me.  
Tr What?  
st S Did you see any wandering in the air  
Besides yourself?  
Tr No noth ne moch to speak of  
Two or three souls f dith rambic poets.  
st S What were they after?  
Tr Flatt g round for odes,  
Those boats on hu h in th a r) th) affairs.  
1st S Th n turn t true what poe le say about it  
That when we die, we strai haway turn to stars?  
Tr O yes t n.

st S And who the star there now?  
T I n of Chores who on earth composed  
Sta o the Morn "a f when he came there all  
At once al red him as Star o the Morn"  
1st S And d i you learn about those falling stars  
Wh ch sparkle at they run?  
T Yes, those are some  
Of the rich sta t return ag home from supper  
La t ros n hand and in the lanterns f re.  
I t ke thus g lat on m and lead her in  
Deluge the bath and mak the water warm  
Then pread th m ptual ouch for her and me  
And wh n yo e fin hed h ther come again  
Meanwhile I ll g e this other to the Council  
1st S Wh o ce ha e you bro ht these ma dens?

T Whence? fr m heaven  
st S I would t gi e three hallpences f r the Gods  
If the keep brothels as we mo tal do  
T No n yet t en ther some i ve by these  
st S Come on then m tress tell me must I g e her  
N than t eat?

T O no she w ll not tou h  
O r wheat and barley b ead h n wont ha been  
To lap and osa w th the Gods n bea r n.

st S Lapt w ll p epa ber lap the he e on earth  
Encome seav t r and h n s r home.

Ch O what a l cky old man!  
Truth the whole f your plan  
Prospera s well as it can

T I really no t r what you ll say  
when I m a bird groom pruce and ay  
Ch All men w ll gaze with deli t r  
Oll you v ll b q se  
Y utful a d p f med ad bright

*Tr* What when you see her tender waist  
by these encircling arms embraced?

*Ch* Why then we'll think you happier far  
than Carcinus's twistings are.

*Tr* And justly too methinks for I  
On beetleback essayed to fly  
And rescued Hellas worn with strife  
And stored your life  
With pleasant joys of home and wife  
With country mirth and leisure

*Re enter SERVANT*

*1st S* Well sir the girl has bathed and looks divinely

They mix the puddings and they've made the cakes  
Everything's done we only want the husband

*Tr* Come then and let us give Mayfair at once  
Up to the Council.

*1st S* What do you say? Mayfair!  
Is this May Fair? the Fair we kept at Brauron  
When we were fresh and mellow years ago?

*Tr* Aye and 'twas work enough to catch her

*1st S* How neat her pasterns quite a five year old *Ol*  
*Tr* (looking round upon the audience)

Now have you any there that I can trust?  
One who will lead her safely to the Council?  
(to the servant)

What are you scribbling?

*1st S* Marking out a place  
To pitch my tent in at the Isthmian games.

*Tr* Well is there none can take her? come to me  
then

I'll go myself and set you down amongst them  
*1st S* Here's some one making signs

*Tr* Who is it? *Whol*

*1st S* Anphrades he wants her brought his way  
*Tr* No I can't bear his dirty sloppy way  
So come to me and lay those parcels down  
(Leads her forward)

Councillors! Magistrates! behold Mayfair!  
And O remember what a deal of fun

That word implies what pastimes and what feasts.  
See here's a famous kitchen range she brings

'Tis blacked a little for in times of Peace  
The jovial Council kept its saucepans there

Take her and welcome her with joy and then  
To-morrow morning let the sports begin

Then we'll enjoy the Fair in every fashion  
With boxing matches and with wrestling bouts

And tricks and games while striplings soused in oil  
Try the pancratium fist and leg combined

Then the third day from this we'll hold the races  
The eager jockeys riding the great cars

Puffing and blowing through the lists till dashed  
Full on some turning post they reel and fall

Over and over every where you see  
The hapless coachmen wallowing on the plain

Your lucky Magistrate receive Mayfair!  
Just look how pleased he seems to introduce her

You would not though if you got nothing by it  
No you'd be holding a Reception day

*Ch* Truly we envy your fate  
All must allow you're a great  
Blessing and boon to the state

*Tr* Ah when your grapes you gather in  
you'll know what sort of friend I've been

*Ch* Nay but already 'tis known  
Yea for already we own  
You have preserved us alone

*Tr* I think you'll think so when you drain  
a bowl of new made wine again

*Ch* We'll always hold you first and best  
except the Gods the ever blest

*Tr* In truth you owe a deal to me  
Trygaeus sprung from Athmone  
For I've released the burgher crew  
And farmers too

From toils and troubles not a few  
Hyperbolus I've done for

*1st S* Now what's the next thing that we have to do?

*Tr* What but to dedicate her shrine with pipkins?

*1st S* With pipkins! like a wretched little Hermes!

*Tr* Well then what think you of a stall fed bull?

*1st S* A bull? O no! no need of bull works now

*Tr* Well then a great fat pig?

*1st S* No no *Why not?*

*Tr* Lest like Theagenes we grow quite piggish

*Tr* What other victim shall we have?

*1st S* A baa lamb! *A baa lamb*

*1st S* Yes by Zeus!

*Tr* But that's Ionic

That word is

*1st S* All the better then you see,  
If any speak for war the whole assembly

Will talk Ion and cry out Bah! Bah!

*Tr* Good very good

*1st S* And they'll be milder so  
And we shall live like lambs among ourselves

And be much gentler towards our dear allies

*Tr* There get the sheep as quickly as you can  
I'll find an altar for the sacrifice

*Exeunt TRYGAEUS and SERVANT*

*Ch* Sure each deity when God and fortune speed  
it

Succeeds to our mind what is wanted we find  
Just at the moment we need it

*Tr* (returning) The truths you mention none can doubt  
for see I've brought the altar out

*Ch* Then hasten the task to perform  
War with its vehement storm  
Seems for the instant to cease  
Its sorowings decrease  
Shifting and veering to Peace

*Tr* Well here's the basket ready stored  
with barley grain and wreath and in ord

And here's the pan of sacred fire  
the sheep alone we now require

*Ch* Make haste make haste if Chaeris see  
He'll come here uninvited

## THE PEACE

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And pipe and blow in that degree,  
His windy labours needs must be  
By some small gift requited

Enter SERVANT

T Here take the basket and the hyacinth water  
And pace the altar round from left to right  
1st S See I've been round now tell me something  
else

T Then next I'll take this torch and dip it in  
(to the victim, as he sprinkles it)

Shake your head arrah

(to the servant) bring the barley you  
T'll hold the basin while you wash your hands.  
I'll throw the corn amongst the audience

There

1st S Tr What! thrown out already?

1st S Yes by Hermes!  
There's not a single man amongst them all  
But has at least one ornamental warrant you.

1st S Aye, but the women?

1st S If they haven't got one  
They'll get it by and by

T No, then to prayers  
Who's there? where are our honest simple folk?

1st S Here these are simple folk I'll give to them  
T What these good simple folk?

1st S I faith I think so  
Who, though we've poured such libations of water on  
them

Yet stand stock still and never budge a step  
Tr Come, let us pray no doubt they let us pray

O Peace most highly august, serene,

O be a born queen

Of this day and so glad this bridal throng  
These fountains take which thy fountains make.

1st S O mistress dear we beseech you hear

And cry to us as the want needs do

They let us pray at the passers by

Through the half-closed door

And then I've heard they are going with speed

If you turn away a instant they

Perish tomorrow as they did before

But deal not thus kindly with us

T No, by Zeus! but I play the true honest way

You perfect ones full of spirit and cheer

Who with the instant death

These thirteen long years have been punishing for you.

Whom the hiting arrows of a do tumults all  
laughed

We'll have these ladies never

And O pity the whisper of doubt,

These wonderful things

I give a present we have brought

And soldier and gladiator all are

With the libation of the

Flour of the most perfect our mound

With the house of the them a great kind

More to pay that you make a place may

Day for head each day with goodly display

And for garlic, and cucumbers early and rare,

Pomegranates, and peaches heapst beneath,

And we little coats for our servants to wear  
And Bocotia to send us her pigeons and widgones,  
And her geese and her plovers and plentiful creels  
Once more from Copas to journey with thee,  
And for us to be bustling and bustling and bustling,  
With Morychus Telcas, Glaucetes, all  
The gluttons together besetting the street  
To purchase the fish and then I could wish  
For Melanthius to come too late for the fair  
And for them to be sold and for him despair  
And out of his own Medea a groan  
Of anguish to borrow

I perish I perish bereaved of my sweet  
My treasure my darling embowered in her breast  
A defence for all men to laugh at his sorrow  
These things we pray our mistress, grant us these

1st S Here take the cleaver now with the skill  
Slay the sheep

Tr No no I must not

1st S Why?

Tr Peace loves not friend the sight of victims  
slain

Here's a bloodless altar Take it in  
And when you have slain it, bring the thigh to there.  
There now the sheep is—sacrificed for the Choregus

Enter SERVANT

Ch But you the while out of the wood with you remain  
Lay hands a quick these fagots of stick  
Whatever is needful ordering

Tr Now don't you think I have laid the wood  
as well as most diviners could?

Ch (admiringly) Yes! just what I looked for from  
you.

All that is wise you can do.

All things that daring and skill

Will face to fulfil

You can perform if you will

Tr (cogitatively) Dear! how this lighted brand is  
smoking

you! Still desires need choking  
I'll bring the table out with speed

a servant's help we shall not need Enter

Ch, Sure all with dramatic on true

Will praise a man so clever

Who passed such toils and dangers with us

A deadened the holy city too

An endless name forever

Enter SERVANT d'ATYUS

1st S I'll do the job he takes and cook the  
things

While I fetch the inward sacrifice

T I'll see to this you should have come before me

1st S Well he's in my way I've been looking

T Take these and roast them nicely he's

fellows

Come this way with laurel and hollyhead

Who can he be?

1st S He looks an arrant hound

Some secret I think

Tr No, no Hierocles,

The oracle mongering chap from Oreus town.

Tr What when you see her tender waist  
by these encircling arms embraced?  
Ch Why then we'll think you happier far  
than Carcinus's twistings are  
Tr And justly too methinks for I  
On beetleback essayed to fly  
And rescued Hellas worn with strife  
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Tr What but to dedicate her shrine with pipkins?

1st S With pipkins! like a wretched little Hermes!  
Tr Well then what think you of a stall fed bull?

1st S A bull? O no! no need of bull works now  
Tr Well then a great fat pig?

1st S No no Why rot?  
Tr

1st S Lest like Theagenes, we grow quite piggish  
Tr What other victim shall we have?

1st S A baa lamb  
Tr A baa lamb!

1st S Yes by Zeus!  
Tr But that's Ionic

That word is  
1st S All the better then you see

If any speak for war the whole assembly  
Will talk Ionic and cry out Bahl Bahl

Tr Good very good  
1st S

And they'll be milder so  
And we shall live like lambs amongst ourselves

And be much gentler towards our dear allies.  
Tr There get the sheep as quickly as you can

I'll find an altar for the sacrifice  
*Exeunt TRYGAEUS and SERVANT*

Ch Sure each design when God and fortune speed  
it

Succeeds to our mind what is wanted we find  
Just at the moment we need it

Tr *(returning)* The truths you mention none can  
doubt

for see I've brought the altar out  
Ch Then hasten the task to perform

War with its vehement storm  
Seems for the instant to cease

Its souglings decrease  
Shifting and veering to Peace

Tr Well here's the basket ready stored  
with barley grain and wreath and sword

And here's the pan of sacred fire  
the sheep alone we now require

Ch Make haste make haste if Chaeris see  
He'll come here uninvited

T 'Tis strictly forbidden.  
 You no Lwards can ha e  
 till the wolf and the lamb be united  
 H. Do, b your knees I beseech  
 T B t fruitless ar all your beseechings.  
 Thou w t oe er be  
 To smooth the spines of the hed how  
 Come now spectators, won t you share the merr  
 Acc with us?  
 H And I?  
 T You'eat your SabyL  
 L. No, b the Earth, you two sha t fast alone!  
 I'eat ha piece away us all in common.  
 T Strike Bakis, strike!  
 H I call them all to witness—  
 T And so d I that you re row and gl itton  
 La on him with the st ck strike strike the rascal!  
 a.s. You mana—that while I peel off th skins  
 Which he has gathered b his cozen in ls.  
 Now sacrifice off with ll your skins.  
 What, won t you' here sa crown from Oreu town!  
 Back! Elvmmum! flutt r off shoo shoo!  
 Enter H. ROCKS, TR. G. ELS, and SERVANT

Chorus  
 What a pleasure what a treasure  
 What a great delight to me  
 From th cheese and from the onions  
 And th helm t to be free.  
 For I can enjoy battle  
 B t llo et pass m ds  
 With m w. and boon companions  
 Round the merry merry blaze  
 When the logs ar dry and seasoned  
 And the fire is burnin bri ht  
 And I roast th pease and chestn ts  
 In the embers all ali ht.  
 —Furth too w th Thratta  
 When m life is out of m ht.  
 Ah, ther nothing half so sweet as  
 when the seed in the ground  
 God gracious rain is sendin  
 nd nex hbour sows, ters round  
 "O Comar hudest" he hails m  
 how well we enjo the hours—  
 Drunkn seems t surm s e  
 what ith these benignant showers.  
 Therefor let three qu ts in m tress,  
 f our lad beans be fried  
 Via them cuc ly up w th ba l s  
 nd you honest fies pr ide  
 Svra run and shout to Ma es.  
 cal h'm in without d lav  
 Tis time to stand and dawd  
 prun out th mes to-day  
 Nor t b eak th lod bout them,  
 now th ground soakin throu h  
 Bring me out from b m th fi Mfare  
 brn m out the skins two,  
 Then there ought to be some beestins,  
 four good plates fhar beside

(Hah' unless the cat purloined them  
 yesterday H event de  
 Something, scuffled in the pantry  
 something m de a noise and fuss)  
 If you find them, one s for father  
 bring the other three to us.  
 Ask Aeschunades to send m  
 mrtle branches green and strong  
 Bad Channades attend us,  
 shouting a you pass along  
 Then we'll sit nd drink together  
 God the while refreshing blessing  
 All the labour f our hands."

O to watch the grape of Lemnos  
 S clu out its purple skin  
 When the merry little warblings  
 Of the Chirruper bee n  
 For the Lemnian opens early  
 And I watch the ju c fig  
 Till at last I pick and eat it  
 Wh n it hangeth soft and big  
 And I bless the friendl seasons  
 Which ha'e made a fruit so prime  
 And I mix a pleas t m ture  
 Gratn in a lot of thyme  
 —Gro a g fat and hearty  
 In th genial summer clime

This is bett r than a Capt  
 hated of th Gods to ser  
 Trip' -crested scarl t ested  
 scarlet bri ht as bright can be.  
 Tis, he says, true Sardin t t re  
 which they warrant not to run  
 B t f e ex it gets to fi ht n  
 though his scarlet coat be on  
 H li mself becomes as pallid  
 as the palest C zicene  
 Runnin like a tawn cockh re  
 he s th first to quit the scene  
 Shake and quake his crests bo e him  
 I tood gaps while he flew  
 Ah but when at home the re statio ed  
 th os that can t be borne they do,  
 Makin up th last unfi ly  
 strike out and puttin down  
 Names t rand m "T's to-mor n  
 that the soldiers lea e the town  
 One poor wretch has bou ht no retuals,  
 for he knew not he must go  
 Till he on Pand on s statue  
 ned the list and found twas so,  
 Readin, the e h nism anse ted  
 off he scuds with a peet wry  
 This is how they treat the farmers,  
 b t the burghers certainly  
 Somewhat better odless wretches,  
 rooves with either shame nor—shuld  
 Who one day at God be willing,  
 str t ccount t me shall yield  
 For th y e wron ed me m ch and sore!

1st S What brings him here?

Tr Tis evident he comes  
To raise some opposition to our truces

1st S No tis the savour of the roast attracts him

Tr Don't let us seem to notice him

1st S All right  
Enter HEROCLES

Heracles What is this sacrifice and made to whom?

Tr Roast on don't speak hands off the haunch  
remember

Ht Will ye not say to whom ye sacrifice?

This table looks right

1st S Sweet Peace! it does indeed

Ht Now then begin and hand the firstlings here

Tr It must be roasted first

Ht It is roasted now

Tr You're over busy man whoever you are

Cut on why where's the table? bring the wine

Exit SERVANT

Ht The tongue requires a separate cut

Tr We know

Now will you please?

Ht Yes tell me

Tr Mind your business

Don't talk to us we sacrifice to Peace

Ht O ye pitiful fools!

Tr Pray speak for yourself my good fellow

Ht Ye who blindly perverse

with the will of the Gods unacquainted

Dare to traffic for Peace

true men with truculent monkeys

1st S (re entering) O! O! O!

Tr What's the matter?

1st S I like his truculent monkeys

Ht Silly and timorous gulls

ye have trusted the children of foxes

Crafty of mind and crafty of soul

Tr You utter impostor

O that your lungs were as hot

as a piece of the meat I am roasting!

Ht If the prophetic nymphs

have not been imposing on Bakis

No nor Bakis on men

nor the nymphs I repeat upon Bakis

Tr O perdition be yours

if you don't have done with your Bakis!

Ht Then is the hour not come

for the fetters of Peace to be loosened

No for before that hour—

Tr This piece is with salt to be sprinkled

Ht Yea it is far from the mind

of the Ever blessed Immortals

That we should cease from the strife

till the wolf and the lamb be united

Tr How you scoundrel accurst

can the wolf and the lamb be united?

Ht Doth not the beetle alarmed

emit a most horrible odour?

Doth not the wagtail vapper

produce blind young in its hurry?

So is the hour not come

for Peace to be sanctioned between us.

Tr What then what is to come?

Are we never to cease from the battle  
Always to chance it out

which most can enfeeble the other  
When we might both join hands

and share the dominion of Hellas?

Ht Canst thou tutor the crab

to advance straight forward? thou canst not

Tr Wilt thou dine any more

in the Hall of Assembly? thou wilt not

No nor ever again

shall thy cheating knavery prosper

Ht Thou wilt never be able

to smooth the spines of the hedgehog

Tr Wilt thou never desist

bamboozling the people of Athens?

Ht Say what oracle taught you

to burn the thighs of the victim?

Tr Thus the wisest and best

delivered by Homer the poet

When they had driven afar

the detestable cloud of the battle

Then they established Peace

and welcomed her back with oblations

Duly the thighs they burned

and ate the tripe and the inwards

Then poured out the libations

and I was the guide and the leader

None to the soothsayer gave

the shining beautiful goblet

Ht Nothing I know of these

these did not come from the Sibyl

Tr Nay but wisely and well

spake Homer the excellent poet

Tribeless lawless and heartless

he that deliv'eth in bloodshed

Bloodshed of kith and kin

heart sickening horrible hatefull

Ht Take thou heed or a kite

by a trick thy attention beguiling

Down with a swoop may pounce

Tr (to the SERVANT) Ah! take heed really and truly

That's an alarming hint

it bodes no good to the inwards

Pour the libation in

and hand me a piece of the inwards

Ht Nay but if such is the plan

I too for myself will be caterer

Tr Pour libation! pour libation!

Ht Pour it in also for me

and reach me a share of the inwards

Tr That's far from the mind

of the Ever blessed Immortals

Yea for before that hour—

—you go *ae* pour the libation

Holy and reverend Peace

abide with thy servants forever

Ht Now fetch hither the tongue

Tr You take yours off I'd advise you

Ht Pour the libation in

Tr Take that to assist the libation.

Ht What! will none of you give me some meat?

12 B Rose the rattle of war  
 commingled w th groans of the dying  
 G oans of th dying?  
 by great Di nysus, I'll make you repent t  
 of groans of th dyin  
 especially ch as are round bossed  
 12 B What then, what shall I sing?  
 you tell m the so gs you delight n  
 7 Then o th flesh of bet es  
 they feasted some th g of that sort  
 Then a repast they served  
 nd what er is best for a banquet  
 12 B. "Then n the flesh f bee m  
 they feasted awary of f b n  
 Then from the y he they loosed  
 the reeking necks of th b rves.  
 7 Good they w re tired of war and so they  
 feasted  
 I gon, O sing how they were tired d feasted  
 12 B 'Quickly refreshed they called f r the  
 crrq es.  
 Tr Casks? gladly I warrant  
 12 B 'Out from the t wers they poured  
 and the roar f battle scended  
 Tr P rdium seize you, boy your wars a dall  
 You sing of nought b t battles who s your  
 father?  
 12 B Whose? m e?  
 T Yes, yours, by Zeus!  
 12 B Why Lamachus.  
 T L h out upon tl  
 Tru h I marvelled nd thou ht  
 t myself as I heard your performa ce  
 Thus the so f som ha ker  
 and thw lcr d ruck r of cines.  
 G tt the pes me n gt them begone  
 Here, h, r I want Cleo mus son.  
 You, n g before we enter sure I am  
 Y on t s g w a r s u e too discreet a father  
 and Boy Ah! some Sata is vaunt n  
 the targe, wh b l s th bushes  
 Sadlv a blameless th l d  
 I fr as I fied f r in the field  
 T Tell me you pr try baboon  
 ar you make g a mock of your father?  
 and B \ y but m y f I preserved  
 T B t you hamed the parents who gave t  
 Well we m for su elam that you,  
 Bei g you fath sson with ev smoe  
 Forg t th so sang about the hield  
 Now th n t right m y lly rves,  
 that y ush uld her remaining  
 M h, crunch, d b r w th ll your mght  
 o mpty cnsel drawing  
 W th m a ly cal attack th mch,  
 And saw d gnaw n th either y w  
 there s no advantage easly  
 l. h a t g what a d pols had teeth  
 unless you use them freely

Ch O aye we know we won t be slow  
 but thanks for thus reminding  
 Tr Set to, set to you starving crew  
 you won t be always finding  
 Such d shes rare of cake and hare  
 An easy prey in open day  
 thus wandering unprotected  
 Set to, set to or soon you ll rue  
 a splend d chance neglected  
 Ch O let not a wo d full-omen be heard  
 but som f you run f r the brde  
 Some torches to bring while the multitudes sing  
 and dance and rejoice by her s de  
 We ll carry the husbandry implements back  
 our own l tle homesteads about  
 When we e had our o at on and poured our liba  
 t on and hunted Hyperbolus out  
 But first we ll pray to the Gods that they  
 M y with rich success th H llers bless.  
 And that e ery field may st harvest y eld  
 And our garr rs shune w th the corn and wine,  
 Wh le our firs in plenty and peace we eat  
 And our w es are blest with an increase sweet  
 And we gather back in abu dant store  
 The many blessings we lost before  
 And the fiery steel—be it known no more  
 Tr Come th come my brde  
 Mad t the free green fields with me  
 Sweetly sweet abide  
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!  
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!  
 Ch H ppy happy happy you  
 And you well deserve it too  
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!  
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!  
 Sem Chorus What shall w th the brde be done,  
 What be do e with H rvesthome?  
 Sem Ch She shall yield him, one by one  
 All the joys of Harvest home  
 Sem Ch Ye to wh m the ta k belong  
 Raise the happy brd g com raise,  
 Bea lum on with goodly songs,  
 Bear him on with nuptial lays.  
 Hymen Hym naeus O!  
 Hym n Hymenaeus O!  
 Sem Ch Go nd dwell n peace  
 Not es e your h es impair  
 W tch your figs increase  
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!  
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!  
 Sem Ch He t tout and b g  
 Sem Ch She a weet r fig  
 Tr So you all will think  
 When you feast and d nk.  
 Ch. Hymen H menaeus O!  
 Hymen H menaeus O!  
 Tr Away away good day good day  
 F llow me, w x, if ye will,  
 And of b d cakes eat your fill.



Very lions in the city  
Very foxes in the fight

*Re enter TRYGAEUS and SERVANT*

*Tr* Hillo! Hillo!  
What lots are coming to the wedding supper!  
Here take this crest and wipe the tables down  
I've no more use for that at all events  
And now serve up the thrushes and the cates  
And the hot rolls and quantities of hare

*Enter SICKLE MAKER*

*Sickle Maker* Where where's Trygaeus?  
*Tr* Stewing thrushes here  
*S M O* my best friend Trygaeus! O what blessings

Your gift of Peace has brought us Till to day  
No man would give one farthing for a sickle  
And now! I'm selling them two pounds apiece  
And my friend here sells casks for country use  
Half a crown each Trygaeus freely take  
As many casks and sickles as you please  
And take this too (*giving money*) out of our sales  
and gains

We bring you these we take as wedding presents  
*Tr* Well lay your presents down and hie you in  
To join the marriage feast here comes a man  
Who trades in atoms he seems put out at something

*Enter CREST MAKER BREAKFAST PLATE SELLER  
TRUMPETER HELMET SELLER and SPEAR BURNISHER*

*Crest Maker* O you've destroyed me root and  
branch Trygaeus

*Tr* How now poor wretch! what ails you? got a  
crestache?

*C M* You have destroyed my living and my trade  
And this man's too and yon spear burnisher's

*Tr* What shall I give you then for these two  
crests?

*C M* What will you give?

*Tr* Faith I'm ashamed to say  
Come there's a deal of work about this juncture  
I'll give three quarts of raisins for the pair  
Twill do to wipe my table down withal

*C M* Go in then go and fetch the raisins out  
Better have that than nothing O my friend

*Tr* Consume the things! here take them take  
them off

The hairs are dropping out they're not worth having  
Zounds! I'll not give one raisin for the pair

*Breastplate Seller* O what's the use of this habergeon now?

So splendidly got up cost forty pounds  
*Tr* Well well you shan't lose anything by that  
I'll buy it of you at its full cost price

Twill do superbly for my chamber pan  
*B S* Com don't be mocking at my wares and me

*Tr* Placing three stones against it ain't that clever?  
*B S* And how you blockhead can you cleanse  
yourself?

*Tr* How? slip my hands in through the portholes  
here

And here.

*B S* What both at once!

*Tr* Yes I'll not cheat  
I'll have fair play an arm for every hole

*B S* Sure you won't use a forty pounder so

*Tr* Why not you rascal? Marry I suppose  
My seat of honour's worth eight hundred shillings

*B S* Well fetch the silver out

*Tr* Plague take the thing  
It galls my stern off with you I won't buy it

*Trumpeter* See here's a trumpet cost me two  
pounds ten

How in the world am I to use it now?

*Tr* I'll tell you how Fill up this mouth with lead  
Then fix a longish rod here at the top

And there you'll have a dropping cottabus

*Tru* O me! he mocks me

*Tr* Here's another plan

Pour in the lead as I advised before

Then at the top suspend a pair of scales

With little cords and there's a famous balance

To weigh out figs for labourers on the farm

*Helmet Seller* Thou hast destroyed me dread un-  
pitying Fate!

These helmets stood me in a good four pounds

What am I now to do? I'll buy them now?

*Tr* Take them to Egypt you can sell them there.

They're just the things they measure physics in

*Tru* O helmet seller we are both undone

*Tr* Why he's received no hurt

*H S* Received no hurt!

Pray what's the use of all these helmets now?

*Tr* Just clap on each a pair of ears like these

They'll sell much better than than now they will

*H S* O come away spear burnisher

*Tr* No no

I'm going to buy his spears I really am

*Spear Burnisher* What are you going to give?

*Tr* Saw them in two

I'll buy them all for nine poles ten a penny

*B S* The man insults us come away my friend

*Tr* Ave go your way for here come out the boys

Those whom the guests have brought us I suppose

They're going to practise what they're going to  
sing

Come and stand here by me my boy and then

Let's hear you practise what you mean to sing

*Enter a group of young boys*

*1st Boy* Sing of the younger blood whose deeds —

*Tr* Plague take you be quiet

Singing of deeds of blood

and that you unfortunate ill starred

Wretch in the time of Peace

you're a shameful and ignorant blockhead

*1st B* Slowly the hosts approached

till at length with a shock of encounter!

Shield was dashed upon shield

and round bossed buckler on buckler

*Tr* Buckler? you'd better be still

how dare you be talking of bucklers?

*Q* ot galia that occurs seven times in the *Iliad*

The other lines quoted by the Boy are from Homer or in  
the Homer clasp

126 Rose th' rattle of war  
commen led with groans of the dying  
T Grou s of th' dy ng?  
by great Quynus, I'll make you repent it  
S. of groans of the dyng,  
especiall such as are r un i bossed  
128 What, then, what shall I s n ?  
you t ll me the songs you deli ht in  
T Then on the flesh of beev es  
they feasted something of that sort  
Then s tust th y served  
and what ver is best for a banquet  
128 B. Then on the flesh of bee es  
they feasted a weary of fight n  
T n from the yok they loosed  
th reekin necks of the h yves.  
T Good they were tired of war and so th y  
feasted  
Sagon, Oan how they were u ed and sea ted  
128 B. Quicklv refreshed they cald for the  
esques.  
T Can s? gladly I warrant  
128 B. Out from the tow rs they poured  
and the roar of battle ascended  
T Pardon seize you, bo your wars and all  
Yous of noight but battles who s your  
father?  
128 B. Whose? r c?  
yes, yours, by Zeus!  
128 B. Why Lamachus.  
T L h, out upon it  
Tul I married and thought  
to myself I heard yo r performance  
Thusth son of som hacker  
nd th ack r and sacker of cat es.  
Get to the spear/me n to them begone.  
H re here, I want Cleon mus's son.  
You, ung before we ent r sur I am  
l on t sing wars you too d screeet a father  
2nd Boy Ah! some Sata is vranctn,  
the ts || which I in the bushes  
Sall a blameless shu ld  
I fit as I fled from the fi ld "  
T Tell m you pr try baboon  
a you making a ock f your father?  
and B v but my life I preserv'd  
T || r you hated the parents who gave it  
Well go in for us I am that you,  
B || our fash r son ill c more  
Forget the son ou sang about the shield  
No th a u night m jolly romers,  
that you should, here r mean g  
M n h crunch, nd b t with a l your might  
no empty ewels drawn  
W th m ly zeal attack th meal,  
And saw nd gnaw with either jaw  
there s oadva tage really  
I ha g white nd polished teeth  
unless you use them freely

Ch O aye we know we won t be slo n  
b r thanks for thus remind ng  
Th Set to, set to you starting crew  
you won t be always finding  
Such d shes rare of cake and hare  
An easy prey in oven lay  
thus wander ng unprotected  
Set to set to or soon you ll rue  
a splend d chance neglected  
Ch O let not a word of ill-omen be heard!  
but some of you run for the fir de  
Some torches to brn w! le the multitudes sing  
and dance and rejoice by her side  
We ll carry the hu ban fry implements back  
our own little homesteads about  
When we ve had our o ati n and poured our liba  
tion and hunted H perboli s out  
But first we ll pray to the Gods that they  
V y with rich success tl || H ll nes tless,  
And that every field may jst harvest y! ld  
And our garner s sh ne w th the corn and wine  
Wh le our fi in plenty and peace we eat  
And our wa es are blest with an increase sweet  
And we gather back in abundant store  
The many blessing s we lost before  
And the fi ry steel—be it known no more  
Tr Come then come my br de  
M d t the free green fields w th me  
Sweetly sweet abide  
Hymen Hymenaeus Ol  
Hym n Hymenaeus Ol  
Hym n Hymenaeus Ol  
Ch Happy happy happy you  
And you a ll fier est too.  
Hymen Hymenaeus Ol  
Hymen Hymenaeus Ol  
Senu Chorus What hall w th the bride be done,  
What be done with H larvest home?  
Senu Ch She hall yield h m one by one  
All the joys of H larvest home  
Senu Ch Ye to whom the task belongs  
Raise the happy brides room, raise,  
Bear h m on with goodly son s,  
Bear burn on with nuptial lava.  
Hymen Hymenaeus Ol  
Hymen Hym e us Ol  
Senu Ch Go and dwell in peace  
N t a care your h es impair  
Watch your figs increase.  
Hymen Hym nacus Ol  
Hymen Hymenaeus Ol  
Senu Ch He is st ut a d b  
Senu Ch She sweet r fig  
T So you all will think  
When you sea t and drink.  
Ch Hymen H menaeus Ol  
Hymen Hymenaeus Ol  
Tr Away away good day good day  
Follow me ut s, if ye will,  
And of br dec kes eat your fill

Very lions in the city  
Very foxes in the field

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And here

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*Tr* Why not you rascal? Marry I suppose

My seat of honour's worth eight hundred shillings.

*B S* Well fetch the silver out

*Tr* Plague take the thing

It galls my stern off with you I won't buy it

*Trumpeter* See here's a trumpet cost me two pounds ten

How in the world am I to use it now?

*Tr* I'll tell you how Fill up this mouth with lead

Then fix a longish rod here at the top

And there you'll have a dropping cottabus

*Tru* O me! he mocks me

*Tr* Here's another plan

Pour in the lead as I advised before

Then at the top suspend a pair of scales

With little cords and there's a famous balance

To weigh out figs for labourers on the farm

*Helmet Seller* Thou hast destroyed me dread unpit'ing Fate!

These helmets stood me in a good four pounds

What am I now to do? who'll buy them now?

*Tr* Take them to Egypt you can sell them there.

They're just the things they measure physics in

*Tru* O helmet seller we are both undone

*Tr* Why he's received no hurt

*B S* Received no hurt!

Pray what's the use of all these helmets now?

*Tr* Just clap on each a pair of ears, like these

They'll sell much better than now they will

*H S* O come away spear burnisher

*Tr* No no

I'm going to buy his spears I really am

*Spear Burnisher* What are you going to give?

*Tr* Saw them in two

I'll buy them all for vine poles ten a penny

*S B* The man insults us come away my friend

*Tr* Aye go your way for here come out the boys

Those whom the guests have brought us I suppose

They're going to practise what they're going to sing

Come and stand here by me my boy and then

Let's hear you practise what you mean to sing

*Enter a group of young boys*

*1st Boy* Sing of the younger blood whose deeds —

*Tr* I lague take you be quiet

Singing of deeds of blood

and that you unfortunate ill starred

Wretch in the time of Peace

you're a shameful and ignorant blockhead

*1st B* Slowly the hosts approached

till at length with a shock of encounter!

Shield was dashed upon shield

and round bossed buckler on buckler

*Tr* Buckler? you'd better be still

how dare you be talking of bucklers?

<sup>1</sup>Quoting a line that occurs eleven times the *Ilad*  
The other lines quoted by the *Boy* are from Homer or in the Homeric language.



## THE BIRDS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

|                                   |                                    |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| EUELPIDES                         | A GUARD                            |
| PEISTHETAEUS                      | IRIS                               |
| TROCHILUS <i>servant of Epops</i> | A HERALD                           |
| EPOPS THE HOPOE                   | A SIFR STRIKER                     |
| A PRIEST                          | CINESTAS <i>a Dithyrambic Poet</i> |
| A POET                            | A SYCOPHANT                        |
| AN ORACLE MONGER                  | PROMETHEUS                         |
| METON A GEOMFTRICIAN              | POSEIDON                           |
| A COMMISSIONER                    | TRIBALLIAN                         |
| A STATUTE SELLER                  | HERACLES                           |
| A MESSENGER                       | A SERVANT OF PEISTHETAEUS          |

## CHORUS OF BIRDS

*A desolate scene with a tree and a rock Enter  
PEISTHETAEUS carrying a crow and EUEL  
PINES carrying a jackdaw*

*Euelpides* Straight on do you bid me go where the tree stands?

*Peisthetaerus* O hang it all mine's croaking back again

*Eu* Why are we wandering up and down you rogue?

This endless squint will make an end of us

*Pe* To think that I poor fool at a crow's bidding Should trudge about an hundred miles and more!

*Eu* To think that I poor wretch at a daw's bidding

Should wear the very nails from off my feet!

*Pe* Why where we are I've not the least idea

*Eu* Could you from hence find out your fatherland?

*Pe* No that would pose even—Exceciades!

*Eu* O here's a nuisance!

*Pe* Go you there then friend

*Eu* I call Philocrates a regular cheat

The fool that sells the bird trays in the market

He swore these two would lead us straight to Tereus

The hoopoe made a bird in that same market!

So then this daw this son of Tharraleides

We bought for an obol and that crow for three

But what knew they? Nothing but how to—bite!

Where are you gaping now? Do you want to lead us

The hoopoe's really an actor who has obtained his plumage in the bird market where these birds were also bought they might therefore be expected to find me I and ion of Athens had two daughters Iocasta and Philomela Tereus of Thrace married the one and outraged the other the sister killed his son Itys a bird fed him up for his father's dinner he pursued them and they were changed Tereus into a hoopoe Prometheus into a nightingale and Philomela into a swallow

Against the rocks? There's no road here I tell you

*Pe* No nor yet here not even the tiniest path

*Eu* Well but what says your crow about the road?

*Pe* By Zeus she croaks quite differently now

*Eu* (shouting) What does she say about the road?

*Pe* She says

She'll gnaw my fingers off that's all she says

*Eu* Now isn't it a shame that when we are here

Ready and willing as two men can be

To go to the ravens we can't find the way

For we are sick spectators with a sickness

Just the reverse of that which Sacas has

He no true townsman would perforce press in

Whilst we with rights of tribe and race unchallenged

Townsmen mid townsmen no man scaring us

Spread both our—feet—and flew away from home

Not that we hate our city as not being

A prosperous mighty city free for all

To spend their wealth in paying fines and fees

Aye the escalas chirp upon the boulevards

One month or two but our Athenians chirp

Over their lawsuits all their whole life long

That's why we are journeying on this journey now

Trudging along with basket pot and myrtil

To find some quiet easy going spot

Where we may settle down and dwell in peace

Tereus the hoopoe in our journey saim

To learn if he in any place he has flown to

Has seen the sort of city that we want

*Pe* You there!

*Eu* What now?

*Pe* My crow keeps croaking upwards

Ever so long

*Eu* And here's my jackdaw gaping

Up in the air as if to show me something

There must be birds about I am sure of that

Let's make a noise and we shall soon find out

*Pe* Then hark ye bang your legs against the rock



Where my worst trouble would be such as this  
 A friend at day-break coming to my door  
 And calling out O by Olympian Zeus  
 Take your bath early then come round to me  
 You and your children to the wedding banquet  
 I'm going to give Now pray don't disappoint me  
 Else keep your distance when my money's—  
 gone

Ho Upon my word you are quite in love with  
 troubles!

And you?

Pe I love the like

Ho But tell me what

Pe To have the father of some handsome lad  
 Come up and chide me with complaints like these  
 Fine things I hear of you Stilbonides

You met my son returning from the baths

And never kissed or hugged or fondled him

You his paternal friend! You're a nice fellow

Ho Poor Poppet you are in love with ills indeed

Well there's the sort of city that ye want

By the Red Sea

Eu Not by the sea! Not where

The Salaminian with a process server

On board may heave in sight some early morn

But can't you mention some Hellenic town?

Ho Why don't ye go and settle down in Elis

At Lepreus?

Eu Lepreus! I was never there

But for Melanthius' sake I loathe the name

Ho Well then the Opuntians up in Locris there's

The place to dwell in!

Eu I become Opuntius!

No thank you no not for a talent of gold

But this this bird life here you know it well

What is this like?

Ho A pleasant life enough

Foremost and first you don't require a purse

Eu There goes a grand corrupter of our life!

Ho Then in the gardens we enjoy the myrtles

The cress the poppy the white sesame

Eu Why then ye live a bridegroom's jolly life

Pe Oh! Oh!

O the grand scheme I see in the birds' reach

And power to grasp it if ye'd trust to me!

Ho Trust you in what?

Pe What? First don't fly about

In all directions with your mouths wide open

That makes you quite despised With us for in

stance

If you should ask the flighty people there

Who is that fellow? Teles would reply

The man's a bird a flighty feckless bird

Inconsequential always on the move

Ho Well blamed faith but what we ought to do

Tell us

Pe Live all together found one State

Ho What sort of State are birds to found I wonder

Pe Ay, say you so? You who have made the most

Idiotic speech look down

Ho

I do

Pe

Look up

Ho I do

Pe Twirl round your head

Zeus! I shall be

A marvellous gainer if I twist my neck!

Pe What did you see?

Ho

I saw the clouds and sky

Pe And is not that the Station of the Birds?

Ho Station?

Pe

As one should say their habitation

Here while the heavens revolve and yon great dome

Is moving round ye keep your Station still

Make this your city fence it round with walls

And from your Station is evolved your State

So ye'll be lords of men as now of locusts,

And Melian famine shall destroy the Gods

Ho Eh! how?

Pe The Air's betwixt the Earth and Sky

And just as we if we would go to Pytho

Must crave a grant of passage from Boeotia

Even so when men slay victims to the Gods

Unless the Gods pay tribute ye in turn

Will grant no passage for the savoury steam

To rise through Chaos, and a realm not theirs

Ho Hurrah!

O! Earth! odds traps and nets and guns and snares,

This is the nature's scheme that e'er I heard of!

So with your aid I'm quite resolved to found

The city if the other birds concur

Pe And who shall tell them of our plan?

Ho

I myself

O they're not mere barbarians as they were

Before I came I've taught them language now

Pe But how to call them hither?

Ho

That's soon done

I've but to step within the coppice here

And wake my sleeping nightingale and then

We'll call them both together Bless the birds

When once they hear our voices they'll come

running

Pe You darling bird now don't delay one instant

O I beseech you get at once within

Your little copse and wake the nightingale!

Ho Wake my mate!

Shake off thy slumbers and clear and strong

Let loose the floods of thy glorious song

The sacred dirge of thy mouth divine

For sore wept it's thy child and mine

Thy tender trillings his name prolong

With the liquid note of thy tawny throat

Through the leafy curls of the woodbine sweet

The pure sound mounts to the heavenly seat

And I hoebus lord of the golden hair

As he lists to thy wild plaint echoing there

Drags answering strains from his ivory lyre

Till he stirs the dance of the heavenly choir

And calls from the blessed lips on high

O immortal Gods a divine reply

To the tones of thy witching melody

The sound of a flute is heard within imitating the

nightingale's song

Eu O Zeus and King the little birdie's voice!

O how its sweetness honied all the copse!

You would slay two worthy persons  
 kinsmen claim sin of my mate?  
 Men have ever sought to harm you  
 who led you tear and lacerate?  
 Oh Why I wonder should spare them  
 more than among beasts of prey?  
 Shall I find favour grace  
 in misdeeds more rank than they?  
 H Enemies I grant by nature  
 every friend in heart and will  
 I let them me think doubly pose  
 if I like so to notul  
 Oh What they come with word of falsehood?  
 What you really thus suppose  
 They all teach us of lessons  
 though you fathers fathers foes?  
 H Yet too I folk foemen  
 every useful things may show  
 Thus, that forever hit by a safety  
 if made we need should know  
 But truth for depend on us quickly by  
 for  
 I find it is that all the Cat  
 taught by foe and not by friend  
 learn to be led through marshes of battle  
 and their I find wills are  
 both a foeman's teaching  
 child he me wealth defend  
 Oh Well I recall that is better  
 than either reward or wealth  
 I admit that some thus useful  
 may be to hit us by foe  
 P (P. 467) N with anger more  
 look  
 Ho (P. 468) This over had better; I do who look  
 (right and friendly) could not  
 Oh Well I mean that is a chance  
 P N then vary in a deal more peaceful  
 than the time that potter ground  
 N may I see the plate set on  
 N with the spirit we had better than  
 Willing that the campmen to bound  
 Letting out the fight for the  
 O the edge of the potter's prim  
 N a thought flight me to think us  
 Eu Will but I am supposed to  
 Wh I think I do not know  
 P They shall be better than Cerberus  
 That libed in at the place  
 For I say that I am lost  
 Gila the fight the place for  
 (Yes I'll think command so)  
 Gallatly fight at O  
 Oh I'll be full back to look on me  
 And stand to ease we too before  
 And let you wrath on the ground  
 With your a grim mood so as or should  
 Will seek the while with me may be  
 And hence they come with words design  
 I'll Hoopoe by you speak

Ho What is it that to learn you seek?  
 Oh Whence are these visits and who?  
 Ho From claver Hellas strangers to  
 Oh What's their aim? Canst thou tell  
 Why they came Here to dwell?  
 Ho Love of you Love of your  
 Life and days Was the lure  
 Her they find Will remain  
 Comrades true All their days  
 Oh Hey hey hat do you say?  
 What is the tale they tell?  
 Ho In brief  
 'Tis something more than past belief  
 Oh But wherefore is he come? What is it  
 He seeks to compass by his visit?  
 Think you he's got some cunning plan  
 Whereby allied with us he can  
 Assist a friend or harm a foe?  
 What brings him here I'd like to know  
 Ho Too great to guess for thought or words,  
 The bliss he promises the birds  
 All things are yours, he says, whatever  
 Events in space both here and there  
 Ad to and fro and everywhere  
 Oh M deal title eh?  
 H More sane than words can say  
 Oh W deaw ke?  
 Ho Wid s day  
 The subtlest cunningest for  
 All cherie in nature on earth is wisdom paradox  
 Oh His speech his speech bid him begin it  
 The thing you how write me so  
 I'm fit to fly this very minute  
 Ho No you are you take back this space only  
 A day it up God bless it out of sight  
 With the heart heather bend the back  
 B try you (I'll try you) the thing we sum  
 in need them to hear  
 E pou d dekla  
 P By Apollo not I  
 U le the vpled me such a treaty pledge  
 As that mall can pes wh makes the swords  
 Pledged with his f to wait that they'll not be te  
 me  
 I'll pull me about now as at home—  
 Oh Fef shame!  
 N t h ? o n !  
 P My eyes I was going to say  
 Oh I pledge  
 P I car!  
 Oh I wear a these end t ns  
 So may I w by ry dig ote  
 And the whole Theatre  
 P And so, ush ll  
 Oh B t f I m fails then by o evote also  
 H O y 'O yes! H ptes, t k up a ms  
 And ma h b k h m a ds there await the orders  
 W r going top bl ho th t boards  
 Oh Full f wiles, full f gales, t all time in all  
 way  
 Ar the hild en f Me t ll we ll hear what h says.  
 Th u hast haply det cted





You would slay two worthy persons,  
kinsmen clan men of my mate?  
Why would you hit to harm you  
would you tear and lacerate?  
Oh why I wonder should you spare them  
more than as in beasts of prey?  
Oh ever find for vengeance  
enemies more rank than they?  
H E men I gra t e natu e  
v r fr nds n heart and w ll  
F- they com w th kindl purpose  
useful lessons to in td  
Oh What they come n th words of friendship?  
What you really then suppose  
They will teach s u l lessons,  
th v our fathers fathers foes?  
H Yet t cle er folk a foeman  
very useful hunts ma show  
Th n that foren ht brings us saf ty  
from a friend we ne er sho ld know  
B th truth is forced upon us, ry qu chl by a  
foe  
Hence t is that all th Cutes.  
tau ht b foe a d not b friend  
Lars to build them hips of battle  
nd their l fty walls extend  
Sb th a, a foeman s, tea hu g  
chld en, born and wealth d f nd  
Oh W ll, I read thurk t s better  
that their rr nd we should know  
I admit that something useful  
may be t u, ht u b a f e.  
A (i r r r r r r) \ th an er grows more  
d k  
now we had better ju t draw back  
H (ac o t ) Thi ght and friendly ond et  
such as I deserv from you  
Oh W ll, I am su e that w ba  
go n t you hith to  
A \ w the ar growing a deal mo e pea cl l  
now the time th port ground  
Now may lowe the platters twain  
N v bust th spw had best t n  
Waka g n th n ch ncampm nt bound  
Lett on ou r eful pan es lum  
O erth edge of th pot t p m  
A er thou ht f f h t m n t s l e u s.  
E W u but reit m suppose we d  
Where r th w rid w llou boders l ?  
A They shall be bu ed v Cerame cas,  
That ill be done t th public ost  
For or chat ou li e n lost  
Gala d h t g the public foe  
(Yea, w ll t l th command r s so)  
Gaw r l h h in t Ornea  
Oh Fall back, fall ba k to our a k r n e more  
And n nd t eaze toad before,  
And l ou w th on th grow nd line  
W h ou giv mood a wart or should  
W ll sk the while both men ma be  
And wh ce they om and h hat des on  
H ) If woe b v to you I speak.

II What is it that to learn you seek?  
Oh Whence are these visitors and who?  
Ho From cl er Hellas stran ers tw o.  
Oh What th is a m? Canst thou tel  
Why the came Here to dwell?  
Ho Love of y u Lov of your  
Late and ways Was the lure  
Here they fan Would remain  
Comrades true All the r days,  
Oh Hey hey what do you say?  
What is the tale they tell?  
Ho In b n f  
Tis something more than pa t belief  
Oh Put wherefo e is he com ? What is it  
He seeks to compass by his visit?  
Think you he s got some cunning plan  
Whereby allied w th us h can  
Assist a friend or harm a foe?  
What br n s h m here I d like to kn w  
Ho Too great too great for thought or words,  
The bliss h promises the b d s.  
All things re jours, he says, whate r  
Exist in space, both here and there  
And to and fro, and e erywhere.  
Oh W d little eh?  
Ho More sane than words can say  
Oh W d awake?  
Ho Wide as day  
The subtlest cunning est f e,  
All scheme in at on craft w t wisdom paradox.  
Oh H speech, his peech bid him begin it  
Th things you how excite me so  
I m fit to fly thus ery minute  
H Now you and you take back th panoply  
And han t up God bless it out of sight  
W th th litch n there beside t b Jack  
But voi (to e stner e t s) the things we sum  
mor ed them to hear  
Ex pound decl e  
H By Apollo no not I  
Unless the pledge me such treaty pledge  
As that small p s kanapes who makes the swords  
Pledged with his w fe to wit that they ll not b te  
m  
No pull m about nor scratch my —  
Oh F e, for shame!  
N t this? no, no!  
P My eyes I was going to say  
Oh I pledg e t  
A e e s l  
Oh I swear on these cond tions  
So may I w b y e ery jud s ore  
And the h l Thear s.  
A d s o y o s h ll  
Oh But s l m false then by one ore lone  
H O v s! O es! Hoplites, take up your arms  
And ma h ba k hom wa ds there await the o d s  
We young t publi h on th notic board  
Oh Full of wiles, full f gu les, at all times, in all  
ways,  
Are th children of Men tell we ll hear what he says.  
Thou hast haply detected

*Pe* Here you see a partridge coming  
there by Zeus's frincoln  
Here a widgeon onward hurries  
there's a halcyon sure as fate

*Eu* Who's behind her?  
*Pe* That's a clipper he's the lady halcyon's mate  
*Eu* Can a clipper be a bird then?

*Pe* Sporgilus is surely so  
Here's an owl

*Eu* And who to Athens brought an owl? I'd like to know

*Pe* Jay and turtle lark and sedgebird  
thyme finch ring-dove first and then

Rock dove stock dove cuckoo falcon  
fiery crest and willow wren

Lammergeyer porphyrio kestrel  
waxwing nuthatch water hen

*Eu* (singing) Ohó for the birds! Ohó! Ohó!  
Ohó for the blackbirds! hol

How they twitter how they go  
shrieking and screaming to and fro

Goodness! are they going to charade us?  
They are gazing here and see

All their beaks they open widely  
*Pe* That is what occurs to me

*Chorus* Wh wh wh wh wh wh wh wh where  
may he be

that was calling for me? In what locality  
pastureth he?

*Ho* I am ready waiting here  
never from my friends I stir

*Ch* Te te te te te te te teach me I pray in an  
amicable way

what is the news you have gotten to say  
*Ho* News amazing! News auspicious!

News delightful safe and free!  
Birds! Two men of subtlest genius

*Ch* Whol! What! When! say that again  
*Ho* Here I say have come two elders

travelling to the birds from man  
And the stem they are bringing with them

of a most stupendous plan  
*Ch* You who have made the greatest error

since my callow life began  
What do you say?

*Ho* Now don't be nervous  
*Ch* What is the thing you have done to me?

*Ho* I've received two men enamoured  
of our sweet society

*Ch* You have really dared to do it?  
*Ho* Gladly! the deed avon

*Ch* And the pair are now amongst us?  
*Ho* Aye! if I'm amongst you now

*Ch* O! O! Out upon you!  
We are cheated and betrayed

we have suffered shame and wrong!  
For our comrade and our friend

who has fed with us so long  
He has broken every oath and his holy plighted

troth  
And the old social customs of our clan

He has led us unawares into wiles and into snares  
He has given us a prey all helpless and forlorn  
To those who were our foes

from the time that they were born  
To vile and abominable Man!

But for him our bird companion  
comes a reckoning! and by

As for these two old deceivers  
they shall suffer instantly

Bit by bit we'll tear and rend them  
*Pe* Here's a very horrid mess.

*Eu* Wretched man 'twas you that caused it  
you and all your cleverness!

Why you brought me I can't see  
*Pe* Just that you might follow me

*Eu* Just that I might die of weeping  
*Pe* What a foolish thing to say!

Weeping will be quite beyond you  
when your eyes are pecked away

*Ch* On! On! In upon them!  
Make a very bloody onset

spread your wings about your foes  
Assail them and attack them

and surround them and enclose  
Both both of them shall die

and their bodies shall supply  
A rare dainty pasture for my beak

For never shall be found any distant spot of ground  
Or shadowy mountain covert or foamy Ocean

wave  
Or cloud in Ether floating

which these reprobates shall save  
From the doom that upon them I will wreak

On then on my flying squirdrons  
no 's the time to tear and bite

Tarry ye not an instant longer  
Brigadier advance our right

*Eu* Here it comes! I'm off confound them  
*Pe* Fool why can't you remain with me?

*Eu* What! that these may tear and rend me?  
*Pe* How can you hope from birds to flee?

*Eu* Truly I haven't the least idea  
*Pe* Then it is I the affair must guide

Seize we a pot and the charge awaiting  
here we will combat side by side

*Eu* Pot! and how can a pot avail us?  
*Pe* Never an owl will then come near

*Eu* What of these birds of prey with talons?  
*Pe* Snatch up a spit like a hoplite's spear

Planting it firmly there before you  
*Eu* What shall I do about my eyes?

*Pe* Take a platter or take a saucer  
holding it over them buckler wise

*Eu* What a skilful neat contrivance!  
O you clever fellow you

In your military science Nicias you far outdo!  
*Ch* Flelelele! advance! no loitering

level your beaks and charge away  
Shatter the pot at once in pieces

worry and scratch and tear and slay!  
*Ho* O whatever is your purpose? in your villainy

so great

P But the strongest and clearest of proofs is that  
Zeus

who at present is Lord of the sky  
Sends warning as Royalty's emblem and badge  
an Eagle erect on his head  
Or Lady as owl, and Apollo forsooth  
as hickety a falcon instead  
Ex B Demeter 'tis true that is just what they  
do

but I'll tell the reason, I pray  
P That the bird may be ready and able when  
it

the sacrificed onwards we lay  
As custom demands, in the deity's hands,  
to seize before Zeus on the fate,  
and none by the Gods, but I'd by the Birds,  
were accustomed a oret me to swear  
And Lampon will own by the Goose even now  
whether he be so gone, to cheat you  
So bold and me have they deemed you of old  
with so deep a respect did they treat you!  
Now they treat you as kinsmen,

and as fools, and as slaves  
Yes they felt you as though you were mad  
No more for you can the Tempest ensure  
For the bird catches her nets his nooses and nets,  
And his iron, and his tools, and his bait and his lure  
And his lime-covered rods in the shrub I the God!  
Thus he takes you, and sets you for sale in the lump  
And his customers, buying come poking and prying

And you chug and trum  
To feel if your bodies are tender and plump.  
And if they decide on your flesh to sup  
They don't just roast you and serve you up,  
But cover your bodies, as properly he  
They get their cheeks and their althum too,  
And oil and wine and  
Then a gravy luscious and rich they brew  
And pour it in soft warm streams on you,  
As though you were carrion noseless and dry  
Oh O man on indeed a more pitiful tale  
Than hast brow hit to our ears and I can but bewail  
Our fathers' demerit

Who born such an Empire as this to shew  
How close it has closed for me!

I know thou art come, by good Fortune's decree,  
Our Saviour to be

And under the bird's whatsoe'er befall,  
I'll place me of myself, and my nestling's and all,  
And therefore do you tell us what we must do  
as he is not worth our raiment  
Let us be Lords of this world before  
our event domination reveal

P Then first I propose that the birds be loved  
and the pore be left to the Earth and the sky  
Each bird is like the brick builded wall,  
like Bab'lon's, solid and high

And the earth must place the bode of you rare  
and make them on the S and on the nation  
Ex O Porphyron O Cebion

how peer out the fortification!

P When the wall is complete send a messenger  
fleet

the empire from Zeus to reclaim.  
And if he delay or be slow to comply  
nor retreat in confusion and shame  
Proclaim ye again to him a Holy War  
and announce that no longer below  
On their lawless amours through these realms of  
yours,

will the Gods be permitted to go.  
No more through the earth (so the Aloues Lar  
their Alcmenas, their Semetes wending)  
May they post in hot blood as of old from above  
for if ever you catch them descending  
You will clap on their dissolute persons a seal  
their evil designs to prevent!  
And then let another ambassador bird  
to men with this message be sent  
That the Birds being Sovereigns, to them must be  
paid

all honour and worship due  
And the Gods for the future to them be postponed  
We therefore assort and combine

Each God with a bird whiche'er will best  
with his nature and attributes:  
If to Queen Aphrodite a victim we lay

first sacrifice grain to the cool  
If a sheep to Poseidon we lay to the dulle  
let wheat as a victim be brought  
And a big honey-cake for the cormorant make

I've offered to Heracles aught  
Bring a ram for his Zeus! But we first must produce  
for our King, let the gold-crested wren

A masculine mudge full formed and entire  
to be sacrificed duly by men

Ex I am tickled and pleased with the sacrifice  
made.

And a thunder away great Zeus  
Oh But men would they take us for Gods, and not  
davs,

do we real vbelieve that they can—  
If they see us on a grassy field about?

P Don't say such ridiculous things!  
Why Hermes, and lots of the demigods too,  
go flitting about upon wings.

The eagle's factory holds his pinions of gold  
and then, by the Power's there is Love  
And first, says Homer shoots straight through the  
skies,

with the ease of a terrified do  
Ex And the thunderbolt flies upon wings, I sur-  
mise

what Zeus upon us let it fall?  
P But suppose that mankind be so stupid and  
blind

should account you a nothing at all,  
And still in the Gods of Olympus believe—  
why then like a cloud shall a swarm  
Of partridges and rooks settle down on their tools,  
and dour all the seed in the firm.

Done for Zeus.

Something good for the Birds which we never  
suspected

Some power of achievement too high  
For my own shallow wit by itself to decry

But if aught you espy  
Tell it out for whate'er of advantage shall fill  
To ourselves by your aid shall be common to all  
So expound us the plan you have brought us my  
man

not doubting it seems of success  
And don't be afraid for the treaty we made  
we won't be the first to transgress

Pe I am hot to begin and my spirit within  
is fermenting the tale to declare  
And my dough I will knead for there's nought to  
impede Boy bring me a wreath for my hair  
And a wash for my hands

Eu Why what mean these commands?  
Is a dinner in near contemplation?

Pe No dinner I ween 'tis a speech that I mean  
a stalwart and brawny oration  
Their spirit to batter and shiver and shatter  
(To the birds) So sorely I grieve for your lot  
Who once in the prime and beginning of time  
were Sovereigns—

Ch We Sovereigns! of what?

Pe Of all that you see of him and of me  
of Zeus up above on his throne  
A lineage older and nobler by far  
than the Titans and Cronos ye own

And than Earth

Ch And than Earth!

P By Apollo 'tis true

Ch And I never had heard it before!

Pe Because you've a blind uninquisitive mind  
unaccustomed on Aesop to pore

The lark had her birth so he says before Earth  
then her father fell sick and he died

She laid out his body with dutiful care  
but a grave she could nowhere provide

For the Earth was not yet in existence at last  
by urgent necessity led

When the fifth day arrived the poor creature  
contrived

to bury her sire in her head

Eu So the sire of the lark give me leave to remark  
on the crest of a headland lies dead

Pe If therefore by birth ye are older than Earth  
if before all the Gods ye existed

By the right of the firstborn the sceptre is yours  
your claim cannot well be resisted

Eu I advise you to nourish and strengthen your  
beak

and to keep it in trim for a stroke  
Zeus won't in a hurry the sceptre restore

to the woodpecker tapping the oak

Pe In times prehistoric 'tis easily proved  
by evidence weighty and ample

That Birds and not Gods were the Rulers of men  
and the Lords of the world for example

Time was that the Persians were ruled by the Cock,  
a king autocratic alone

The sceptre he wielded or ever the names

Megabazus Darius were known  
And the Persian he still by the people is called  
from the Empire that once was his own

Eu And thus to this hour the symbol of power  
on his head you can always detect

Like the Sovereign of Persia alone of the Birds,  
he stalks with tiara erect

Pe So mighty and great was his former estate  
so ample he waved and so strong

That still the tradition is potent and still  
when he sings in the morning his song

At once from their sleep all mortals upleap  
the cobblers the tanners the bakers,

The potters the bathmen the smiths and the  
shield and the musical instrument makers

And some will at eve take their sandals and leave

Eu I can answer for that 'tis my cost  
'Twas all through his crowing at eve that my cloak

the softest of Phrygians I lost  
I was asked to the Tenth day feast of a child

and I drank ere the feast was begun  
Then I take my repose and anon the cock crows

so thinking 't is daybreak I run  
To return from the City to Halimous town

but scarce I emerge from the wall  
When I get such a whack with a stick on my back

from a rascally thief that I fall  
And he skims off my cloak from my shoulders or

er for assistance I'm able to bawl

Pe Then a Kite was the Sovereign of Hellas of old  
and ruled with an absolute sway

Ch The Sovereign of Hellas!

Pe And taught by his rule  
we wallow on earth to this day

When a Kite we espy

Eu By Bacchus 'twas I  
saw a Kite in the air so I wallow

Then raising my eye from my posture supine  
I give such a gulp that I swallow

O what but an obol I've got in my mouth  
and am forced to return empty handed

Pe And the whole of Phoenice and Egypt was erst  
by a masterful Cuckoo commanded

When his loud cuckoo cry was resounding on high  
at once the Phoenicians would leap

All hands to the plain rich waving with grain  
their wheat and their barley to reap

Eu So that's why we cry to the circumcised Hi!  
Cuckoo! To the plain! Cuckoo!

Pe And whenever in the cities of Hellas a chief  
to honour and dignity grew

Menelaus or King Agamemnon perchance  
your rule was so firm and decided

That a bird on his sceptre would perch to partake  
of the gifts for his Lordship provided

Eu Now of that I declare I was never aware  
and I oft have been filled with amazement

When Priam so noble and stately appeared  
with a bird in the Tragedy plays

But the bird was no doubt for the gifts looking out  
to Lycrates brought on the sly

O — but tell us how can he at d  
 Consort with you we a n gless and you a n d?  
 H Why ry ell  
 F Hav but in Aesop's fables  
 Tere son th m d you told about the fore  
 Hm 7 if red consorting with an ea l  
 H O e sea fo the a a l l root  
 Which 1 en ve ha e eat n ve will both be a n g d  
 P That be so we l enter Vanthias there  
 And M od rus, bri g long the tr ps  
 G Oua and Osta!

H Why what al you to-day?  
 G Tak th g d m n i and r g le t em we

B O for th n ght n-ale peerless in song  
 wh eba is n the box of the Muses her lay  
 O n enter and best fetch her out of the nest  
 and let a her wh eba is the Chorus to play  
 A Oda, bi Ze s, g a t them this one request  
 F ouch out the tel nable from the reeds.  
 E Yes let h b r out by all the Gods, that so  
 W too may gaz pon the n g h n gale  
 H Well if you ish it so we'll ha e t Proeme  
 Cor hith r dea nd l s the s angers see you

Enter Proe, with night gale s h ad and wings  
 othen sed as a girl in a rich costume  
 P Zeus, ba da d a n g l o e l y l t l e b i d  
 How fair nd tender!

E O the little boy  
 Would s lik to be her mate th s nst nt!  
 P And O the gold she is wean like a wrl  
 Upon my word I e half a round to kiss he l  
 P hush her you look! Her back a pan of p is  
 E B e l could eat h like a r nd st  
 The e shell from her pool a d kiss her so  
 H Come, go w

P Lead on, and luck go with us.  
 Enter Proe, et. apides a d s i s e n r a s

Choru  
 Oda ling! O tawa th out!  
 Love, whom llo e the best,  
 Dearer than l the est  
 Pla mas nd part e a  
 Ad m s o l a s  
 Thou art corn, 'Thou rt comel  
 Thou hast dawned on m gaze,  
 I ha bea d th sweet ote,  
 N h e a l a h u n g l  
 Thou from th f l s Soft sounding canst her g  
 M e t o n a t W th or song of th Spring  
 H n then I pray

O u n a p a s t a d d r e s s to e s s y

I e m e a h a d m i e s t i n g b e l o w  
 w b p e n h n d s a d e a s t h l e a f,  
 P l o r b e g n h a d w l k e, p a n t h e s f o l k  
 l i f f e e b l e a n d w l e s s n d b r i e f,  
 F r a l c a s t n 7 c h a b o e g o m a d y  
 l i k e a d r e a m f u l l I s o s o w n d s y n h n  
 C o r n h e n t h c a r t o t h B d s o f t h e a t  
 t h e g l e s s, t h d e a t h l e s s, w h o f l i

In the joy and the freshness of F ther are wont  
 to muse up n w a l m u n d y n g  
 We a l l t e l l o u t o f t h g s t r a n s c e n d e t a l o f S p r i n g  
 a n d f i s s t h e m i g h t y u p h e a l  
 T h e n t u r o f B r d s a n d t h e b i r t h o f t h C o d s  
 a n d o f C h a o s a n d D a r k n e s s p r i m e a l  
 W h n t h i s v e s h a l l k n o w I t o l d P o d i c u s g o  
 n d b e h a n d e d s n h u t h p e o f r e p r e a l  
 T h e r e w a s C h a o s a t f i r s t a n d D a r k n e s s, a n d  
 N a h t

and Tart rus vasty and d smol  
 But the Earth was not the e m r the Sky nor the e  
 Air

e l l a t l e n g t h i n t h e b o s o m a b i m a l  
 O f D r k n e s s a n g e f r m t h e w h i r l w a n d c o n c e i v e d  
 w a l a i d b y t h e s a b l e p l u m e d N i g h t  
 A n d o u t o f t h a t e g e s t h e S e a s o n s r e v o l e d  
 s p a n L o v e t h e t r a c i n t h e b r i t  
 L o e b r i l l a n t a n d b o l d i t h h p i n o n s o f g o l d  
 I k e a w h i r l w i n d r e f u l g e n t a n d s p a r k l g l  
 L o e h a t c h e d u s, c o m m n g l g i n T a t a r u s w i d e  
 w h C h a o s t h m u l y t h e d a l i n g  
 A n d b r o u h t u s a b o e a s t h e f i r s t l i n g o f l o v e  
 a n d f i r s t t o t h e l i g h t w e a s c e n d e d

There wa never a r ce of Immortals t all  
 t i l l L o e h a d t h e u n v e r s e b l e n d e d  
 T h e n a l l t h g e c m u n i n g l u n t o g e t h e r i n l o e  
 t h e r e a o s e t h e l a i r E a r t h a n d t h e S k y  
 A n d t h e l u m i n e s s S e a a n d t h e r a c e o f t h G o d s,  
 t h e B l e s s e d w h o n e r s h a l l d e  
 S o r t h a n t h e B l e s e d a r e u l d e r b y f a r  
 n d a b u n d a s p r o o f i s v i s i n g

That we re th children of Love so we s l  
 u f o r t u n a t e l o v e r s a s i s t a n  
 A n d m a n a m a n w h o h a s f o u n d t o h i s o n t  
 t h a t h p o w e r s o f p e r s u a s i o n h a e f a i l e d  
 A n d h u l o e t h a t a b y u r e d h m f o r a s a n  
 b y t h e p o w r o f t h B r d s h a p e a l e d  
 F o r t h e g f e o f q u a l o r a P o r p h y r i e l k  
 o r a P e r s i a n o r g o o s e w l l r e w s n t h e m

And the ch f e s t o f b l e s s i n g s v e m o t a l s e n j o y  
 b y t h e h e l p o f t h B u r d s v e o b t a i n t h e m  
 T s f r o m u s t h a t u g s f i t h S e a s o n s n t u n,  
 S p e r W i n t a n d A u t u m n r e l k n o w n  
 W h e n t o L i b a t h e r n e s s e l a g n g a n  
 t i s t i m e f t h s e e d t o b e s o w n  
 A n d t h e k p p e r m a y h a n g u p h r u d d w h i l e  
 n d s e e p a f t e r l i h s e x r t i o n s,

And O e s t e s m a y w e a r t u m a v r a p t o b e w a r m  
 w h a b e o n t o n t a t u e i b e x t r o n s  
 T h c m t h t h e l a t e w h a t h o e i g f i h r  
 t h a d e n t o f S p y g t o t e l l  
 A l t h S p r i n g h e e p b e a r i n g b e g s a n d n e x t  
 y o u w o o l l e n t u r e o u s e l l,  
 A d b o u a l g h t e r a n d d a u n t r g a r b  
 w h e n y o u n o t e t h r t n o f t h e s w a l l w

T h s o u r A m m o n D o d o n a a n d D e l p h i a r w e  
 w e a e a l s o v o P h o e b u s A p o l l  
 F o w h a t e o u d o, I t r a d y o u p r u e  
 o r g o o d i n t h e m a k t a r e b y n g  
 O r t h e w e d d n g t r e n d o f n e g h b o u r a n d f r i e n d  
 f i r s t y o u l o o k t o t h e B i r d a n d t h e i r f l y i n g

Demeter may fill them with grain if she will  
 when hungry and pinched they entreat her  
*Eu* O no for by Zeus she will make some excuse  
 that is always the way with Demeter  
*Pe* And truly the ravens shall pluck out the eyes  
 of the oven that work in the plough  
 Of the flocks and the herds as a proof that the Birds  
 are the Masters and Potentates now  
 Apollo the leech if his aid they beseech  
 may cure them but then they must pay!  
*Eu* Nay but hold nay but hold nor begin till I've  
 sold

my two little oven I pray  
*Pe* But when once to esteem you as God and as  
 Life  
 and as Cronos and Earth they've begun  
 And as noble Poseidon what joys shall be theirs!  
*Ch* Will you kindly inform me of one?  
*Pe* The delicate tendrils and bloom of the vine  
 no more shall the locusts molest  
 One gallant brigade of the kestrels and owls  
 shall rid them at once of the pest  
 No more shall the mute and the gail making blight  
 the fruit of the fig tree devour  
 Of thrushes one troop on their armies shall swoop  
 and clear them all off in an hour  
*Ch* But how shall we furnish the people with  
 wealth?

It is wealth that they mostly desire  
*Pe* Choice blessings and rare ye shall give them  
 whence'er

they come to your shrine to inquire  
 To the seer ye shall tell when 'tis lucky and well  
 for a merchant to sail o'er the seas  
 So that never a skipper again shall be lost

*Ch* What never? Explain if you please  
*Pe* Are they seeking to know when a voyage to  
 go?

The Birds shall give answers to guide them  
 Now stuck to the land there's a tempest at hand!  
 Now sail! and good luck shall betide them

*Eu* A galley for me! I am off to the sea!  
 No longer with you will I stay

*Pe* The treasures of silver long since in the earth  
 by their forefathers hidden away

To men ye shall show for the secret ye know  
 How often a man will declare

There's no one who knows where my treasures re-  
 pose

if it be not a bird of the air  
*Eu* My galley may go I will buy me a hoe  
 and dig for the crock and the casket

*Ch* But Health I opine is a blessing divine  
 can we give it to men if they ask it?  
*Pe* If they've plenty of wealth they'll have plen-  
 ty of health

ye may rest quite assured that they will  
 Did you ever hear tell of a man that was well

when falling remarkably ill?  
*Ch* Long life 'tis Olympus alone can bestow  
 so can taken live as long as before?

Must they die in their youth?

*Pe* Die? No! why in truth  
 their lives by three hundred or more  
 New years ye will lengthen

*Ch* Why whence will they come?  
*Pe* From your own inexhaustible store  
 What! dost thou not know that the noisy tongued  
 crow

lives five generations of men?  
*Eu* O fie! it is plain they are fitter to reign  
 than the Gods let us have them again

*Pe* Ay fitter by far!  
 No need for their sakes to erect and adorn  
 Great temples of marble with portals of gold  
 Enough for the birds on the brake and the thorn  
 And the evergreen oak their receptacles to hold  
 Or if any are noble and courtly and fine  
 The tree of the olive will serve for their shrine  
 No need when a blessing we seek to repair  
 To Delphi or Ammon and sacrifice there  
 We will under an olive or arbutus stand  
 With a present of barley and wheat  
 And piously lifting our heart and our hand  
 The birds for a boon we'll entreat  
 And the boon shall be ours and our suit we shall  
 gain

At the cost of a few little handfuls of grain  
*Ch* I thought thee at first of my foemen the worst  
 and lo I have found thee the wisest  
 And best of my friends and our nation intends  
 to do whatsoever thou advise

A spirit so lofty and rare  
 Thy words have excited within me  
 That I lift up my soul and I swear  
 That if Thou wilt with Me be united  
 In bonds that are holy and true  
 And honest and just and sincere  
 If our hearts are attuned to one song  
 We will march on the Gods without fear  
 The sceptre—my sceptre my due—  
 They shall not be handling it long!

So all that by muscle and strength can be done  
 we Birds will assuredly do  
 But whatever by prudence and skill must be won  
 we leave altogether to you

*Ho* Aye and by Zeus, the time is over now  
 For drowsy nods and Nicias hesitations

We must be up and doing! And do you  
 Or e'er we start visit this nest of mine

My bits of things my little sticks and straws  
 And tell me what your names are

*Pe* That's soon done

My name is I cisthetaerus  
*Ho* And your friend's?

*Pe* Euclipides of Cno  
*Ho* Well ye are both

Heartily welcome  
*Pe* Thank you

*Ho* Come ye in  
*Pe* Aye come we in you please precede us

*Ho* Come  
*Pe* But—dear! what was it? step you back a m-  
 ment





And when'er you of omen or augury speak  
*as a bird* you are always repeating  
 A Rumour's a bird and a sneeze is a bird  
*and so is a word or a meeting*  
 A servant's a bird and an ass is a bird  
*It must therefore assuredly follow*  
 That the Birds are to you (I protest it is true)  
*your prophetic divining Apollo*

Then take us for Gods as is proper and fit  
 And Muses Prophetic ye'll have at your call  
 Spring winter and summer and autumn and all  
 And we won't run away from your worship and sit  
 Up above in the cloud very stately and grand  
 Like Zeus in his tempers but always at hand  
 Health and wealth we'll bestow as the formula runs  
 On yourselves and your sons and the sons of your  
 sons

And happiness plenty and peace shall belong  
 To you all and the revel the dance and the song  
 And laughter and youth and the milk of the birds  
 We'll supply and we'll never forsake you  
 Ye'll be quite overburdened with pleasures and joys  
 So happy and blest we will make you

O woodland Muse  
 tio tio tio tiotiny  
 Of varied plume with whose dear aid  
 On the mountain top and the sylvan glade  
 tio tio tio tiotiny  
 I sitting up aloft on a leafy ash full oft  
 tio tio tio tiotiny  
 Pour forth a warbling note from my little tawny  
 throat

Pour festive choral dances to the mountain mother's  
 praise  
 And to Pan the holy music of his own immortal lays  
 totototototototototiny  
 Whence Phrynichus of old  
 Sipping the fruit of our ambrosial lay  
 Bore like a bee the honied store away  
 His own sweet songs to mould  
 'Tio tio tio tio tiotiny

Is there any one amongst you  
 O spectators who would lead  
 With the birds a life of pleasure  
 let him come to us with speed  
 All that here is reckoned shameful  
 all that here the laws condemn  
 With the birds in right and proper  
 you may do it all with them  
 Is it here by law forbidden  
 for a son to beat his sire?  
 That a chick should strike his father  
 strutting up with youthful ire  
 Crowing Raise your spur and fight me  
 that is what the birds admire  
 Come you runaway deserter  
 spotted with er with marks of shame  
 Spotted Francolin we'll call you  
 that with us shall be your name

You who style yourself a tribesman  
 Phrygian pure as Spintharus,  
 Come and be a Phrygian linnet  
 of Philemon's breed with us  
 Come along you slave and Carian  
 Excecidides to wit  
 Breed with us your Cuckoo rearsers  
 they'll be guildsmen apt and fit  
 Son of Peisias who to outlaws  
 would the city gates betray  
 Come to us and be a partridge  
 (*cockered like the cock they say*)  
 We esteem it no dishonour  
 know'st thou partridge tricks to play  
 Even thus the Swans  
 tio tio tio tiotiny  
 Their clamorous cry were erst up raising  
 With clatter of wings Apollo praising  
 tio tio tio tiotiny  
 As they sat in serried ranks on the river Hebrus banks  
 tio tio tio tiotiny  
 Right upward went the cry  
 through the cloud and through the sky  
 Quailed the wild beast in his covert,  
 and the bird within her nest  
 And the still and windless Ether  
 lulled the ocean waves to rest

Totototototototototiny "  
 Loudly Olympus rang!  
 Amazement seized the kings and every Grace  
 And every Muse within that heavenly place  
 Took up the strain and sang  
 Tio tio tio tio tiotiny

Truly to be clad in feather  
 is the very best of things.  
 Only fancy dear spectators  
 had you each a brace of wings  
 Never need you tired and hungry  
 at a Tragic Chorus stay  
 You would lightly when it bored you  
 spread your wings and fly away  
 Back returning after luncheon  
 to enjoy our Comic Play  
 Never need a Patrocleides  
 sitting here his garment stain  
 When the dire occasion seized him  
 he would off with might and main  
 Flying home then flying hither  
 lightened and relieved again  
 If a gallant should the husband  
 on the Council bench behold  
 Of a gay and charming lady  
 one whom he had loved of old  
 Off at once he'd fly to greet her  
 have a little converse sweet  
 Then be back or ere ye missed him  
 calm and smiling in his seat  
 Is not then a suit of feathers  
 quite the very best of things?  
 Why Ditrephes was chosen  
 though he had but wicker wings,

55-1

O V! that is it?

P Take th' book and see.

G- be off, confound you! (*sings*)

O M O! O O!

P There, run away and soothe some where else.

Enter ORACLE WOUNDER and METRO with the

G- (*sings*)

I- I come around you-

P Some new misery th'!

G- do that? What's our scheme's form and

outline

W- a your design? What beskin's on your foot

I- I come to lead survey this Air of yours.

And your brace.

P Hea-en and Earth!

Where are you?

I- (*sings*) Where am I? I'm Wron-

Know these best H- and Co-.

P Are

As that are?

I- Then re- for Air serve to

I- explain. The Air is to outline

Our ex- number so then, observe

Working her in flexible reel, and from

V- compass were-you understand?

P I don't

I- W- L- s- rod I measure on that so

The circle may be squared and the centre

I- mark place and street be leaden to

S- to the centre, y- s- from

I- though circular str- be re- flash out

I- d-.

P Wh- the man a Thal- Metro!

I- I-.

P You know I loy- you, V- ion.

Take in advice, and slip wa- unnot ced.

I- W- hat th- matter?

P As in Lacedaemon

They wear-er bust- and great d- turbanc

And have in plant

I- What Re- na-

P No, no, no this

I- What then

P They ad- resol- ed

I- I- on co-er- t- wa- op- er- qu- k-

I- I- d- be- be- na-

P Faith, I'm ot- qu- t- certain

I- ou- re- at- time- see, re- the b- y- s- (*sings*)

P O- m- n- d- h-

I- I- ra- d- you how- would be.

G- co- er- t- I- your ter- s- m- o- ber- wa-

Enter METRO Enter a count- = a- to survey

I- wa- co- er-

P Co- m- s- t- Ho- co- m- s- t- ho-

I- Sarcinaxulus sarel!

G- lo- h- t- your Cloud-er k- b- m- s- co- er-

P I- Co- m- s- t- o- er-

P Co- m- s- t- o- er-

I- wa- co- er-

G-

O- T- r- e- a-

I- a- p- a- t- r- e- s- c- r- o- l- l-

P Come now will outtake our par-

And get you gone in peace?

G-

B- H- a- en I- w- ll.

I- ought to be- t- home on public business.

Some little jobs I've had w- th Pharmaces.

P Then take your par- and go- your pa- s- just

-thus. (*Sings*)

G- What's that?

P A motion about Pharmaces.

G- W- u- s- 'h- s- t- r- i- k- i- n- a- Co- m- m- i- s- s- i- o- n- e- r-

P Shoo! Shoo! be gone you- ad- you- er- d- et- u- r- e-

Enter STATURE SELLER

The sham- it is! They send Commissioners

Before w- e- f- l- a- n- c- h- d- our t- r- a- d- u- r- a- l- s- i- t- e- s-

Enter Seller (*sings*) I- f- t- h- Cloud-uckoo-

burian wrong the Ath- man-

P Here's some more writin- What new misery's

this?

S- S- I- am a Statu- e- s- e- l- l- e- r- and I- m- come

Bring- n- new Law- s- to sell you.

P Such as what?

S- S- "Item, the Cloud-uckoo-burians are to use

the selfsame wei- b- s- and measure, and the

selfsame count- as the O- r- th- i- a- n- s-

P And w- th- selfsam- as the Oh! Oh! ty- r- a- n- s-

(*sings*)

S- S- Hi! what- are you at?

P Take off those law- s- you rascal.

Law- s- you won- t- like I- l- i- g- n- e- ou- s- m- a- n- t- e-

Enter STATURE SELLER I- a- he- and the count- s-

s- o- re- each- m- a- k- e- t- w- o- b- r- i- e- f- r- e- s- r- e- a- r- a- n- c- e- s- and

s- m- a- s- h-

G- (*re- w- a- r- d- i- n- g*) I- s- u- m- m- o- n- P- a- n- t- h- e- t- e- r- u- s- for

next M- u- n- d- i- o- n- on- c- h- a- r- e- o- f- o- u- r- s- u- r- e-

P O- that- s- i- t- u- s- t-? What- are you there still?

S- S- (*re- w- a- r- d- i- n- g*) "Item, if any man d- n- e- a- w- s- the

m- a- s- s- u- r- a- t- e- s- and do not rec- t- t- h- e- m- a- c- c- o- r- d- i- n- g-

t- h- e- p- a- l- a- r-

P O- m- e- t- e- r- u- p- o- n- u- s- and are you there still?

G- (*re- w- a- r- d- i- n- g*) I'll run you! I- l- a- u- n- t- e- n- t- h- o-

s- a- n- d- d- r- a- c- h- m- a- s-

P I'll o- c- t- u- r- u- s- u- s- and are you there still?

S- S- (*re- w- a- r- d- i- n- g*) Think of that- = c- u- n- when

you fouled the pal- a-

P I- h- i- s- e- a- s- u- r- e- h- u- m- s- o- m- e- b- o- d- y- H- a- ou- re- off

th- e- re- ou-

Let get wa- from this- and- w- i- t- h- i- n-

And there- = I- s- a- c- r- i- f- i- c- e- th- e- w- a- t- i- n- p- e- a- c- e-

Enter ORACLE WOUNDER and METRO *run- n- g- to- be*

s- a- c- r- i- f- i- c- e- d- a- t- t- e- r-

Chorus

Unto m- the All- co- m- o- d- o-

All- s- u- r- v- e-

Now w- l- d- m- e- n- at- e- v- e- r- a- l- t- a- r-

P- a- r- t- s- be- w- a- r-

M- e- w- h- o- w- a- h- the land, p- r- o- t- e- c- t- u- s-

Fruit and flower

Sh- i- t- m- a- n- d- w- a- r- m- s- i- n- s- e- c- t- s-

Who- t- h- e- m- t- r- a- d- d- o- u- r-

In the earth and on the branches

w- i- t- h- s- e- v- e- r- s- a- t- u- r- m- a- k- e-

Your feast for two I am sure won't do  
 For what you are going to offer there  
 Is nothing at all but horns and hair  
*Pe* Let us pray  
     Offering our victim to the feathered gods  
*Enter a poet to celebrate the founding of the new colony*  
*Poet (singing)* Cloudcuckoobury  
     With praise and glory crown  
     Singing O Muse  
     Of the new and happy town!  
*Pe* Whatever's this? Why, who in the world are you?  
*Po* O I'm a warbler, carolling sweet lays  
     An eager meagre servant of the Muses  
     As Homer says  
*Pe* What! you a slave and wear your hair so long?  
*Po* No, but all we who teach sweet choral lays  
     Are eager meagre servants of the Muses  
     As Homer says  
*Pe* That's why your cloak so meagre seems no doubt  
 But poet, what ill wind has blown you hither?  
*Po* Oh I've been making making lovely songs,  
 Simonidean, virgin songs, and sweet  
 Dithyrambic songs on your Cloudcuckooburies  
*Pe* When did you first begin these lovely songs?  
*Po* Long long ago, O yes! Long long ago!  
*Pe* Why is not this the City's Tenth day feast?  
 I've just this instant given the child its name  
*Po* But fleet as the merry many twinkling horses' feet  
     The airy fairy Rumour of the Muses  
     Aetna's Founder, father mine  
 Whose name is the same as the holy altar flame  
     Give to me what thy bounty chooses  
     To give me willingly of thine  
*Pe* He'll cause us trouble now unless we give him  
 Something, and so get off! Hallo, you priest  
 Why, you've a jerkin and a tunic too  
 Strip, give the jerkin to this clever poet  
 Take it upon my word you do seem cold  
*Po* This little kindly gift the Muse  
     Accepts with willing condescension  
     But let me to an apt remark  
     Of Pindar call my lord's attention  
*Pe* The fellow does not seem inclined to leave us  
*Po* Out among the Scythians yonder  
     The poor Stratton wander  
     Poor poor Stratton, not possessed  
     of a whirly woven vest  
 All inglorious comes I trow, leather jerkin if below  
     No soft tunic it can show  
     Conceive my drift, I pray  
*Pe* Aye, I conceive you want the tunic too  
 Off with it, you Needs must assist a Poet  
 There take it and depart  
*Po* Yes, I'll depart  
 And make to the city pretty songs like this  
     O Thou of the golden throne  
     Sing Her the quivering shivering  
     I came to the plains many sown

I came to the snow, the blow  
*Alas!* *Exit poet*  
*Pe* Well, well, but now you surely have escaped  
 From all those shiverings with that nice warm vest  
 Thus is by Zeus a plague I never dreamed of  
 That he should find our city out so soon  
 Boy, take the laver and walk round once more  
 Now hush! *Enter ORACLE MONGER*  
*Oracle Monger* Forbear! touch not the goat awhile  
*Pe* Eh? Who are you?  
*O M* A soothsayer  
*Pe* You be hanged!  
*O M* O think not lightly, friend of things divine  
 Know I've an oracle of Bakis bearing  
 On your Cloudcuckooburies  
*Pe* Eh? then why  
 Did you not soothsay that before I founded  
 My city here?  
*O M* The Power within forbade me  
*Pe* Well, well, there's nought like hearing what it says  
*O M* Nay, but if once grey crows  
     and wolves shall be banding together  
 Out in the midway space  
     twixt Corinth and Sicyon dwelling—  
*Pe* But what in the world have I to do with Corinth?  
*O M* Bakis is riddling, Bakis means the Air  
 First to Pandora offer  
     a white fleeced ram for a victim  
 Next, who first shall arrive  
     my verses prophetic expounding  
 Give him a brand new cloak  
     and a pair of excellent sandals.  
*Pe* Are sandals in it?  
*O M* Take the book and see  
 Give him moreover a cup  
     and fill his hands with the inwards  
*Pe* Are inwards in it?  
*O M* Take the book and see  
 Youth, divinely inspired  
     if thou dost as I bid, thou shalt surely  
 Soar in the clouds as an Eagle  
     refuse, and thou ne'er shalt become an  
 Eagle, or even a dove  
     or a woodpecker tapping the oak tree  
*Pe* Is all that in it?  
*O M* Take the book and see  
*Pe* O how unlike your oracle to mine  
 Which from Apollo's words I copied out  
 But if a cheat, an impostor  
     presume to appear uninvited  
 Troubling the sacred rites  
     and listening to taste of the inwards  
 Hit him between the ribs  
     with all your force and your fury  
*O M* You're jesting surely  
*Pe* Take the book and see  
 See that ye spare not the rogue  
     though he soar in the clouds as an Eagle  
 Yea, be he Lampon himself  
     or even the great Diopetthes

## THE BIRDS

57-102,

O M Is all that? Take the book and see  
 P 'Tis but of confound! (striking him)  
 O M O! O! O!  
 P There, run away and soothe you somewhere else  
 Enter ORACLE SINGER enter METAPHYSICIAN the  
 instruments of kind surveyor  
 P I come am I not you?

P Some new misery this!  
 Come to do what? What's your scheme's form and  
 outline

What's your design? What business on your foot?  
 M I cannot kind survey this Air of yours,  
 admit you to be as.

P Heaven and Earth!

Whose are you?  
 M (astonished) Whose exam I'm Merop  
 known throughout Hellenic Colours.

P Ave  
 had but a estate?

M They're good for a surveying  
 I'll just explain. The Airs in this like  
 On extension her so then observe  
 spring here my flexible rod drawing  
 M compass there—you understand?

P I don't  
 M With the straight rod I measure out that so  
 The circle may be squared and the centre  
 A market place and streets be laid out  
 Straight to the very centre just as I  
 A star through circular stricture fling out  
 Is all directions.

P Why the man's a Thales! M Tom!

P Yes, what  
 M You know I'm you Meton  
 T I'm mad and slip away unnoticed  
 M What's the matter?

P As Lacedaemon  
 There's strange hubbub and great disturbance  
 And no simplicity

M What a Republic!

P A nation that  
 M What then?  
 P The call of the  
 M Those convent walls per quack  
 M I'd best be

P Faith I'm not quite certain  
 M I'll see, see the black and white  
 (striking him)

M O my dear! P  
 M I told you I would be

Come, measure off your steps some other way  
 Enter METAPHYSICIAN Enter ORACLE SINGER  
 the new collyre

Common Hellenic omens, ho!

P Sardanapalus, u ly!

Go, let's to the old kitchen to come

P let Commoner

P Commoner?

What's your business?

Go  
 Of Teleus

P Come now will you take your pay  
 And get you gone in peace?

Go By Heaven I will  
 I ought to be at home on public business  
 Some little business I had with Pharnaces.

P Then take your pay and go your pay is just  
 —this. (Striking him)

Go What's that?

P A motion about Pharnaces

Go Witness! he's struck a Commissioner

P Shool! Shool! beg me your pardon

Enter STATUTE SELLER

The shame it is! They send Commissioners

Before we've finished our inaugural rites

Statute Seller (crying) But if the Cloudcuckoo-  
 burian were the Athenian—

P Here's some more writing! What new misery is  
 this?

S I am a Statute seller and I'm come  
 Bringing new laws to sell you

P Such as what?

S Item the Cloudcuckooburians are to use  
 the selfsame weights and measures, and the  
 selfsame coinage as the Olophryans

P And you the selfsame as the Oh! Oh! Olyrians.  
 (striking him)

S Yes! what are you at?

P Take off those laws, you rascal  
 Laws you want like I'll give you in a minute

Exit STATUTE SELLER but he and the common  
 sense each make two briefs of paper and  
 an hour

Go (appearing) I summon Eristhetae's for  
 next Mithras on a charge of utterance

P O that it is! What a youther stuff!

S (appearing) Item if any man deride away the  
 marble pillar, a did not erect them riding  
 to the pillar—

P Mercy upon us, and are you there still?

Go (reappearing) I'll run you I claim ten thousand  
 and drahmals

P I'll overture or redress I will

S S (reappearing) Think of the evening when  
 you fouled the pillar

P Uhl! ze ze him some body! Ha you're off  
 the car!

Let's get away from this, and go with us

And then we'll sacrifice the goat in peace

Exit ORACLE SINGER a did the goat is supposed to be  
 sacrificed with

Chorus

Unto me the All-seeing

All surveyor

Now will meet the earth

Pray as he prays

M who was the land protect

Fruit of flower

Slavish and a man's sect

With the tender buds of the

In the earth and on the ban

with a new or satiate malice

Your feast for two I am sure won't do  
 For what you are going to offer there  
 Is nothing at all but horns and hair  
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     But let me to an apt remark  
     Of Pindar call my lord's attention  
*Pe* The fellow does not seem inclined to leave us  
*Po* Out among the Scythians, wander  
     See poor Straton wander, wander  
 Poor poor Straton, not possessed  
     of a whiff, woven vest  
 All inglorious comes I trow, leather jerkin, if below  
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 Hit him betwixt the ribs  
     with all your force and your fury  
*O M* You're jesting, surely  
*Pe* Take the book and see  
 See that ye spare not the rogue  
     though he soar in the clouds as an Eagle  
 Yes, be he Lampon himself  
     or even the great Diopenthes

W Great foundation stones they had swallow'd  
down  
And these the corn-crakes fashioned with their  
beaks.

T In thousand storks were carrying up the bricks  
admirers helped and the other water birds,  
T bring the water p into the air  
P Why bare aloft the mortar for them?

M<sup>a</sup> Herons  
I back.

P But how did they put the mortar in?  
M<sup>a</sup> O that was most marvellous contrived  
The great struck down their feet and slid them  
under.

L<sup>k</sup> shovels, and so heaved it on the back.

P Then is there anything that feet can do?

M<sup>a</sup> And then the ducks, with girdles round their  
waists.

Came the bricks and the swallows flew

L<sup>k</sup> serving lads, carrying behind them each

His wheel, and the mortar in their mouths.

P Then why should men have hurlings any  
more?

Well, well, go on, who was it finished off

The great wall's woodwork?

M<sup>a</sup> Cann Pelicans,

Excellent workmen, hewn with the great beak

Of timber and the uprose as they beaved

Like an arsenal when ships are builded

Where every gateway has its gate fast barred

And watched the whole was round and birds are  
passing

Then bells, and carrying bells, and every where

The guards are stationed, and the beacons blaze

On every tower. But I must hurry off

And wash myself. You, manage what remains.

Exit

Q O man, what ails you? Do you feel surprised

T hear he builds his house so soon?

P B all the Gods I do and well I may

Is every truth seems to me like—lies.

But see guard, a messenger from thence

Is coming towards us with war-dance look!

Enter Guard.

Guard Hailo Hailo Hailo Hailo Hailo!

P What has it up now?

G A terrible thing has happened

One of the Gods, of Zeus's Gods, has just

Come out, I know certain is the ship.

Soe throw open the gates and flown into the air

P A dreadful deed! A wicked scandalous deed!

Which of the Gods

G We know not. Wings he had.

So much we know

P I should have sent once

The civic guard in hot pursuit.

G W sent

The mooned air here, thirty thousand falcons,

And their talons curved, in Egyptian trim.

His buzzard, vulture, eagle owl.

Yes, either brutes with the whizz and whirr

Of beating pinions, as they seek the God.

A and he's near methinks he's very near  
He's somewhere here

P And now, as I say!

And now, as I say! Fall in my merry men all!

Shoot smite be resolute! And now, as I say!

Ch War is begun in yeres war

War is begun in the Gods and me!

Look out look out through the cloud wrapt air

Whichever the Darkness of Erebus bare,

Lest a God slip by and we fail to see

Glance or eye on the cry side

For close at hand the winged sound I hear

Of some immortal hurtling through the Sky

Enter Iris.

P Hail! whither away there? whither away?

Stop! stop!

Stop where you stand! keep quiet! stand! remain!

Who, what, whence are you? where do you come

from Quick!

Iris Whence do I come? From the Olympian

Gods.

P Your name! What is it? Sloop or Head-dress?

I Iris

The fleet.

P The Paralus, or the Salamunian?

I What is it then?

P Flap some buzzard there,

Flap, and seize her

I Me! Seize me do you say?

What is the plague then?

P You'll find to our cost directly

Well now the paces!

P Answer! By what gates

Got you within the city wall, what is it?

I I faith, I know not fellow by what gates.

P You hear the god how she pre-announces!

Saw you the dawn-commander? What no answer?

Where is your stock pass?

I My patience what do you mean?

P You never got one?

I Ha! I lost your wits?

P Did no bird-captain stick a label on you?

I On me? None stuck a label, with it, on me

P So then you thought in this shabby tealhy way

To flit through Chaos and realm not ours?

I And by what route, then, out lit the Gods to

fly?

P I faith, I know not. Only not by this.

Thus it is said! If you not your rights,

Of all the losses that ever were

You'd be most just, seized and put to death.

I But I am deathless.

P All the same for that

You should have died a pretty thing forsooth,

If whilst all else obey us, you the Gods

Run not, and forget that you in turn

Must learn to yield obedance to our better.

But I am where do you say rate on you now?

I From the Furies mankind I am fling.

To bid them their bullock-slugs ghtern hearths

See sheep to the Olympian Gods, and stream

The streets with their war

Nipping off the blossom as it widens from the chal-  
ice  
And I slay the noisome creatures  
Which consume

And pollute the garden's freshly scented bloom  
And every little biter and every creeping thing  
Perish in destruction at the onset of my wing  
Listen to the City's notice

Sirs Diagoras<sup>1</sup> the Melian  
specially proclaimed to day

Shall receive reward one talent  
whosoever of you slay

If you slay some ancient tyrant  
and another we'll bestow  
dead and buried long ago

We the Birds will give a notice  
we proclaim with right good will

Sirs Philocrates Sparrowan  
whosoever of you kill

Shall receive reward one talent  
if alive you bring him four

Him who strings and sells the finches  
seven an obol at his store

Blows the thrushes out and rudely  
to the public gaze exposes

Shamefully entreats the blackbirds  
thrusting feathers up their noses

Pigeons too the rascal catches  
keeps and mews them up with care

Makes them labour as decoy birds  
tethered underneath a snare

Such the notice we would give you  
And we wish you all to know

Who are keeping birds in cages  
you had better let them go

Else the Birds will surely catch you  
and yourselves in turn employ

Tied and tethered up securely  
other rascals to decoy

O the happy clan of birds

Clad in feather

Needing not a woollen vest in

Wintry weather

Heeding not the arm far flashing

Summer's ray

For within the leafy bosoms

Of the flowery meads I stay

When the Chirruper in ecstasy  
is shrilling forth his tune

Maddened with the sunshine  
and the rapture of the noon

And I winter in the caverns  
Hollow space

With the happy Oreads playing, and in Spring  
I crop the virgin flowers of the myrtles white and

tender  
Dainties that are fashioned in the gardens of the

Graces

<sup>1</sup>Diagoras, an atheist, had divulged and revealed the  
Mysteries

Now we wish to tell the Judges  
in a friendly sort of way

All the blessings we shall give them  
if we gain the prize to-day

Ne'er were made to Alexander  
lovelier promises or grander

First what every Judge amongst you  
most of all desires to win

Little Launotic owlets  
shall be always flocking in

Ye shall find them all about you  
as the dainty brood increases

Building nests within your purses  
hatching little silver pieces

Then as if in stately Temples  
shall your happy lives be spent

For the birds will top your mansions  
with the Eagle pediment

If you hold some petty office  
if you wish to steal and pick

In your hands we'll place a falcon  
very keen and small and quick

If a dinner is in question  
crops we'll send you for digestion

But should you the prize deny us  
you had better all prepare

Like the statues in the open  
little copper disks in wear

Else whenever abroad ye're walking  
clad in raiment white and new

Angry birds will wreak their vengeance  
spattering over it and you

Enter PEISTHETAEUS  
Pe Dear Birds, our sacrifice is most auspicious

But strange it is: no messenger has come  
From the great wall we are building with the

news  
Hah! here runs one with true Alpheian pantings

Enter MESSENGER panting like an Olympian  
runner

Messenger Where where—O where where  
where—

O where where where  
Where where's our leader Peisthetaerus?

Pe Here

Mes Your building's built! The wall's complete!

Pe Well don't

Mes And a most grand magnificent work it is  
So broad that on its top the Braggadocian

Proxenides could pass Theagenes  
Each driving in his chariot drawn by horses

As bulky as the Trojan  
Pe Heracles!

Mes And then its height I measured that is just  
Six hundred feet

Pe Poseidon what a height!  
Who built it up to that enormous size?

Mes The birds, none other, no Egyptian bearing  
The bricks, no mason, carpenter was there  
Their own hands wrought it marvellous to see.  
From Libya came some thirty thousand cranes

W. 3. foundation stones they had swallowed  
down

And then the corn-crakes fashioned with their  
beaks.

The thousand storks were carrying up the bricks  
and the other water birds,

And the water up into the air.

F. Who have aloft the mortar for them?

H. Herons

H. back

F. But how did they get the mortar in?

M. O that was most in animal content

The peewee struck down their feet, and said them  
under

Let them, and so heaved it on the hods.

F. Then is there anything that feet can't do?

I. And then the ducks, with riddles round their  
necks,

Carried the bricks and up the swallows flew

Like service-lads, carrying behind them each

His towel, and the mortar in their mouths.

F. Then why should men have bachelors and  
moor!

Well, well, go on who was it finished off

The great wall's woodwork?

I. Canvass Pelicans,

Excise workmen, heavy with humpbeaks

Care timber and the uproar as the beaved

Was like an aerial when ships were building

Now every gateway has its gate, fast barred

And washed the whole way round and bird are  
pacing

Then better, and carrying helms, and every where

The guards are stationed, and the beacons blaze

On every tower. But I'm in a hurry off

And wash myself. You, manage what remains.

Ch. O man, what ails you? Do you feel surprised

To hear the building has been built so soon

F. B. All the Gods I do and well! I'm

In or truth it seems to me like—flee.

B. We guard, a messenger from thence

In human towards us with war-dance look!

Guard! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

F. What a sup now?

I. A terrible thing has happened

One of the Gods of Zeus's Gods has just

Come on, pickled seriously the sup.

Now through the gates and flown into the air

F. A dreadful deed! A wicked scandalous deed!

Which of the Gods?

I. We know not. Wings he had

So much we know

F. I should have sent at once

The civic guard in hot pursuit

Ch. The mounted archers, thirty thousand falcons,

And the other flocks curved, in fighting trim.

Hark, buzzard,ulture as it calls to I.

Yea, Echer's brates with the whizz and hurt

Of beating paces, the seek the God.

Av. and he's near methinks he's very near  
He's somewhere here

F. A slung a slung I say!  
Arrows and bows! Flung my merry men all!  
Shoot smite be resolute. A slung a slung!

Ch. War is begun, in express war  
War is begun with the Gods and me!

Look out look out through the cloud wrapt air

Which erst the Darkness of Erebus bare,

Lest a God slip by and we fail to see

Glance ear-er-ved on e'er side

For close at hand the wind sound I hear

Of some Immortal hurled through the Sky  
*Enter Iris.*

F. How! whether away there? whether away?

Stop! stop!

Stop where you are! keep quiet! stay! remain!

Who, what, whence are you? where do you come  
from? Quick!

Iris. Whence do I come? From the Olympian  
Gods.

F. Your name! What is it? Sloop or Head-dress?

I

The fleet

F. The Patavus, of the Salaminian!

I. Why what is it this?

F. Fl up, some buzzard there,

Fl up, and seize her

I. Me! Seize me do you say?

What the plague is this?

F. You'll find to your cost directly

I. Well now the poses!

F. Answer! By what gates

Got you within the city wall, what is this?

I. I faith, I know not of how by what gates.

F. You hear the jade how the prevaricates!

Saw you the daw-commanders? What no answer?

Where's your stork pass?

I. Patience what do you mean?

F. You never got one?

I. Ha! you lost your wits?

F. Did no bird-captain stick labels on you?

I. On me? None stuck a label on me

F. So then you thought in this sly stealthy way

To fl through Chaos and a realm not ours?

I. And by what rout then, you hit the Gods to  
fly?

F. I faith, I know not. Only not by this.

This is trespass! If you got your ribs

Of all the fives that ever were

You'd be most justly seized and put to death.

I. But I'm deathless.

F. All the same for that

You should have died a prettier than forsooth,

If, whilst all else obeys, you the Gods

Run not and forget that you in turn

Must learn to yield obedience to your betters.

But I'll me where do you make your winnow?

I. From the Fether to mankind I'm flying

To lead them on their bullock low hithering hearths

Slap sheep to the Olympian Gods, and steam

The streets with saur



Nipping off the blossom as it widens from the chal-  
ice  
And I slay the noisome creatures  
Which consume  
And pollute the garden's freshly scented bloom  
And every little biter and every creeping thing  
Perish in destruction at the onset of my wing  
Listen to the City's notice

Sirs Diagoras! the Melian  
whosoever of you slay  
Shall receive reward one talent  
and another we'll bestow  
If you slay some ancient tyrant  
dead and buried long ago  
We the Birds will give a notice  
we proclaim with right good will  
Sirs Philocrates Sparotroian

whosoever of you kill  
Shall receive reward one talent  
if alive you bring him four  
Him who strings and sells the finches  
seven an obol at his store  
Blows the thrushes out and rudely  
to the public gaze exposes  
Shamefully entreats the black birds  
thrusting feathers up their noses  
Pigeons too the rascal catches  
keeps and mews them up with care  
Makes them labour as decoy birds  
tethered underneath a snare  
Such the notice we would give you  
And we wish you all to know  
Who are keeping birds in cages  
you had better let them go  
Else the Birds will surely catch you  
and yourselves in turn employ  
Tied and tethered up securely  
other rascals to decoy

O the happy clan of birds  
Clad in feather  
Nee ling not a woollen vest in  
Wintry weather  
Heeding not the warm far flashing  
Summer rays  
For within the leafy bosoms  
Of the flowery meads I stay  
When the Chirruper in ecstasy  
is shrilling forth his tune  
Maddened with the sunshine  
and the rapture of the noon  
And I winter in the caverns  
Hollow space  
With the happy Oreads playing and in Spring  
I crop the virgin flowers of the myrtles white and  
tender  
Dainties that are fashioned in the gardens of the  
Graces

<sup>1</sup>Diagoras an atheist had divulged and revealed the  
Mysteries.

Now we wish to tell the Judges  
in a friendly sort of way  
All the blessings we shall give them  
if we gain the prize to-day  
Ne'er were made to Alexander  
lovelier promises or grander  
First what every Judge amongst you  
most of all desires to win  
Little Laurotic owlets  
shall be always flocking in  
Ye shall find them all about you  
as the dainty brood increases.  
Building nests within your purses  
hatching little silver pieces.  
Then as if in stately Temples  
shall your happy lives be spent  
For the birds will top your missions  
with the Eagle pediment  
If you hold some petty office  
if you wish to steal and pick  
In your hands we'll place a falcon  
very keen and small and quick  
If a dinner is in question  
crops we'll send you for digestion  
But should you the prize deny us  
you had better all prepare  
Like the statues in the open  
little copper disks to wear  
Else where'er abroad ye're walking  
clad in raiment white and new  
Angry birds will wreak their vengeance  
spattering over it and you

*Enter PEISTHETAEUS*  
*Pe* Dear Birds our sacrifice is most auspicious.  
But strange it is no messenger has come  
From the great wall we are building with the  
news  
Hail! here runs one with true Alpheian pantings  
*Enter MESSENGER panting like an Olympian  
runner*  
*Messenger* Where where — O where where  
where — O where where where  
Where where's our leader Peisthetaerus?  
*Pe* Here  
*Mes* Your building's built! The wall's complete!  
*Pe* Well done  
*Mes* And a most grand magnificent work it is  
So broad that on its top the Braggadocian  
Proxenides could pass Theagenes  
Each driving in his chariot drawn by horses  
As bulky as the Trojan  
*Pe* Heracles!  
*Mes* And then its height I measured that is just  
Six hundred feet  
*Pe* Poseidon what a height!  
Who built it up to that enormous size?  
*Mes* The birds, none other no Egyptian bearing  
The bricks no mason carpenter was there  
Their own hands wrought it marvellous to see  
From Libya came some thirty thousand cranes

With great foundation tones they had swallowed  
down  
And these the corn-crakes fashioned with their  
beaks.  
Thousands storks were carrying up the bricks  
And lapwings helped and the other water birds,  
Tossing the water pinto the air  
P. Who ba aloft the mortar for them?  
M. Herons  
I bids.  
P. But how did they get the mortar?  
M. O that was most a n o u s l c o n t r i e d  
The geese struck down their feet and slid them  
under

Like shovels, and so heaved it on the hods.  
P. Then is there anything that *you* can do?  
M. And then the ducks, with girdles round their  
waists,  
Carried the bricks and up the swallows flew  
Like serving lads, carrying behind them each  
His trowel, and the mortar in their mouths.  
P. Then why should me hurry behind you?  
M. Well, well, go on who was it finished off  
The great wall's woodwork?  
M. Excellent workmen, here Canny Pelicans,  
Catambers and the uproar as they heaved  
Was like an arsenal when ships are building  
Now every gate is barred and the gate is barred  
And watched the whole way round and birds are  
pacing  
Their beats, and carrying bells, the servants  
The guards are stationed on the beacon's blaze  
On every tower but I'm in a hurry off  
And with myself. You manage what remains.

Ch. O man, what ails you? Do you feel surprised  
To hear the building has been built so soon?  
P. By all the Gods I do and I find  
In every truth it seems to me like a lie.  
B. See! a guard a messenger from the city  
I running towards us, that was dance look!  
Guard. Hailo! Hailo! Hailo! Hailo! Hailo!  
P. What has happened?  
G. A terrible thing has happened  
One of the Gods, Zeus God, has just  
Came our children sent to the city  
Shot through the gates and flew into the air  
P. A dreadful deed! A wicked scandalous deed!  
What is the Gods?

G. We know not Wings had  
So much know  
P. We should have sent a notice  
The city guard but pursuit  
G. We sent  
The mounted archers, the thousand falcons,  
All the other birds and night gulls,  
The buzzards, the crows, the eagles,  
Yes, each braves with the buzz and whirr  
Of beating pinions, seek the God

As and he's near methinks he's cry near  
He's somewhere here  
P. As I sing a sling I say!  
Arrows and bows! Fall in my merry men all!  
Shoot smite be resolute A sling! a sling!  
Ch. War's begun the pressure war  
War's begun at the God and me!  
Look out look out through the cloud wrapt air  
Which erst the Darkness of Erebus bare  
Lest a God slip by and we fail to see  
Glance at every side  
For close at hand the winged sound I hear  
Of some immortal hurtling through the Sky

Enter Iris  
P. Hail! whither away thence? whither away?  
Stop! stop!  
Stop where you are! keep quiet! stay! remain!  
Who what whence are you? where do you come  
from? Quick!

Iris. Whence do I come? From the Olympian  
Gods.  
P. Your name! What is it? Sloop or Head-dress?  
Iris

The fleet  
P. The Paralus, or the Salamander?  
I. Why what sail this?  
P. Fly up, and seize her  
Iris. Well! Set me do you say?  
What the plague is this?

P. You'll find to your cost directly  
Iris. Well now this passes!  
P. Answer! By what gates  
Got you in through the city wall? By what gates?  
I. I fear, I know not follow by what gates  
P. You hear the jade how she perorates!  
Saw you the dawn commanders? What no answers?  
Where your stock pass?

I. My patience what do you mean?  
P. You've forgot one?  
I. Ha! you've lost your wits?  
P. Did the bird-captain tickle label on you?  
I. O me! I stuck a label with ich on me  
P. So then you thought in this stealthy way  
To fly through Chaos and a realm not yours?  
I. And by what to then ought the Gods to  
fly?

P. I fear, I know not O by not by this.  
This is a trespass! If you got your riches,  
Of the first set that were  
You'd be most justly seized and put to death  
I. But I am deathless.

P. All the same so that  
You should have asked a petty thing for smooth,  
If whilst all be beguile you the Gods  
Remember if get that you in turn  
Must learn to yield obedience to your betters  
But tell me where you have got your wings?  
I. From the Father to mankind I'm flying  
To bid them on their bullock lighting hearths  
Slay sheep the Olympian Gods, and team  
The streets with their own

*Pe* What do you say? What Gods?

*Ir* What Gods? To us the Gods in Heaven of course

*Pe* (with supreme contempt) What are your Gods?

*Ir* What other Gods exist?

*Pe* Birds are now Gods to men and men must slay

Victims to them and not by Zeus to Zeus

*Ir* O fool fool fool! Stir not the mighty wrath

Of angry Gods lest Justice with the spade

Of vengeful Zeus demolish all thy race

And fiery vapour with Lacedaemon strokes

Incinerate thy palace and thyself!

*Pe* Now listen girl have done with that bombast

(Don't move) A Lydian or a Phrygian is it

You think to terrify with words like those?

I look here If Zeus keep troubling me I'll soon

Incinerate his great Amphion's domes

And halls of state with eagles carrying fire

And up against him to high heaven I'll send

More than six hundred stout Porphyryon rail

All clad in leopard skins Yet I remember

When one Porphyryon gave him toil enough

And as for you his waiting maid if you

Keep troubling me with your outrageous ways

I'll outrage you and you'll be quite surprised

To find the strength of an old man like me

*Ir* O shame upon you wretch your words and you

*Pe* Now then begone shoo shoo! Eurax pítax!

*Ir* My father won't stand this I won't be won't

*Pe* Now Zeus a mercy maiden fly you off

Incinerate some younger man than I *Exit Iris*

*Ch* Never again shall the Zeus-born Gods

Never again shall they pass this way!

Never again through this realm of ours

Shall men send up to the heavenly Powers

The saviour of beasts which on earth they slay!

*Pe* Well but that herald whom we sent to men

'Tis strange if he should nevermore return

*Enter Herald*

*Herald* O Peisthetaerus O thou wisest best

Thou wisest deepest happiest of mankind

Most glorious most—O give the word!

*Pe* What news?

*He* Accept this golden crown wherewith all peoples

Crown and revere thee for thy wisdom's sake!

*Pe* I do What makes them all revere me so?

*He* O thou who hast built the ethereal glorious

Dost thou not know how men revere thy name

And burn with ardour for this realm of thine?

Why till we built this city in the air

All men had gone Lacedaemon mad they went

Long-haired half-starved unwashed Socratised

With scythes in their hands but O the change!

They are all bird mad now and mutate

The birds and joy to do whatever birds do

Soon as they rise from bed at early dawn

They settle down on laws as we on laws  
And then they brood upon their leaves and leaflets  
And feed their fill upon a crop of statutes  
So undisguised their madness that full oft  
The names of birds are fastened on to men  
One limping tradesman now is known as Part  
nd, e

They dub Menippus Swallow and Opuntius

Blind Raven Philocles is Crested Lark

Theagenes is nicknamed Sheldrake now

Lycurgus Ibis Chaerephon the Vampire

And Syracosius Jiv whilst Meidias there

Is called the Quail 'aye and he is like a quail

Flipped on the head by some quail fillicer

So fond they are of birds that all are singing

Songs where a swallow figures in the verse

Or goose or may be widgeon or ring dove

Or wings or even the scantiest shred of feather

So much from earth And let me tell you this

More than ten thousand men will soon be here

All wanting wings and taloned modes of life

Somehow or other you must find them wings

*Pe* O then by Zeus no time for dallying now

Quick run you in collect the crates and baskets

And fill them all with wings that done let Manes

Bring me them out whilst I remain here

Receive the wingless travellers as they come

*Ch* Very soon fully manned will this City be called

If men in such numbers invade us

*Pe* So fortune continue to aid us

*Ch* O the love of my City the world has enthralled!

*Pe* (to MENES) Bring quicker the ladders they're packing

*Ch* For in what is it lacking

That a man for his home can require?

Here is Wisdom and Wit and each exquisite Grace

And here the unruffled benevolent face

Of Quiet and loving Desire

*Pe* Why what a lazy loon are you!

*Ch* Come move a little faster do

*Ch* O see that he brings me a basket of wings

Rush out in a whirlwind of passion

And allow him after this fashion

For the rogue is as slow as a donkey to go

*Pe* No pluck his four Manes is true

*Ch* But no pity for you

The wings in due order to set

Both the musical wing and the wings of the seers

And the wings of the sea that as each one appears

The wing that he wants you can get

*Pe* O but the kestrels I can't keep my hands

From banning you you lazy crazy oaf

*Enter Iris, Triker*

*Sire Striker* (singing) O that I might an angel be

Flying flying flying, flying

O'er the surge of the untitled sea!

*Pe* Not false methinks the tale our envoy told us.

For here comes one whose song is all of eagles.

S. & Fieon t!

There nothing n this wo ld so sweet as fly n  
Frequent a pass o for these some bird laws.  
In fact I m gone bird mad and fl and lon  
To dw ll w th you, and hunger I your laws  
P Which of our la s for birds ha many laws.  
H & A! A! but most of all that yoll law  
Which lets a ou out r throttle and beat h s father  
H A e if a ocker I beat h s father h re.  
T d and ed ac eth m quise a—Man  
S S That wh I mo ed up hither and would  
fun

Throttle m fath r and get a ll be has.

P But there s an ane n law m g the birds.  
You ll find it in the t l is of the storks.  
When the old sto k h s b ou h s to k h g up  
And a l a f lly bed ed for h t the the  
Must in their turn maintain the to k the r father  
S S A yoll lot (good I e earned b coom g  
How I eg t to feed m fath too!  
P N v my poor bo you can e here well  
disposed.

Ad so I ll n you like n o phan bird  
And here a new u est not a bad o e.  
B what I learnt myself when I was oung  
Don t bear your fath r lid but take th n g  
And grasp this pu of battl in your hand  
And thnk th rest game cock s ma ual comb  
No mas h keep guard l e n ou sold r pay  
And let your father be lly ou wa t fight ng  
F off to Thrac ward re ns, and fight there  
J S By Dion nus, I bel ve you re ght  
I ll do it too

P You ll b w you sense by Zeus  
E t r e t r k e e n t e r c v e  
Cranes (angry) O the lightest fw I m  
soaring n high.

L t l from measur t mea ure l lly  
P Bless me th creat n m yock sw on  
G (a gng) And e r th n w l am f t n to  
find.  
W th turtles bod nd i m sle s mind  
P W clasp Canemas, ma flind with  
Wh t th world ha o wh led ou pla foot  
hith r?

O (angry) T be a bird b rd I l ng  
A w hang l f thrills g song  
P O p that n g p ther peak n p one.  
G O p e me w g th s ma stas o h gh.  
And plu k poet fancies fr m th loads.  
And the bush n nds add ang n w.  
P What d ou plu k you fancies from the  
loud?

G. Wh ou wh l read d pend pou the  
louds

What our nobles d t l mbs but thn  
Of m nd m t nd pu pl gleams g d ptha  
And feast r w l m g you ball bea and  
judge

Na. I won t

G By H rades you shall  
I ll go through all the mst dear fr nd for you

(S g g) Shadow s ions of  
W n spread n air tread ng  
Taper necked b rds.

P Stead s there!

G (s g g) B und ngal n on the path to the  
seas.

Fan would I float o the stream of the breeze

P O by th Powers, I ll stop vo r streams and  
breezes

G (a gng) I rst do I str on a southerl wa  
Then to the northward my bod I bear  
Cutt ng a harbourless furrow of a r  
r STRATAEUS beg ns to sap h m rou d the stage

A nice trick that a pl asant trick old man

P O you don t like being leathery whirl  
winged do you?

G That s how you treat the Cyclian-ch rus-  
trainer

For whose possession all the tr bes compete!

P Well, will you stop and train a chorus here

For Leotrophides, all fling b rds

Crake-opp dars?

G You re jeerin me that s plain

But I won t stop be sure of that, until

I get me wings, and peragate the air

Enter SYCOPHANT  
Sycoph nt (singing) Who be there on varied wing,  
b ds who ha e not anything?

O tell m swallow tell me t ll me true

O long was ed bird O b d of ar ed h el

P Come it s no joke this plague that s broken  
out

Her c mers another warbl ng like the rest

Sy (s g g) Again l a l the tell me tell m  
true

O l n winged bird O b rd of a ed b el

P At h o n clock h catch appears to point

More than one swallow th r requires, I m thinking

Sy Wh hus the man that wings th vists s?

P H stands befo c you What do you please to  
want?

Sy Wings, w . I want you need n ask me  
m ce

P Isu Pell c that you ego t fly to?

Sy No, no b t l m somp u for the lals

Info mes—

P O the j lly trade s m ego t!

Sy And l n suit hatcher so I want th wings

To scare the c es, servin writ all round

P You ll summon th m more cleve ly I  
suppose

To the tune of wings?

Sy No but t dodge the pirates,

I ll then m fling homeward with the cranes,

First swall n g d w l t of n ts for ballast

P I th u u bua ess? you a sturdy youngster

L nch s f many o the stranger folk?

Sy What can I do? I n learnt to d g

P O but b Ze s the e many an honest  
calling

Wh ne m like you can earn a b lhood

By mean mo e suitable than hatching suits.

Sy Come come no preaching wing me wing  
me please

Pe I wing you now by talking

Sy What by talk

Can you wing men?

Pe Undoubtedly By talk

All men are winged

Sy All

Pe Have you never heard

The way the fathers in the barbers shops

Talk to the children saying things like these

Duttrephes has winged my youngster so

By specious talk he sail for chariot-driving

Aye says another and that boy of mine

Flutters his wings at every Tragic Play

Sy So then by talk they are winged

Pe Exactly so

Through talk the mind flutters and soars aloft

And all the man takes wing And so even now

I wish to turn you winging you by talk

To some more honest trade

Sy But I don't wish

Pe How then?

Sy I'll not disgrace my bringing up

I'll ply the trade my father's fathers plied

So wing me please with light quick-darting wings

Falcon's or kestrel's so I'll serve my writs

Aboard on strangers then accuse them here

Then dart back there again

Pe I understand

So when they come they'll find the suit decided

And payment ordered

Sy Right! you understand

Pe And while they're sailing hither you'll fly  
there

And seize their goods for payment

Sy That's the trick!

Round like a top I'll whizz

Pe I understand

A whipping top and here by Zeus I've got

Fine Corcyraean wings to set you whizzing

Sy O it's a whipl!

Pe Nay friend a pair of wings

To set you spinning round and round to-day

(Striking him)

Sy OIOIOIO!

Pe Come wing yourself from hence

Wobble away you most confounded rascal!

I'll make you spin! I'll law perverting trick you!

Now let us gather up the wings and go

Exit PEISTHETAEUS & THE SYCOPHANT

#### Chorus

We've been flying we've been flying

Over sea and land espying

Many a wonder strange and new

First a tree of monstrous girth

Tall and stout yet nothing worth

For 'tis rotten through and through

It has got no heart and we

Heard it called Cleonymus tree

In the spring it blooms gigantic,

Fig traducing sycophantic

Yet in falling leaf time yields

Nothing but a fall of shields

Next a spot by darkness skirted

Spot by every light deserted

Lone and gloomy we descried

There the human and divine

Men with heroes mix and dine

Freely save at even tide

'Tis not safe for mortal men

To encounter heroes then

Then the great Orestes looming

Vast and awful through the glooming

On their right a stroke deliver

Leaves them palsied stript and shivering

Enter PRO IETHEUS concealing his face probably

recalling some scene in the Prometheus Fire

bringer of Aeschylus

Prometheus O dear! O dear! Pray Heaven that

Zeus won't see me!

Where's Peisthetaerus?

Pe

Enter PEISTHETAEUS

Why whatever is here?

What's this enwrapment?

Pro See you any God

Following behind me there?

Pe Not I by Zeus

But who are you?

Pro And what's the time of day?

Pe The time of day? A little after noon

(Shouting) But who are you?

Pro Or loosing time or later?

Pe Disgusting idiot!

Pro What's Zeus doing now?

The clouds collecting or the clouds dispersing?

Pe Out on you stupid!

Pro Now then I'll unwrap

Pe My dear Prometheus!

Pro Hush! don't shout like that

Pe Why what's up now?

Pro Don't speak my name so loudly

'T would be my ruin if Zeus see me here

But now I'll tell you all that's going on

Up in the sky if you'll just take the umbrella

And hold it over that no God may see me

Pe Hal Hal

The crafty thought! Prometheus like all over

Get under then make haste and speak out freely

Pro Then listen

Pe Speak I'm listening never fear

Pro All's up with Zeus!

Pe Good gracious me! since when?

Pro Since first you built your city in the air

For never from that hour does mortal bring

Burnt-offerings to the Gods of savoury steam

Ascend to heaven from flesh of victims slain

So now we fast a Thesmophorian fast

No altars burning and the Barbarous Gods

Half starved and gibbering like ill-mannered vov

That they'll come marching down on Zeus unless



Sy Come come no preaching wing me wing  
me please  
Pe I wing you now by talking  
Sy What by talk  
Can you wing men?  
Pe Undoubtedly By talk  
All men are winged  
Sy All  
Pe Have you never heard  
The way the fathers in the barbers shops  
Talk to the children saying things like these  
Dutrophes has winged my youngster so  
By specious talk he sail for chariot driving  
Aye says another and that boy of mine  
Flutters his wings at every Tragic Play  
Sy So then by talk they are winged  
Pe Exactly so

Through talk the mind flutters and soars aloft  
And all the man takes wing And so even now  
I wish to turn you winging you by talk  
To some more honest trade

Sy But I don't wish  
Pe How then?  
Sy I'll not disgrace my bringing up  
I'll ply the trade my father's fathers plied  
So wing me please with light quick-darting wings  
Falcon's or kestrel's so I'll serve my wits  
Abroad on strangers then accuse them here  
Then dart back there again

Pe I understand  
So when they come they'll find the suit decided  
And payment ordered

Sy Right! you understand  
Pe And while they're sailing hither you'll fly  
there

And seize their goods for payment  
Sy That's the trick!  
Round like a top I'll whizz

Pe I understand  
A whipping top and here by Zeus I've got  
Fine Coreyraean wings to set you whizzing

Sy O it's a whipl!  
Pe Nay friend a pair of wings  
To set you spinning round and round to-dry

Sy O! O! O! O!  
Pe (Striking him)  
Come wing yourself from hence

Wobble away you most confounded rascal!  
I'll make you spin! I'll law perverting trick you!  
Now let us gather up the wings and go  
Exit PEISTHETAEUS with SYCOPHANT

## Chorus

We've been flying we've been flying  
Over sea and land espying  
Many a wonder strange and new  
First a tree of monstrous girth  
Tall and stout yet nothing worth  
For 'tis rotten through and through  
It has got no heart and we  
Heard it called Cleonymus tree  
In the spring it blooms gigantic,

Fig traducing sycophantic  
Yet in falling leaf time yields  
Nothing but a fall of shields

Next a spot by darkness skirted  
Spot by every light deserted  
Lone and gloomy we descried  
There the human and divine  
Men with heroes, mix and dine  
Freely save at even tide  
'Tis not safe for mortal men  
To encounter heroes then  
Then the great Orestes looming  
Vast and awful through the glooming  
On their right a stroke delivering  
Leaves them palsied stript and shivering

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Pro Now then I'll unwrap

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Pe Why what's up now?

Pro Don't speak my name so loudly

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Up in the sky if you'll just take the umbrella

And hold it over that no God may see me

Pe Hal! Hal!

The crafty thought! Prometheus like all over

Get under then make haste and speak out freely

Pro Then listen

Pe Speak I'm listening never fear

Pro All's up with Zeus!

Pe Good gracious me! since when?

Pro Since first you built your city in the air

For never from that hour does mortal bring

Burnt-offerings to the Gods or savoury steam

Ascend to heaven from flesh of victims slain

So now we fast a Thesmophorian fast

No altars burning and the Barbarous Gods

Half starved and gibbering like Illyrians, now

That they'll come marching down on Zeus unless

P Gets the marts reopened and the bits  
Of ivory inward introduced once more  
P What, are there really other Gods, B r  
barians,  
C Above you?

Po Ba barians? Yes thence comes  
The ancestral God of Exceest des.

M And hat is the name of these Barbarian  
Gods?

Po The name? Triballians.

Po Ay, I understa d  
Tis from that quarter Tribulation comes.

Po Exactly so. And now I tell you this  
Euros & I'll soon be here to treat for peace  
Sent down by Zeus and those Triballians there  
B make no peace word that a less k Zeus  
Restores the se pe e to the B rds  
And p es yourself Miss So es gntly to wife  
P And ho s Miss Son re ntiv?

Po The loveliest girl  
Tis she who keeps the th nde bolts of Zeus,  
And all his stores—good counsels, happy laws,  
Sound common sense dockards, bus e peech  
All his three-obols, and the man who pays th m  
P Th n she keeps everyt g?  
Po Of course h does.

Wish r from Zeu and you ll ha e everything  
I hasten'd h r th t i m he tell u this,  
You know I am al ays w ll disposed to men  
P Ay, but so yo w co ld t try ur fish  
Po And I hate every God you know that don't  
you?

P Yes, hatred of the God s always f l t  
Po Ar gular Timon! but tis time to go  
Let have the mb ella th n if Zeus perceet es  
me

H 'Tl think I m follow rg th Basket bea er  
P Here tak the chas nd ct the Chas g l  
too

Exit M ONEYED and PRISTY TAZEL-S

### Chorus

Next w tw a sight appalling  
Socrates, w had w callu  
Sprung f m the lake below  
(Twas on that en hanted ground  
Wher th Shadow feet a e found)

Th re P sander came to know  
If th punt cow ds lack  
Socrat s would com back  
Then camel lamb he slew  
Luk OU acus, but w chd ew  
Whl e he cam l s blood con  
Pound'd th V mp e Cha pbon

Enter PO, DON HERACLES and THE ALLAN

P And Th re f ll w ovs, full in sight the  
e n

Whe t w re bound Cloudcuckoobury stand l  
(T h TRI ALL v)

You hat e? t wearing your cloak I fi  
nded?

Shift it round s ghtly so. My goodness, you ec

A born Laspodius! O Democracy  
What will you bri gus to at last I wonder  
If otting Gods elect a clown I ke this!

Triballian Hands off there will ye?

Po Hang you you re by far  
Th unconthrest God I ever came across.

Now Heracles, what s to be done?

Heracles You have heard  
What I propose I d th otte the man off hand

Whoe r he is that darts blockade the Gods

Po My dear good fellow you f rget we are sent  
To treat for peace

Her I d throtte him all the more

Re enter PEISYTHETAEUS

Po (to servants) Hand me th grater bring the ul  
phum you

Now then the cheese blow up the fire a little

Po We th ee immo tal Gods, with words of greet  
ing

Salute the Man!

Po I m grating sulphum now

Her What s this the fish of?

Po B rds! B rds tried and sentenced

F r rising up agnst the popular party

A non it the birds.

Her Then you grate sulphum do you,  
Over them first?

P O welc me Heracles!

What brings you hither?

Po We are en oys sent

Down by the Gods to sterile terms of peace

Sen one There s no mo e oil cma ni g n the flask.  
Her O dea l and burd flesh should be ch and  
glute ng

Po W Gods g n oth ng by the war and you

Th nk what ye ll g e by be ng friends w th us

Ra wat r in the pools, and halcyon days

Shall be your perquisite the whole year through

We e ample powers to settl on these terms.

P It was not we who e r wished for war

And now ste en now y come prepared

W th fair proposals ve will fi d us ready

To treat for peace What I call fair is this

Let Zeus resto the sceptre to th birds.

A d all make friends If y accept this offer

I a k the en oy in to sha e ur banquet

Her I m altogether satisfied and vote—

P s (interrupting)

What w ecch? A fool nd glutton that s what you  
rel

What s would you rob your father f h k ngdom?

P Ay say y us? Why ye ll be m ghtier far

Ye Gods abo e f B ds bea rule below

Now m ng skalking u d mneath the clouds

A d swear false oaths a d call the Gods to witness.

But when ve ve got th B rds for your all es

If a no wear by the Ra en s f by Zeus,

Th Ra e will come by a duna res

Fly up nd swoop and pe k the perjurer s e out

Po Now by Poseidon th re som sense in that.

Her And so say I

ec (e n ALL ) And y ut



*Tr* Persuasitree  
*Pe* You see? he quite assents And now I'll give you  
 Another instance of the good ye'll gain  
 If a man vow a victim to a God  
 And then would shuffle off with cunning words  
 Saying in greedy lust The Gods wait long  
 This too we'll make him pay you  
*Pos* Tell me how?  
*Pe* Why when that man is counting out his money  
 Or sitting in his bath a kite shall pounce  
 Down unawares and carry off the price  
 Of two fat lambs and bear it to the God  
*Her* I say again I vote we give the sceptre  
 Back to the Birds  
*Pos* Ask the Triballian next  
*Her* You there do you want a drubbing?  
*Tr* Hidey thine  
 I see stickybeatusms  
*Her* There! he's all for me  
*Pos* Well then if so you wish it so we'll have it  
*Her* (to PEISTHETÆRUS) Hal we accept your terms  
 about the sceptre  
*Pe* By Zeus there's one thing more I've just remembered  
 Zeus may retain his Hera if he will  
 But the young girl Miss Sovereignty he must  
 Give me to wife  
*Pos* This looks not like a treaty  
 Let us be journeying homewards  
*Pe* As you will  
 Now cook be sure you make the gravy rich  
*Her* Why man alive Poseidon where are you off  
 to?  
 What are we going to fight about one woman?  
*Pos* What shall we do?  
*Her* Do? Come to terms at once  
*Pe* You oaf he's guilting you and you can't see it  
 Well it's yourself you're ruining If Zeus  
 Restore the kingdom to the Birds and die  
 You'll be a pauper You are the one to get  
 Whatever money Zeus may leave behind him  
*Pe* O! O! the way he's trying to cozen you!  
 Hist step aside I want to whisper something  
 Your uncle's fooling you poor dupe By law  
 No shred of all your father's money falls  
 To you Why you're a bastard you're not heir  
*Her* Eh! What? A bastard? I?  
*Pe* Of course you are  
 Your mother was an alien Bless the fool  
 How did you think Athens could be Heiress  
 (Being a girl) if she had lawful brethren?  
*Her* Well but suppose my father leaves me all  
 As bastard's heritage?  
*Pe* The law won't let him  
 Poseidon here who now excites you on  
 Will be the first to claim the money then  
 As lawful brother and your father's heir  
 Why here I'll read you Solon's law about it  
 A bastard is to have no right of inheritance if there  
 be lawful children And if there be no lawful chil-  
 dren the goods are to fall to the next of kin

*Her* What! none of all my father's goods to fall  
 To me?  
*Pe* No not one farthing! tell me this,  
 Has he enrolled you ever in the guild?  
*Her* He never has I've often wondered why  
*Pe* Come don't look up assault and battery wise  
 Join us my boy I'll make you autocrat  
 And feed you all your days on pigeon's milk  
*Her* I'm quite convinced you're right about the  
 girl  
 I said Restore her and I say so now  
*Pe* (to POSEIDON) And what say you?  
*Pos* I vote the other way  
*Pe* All rests with this Triballian What say you?  
*Tr* Me gulna charms grati Sov ranau  
 Birdito stori  
*Her* There! he said Restore her  
*Pos* O no by Zeus he never said Restore her  
 He said to migrate as the swallows do  
*Her* O then he said Restore her to the swallows  
*Pos* You too conclude and settle terms of peace  
 Since you both vote it I will say no more  
*Her* (to PEISTHETÆRUS) We're quite prepared to  
 give you all you ask  
 So come along come up to heaven yourself  
 And take Miss Sovereignty and all that's there  
*Pe* So then these birds were slaughtered just in  
 time  
 To grace our wedding banquet  
*Her* Would you like me  
 To stay and roast the meat while you three go?  
*Pos* To roast the meat! To taste the meat you mean  
 Come along do  
*Her* I'd have enjoyed it though  
*Pe* Ho there within! bring out a wedding robe  
 EXEUNT PEISTHETÆRUS POSEIDON TRIBALLIAN  
 and HERACLES  
*Ch* In the fields of Litigation  
 Near the Water Clock a nation  
 With its tongue its belly fills  
 With its tongue it sows and reaps  
 Gathers grapes and figs in heaps  
 With its tongue the soil it tills  
 For a Barbarous tribe it passes  
 Philips all and Gorgiascs  
 And from this tongue belling band  
 Every where on Attic land  
 People who a victim slay  
 Always cut the tongue away  
 ENTER MESSENGER  
 Messenger O all successful more than tongue can  
 tell  
 O ye thrice blessed winged race of birds  
 Welcome your King returning to his halls!  
 He comes no Star has ever gleamed so fair  
 Sparkling refulgent in its gold rayed home  
 The full far flashing splendour of the Sun  
 Ne'er shone so gloriously as he who comes  
 Bringing a bride too beautiful for words  
 Wielding the winged thunderbolt of Zeus  
 Up to Heaven's highest vault sweet sight ascends  
 Fragrance ineffable while gentlest airs

The firm of incense scatter far and wide.  
 Fumes be here! Now let the heavenly Muse  
 Over her lyre with pure auspicious strains,  
 Ever priestly accents and all sovereignly

*Chorus*

Back with you! out with you!  
 off with you! up with you!

For ye round

Welcome the Blessed with blessedness crowned  
 O O for the youth and the beauty O!  
 Welcome thou wed for the town of the Birds.

Great are the blessings and mighty and wonderful,  
 Which thou hast given our nation possesses.  
 Welcome them back, both himself and Miss Sov  
 erignty  
 Welcome with nuptial and bridal addresses.

And just such a son hymenean  
 Adventure the Destinies led  
 To King of the thrones empyrean  
 The Ruler of Gods, to the bed  
 Of Hera his beautiful bride  
 Hymen, O Hymeneus!

And Love, with his pinions of gold  
 Came down all blooming and spruce,  
 A groomsmen and squere to behold  
 The wedding of Hera and Zeus,  
 Of Zeus and his beautiful bride.  
 Hymen, O Hymeneus!  
 Hymen, O Hymeneus!

For I delight in your hymns, I delight in your songs  
 Your words I admire

Ch. Now sing of the trophies he brings us from  
 Heaven

The earth-crash and thunders, deadly and dire,  
 And the lightning's angry flashes of fire  
 And the dread white bolt of the levin.  
 Blaze of the lightning so terribly beautiful.

Golden and grand!

Fire flashing jaclin' gl' uterin' e e in  
 Zeus's right hand!

Earth-crashing thunder the hoarse resounding the  
 Bringer of showers!

He is your Master as he that is making the  
 Earth with your powers!

All that was Zeus's of old

Now is our hero's alone

So, return far to behold

Partner of Zeus on his throne

Now is for ever his own

Hymen O Hymeneus!

Pe. Now follow on dear feast red tribes,

To see us wed to see us wed

Mount up to Zeus's golden floor

And nuptial bed and nuptial bed

And O my darling, reach thine hand

And take my wing and dance with me

And I will lightly bear thee up,

And carry thee and carry thee.

Ch. Raise the joyous Paean-cri

Raise the son of Victory

To Paean alalala

My lust of the Powers, to thee!

*Tr* Persuasive  
*Pe* You see? he quite assents And now I'll give you

Another instance of the good you'll gain  
If a man vow a victim to a God  
And then would shuffle off with cunning words  
Saying in greedy lust The Gods wait long  
This too we'll make him pay you

*Pos* Tell me how?  
*Pe* Why when that man is counting out his money  
Or sitting in his bath a kite shall pounce  
Down unawares and carry off the price  
Of two fat lambs and bear it to the God  
*Her* I say again I vote we give the sceptre  
Back to the Birds

*Pos* Ask the Triballian next  
*Her* You there do you want a drubbing?  
*Tr* Hidey thine

I see sticky beatums  
*Her* There! he's all for me  
*Pos* Well then if so you wish it so we'll have it  
*Her* (to PEISTHETÆRUS) Hail we accept your terms  
about the sceptre

*Pe* By Zeus there's one thing more I've just remembered  
Zeus may retain his Hera if he will  
But the young girl Miss Sovereignty he must  
Give me to wife

*Pos* This looks not like a treaty  
Let me be journeying homewards

*Pe* As you will  
Now cook be sure you make the gravy rich  
*Her* Why man alive! Poseidon where are you off to?

What are we going to fight about one woman?  
*Pos* What shall we do?

*Her* Do? Come to terms at once  
*Pe* You ask he's gulling you and you can't see it  
Well it's yourself you are running If Zeus  
Restore the kingdom to the Birds and die  
You'll be a pauper You are the one to get  
Whatever money Zeus may leave behind him

*Pe* O! O! the way he's trying to cozen you!  
Hush step aside I want to whisper some thing  
Your uncle's fooling you poor dupe By law  
No shred of all your father's money falls  
To you Why you're a bastard you're not heir  
*Her* Eh! What? A bastard? I?

*Pe* Of course you are  
Your mother's as an alien Bless the fool  
How did you think Athens could be Heirless  
(Being a girl) if she had lawful brethren?  
*Her* Well but suppose my father leaves me all  
As bastard's heritage?

*Pe* The law won't let him  
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To me?

*Pe* No not one farthing! tell me this,  
Has he enrolled you ever in the guild?  
*Her* He never has I've often wondered why  
*Pe* Come don't look up assault and battery wise  
Join us my boy I'll make you autocrat  
And feed you all your days on pigeon's milk  
*Her* I'm quite convinced you're right about the  
girl

I said Restore her and I say so now  
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*Pos* I vote the other way  
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*Tr* Me gulna charmi graui Sovranau  
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*Her* O then he said Restore her to the swallows  
*Pos* You two conclude and settle terms of peace  
Since you both vote it I will say no more  
*Her* (to PEISTHETÆRUS) We're quite prepared to  
give you all you ask

So come along come up to heaven yourself  
And take Miss Sovereignty and all that's there  
*Pe* So then these birds were slaughtered just in  
time

To grace our wedding banquet  
*Her* Would you like me  
To stay and roast the meat while you three go?  
*Pos* To roast the meat! To taste the meat you mean  
Come along do

*Her* I'd have enjoyed it though  
*Pe* Ho there within! bring out a wedding robe  
EXEUNT PEISTHETÆRUS POSEIDON TRIBALLIAN  
and HERACLES

*Ch* In the fields of Litigation  
Near the Water clock a nation  
With its tongue its belly fills  
With its tongue it sows and reaps  
Gathers grapes and fies in heaps  
With its tongue the soil it tills  
For a Barbarous tribe it passes  
Philips all and Gorgiases  
And from this tongue bellying band  
Everywhere on Attic land  
People who a victim slay  
Always cut the tongue away

ENTER MESSENGER  
Messenger O all successful more than tongue can  
tell

O've thrice blessed winged race of birds  
Welcome your King returning to his halls!  
He comes no Star has ever gleamed so fair  
Sparkling refulgent in its gold rayed home  
The full far flashing splendour of the Sun  
Never shone so gloriously as he who comes  
Bringing a bride too beautiful for words  
Wedding the winged thunderbolt of Zeus  
Up to Heaven's highest vault sweet sight ascends  
Fragrance ineffable while gentlest airs

The fun of incense scatter far and wide  
 H comes he is her ' Now let the heavenly Muse  
 Open her lips with pure auspicious strains.  
 Echo FIRST 13 and 105 OVEREIGNTY

## Chorus

Back with you! out with you!  
 off with you! up with you!

Bring around  
 Welcome the B'essed with blessedness crowned.  
 O O for the youth and the beauty O!  
 Welcome thou wed for the town's fifth Birds.

Give us the blessing, and in glory and wonderful,  
 Which thou hast for our our nation possesses.  
 Welcome them back, both himself and Miss Sov  
 erignty  
 Welcome with upland and bridal addresses.

Mad just such a song hymenean  
 Aforetime the Destinies led  
 The him of the thrones emptyean,  
 The Ruler of Gods, to the bed  
 Of Hera his beautiful bride  
 Hymen, O Hymeneus!

And Love, with his pinions of gold  
 Came down all blooming and spruce,  
 As groomsmen and squire to behold  
 The wedding of Hera and Zeus,  
 Of Zeus and his beautiful bride.  
 Hymen, O Hymeneus!  
 Hymen, O Hymeneus!

Pe Ideh hit n our hymns, Ideh, hit in your songs  
 Your words I admire.

Ch. Now sin of the trophies he brings us from  
 Hea en

The earth-crash thunders, deadly and dire,  
 And the lightning's an r's flames of fire  
 And the dread white bolt of the lightning.  
 Blaze of the lightning so terribly beautiful  
 Golden and grand!

Fire flashin' ja elin glitterin', ever in  
 Zeus's right hand!  
 Earth-crashin' thunder the hoarsest resounding the  
 Bringer of showers!

He's your Master us he that's shakin' the  
 Earth with your powers!

All that was Zeus's of old  
 Now is our hero's alone  
 Sovereignty far to behold  
 Partner of Zeus on his throne  
 Now is fore'er his own  
 Hymen, O Hymeneus!

Pe Now follow on dear feathered tribes,  
 To see us wed to see us wed  
 Mount up to Zeus's golden floor  
 And nuptial bed and nuptial bed  
 And O my darling each thine hand  
 And take my wing and dance with me  
 And I will faithfully bear thee up  
 And carry thee and carry thee  
 Ch. Raise the joyful Paean-cry  
 Raise the song of Victory  
 To Paean, alalalae  
 Mightiest of the Powers, to thee!

# THE FROGS

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

XANTHIAS *servant of Dionysus*

DIONYSUS

HERACLES

A CORPSE

CHARON

AEACUS

A MAID SERVANT OF PERSEPHONE

HOSTESS *keeper of cook shop*

PLATHANE *her partner*

EURIPIDES

AESCHYLUS

PLUTO

CHORUS OF FROGS

CHORUS OF BLESSED MYSTICS

*The scene shows the house of HERACLES in the background. There enter two travellers DIONYSUS on foot in his customary yellow robe and buskins but also with the club and lion's skin of Heracles and his servant XANTHIAS on a donkey carrying the luggage on a pole over his shoulder*

Xanthias Shall I crack any of those old jokes  
master

At which the audience never fail to laugh?

Dionysus Aye what you will except I'm getting  
crushed

Fight shy of that I'm sick of that already

Xa Nothing else smart?

Di Aye save my shoulder's aching

Xa Come now that comical joke?

Di With all my heart

Only be careful not to shift your pole

And—

Xa What?

Di And vow that you've a belly ache

Xa May I not say I'm overburdened so

That if none ease me I must ease myself?

Di For mercy's sake not till I'm going to vomit

Xa What! must I bear these burdens and not make

One of the jokes Ameipsias and Lycis

And Phrynichus in every play they write

Put in the mouths of all their burden bearers?

Di Don't make them no! I tell you when I see

Their plays and hear those jokes I come away

More than a twelvemonth older than I went

Xa O thrice unlucky neck of mine which now

Is getting crushed yet must not crack its jowl

Di Now is not this fine pampered insolence

When I myself Dionysus son of—Pipkin

Toil on afoot and let this fellow ride

Taking no trouble and no burden bearing?

Xa What don't I bear?

Di How can you when you're riding?

Xa Why I bear these

Di How?

Xa Most unwillingly

Di Does not the donkey bear the load you're  
bearing?

Xa Not what I bear myself by Zeus not he

Di How can you bear when you are borne  
yourself?

Xa Don't know but anyhow my shoulder's aching

Di Then since you say the donkey helps you not

You lift him up and carry him in turn

Xa O hang it all! why didn't I fight at sea?

You should have smarted bitterly for this

Di Get down you rascal I've been trudging on

Till now I've reached the portal where I'm going

First to turn in Boy! Boy! I say there Boy!

*Enter HERACLES from house*

Heracles Who banged the door? How like a

prancing Centaur

He drove against it! Mercy on me what's this?

Di Boy

Xa Yes

Di Did you observe?

Xa What?

Di How alarmed

He is

Xa Aye truly lest you've lost your wits

He O by Demeter I can't choose but laugh

Bitting my lips won't stop me Hal hal hal

Di Pray you come hither I have need of you

He I vow I can't help laughing I can't help it

A lion's hide upon a yellow silk

A club and buskin! What's it all about?

Where were you going?

Di I was serving lately

Aboard the—Cleuthenes

He And fought?

Di And sank

More than a dozen of the enemy's ships

He You two?

Di We two

He And then I awoke and lol

Di There as on deck I'm reading to myself

The *Andromeda* a sudden pang of longing

Shoots through my heart you can't conceive how

keenly

He How big a pang?

Di A small one Molon's size

He Caused by a woman?

Di No

56-1

P A boy?  
 D. No, no.  
 He A man?  
 D. Ah! ah!  
 P Was it for Cleisthenes?  
 D. Don't mock me, brother, on my life I am  
 in a bad way, such fierce desire consumes me.  
 He 'Tis little brother? how?  
 D. I can't describe it.  
 E. Yet I'll tell you in oddling way.  
 He 'Tis you ever felt a sudden lust for soup?  
 H. Soups! Zeus a mercy, yes, ten thousand times.  
 D. Is the thing clear, or must I speak again?  
 H. Not of the soup, I am clear about the soup.  
 D. Well, just that sort of pang does ours my heart  
 Forlest Euripides.  
 H. A dead man too.  
 D. And no one shall persuade me not to go  
 After this man.  
 P. Do you mean below to Hades?  
 D. And lower still, if there is a lower still.  
 He. What on earth for?  
 D. I want a genuine poet.  
 For some are not, and those that are are bad.  
 H. What! does not this phoebus?  
 D. Well, he is the sole  
 Good thing remaining, if even he is good.  
 For even of that I am not exactly certain.  
 H. If go you must, there is Sophocles—he comes  
 Before Euripides—why not take him?  
 D. Not till I tried Sijonhon, our natives true.  
 With a saloon apart from Sophocles.  
 Besides, Euripides, the crafty rogue,  
 Will find a thousand shifts to get away  
 Before a easy here is any the less.  
 He. But Agathon, where is he?  
 D. He has gone, and left us.  
 A genuine poet, by his friend in his museum.  
 H. Gone, where?  
 D. To join the blessed in their banquets.  
 H. But what of Xenocles?  
 D. O he be has gone!  
 H. Pythagoras?  
 D. But not a word of me.  
 Not though my should chafed so to scribble.  
 H. But this you too had little songsters,  
 Tremblers by the mad who can choose  
 A farlong faster than Euripides?  
 D. Those be in song, like us, jibberers,  
 Aah!  
 Of the words, and glad as fishes are  
 Who go on horus, and seen no more.  
 The Muses! once gained But O my friend  
 See! he will oust you will find true  
 Great again us, to get things things.  
 H. Great? how do you mean?  
 D. I mean a man  
 Who did say some no I can't even connect  
 A Zeus hambe or Tire foot, with a  
 "Twain in mind that was my tongue  
 emitted  
 A little pe jury on its own account.

He You like that style?  
 D. Like it? I dote upon it.  
 He I vow it is ribald nonsense, and you know it.  
 D. Rule not my mind, you've got a house to  
 mind.  
 He Really and truly though, 'tis paltry stuff.  
 D. Teach me to din!  
 He. But never a word of me.  
 D. But tell me truly—was for this I came  
 Dressed up to mimic you—what friends received  
 And eat stunted, when you went bel-  
 To bring back Cerberus, in case I need them.  
 And tell me too the haunts, fountains, shops,  
 Roads, resting places, stews, refreshment rooms,  
 Towns, lodgings, hostesses, with whom were found  
 The fewest bugs.  
 He. But never a word of me.  
 He. You are really game to go?  
 D. O drop that, can't you?  
 And tell me this of all the roads you know  
 Which is the quickest way to get to Hades?  
 I want one not too warm, nor yet too cold.  
 He. Which shall I tell you first? which shall I be?  
 There, one by rope and bench, you launch away  
 And—hang yourself.  
 D. No thank you, that's too stuffing.  
 H. Then the easy track, a short and beaten cut  
 By pestle and mortar.  
 D. Hemlock, do you mean?  
 H. Just so.  
 D. No, that's too deathly cold a way.  
 You have hardly started ere your shins get numbed.  
 He. Well, would you like steep and swift  
 descent?  
 D. Ay, that's the style, my walking powers are  
 small.  
 He. Go down to the Cerameicus.  
 D. A dead what?  
 He. Climb to the tower's top pinnacle—  
 D. And then?  
 He. Observe the torch race started, and when all  
 The multitude shouting, "Let them go,"  
 Let yourself go.  
 D. Got whither?  
 H. To the ergon.  
 D. And lo, forthwith, two encephalopes of brain.  
 I'll not try that.  
 He. Which of you try?  
 D. The way  
 You've tried yourself.  
 He. A perilous voyage that  
 For first you have come to an enormous lake  
 Of fathomless depth.  
 D. And how am I to cross?  
 He. An ancient marine will show you.  
 In a wee boat with the sails two bolts.  
 D. Fie! The power, two bolts have the whole  
 world through!  
 How came they thither?  
 He. Theseus took them down  
 And next you'll see great snakes and savage monsters  
 In tens of thousands.

Di You needn't try to scare me  
 I'm going to go  
 He Then weltering seas of filth  
 And ever rippling dung and plunged therein  
 Whoso has wronged the stranger here on earth  
 Or robbed his boy love of the promised pay  
 Or swung his mother or profanely smitten  
 His father's cheek or sworn an oath forsworn  
 Or copied out a speech of Morsimus  
 Di There too perdie should he be plunged  
 whoc'er  
 Has danced the sword dance of Cinesias  
 He And next the breath of flutes will float  
 around you  
 And glorious sunshine such as ours you'll see  
 And myrtle groves and happy bands who clap  
 Their hands in triumph men and women too  
 Di And who are they?  
 He The happy mystic bands  
 Xa And I'm the donkey in the mystery show  
 But I'll not stand it not one instant longer  
 He Who'll tell you everything you want to know  
 You'll find them dwelling close beside the road  
 You are going to travel just at Pluto's gate  
 And fare thee well my brother  
 Di And to you  
 Good cheer (*Exit HERACLES*) Now sitrah pick you  
 up the traps  
 Xa Before I've put them down?  
 Di And quickly too  
 Xa No prithee no but hire a body one  
 They're carrying out on purpose for the trip  
 Di If I can't find one?  
 Xa Then I'll take them  
 Di Good  
 And seel they are carrying out a body now  
*Here a CORPSE wrapped in its grave clothes and  
 lying on a bier is carried a cross the stage*  
 Hallo! you there you deadman are you willing  
 To carry down our little traps to Hades?  
 Corpse What are they?  
 Di These  
 Co Two drachmas for the job?  
 Di Nay that's too much  
 Co Out of the pathway you!  
 Di Beshrew thee stop may be we'll strike a bar  
 gain  
 Co Pay me two drachmas or it's no use talking  
 Di One and a half  
 Co I'd liefer live again!  
 Xa How absolute the knave is! He be hanged!  
 I'll go myself  
 Di You're the right sort my man  
 Now to the ferry  
*Enter CHARON*  
 Charon Yoh up! lay her to  
 Xa Whatever's that?  
 Di Why that's the lake by Zeus,  
 Whereof he spake and you's the ferry boat  
 Xa Poseidon yes, and that old fellow's Charon.  
 Di Charon! O welcome Charon! welcome Char  
 on!

Ch Who's for the Rest from every pain and ill?  
 Who's for the Lethe's plain? the Donkey shearners?  
 Who's for Cerberus? Taenarum? or the Ravens?  
 Di I  
 Ch Hurry in  
 Di But where are you going really?  
 In truth to the Ravens?  
 Ch Aye for your behoof  
 Step in  
 Di (*to XANTHIAS*) Now lad  
 Ch A slave? I take no slave,  
 Unless he has fought for his body rights at sea  
 Xa I couldn't go I'd got the eye-disease  
 Ch Then fetch a circuit round about the lake  
 Xa Where must I wait?  
 Ch Beside the Withering stone  
 Hard by the Rest  
 Di You understand?  
 Xa Too well.  
 O what ill omen crossed me as I started! *Exit*  
 Ch (*to DIONYSUS*) Sit to the oar (*calling*) Who  
 else for the boat? Be quick  
 (*to DIONYSUS*) Hil! what are you doing?  
 Di What am I doing? Sitting  
 On to the oar You told me to yourself  
 Ch Now sit you there you little Potgut  
 Di So?  
 Ch Now stretch your arms full length before  
 you  
 Di So?  
 Ch Come don't keep fooling plant your feet  
 and now  
 Pull with a will  
 Di Why how am I to pull?  
 I'm not an oarsman seaman Salaminian  
 I can't  
 Ch You can just dip your oar in once  
 You'll hear the loveliest timin' songs  
 Di What from?  
 Ch From swans most wonderful  
 Di Then give the word  
 Ch Heave ahoy! heave ahoy!  
*Frogs (off stage)* Brekekekex ko ax ko ax  
 Brekekekex ko ax ko ax!  
 We children of the fountain and the lake  
 Let us wake  
 Our full choir shout as the flutes are ringing out  
 Our symphony of clear voiced song  
 The song we used to love in the Marshland up  
 above  
 In praise of Dionysus to produce  
 Of Nysæan Dionysus son of Zeus  
 When the revel tipsy throng all crapulous and  
 gay  
 To our precinct reeled along on the holy Pitcher  
 day  
 Brekekekex ko ax ko ax  
 Di O dear! O dear! now I declare  
 I've got a bump upon my rump  
 Fr Brekekekex ko-ax ko-ax  
 Di But you perchance don't care.  
 Fr Brekekekex ko-ax ko-ax.

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Dr. Ha! you, and your ko-ax! too!  
 There's nothing but ko-ax with you.  
 F. That's right, Mr. Busybody in his  
 For the Muses of the lyre love us well  
 And Lord of Pan who plays  
 on the pipe has joined lav  
 And Apollo Harper has  
 in our Chorus takes delight  
 For the score read sake  
 which I grow with n m lake  
 T be puffed in his lyre a deep shell.  
 Brek kekex, ko-ax, ko-ax.  
 Dr. My hands are blistered ery sore  
 My feet below is swollen g so,  
 T I soon, I know I turn and roar  
 Brek kekex, ko-ax, ko-ax.  
 O cruel race, O pray go e o er  
 O m no more.  
 F. Ah, no! ah, no!  
 Loud and louder our chant must flow  
 Sing if ever ye sang of yore,  
 When in sunny and glorious days  
 Thro' the rushes and marsh flags springing  
 On we went, in the joy of singing,  
 Myriad di g round lav.  
 Or in green the storm we went  
 Down to the d pths, and our choral song  
 Wild, raised t a loud and long  
 B bble burstu accompaniment.  
 F and Dr. Brek kekex, ko-ax, ko-ax.  
 Dr. This tuning too, I take from you.  
 F. That is dreadful thing to do.  
 Dr. Much more d eadful, if I sow  
 Till I burst myself, I trow  
 F and Dr. Brekekex, ko-ax, ko-ax.  
 Dr. Go, hang yourself es for what care I?  
 F. U h same w I bout and cry  
 Stretchin all our throat with song  
 Shoutin crying all ds long  
 F and Dr. B kekex, ko-ax, ko-ax.  
 Dr. I us you'll never ne er win.  
 F. This you shall not beat us in.  
 Dr. No, nor e prevail o er me.  
 Never! never! I'll my song  
 Shout, if eed be all day long  
 Until I e learned to master your ko-ax.  
 Brek kekex, ko-ax, ko-ax.  
 I thought I d put a stop to your ko-ax  
 Oh Stop! Easy! I ke th oars and pu h bet to.  
 Now pay your lar and go.  
 Dr. Her us two obols.  
 Xanthus where's Xanthus I t Xanthus there?  
 Xa. (Faster) Ha, ha!  
 Dr. Com hither  
 Xa. (entering) Glad to meet oo. ma ter  
 Dr. What has e ousher?  
 Xa. N th g but filth and darkness.  
 Dr. I t ll me did oo see the parricides  
 And perjured folk h mentioned?  
 Xa. Did t you?  
 Dr. Possidon, yea. Why look! (pointing to the au  
 dience)  
 I see them now

What's the next step?  
 Xa. We d best be mo ing on.  
 This is the spot where Heracles declared  
 Those sa age monsters dwell  
 Dr. O ha g the fellow  
 That s all his bluff he thou ht to scare me off  
 Th jealous doo known my plucky ways.  
 There's no such swa eerer lives as Heracles.  
 Wh I d like n thing bett r than to achiev e  
 Some bold ad entur worthy of our trip  
 Xa. I know you would. Hallo! I hear a noise.  
 Dr. Where? what?  
 Xa. Behind us, there  
 Dr. Get you behind.  
 Xa. No, it's in front.  
 Dr. Get you in front directh  
 Xa. And now I see the most ferocious monster  
 Dr. O what's it like?  
 Xa. Like everythin by turns.  
 Now it's a bull now t's a mule and now  
 The lo ehest girl.  
 Dr. O where? I'll go and meet her  
 Xa. It's ceased to be girl it's a doo now  
 Dr. It is Empusa!  
 Xa. Well, its face is all  
 Abraz with fire.  
 Dr. Hiss it a copper leg?  
 Xa. A copper leg? yes, one and one of cow dung  
 Dr. O whither hall I flee?  
 Xa. O whither I?  
 Dr. My priest, protect me, and w ll sup togeth  
 Xa. h m Heracles, we e done! r  
 Dr. forbear  
 Good fellow call me anything, but that.  
 Xa. Well then, Dionysus.  
 Dr. O that's worse gain  
 Xa. (to the s ectae) Aye, go th way O master  
 here come here.  
 Dr. O what's up now?  
 Xa. Take courage all s serene  
 And like Hegelochus, we now may sav  
 Out of the storm there comes a new fine wether"  
 Empusa's gone.  
 Dr. Swear t  
 Xa. B Zeus the is.  
 Dr. Swear t a ain.  
 Xa. Zeus.  
 Dr. Again.  
 Xa. B Zeus.  
 O dear O dear how pale I grew to see her  
 But he from in, he has yellowed me all over  
 Dr. Ah es whence fall these evils on my head?  
 Who's the god to blame for m destruction?  
 Xa. Zeus's chamber or th Foot of Time?  
 (Aff ee s played behind the scenes)  
 H m!  
 Xa. What's matter?  
 Dr. Didn't you hear it?  
 Xa. What?  
 Dr. The breath of flutes.  
 Xa. A e, and a whiff of torches  
 Breathed o er me too a ery mystic whiff



*D:* Then crouch we down and mark what's going on

*Chorus (in the distance)*

O Iacchus! O Iacchus! O Iacchus!

*Xa* I have it master 'tis those blessed Mystics

Of whom he told us sporting hereabouts

They sing the Iacchus which Diagoras made

*D:* I think so too we had better both keep quiet

And so find out exactly what it is

*Enter CHORUS who had chanted the songs of the FROGS as initiates*

*Chorus*

O Iacchus! power excell'g

here in stately temples dwelling

O Iacchus! O Iacchus!

Come to tread this verdant level

Come to dance in mystic revel

Come whilst round thy forehead hurtles

Many a wreath of fruitful myrtles

Come with wild and saucy paces

Mingling in our joyous dance

Pure and holy which embraces

all the charms of all the Graces

When the mystic choirs advance

*Xa* Holy and sacred queen Demeter's daughter

O what a jolly whiff of pork breathed o'er me!

*D:* Hush! and perchance you'll get some trape yourself

*Chorus*

Come arise from sleep awaking

come the fiery torches shaking

O Iacchus! O Iacchus!

Morning Star that shinest nightly

Lo the mead in blazing brightly

Age forgets its years and sadness

Ag'd knees curvet for gladness

Lift thy flashing torches o'er us

Marshal all thy blameless train

Lead O lead the way before us

lead the lovely youthful Chorus

To the marshy flowery plain

All evil thoughts and profane be still

far hence far hence from our choirs depart

Who knows not well what the Mystics tell

or is not holy and pure of heart

Who ne'er has the noble revelry learned

or danced the dance of the Muses high

Or shared in the Bacchic rites which old

bull-eating Cratinus's words supply

Who vulgar coarse buffoonery loves

though all untimely the jests they make

Or lives not easy and kind with all

or kindling faction forbears to slake

But fans the fire from a base desire

some pitiful gain for himself to reap

Or takes in office his gifts and bribes

while the city is tossed on the stormy deep

Who fort or fleet to the foe betrays

or a vile Thorycion ships away

Forbidden stores from Argina's shores

to Epidaurus across the Bay

Transmuting oar-pads and sails and tar

that cunning collector of five per cents

The knave who tries to procure supplies

for the use of the enemy's armaments

The Cyclic singer who dares besoul

the Lady Hecate's wayside shrine

The public speaker who once lampooned

in our Bacchic feasts would with heart malin

Keep nibbling away the Comedians' pay —

to these I utter my warning cry

I charge them once I charge them twice

I charge them thrice that they draw not nigh

To the sacred dance of the Mystic choir

But ye my comrades awake the son

The night long revels of joy and mirth

which ever of right to our feast belong

Advance true hearts advance!

On to the glad some bowers

On to the sward with flowers

Embosomed bright!

March on with jest and jeer and dance

Full well ye've supped to night

March chanting loud your lays

Your hearts and voices raising

The Saviour goddess praising

Who vows she'll still

Our city save to endless days

Whatever Thorycion's will

Break off the measure and change the time

and now with chanting and hymns adorn

Demeter goddess mighty and high

the harvest queen the giver of corn

O Lady over our rites presiding

Preserve and succour thy choral throng

And grant us all in thy help confiding

To dance and revel the whole day long

And much in earnest and much in jest

Worthy thy feast may we speak therein

And when we have bantered and laughed our best

The victor's wreath be it ours to win

Call we now the youthful god

call him hither without delay

Him who travels amongst his chorus

dancing along on the Sacred Way

O come with the joy of thy festival song

O come to the goddess O mix with our throng

Untired though the journey be never so long

O Lord of the frolic and dance

Iacchus beside me advance!

For fun and for cheapness our dress thou hast

rent

Through thee we may dance to the top of our bent

Revilo and jeerin and none will resent  
O Lord of the frolic and dance  
Iacchus, beside me a lance!  
A sweet pretty girl I observed in the show  
Her robe had been torn in the scuffle and lo,  
There peeped through the tatters a bosom of snow  
O Lord of the frolic and dance,  
Iacchus, beside me advance!

Di. Wouldn't I like to follow on and try  
If ' sport and dancing'  
Xa. Wouldn't I?  
Di. Shall we all a merry ke  
At Archedemus poke  
Who has not cut his guild men yet though he can  
rean end  
Yet up among the dead  
New demagogue and head  
And contrives the timest place of the rascaldom  
to bid?  
And Cleisthenes, the say  
Is among the tombs all day  
Bewails for his love the lamentable whine  
And Cautia I must bid  
Has become a sailor bold  
And cast his hide and his members feminine  
Di. Can you tell  
Where Pluto here may dwell  
For we are, are two strangers who were never here  
before?  
Xa. I then a further stray  
To inquire the way  
For know that ye have journeyed to his very entrance  
door  
Di. Take with you wraps, my lad  
Xa. Now is not this too bad?  
Lu. "Zeus Cornith" by the wraps" keeps say  
ing so and so

Chorus

Now wheel your sacred dances through the glad  
with flowers bedight  
As who are partakers of the holy feast invite  
And I and with the women and the holy maidens go  
When they keep the nightly revel and a precious  
light to show

Now haste we to the shores,  
And the meadows full of flowers,  
Now haste we to the meadows  
In our own old way  
For our dancers blend up  
In dances never end  
Which only for the holy  
The Dances may

O happy minstrel chorus,  
The blessed sunshine of our  
On reason is our  
In truth and  
On us bestowed forever

With holy pure ends our  
Alike by friend and stranger  
To guide our steps aright

Di. What is the right way to knock? I wonder how  
The natives here are wont to knock at doors.  
Xa. No dawdling taste the door You've got to  
member

The lion hide and pride of Heracles  
Di. (Knocking) Bo! Bo!

The door opens. AEACUS appears

Aeacus. Who's there?

Di. I Heracles the strong!  
Ae. O you most shameless desperate ruffian you!  
O villain villain arrogant lest villain!  
Who seized our Cerebus by the throat and fled  
And ran, and rushed and bolted halting off  
The dog my charge! But now I see thee fast  
So close the Styx sinks heated rock  
The blood bedabbled peak of Acheron  
Shall hem thee in the hell hounds of Coeetus  
Prowl round thee whilst the hundred headed Asp  
Shall on thy heart strings the Tartarian Lamprey  
Pray on thy lungs and those Tithrasian Gorgons  
Mangle and tear thy kind eyes, mauling them  
Entrails and all into one bloody mash  
I'll speed a running foot to fetch them hither

Exit AEACUS.

Xa. Hallo! what now?

Di. I've done it call the god  
Xa. Get up, you lawless stock get up directly  
Before you see seen

Di. What I get up? I am fainting  
Please dab a sponge of water on my heart

Xa. Here! Dab it on

Di. Where is it?

Xa. The golden gods,

Lies your heart there?

Di. It got so terrified  
It fluttered down into my stomach's gut

Xa. Cowardliest of gods and men!

Di. The cowardliest? I?

What I who seduced you for a sponge this  
A coward never would have done!

Xa. What then?

Di. A coward would have eaten there wallowing  
But I stood up and wiped myself withal.

Xa. Poseidon quite heroic

Di. Deed I think so.  
But were not you frightened at those dreadful threats  
And shouts of?

Xa. Frighted? Not a bit I cared not.

Di. Come then if you're so very brave a man.

Will you be I and take the hero's club

And lion skin, sin you're so manly plucky?

And I'll be now the slave and bear the luggage.

Xa. Hand them cross. I cannot choose but take  
them.

And now observe the Xanthus-herd

If I'm coward and a sneak like you.

Di. Now you're the rogue from Melite's own self.

And I'll pick up and carry on the traps.

*Di* Then crouch we down and mark what's going on

*Chorus (in the distance)*

O Iacchus! O Iacchus! O Iacchus!

*Xa* I have it master 'tis those blessed Mystics

Of whom he told us sporting hereabouts

They sing the Iacchus which Diagoras made

*Di* I think so too we had better both keep quiet

And so find out exactly what it is

*Enter CHORUS who had chanted the songs of the FROGS as satirists*

*Chorus*

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here in stately temples dwelling

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Or takes in office his gifts and bribes

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or a vile Thorycion ships away

Forbidden stores from Aegina's shores

to Epidaurus across the Bay

Transmitting oar-pads and sails and tar

that curst collector of five per cents

The knave who tries to procure supplies

for the use of the enemy's armaments

The Cythian singer who dares defoul

the Lady Hecate's wayside shrine

The public speaker who once lampooned

in our Bacchic feasts would with heart malign

Keep nibbling away the Comedians' pay —

to these I utter my warning cry

I charge them once I charge them twice

I charge them thrice that they draw not nigh

To the sacred dance of the Mystic choir

But ye my comrades awake the song

The night long revels of joy and mirth

which ever of right to our feast belong

Advance true hearts advance!

On to the gladsome bowers

On to the sward with flowers

Embosomed bright!

March on with jest and jeer and dance

Full well ye've stepped to night

March chanting loud your lays

Your hearts and voices raising

The Saviour goddess praising

Who vows she'll still

Our city save to endless days

Whatever Thorycion's will

Break off the measure and change the time

and now with chanting and hymns adorn

Demeter goddess mighty and high

the harvest queen the giver of corn

O Lady over our rites presiding

Preserve and succour thy choral throng

And grant us all in thy help confiding

To dance and revel the whole day long

And much in earnest and much in jest

Worthy thy feast may we speak therein

And when we have bantered and laughed our best

The victor's wreath be it ours to win

Call we now the youthful god

call him hither without delay

Him who travels amongst his chorus

dancing along on the Sacred Way

O come with the joy of thy festival song

O come to the goddess O mix with our throng

Untired though the journey be never so long

O Lord of the frolic and dance

Iacchus beside me advance!

For fun and for cheapness our dress thou hast

rent

Through thee we may dance to the top of our bent

Now that at last you appear once more  
Wearing the garb that at first you wore  
Wielding the club and the tawny skin  
Now it is yours to be up and doing  
Gleam like mad and your youth renewing  
Mindful of him whose gu n you are in  
If then caught in a bit of a scrape you  
Scare a word of alarm to escape you  
Shown yourself but a feckless knave  
Then will your master at once drape you  
Then you'll soon be the toiling slave  
Ye There I admit you have given to me a  
Capital hit and the like idea  
Friends had occurred to myself before  
Till of anything good befell  
It would be wanting I know full well  
Winning take to the town once more  
Nevertheless while in these I'm tested  
We or shall you find me craven-crested  
No, for distant look I'll wear  
And methinks it will soon be tested  
Hark! how the portals are rustling there

*Enter AEACUS with assistants*

I Seize the dove-stealer bind him prison him  
Drive him to justice!  
Di. Somebody's gone to catch it  
Xa. (singing out) Hands off! get away! stand back!  
Eh? You ever for fighting  
H! Det las, Scabivus, and Pardocax,  
Come hith quick fight me the sturdy knave  
Di. Now isn't it a shame the man should strike  
And be a thief besides?  
I A monstrous shame!  
Di. A regular burning shame!  
X By the Lord Zeus,  
If ever I was here before if e  
I stole one hair's worth from you let me die!  
And now I'll make you a right noble offer  
Arrest me! let I return him as I will,  
And if you find I'm guilty take a dill me  
I Torture him how?  
Xa. I in any mode you please  
Fill bricks upon him stifle his own throat  
Flay rack him, hot steam flow him with a scourge  
Open his ribs only with this.  
A noble educated man, or a tender leek  
I A fair proposal! If I strike too hard  
And maim the boy I'll make you compensation  
I I shan't equate! Take him out and fling him.  
I but I did the e before your eyes.  
Now then proceed with the traps, and maul you speak  
The truth, young fellow  
Di. (giving) Al! don't torture me!  
I am god! you'll blame yourself hereafter  
I. You touch me  
Hill! What's that you are saying?  
Di. I'm Bacchus, son of Zeus, a god  
And Aeacus the slave.  
I You hear him?  
Xa. Hear him? Yes.  
Al the more reason you should flog him with.  
For if he is a god he won't perceive it.

D Well but you say that you're a god yourself  
So why not you be flogged as well as I?  
Xa A fair proposal. And be this the test  
Whichever of us it is you first behold  
Flinch or crying out—he's not the god  
Ae Upon my word you require the gentleman,  
You're all for right and justice. Strip then both.  
Xa II can you test us fairly?  
Ae Easily  
I'll give you blow for blow  
A good idea  
We're ready! Now! (AEACUS strikes first) see if you  
catch me flinching.  
Ae I struck you  
Xa (uncredulously) No!  
Ae Well it seems no deed  
Now then I'll strike the other (strikes Dionysus)  
Di Tell me then?  
Ae I struck you.  
Di Struck me? Then why didn't I sneeze?  
Ae Don't know I'm sure I'll try the other again  
X A d qu ckly too. Good gracious!  
Ae Why "good gracious"?  
Not hurt you did I?  
Xa No, I merely thought of  
The Diomedean feast of Heracles  
Ae A holy man! 'Tis now the other's turn  
D H! H!  
I Hail!  
Di Look at those horsemen look!  
Ae But why these tears?  
Di There's such a mell of on ons.  
I Then you don't mind it?  
Di (cheerfully) Mind it? Not a bit.  
Ae Well I must go to the other one again  
Xa O! O!  
Xa Hail!  
Xa Do pray pull out this thorn  
Ae What does it mean? 'Tis this one's turn again  
Di (shrieking) Apollo! Lord! (calmly) of Delos  
and of Pithos.  
Xa He flinched! You heard him?  
Di Not at all a jolly  
Verse of Hippocleas flashed across my mind  
X You don't half do it cut his flanks to pieces.  
Ae By Zeus, well thought on Turn your bells  
here  
D (screaming) Poseidon!  
I The earthquake's thing  
Di (singing) who dost reign  
Amongst the Aegean peak and creeks  
And o'er the deep blue main  
I No, b Demeter still I can find out  
Which's the god but come ye both indoors  
Al to d himself and Persephassa the  
Be a good th' msel ex, will soon find out the truth  
Di Right! n h'll I onl w h you had thought of  
that  
Before you gave me those tremendous wha-ls.

*Exeunt DI and LE SANTHIAS AEACUS, and at tendants*

*Enter a MAID SERVANT of Persephone from door*  
*Maid* O welcome Heracles! come in sweetheart  
 My Lady when they told her set to work  
 Baked mighty loaves boiled two or three tureens  
 Of lentil soup roasted a prime or whole  
 Made rolls and honey-cakes So come along  
*Xa* (*declining*) You are too kind

*Ma* I will not let you go  
 I will not let you! Why she's stewing slices  
 Of juicy bird's flesh and she's making comfits  
 And tempering down her richest wine Come dear  
 Come along in

*Xa* (*still declining*) Pray thank her  
*Ma* O you're jesting  
 I shall not let you off there's such a lovely  
 Flute girl all ready and we've two or three  
 Dancing girls also

*Xa* Eh! what! Dancing girls?  
*Ma* Young budding virgins freshly tured and  
 trimmed

Come dear come in The cook was dishing up  
 The cutlets and they are bringing in the tables  
*Xa* Then go you in and tell those dancing girls  
 Of whom you spake I'm coming in Myself

*Exit MAID*

Pick up the traps my lad and follow me  
*Di* Hi! stop! you're not in earnest just because  
 I dressed you up in fun as Heracles?  
 Come don't keep fooling Xanthias but lift  
 And carry in the traps yourself

*Xa* Why! what!  
 You are never going to strip me of these togs  
 You gave me!

*Di* Going to? No I'm doing it now  
 Off with that lion skin

*Xa* Bear witness all  
 The gods shall judge between us

*Di* Gods indeed!  
 Why how could you (the vain and foolish thought!)  
 A slave a mortal act Alcmena's son?

*Xa* All right then take them maybe if God will  
 You'll soon require my services again

*Cho* This is the part of a dexterous clever  
 Man with his wits about him ever  
 One who has travelled the world to see  
 Always to shift and to keep through all  
 Close to the sunny side of the wall  
 Not like a pictured block to be  
 Standing always in one position  
 Nay but to veer with expedition

And ever to catch the favouring breeze  
 This is the part of a shrewd tactician  
 This is to be a—*Theramenes!*

*Di* Truly an exquisite joke 'twould be  
 Him with a dancing girl to see  
 Lolling at ease on Milesian rugs  
 Me like a slave beside him standing  
 Aught that he wants to his lordship handing  
 Then as the damsel fair he hugs  
 Seeing me all on fire to embrace her  
 He would perchance (for there's no man baser)  
 Turning him round like a lazy lout

Straight on my mouth deliver a lacer  
 Knocking my ivory choirmen out

*Enter HOSTESS and PLATHANE*  
*Hostess* O Plathane! Plathane! Here's that naugh-  
 ty man

That's he who got into our tavern once  
 And ate up sixteen loaves

*Plathane* O so he is!  
 The very man

*Xa* Bad luck for somebody!  
*Ho* O and besides those twenty bits of stew  
 Half obol pieces

*Xa* Somebody's going to catch it!  
*Ho* That garlic too

*Di* Woman you're talking non-  
 sense

You don't know what you're saying  
*Ho* O you thought

I shouldn't know you with your buskins on!  
 Ah and I've not yet mentioned all that fish  
 No nor the new made cheese he gulped it down  
 Baskets and all unlucky that we were  
 And when I just alluded to the price  
 He looked so fierce and bellowed like a bull

*Xa* Yes that's his way that's what he always does—  
*Ho* O and he drew his sword and seemed quite  
 mad

*Pla* O that he did  
*Ho* And terrified us so

We sprang up to the cockloft she and I  
 Then out he hurled decamping with the rugs  
*Xa* That's his way too but something must be  
 done

*Ho* Quick run and call my patron Cleon here!  
*Pla* O if you meet him call Hyperbolus!

We'll pay you out to-day  
*Ho* O filthy throat

O how I'd like to take a stone and hack  
 Those grinders out with which you chewed my  
 wares

*Pla* I'd like to pitch you in the deadman's pit  
*Ho* I'd like to get a reaping hook and scoop  
 That gullet out with which you gorged my tripe  
 But I'll to Cleon he'll soon serve his wits  
 He'll twist it out of you to-day he will

*Exeunt HOSTESS and PLATHANE*

*Di* Perdition seize me if I don't love Xanthias  
*Xa* Aye aye I know your drift stop stop that  
 talking

I won't be Heracles  
*Di* O don't say so

Dear darling Xanthias  
*Xa* Why how can I

A slave a mortal act Alcmena's son!  
*Di* Aye aye I know you are vexed and I deserve  
 it

And if you pummel me I won't complain  
 But if I strip you of these togs again  
 Perdition seize myself my wife my children  
 And most of all that bleary-eyed Archdemus  
*Xa* That oath contents me on those terms I take  
 them

1. Letter to the Editor

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2. State the purpose of the study.

He has about 1000  
 L. G. and K. and Z. and W. and V. and U. and T. and S. and R. and Q. and P. and O. and N. and M. and L. and K. and J. and I. and H. and G. and F. and E. and D. and C. and B. and A.

THESE

4. The International  
U. S. National Committee  
O. S. National Committee

What is the best way to...  
The first step is to...  
The second step is to...

The 2nd Zr. was made up of one and  
the 1st Zr. was made up of one and  
the 1st Zr. was made up of one and

12178

4c. The 1 inch by 2 inch Extension  
4d. 1/2  
4e. Powder - wooden of chairs are given on  
The chairs are not in place of chairs and

There is a reason here

But all the earth, the wood and rock, grass,  
The birds, the flowers of the garden, each

That is chief matter of law is each  
 other by the way in the country hall.  
 And will be the same.

La. I understand  
 1. James comes more often than  
 2. I do not then in the first place

1. This belief occupied the very heart  
of the people.

16. Who does now?

Flourishing off before the bus was born.  
There, butyrate, paracetamol—these form our  
mob.

to Hader - all with Listeria, to his twists  
and turns, and plans and counterplans, they

Slad on the gun and bailed him first and wrist  
Fast, at the back of the... ..

False - It was, he claimed, the tragic chair  
Where Aeschylus was seated.  
A Warm & b

4 Not be the populace clamoured out to try  
Which of the twins was wiser in his art.

X<sub>2</sub> B: were th none to sad w th Archilun?

d Sanct and spare the good, (regards the  
Lover) the same to be e

1 If means bold tournament, and bring  
Their tragedians to the proof.

The  
 By the undersigned  
 J. C. ...

~~The~~ ~~very~~ ~~first~~ ~~was~~ ~~beachhead~~  
and ~~moreover~~ ~~beach~~ ~~than~~  
~~But~~ ~~with~~ ~~an~~ ~~on~~ ~~Cadiz~~  
~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~day~~

[illegible]

On 4 Feb 1968  
The first was ...  
The second was ...

... Let's get it done, and make it a success for  
all.

Is it that there are more  
of them and more for Elmer's

low the 2nd the 2nd word by word  
to the 2nd the 2nd word by word

H lowered his brows, we are like a bell  
 Is and who is to be the judge?  
 There came the rub  
 So and now were he to find for with the

Arch 'a somehow did not hit it off  
w/ Trova. but later I expect he thou ht.

To put the picture into context, Sorbom at last

That chose your lord, an expert in the art,  
 But we may fear when our lords are be-  
 Of worst harness, that means blows for us,  
 O the O guard with terrible wrath

What sees his opponent head bare,  
The tonmeister the artifice skilled

O surely his eyes rolling fell  
Will with terr ble madness he saw hel  
O then wil be charm'd of blume maye named

And then will be whirling of plant  
And phrases smoothed down with the plane

When the man would the grand 1 pping maxima,  
Of the hero-creator of thought  
There will be the ex born great

Hornbly frown and growling  
his fur will launch at the foe

Hu-r-clamped masses of words,  
 with ex-nu-n Titanic up-tearin,  
 Great ship-number planks for the fray  
 But here will the enemy be slain!

Sophist-creator of phrases,  
dissecting, detracting, maligning

## Chorus

Come Muse to our Mystical Chorus  
 O come to the joy of my song  
 O see on the benches before us  
 that countless and wonderful throng  
 Where wits by the thousand abide  
 with more than a Cleophon's pride—  
 On the lips of that foreigner base  
 of Athens the bane and disgrace  
 There is shrieking his kinsman by race  
 The garrulous swallow of Thrace  
 From that perch of exotic descent  
 Rejoicing her sorrow to vent  
 She pours to her spirit's content  
 a nightingale's woful lament  
 That even though the voting be equal  
 his ruin will soon be the sequel  
 Well it suits the holy Chorus  
 evermore with counsel wise  
 To exhort and teach the city  
 this we therefore now advise—  
 End the townsmen's apprehensions  
 equalize the rights of all  
 If by Phrynichus's wrestlings  
 some perchance sustained a fall  
 Yet to these 'tis surely open  
 having put away their sin  
 For their slips and vacillations  
 pardon at your hands to win  
 Give your brethren back their franchise  
 Sin and shame it were that slaves  
 Who have once with stern devotion  
 fought your battle on the waves  
 Should be straightway lords and masters  
 yea Plataeans fully blown—  
 Not that this deserves our censure  
 there I praise you there alone  
 Has the city in her anguish  
 policy and wisdom shown—  
 Nay but these of old accustomed  
 on our ships to fight and win  
 (They their fathers too before them)  
 these our very kith and kin  
 You should likewise when they ask you  
 pardon for their single sin  
 O by nature best and wisest  
 O relax your jealous ire  
 Let us all the world as kinsfolk  
 and as citizens acquire  
 All who on our ships will battle  
 well and bravely by our side  
 If we cocker up our city  
 narrowing her with senseless pride  
 Now when she is rocked and reeling  
 in the cradles of the sea  
 Here again will after ages deem we acted brainlessly  
 And O if I'm able to scan  
 the habits and life of a man  
 Who shall rue his iniquities soon!  
 not long shall that little baboon

That Cleigenes shifty and small  
 the wickedest bathman of all  
 Who are lords of the earth—which is brought  
 from the isle of Camolus and wrought  
 With nitre and lye into soap—  
 Not long shall he vex us I hope  
 And thus the unlucky one knows  
 Yet ventures a peace to oppose  
 And being addicted to blows  
 he carries a stick as he goes,  
 Lest while he is tipsy and reeling  
 some robber his cloak should be steal  
 Often has it crossed my fancy  
 that the city loves to deal  
 With the very best and noblest  
 members of her commonweal  
 Just as with our ancient coinage  
 and the newly minted gold  
 Yea for these our sterling pieces,  
 all of pure Athenian mould  
 All of perfect die and metal  
 all the fairest of the fair  
 All of workmanship unequalled  
 proved and valued everywhere  
 Both amongst our own Hellenes  
 and Barbarians far away  
 These we use not but the worthless  
 pinchbeck coins of yesterday  
 Vilest die and basest metal  
 now we always use instead  
 Even so our sterling townsmen  
 nobly born and nobly bred  
 Men of worth and rank and mettle  
 men of honourable fame  
 Trained in every liberal science  
 choral dance and manly game  
 These we treat with scorn and insult  
 but the strangers new liest come  
 Worthless sons of worthless fathers  
 pinchbeck townsmen yellowy scum  
 Whom in earlier days the city  
 hardly would have stooped to use  
 Even for her scapegoat victims  
 these for every task we choose  
 O unwise and foolish people  
 yet to mend your ways begin  
 Use again the good and useful  
 so hereafter if ye win  
 'Twill be due to this your wisdom  
 if ye fall at least 'twill be  
 Not a fall that brings dishonour  
 falling from a worthy tree

Enter AEACUS XANTHIAS and two attendants  
 Ae By Zeus the Saviour quite the gentleman  
 Your master is  
 Ae Gentleman? I believe you  
 He sail for wine and women in my master  
 Ae But not to have flogged you when the truth  
 came out  
 That you the slave were passing off as master!  
 Ae He'd get the worst of that

945-944

Of her continuous lyric order

the mourner never started  
 O. I did it too. I sometimes think

that I those minutes preferred  
 To all your chattering now a-days.

Ex. Because, if you must know

You were at this.

O. As this, no doubt  
 what made him do it thou hast?

Ex. That was his quickery don't you see  
 to set the audience guessing—

When he would speak me a while,  
 the drama was progress.

O. The moral, how he took me in!  
 'Twas shamful, was it not?

(To audience) What makes you stamp and fidget so?

Ex. He's catching it so hot  
 So he's been had humbugged thus a while

and now his wretched play  
 With half-way through, a dozen words,

great wild bull words, he'd say  
 Fierce Bugaboos, with bristling crests,

and shaggy eyeballs was too,  
 which not a soul could understand

in. O heaven!

O. Be quiet, do.

Ex. But not one single word was clear

O. Still don't your teeth be gnashing

Ex. 'Twas all Scamanders, moated camps,  
 and griffin-eagles flashing

I burned copper on the shield,  
 his alic precepts high

Erroneous, hard to comprehend

O. A e by the Powers, and I

Full man leaps not night has a peep  
 in anxious about him because

I'd find the tavern cock horse out  
 what sort of bird it was!

Ex. I was a, you turned dove  
 on the ships upon

Errand's proved it was,  
 Philoxenus's son.

Now only should a cock be brought  
 into a tragic play?

You enemies of gods and men,  
 what was your practice, pray?

A cock horse in my place, Zeus,  
 no goat-stag there you'll see

but swans as are blazoned forth  
 in Median tapestry

as first I took the st from you,  
 bloated and swollen poor the

but word gasconading word  
 and heaty directing

and I'd seduced and tossed her down,  
 and made her slim and neat

by ordlets and with exercise  
 and poultices of beer

and next dose of hatteryjuice  
 distilled from books, I gave her

and mooned as she took, with a  
 Cephisophon for the our

I never used haphazard words,

or plunged abruptly in

Who entered first explained at large  
 the drama's origin

And source

Ex. Its source I call trust

was better than your own

Ex. Then from the very opening lines  
 no silliness was shown

The mistress talked with all her might  
 the servant talked as much

The master talked the maiden talked  
 the beldame talked

Ex. For such

An outrage was not death your due?

Ex. No, by Apollo

That was my democratic way

O. Ah, let that topic go

Your record is not there my friend  
 particularly good

Ex. Then next I tauht all these to speak.

Ex. You did so, and I would

That ere such mischief you had wrought  
 our very lungs had split

Ex. Canons of verse I introduced,  
 and neatly chiselled wit

To look to scan, to plot to plan  
 to twist to turn to woo

On all to spy in all to pry

Ex. You did I say so too

Ex. I showed them scenes of common life,  
 the things we know and see

Where any blunder would at once  
 by all detected be

I never blundered on or took  
 their breath and wits away

By Cychuses or Memnons clad  
 in terrible array

With bells upon their horses' heads,  
 the audience to dismay

Look at his pupils, look at mine  
 and there the contrast drew

Uncouth Megacretus thus,  
 and rough Phrynus too

Great long bearded lanc and trumpet men  
 flesh-tearers with their pi

But savvy smart Theramenes,  
 and Cleistophon are mine

O. Theramenes a clever man  
 and wondrous fully

Immerse him in a flood of facts,  
 he'll soon be high and dry

A human with a kappa sur  
 or Chuan with a chu

Ex. I tauht them all these know n ways

By happy glorie in my plays,  
 And making all my speakers try

To reason out the way and way  
 So now the people trace the springs

The sources and the roots of things  
 And manage all their households too

Far better than they used to do,



Shaking the envious bits

and with subtle analysis paring  
The lungs large labour away

Here apparently there is a complete change of  
scene to the Hall of Pluto with PLUTO him-  
self sitting on his throne and DIONYSUS AES-  
CHYLUS and EURIPIDES in the foreground

*Euripides* Don't talk to me I won't give up the  
chair

I say I am better in the art than he

*Di* You hear him Aeschylus why don't you  
speak?

*Eu* He'll do the grand at first the juggling trick  
He used to play in all his tragedies

*Di* Come my fine fellow pray don't talk too  
big

*Eu* I know the man I've scanned him through  
and through

A savage creating stubborn pulling fellow  
Uncurbed unfettered uncontrolled of speech  
Unperiphrastic bombastulous

*Aeschylus* Hah! sayest thou so child of the garden  
quean!

And this to me thou chatter babble collector  
Thou pauper creating rags and patches sitcher?  
Thou shalt abye it dearly!

*Di* Pray be still

Nor heat thy soul to fury Aeschylus

*Aes* Not till I've made you see the sort of man  
This cripple maker is who crows so loudly

*Di* Bring out a ewe a black fleeced ewe, my  
boys

Here's a typhoon about to burst upon us

*Aes* Thou picker up of Cretan monodies  
Posting thy tales of incest on the stage—

*Di* Forbear forbear most honoured Aeschylus

And you my poor Euripides begone

If you are wise out of this pitiless hail

Lest with some heady word he crack your skull

And batter out your brain—less Telephus

And not with passion Aeschylus but calmly

Test and be tested 'Tis not meet for poets

To scold each other like two bawling girls

But you go roaring like an oak on fire

*Eu* I'm ready I'll don't draw back one bit

I'll lash or if he will let him lash first

The talk the lays the sinews of a play

Aye and my Peleus aye and Aeolus

And Meleager aye and Telephus

*Di* And what do you propose? Speak  
Aeschylus

*Aes* I could have wished to meet him elsewhere  
We fight not here on equal terms

*Di* Why not?

*Aes* My poetry survived me his died with him

He's got it here all handy to recite

Howbeit if so you wish it so we'll have it

*Di* O bring me fire and bring me frankincense

I'll pray or ere the clash of wits begin

To judge the strife with high poetic skill

Meanwhile (to the chorus) invoke the Muses with  
a song

*Chorus*

O Muses the daughters divine  
of Zeus, the immaculate Nin

Who gaze from your mansions serene  
on intellects subtle and keen

When down to the tournament lists,  
in bright polished wit they descend

With wrestling and turnings and twists  
in the battle of words to contend

O come and behold what the two  
antagonist poets can do

Whose mouths are the swiftest to teach  
grand language and filings of speech

For now of their wits is the sternest  
encounter commencing in earnest

*Di* Ye two put up your prayers before ye start  
*Aes* Demeter mistress nourisher of my soul

O make me worthy of thy mystic rites!  
*Di* (to EURIPIDES) Now put on incense you

*Eu* Excuse me no  
My vows are paid to other gods than these

*Di* What a new coinage of your own?  
*Eu* Precisely

*Di* Pray then to them those private gods of yours  
*Eu* Ether my pasture volubly roll on me

Intelligent wit and critic nostrils keen  
O well and neatly may I trounce his plays!

*Cho* We also are yearning from these to be learning  
Some stately measure some majestic grand

Movement telling of conflicts nigh  
Now for battle arrayed they stand

Tongues embittered and anger high  
Each has got a venturesome will

Each an eager and nimble mind  
One will wield with artistic skill

Clearcut phrases and wit refined  
Then the other with words defiant

Stern and strong like an angry giant  
Laying on with uprooted trees

Soon will scatter a world of these  
Superscholastic subtleties

*Di* Now then commence your arguments,  
and mind you both display

True wit not metaphors nor things  
which any fool could say

*Eu* As for myself good people all  
I'll tell you by and by

My own poetic worth and claims  
but first of all I'll try

To show how this portentous quack  
beguiled the silly fool

Whose tastes were nurtured ere he came  
in Phrynichus's schools

He'd bring some single mourner on  
seated and veiled would be

Achilles say or Niobe  
—the face you could not see—

An empty show of tragic woe  
who uttered not one thing

*Di* 'Tis true  
*Eu* Then in the Chorus came  
and rattled off a string

(After continuous lyric odes)

De. I liked it too. I sometimes think  
the mourner never stirred  
that I those routes preferred

I all your chattering now a-days.

Eu. Because, if you must know  
I was an ass.

De. An ass, no doubt  
what made him do it though?

Eu. That was his quackery don't you see  
I set the audience guessing

When I would speak, meanwhile  
the drama was progressing

De. The rascal, how he took me in!  
"Twas shameful, was it not?"

(To asclepiades) What makes you stamp and fidet so?

Eu. He's catching it so hot  
So he had humbugged thus while

and now his wretched play  
Waltzway through a dozen words,

great wild bull words, he'd say  
Fierce Bugaboos, with bristling crests,

and shaggy eyebrows too,  
Which not a soul could understand

De. O hear, hear!  
Be quiet do.

Eu. But not one single word was clear  
De. Still don't your teeth be gnashing

Eu. 'Twas all Scamanders, moated camps,  
and griffin-eagles flashing

I burnished copper on the shields,  
his lyric epics his his

Extraneous, hard to comprehend  
De. A e by the Powers, and I

Full many a sleepless night has spent  
in anxious thought because

I'd find the way cock horse on it  
what sort of bird it was!

De. It was a man you raptid dolt  
ingrained the shape upon.

De. Ervv. I supposed it was,  
Philoctetes's son

Eu. Now call should cock be brouht  
not tragic play!

De. You deem of gods and men,  
what was your practical, pray?

Eu. No cock horse in my plays, by Zeus,  
goat stag the rest you'll see

Such figures as are blazoned forth  
in Median tapestry

When first I took the art from you,  
bloated and swollen poor thing

in this god gasconading words  
and heaved it to

First I adored and kneed her down  
and made her slim and neat

in her ordlets and with exercise  
and poultices of beet

And next a dose of chattering juice,  
distilled from books, I gave her

And monodies she took, with sharp  
Cephalophon for flauto

I ne'er used haphazard words,  
or plunged abruptly in  
Who entered first explained at large  
the drama's origin

And source  
Eu. Its source I really trust  
was better than your own.

Eu. Then from the very opening lines  
no silence was shown

The mistress talked with all her maids  
the servant talked as much

The master talked the maiden talked  
the beklame talked

De. For such  
An outrage was not death your due?

Eu. No, by Apollo, no  
That was my democratic way

De. Ah, let that topic go  
Your record is not there my friend

Eu. Then next I taught all these to speak  
particula ly good

De. You did so and I would  
That ere such much of you had wrought

Eu. Canons of verse I introduced  
your errors had split

and neatly chiselled with  
To look to scan to plot to plan

On all the spots to try  
to twist to turn to woo

De. You did I say so too  
Eu. I showed them scenes of common life

the things we know and see  
Where my blunder would at once

by all detected be  
I ne'er blustered on or took

their breath and wits away  
By Cyrenes or Memnons clad

in terrible array  
With bells upon their hooves heads,

the audience to dismay  
Look at his popels, look at mine

and there the contrast drew  
Uncouth Megacretus this,

and rough Phormion too  
Great long beard lance and trumpet me

flesh tears with the pines  
But natty smart Theramenes,

and Cleitophon remem  
De. Th'ramenes? a clever man

and wonderfully shy  
Immense him in a flood of ill.

he'll soon be high and dry  
A Kuan with a Lappa on

and Chuan with a chi  
E. I taught them all these known ways

By hoppe gliding in my plays,  
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To reason out the How and Why  
So now the people trace the springs,

The sources and the roots of things  
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Far better than they used to do,

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seated and veiled twould be

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—the face you could not see—

An empty show of tragic woe

who uttered not one thing

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*Eu* Then in the Chorus came

and rattled off a string

morning

As P... you cross-grained censor of mine  
 how my Schenobots could harm the state.  
 As P... will dance the wif  
 of a noble citizen, hemlock took,  
 to find with the char and sin  
 if your Bellerophon seems to brook.  
 As Was then I counter the tale I told  
 of Phaedra's passionate love is true?  
 As I've so but tales of luxurious vice  
 the sacred poet should had from view  
 As I've exhibit and blazon forth  
 on the public stage to the public ken.  
 As I've teacher at school is found,  
 but we, the poets, are teachers of men.  
 As I've heard in honest and pure speak,  
 As I've had to speak great L. cabottines, pray  
 had more books of Parmassian rocks,  
 is that then honest and pure to say?  
 As I've seen fashion we ought to speak.  
 As I've seen poor willing and can't you see  
 That I've seen thought and brave aims,  
 the words themselves in it appropriate?  
 As I've seen heave on the ear should strike  
 the speech of heroes and godlike powers.  
 As I've seen robes that in their limbs  
 are statelier grander robes than ours.  
 As I've seen my friend when he began,  
 you speak and degraded it all.  
 As I've seen you in turns and seen you dressed  
 and brought them on, a beggarly show  
 To more forward, our pity and ruth.  
 As I've seen war in harm, I should like to know  
 As I've seen with a warrior citizen now  
 equal for his stat a palser of war  
 As I've seen his limbs in turns and seen  
 and would he be poor too poor by far?  
 As I've seen him in his wear, as  
 as one and soft as man could wish.  
 As I've seen him in his and he sold to the mart  
 as an extravagant buyer of fish.  
 As I've seen to praise to harness, to dote,  
 is now the ambition of all in the state.  
 As I've seen proud in consequence found  
 deserted and empty to the ill repute  
 As I've seen his brow hit our youngers, and  
 to his  
 As I've seen our soldiers to challenge, dispute, and refute  
 To others they get from their captives and see.  
 As I've seen when I was alive I protest that the knees  
 As I've seen a all see for nations to call  
 and I've seen Rappaport "as they pulled  
 through the water.  
 As I've seen and boded to let from their stems in the  
 As I've seen of the slow who staggered at the undermost our  
 As I've seen you, my friends, with fishy beer rich,  
 and I've had for a full day and even as for  
 As I've seen you then battle and dispute and won't row  
 As I've seen and and not float to rid him.  
 As I've seen On his lips not the creator and care?  
 As I've seen the stand with waves that he draws,

His bands, and his panders, his women who give  
 Give birth in the sacred shrine.  
 Whilst others with brothers are wedded and  
 bedded,  
 And others are  
 That "not to be lying" is truly to lie"  
 And therefore our city is swarming to-day  
 With clerks and with demagogue mockers, who  
 play  
 Their kharis tricks at all times, in all places,  
 Deceiving the people of Athens but none  
 Histrionic? none in athletics to run  
 With the torch in his hand at the races.  
 O! B the Powers, you are in the! At the  
 P...thenas  
 I have heard tell of it like a potsherd to see a  
 P...punch you gentleman would not, alone  
 With his head butting forward, the last of the  
 throng  
 I the direct of straits and behold at the gates.  
 The Cerametes flayed him, and smacked him, and  
 slapped him.  
 In the ribs, and the loins, and the flank, and the  
 groin.  
 And still, as they spanked him, he puffed and he  
 puffed  
 Till at our ears he'd chartered such a puff  
 That he blew out his torch and lanterned.

# Chorus

Dread the battle, and stout the combat  
 our city and manifold looms the war  
 Hard to decide is the fight they're warring,  
 One like a storm, tempest-rage  
 One alert in the fall and skirmish,  
 eager to parry and foan and spe  
 We but don't be content to sit  
 Always in one position cool  
 man the field for your keen-edged war  
 On them, wrangle in every way  
 Argue, battle, be flayed and flay  
 Old and new from your stores play  
 Yes, and sin with a rusesome day  
 something subtle and neat to us

Fear ye thus, that to-day's spectators  
 lack the grace of rustic lore  
 Lack the knowledge they need for it sing  
 All the poor is we will too be making?  
 Fear not the alarm is groundless  
 that, be sure it is case no more  
 Adh...e fou...the campaign...re this  
 Each book of the word is bound  
 never a word point then I must  
 But hit their natures, and now I've seen,  
 Not whetted and sharp, and keen,  
 Dread not any deceits of war  
 Battle away without me in it  
 sure that the audience at least are fit.

As I've seen I'll then move to our producers now  
 Beginning first to test the first born

Scanning and searching What's amiss?  
 And Why was that? And How is this?  
*Di* Ay truly never now a man  
 Comes home but he begins to scan  
 And to his household loudly cries  
 Why where's my pitcher? What's the matter?  
 'Tis dead and gone my last year's platter  
 Who gnawed these olives? Bless the sprat  
 Who nibbled off the head of that?  
 And where's the garlic vanished pray  
 I purchased only yesterday?  
 —Whereas of old our stupid youths  
 Would sit with open mouths and eyes  
 Like any dull brained Mammacouths  
*Cho* All this thou beholdest Achilles our boldest  
 And what wilt thou reply? Draw tight the rein  
 Lest that fiery soul of thine  
 Whirl thee out of the listed plain  
 Past the olives and o'er the line  
 Dire and grievous the charge he brings  
 See thou answer him noble heart  
 Not with passionate bickerings  
 Shape thy course with a sailor's art  
 Reef the canvas shorten the sails  
 Shift them edgewise to shun the gales  
 When the breezes are soft and low  
 Then well under control you'll go  
 Quick and quicker to strike the foe  
 O first of all the Hellenic bards  
 high loftily, towering verse to rear  
 And tragic phrase from the dust to raise  
 pour forth thy fountain with right good cheer

*Aes* My wrath is hot at this vile mischance  
 and my spirit revolts at the thought that I  
 Must bandy words with a fellow like him  
 but lest he should vaunt that I can't reply—  
 Come tell me what are the points for which  
 a noble poet our praise obtains  
*Eu* For his ready wit and his counsels sage  
 and because the citizen folk he trains  
 To be better townsmen and worthier men  
*Aes* If then you have done the very reverse  
 Found noble hearted and virtuous men  
 and altered them each and all for the worse  
 Pray what is the meed you deserve to get?  
*Di* Nay ask not him He deserves to die  
*Aes* For just consider what style of men  
 he received from me great six foot high  
 Heroical souls who never would blench  
 from a townsman's duties in peace or war  
 Not idle loafers or low buffoons  
 or rascally scamps such as now they are  
 But men who were breathing spears and helmets  
 and the snow white plume in its crested pride  
 The greave and the dart and the warrior's heart  
 in its sevenfold casing of tough bull hide  
*Di* He'll stun me, I know with his armoury work  
 this business is going from bad to worse  
*Eu* And how did you manage to make them so  
 grand  
 exalted and brave with your wonderful verse?

*Di* Come Aeschylus answer and don't stand  
 mute  
 in your self willed pride and arrogant spleen  
*Aes* A drama I wrote with the War god filled  
*Di* Its name?  
*Aes* 'Tis the *Seven against Thebes* that I mean.  
 Which whoso beheld with eagerness swelled  
 to rush to the battlefield there and then  
*Di* O that was a scandalous thing you did!  
 You have made the Thebans mightier men  
 More eager by far for the business of war  
 Now therefore receive this punch on the head  
*Aes* Ah ye might have practised the same your  
 self—  
 but ye turned to other pursuits instead  
 Then next the *Persians* I wrote in praise  
 of the noblest deed that the world can show  
 And each man longed for the victor's wreath  
 to fight and to vanquish his country's foe  
*Di* I was pleased I own when I heard their moan  
 for old Darius their great king dead  
 When they smote together their hands like this,  
 and *Euir* alake the Chorus said  
*Aes* Aye such are the poet's appropriate works  
 and just consider how all along  
 From the very first they have wrought you good  
 the noble bards the masters of song  
 First Orpheus taught you religious rites  
 and from bloody murder to stay your hands  
 Musaeus healing and oracle lore  
 and Hesiod all the culture of lands,  
 The time to gather the time to plough  
 And gat not Homer his glory divine  
 By singing of valour and honour and right  
 and the sheen of the battle extended line  
 The ranging of troops and the arming of men?  
*Di* O ay but he didn't teach that I opine  
 To Pantacles when he was leading the show  
 I couldn't imagine what he was at  
 He had fastened his helm on the top of his head  
 he was trying to fasten his plume upon that  
*Aes* But others many and brave he taught  
 of whom was Lamachus hero true  
 And thence my spirit the impress took  
 and many a lion heart chief I drew  
 Patroclus Teucers illustrious names  
 for I fain the citizen folk would spur  
 To stretch themselves to their measure and height  
 whenever the trumpet of war they hear  
 But Phaedrus and Sthenoboeas? No!  
 no harlotry business deformed my plays  
 And none can say that ever I drew  
 a love sick woman in all my days  
*Eu* For you no lot or portion had got  
 in Queen Aphrodite  
*Aes* Thank Heaven for that  
 But ever on you and yours my friend  
 the mighty goddess mightily sat  
 Yourself she cast to the ground at last  
*Di* O ay that uncommonly pat  
 You showed how cuckolds are made and lo  
 you were struck yourself by the very same fate



Of this fine poet's plays Why he's obscure

Even in the enunciation of the facts

*Di* Which of them will you test?

*Eu* Many but first

Give us that famous one from the *Orestes*

*Di* Still Silence all! Now Aeschylus begin

*Aes* Grave Hermes witnessing a father's power

Be thou my saviour and mine aid to day

For here I come and hither I return

*Di* Any fault there?

*Eu* A dozen faults and more

*Di* Eh! why the lines are only three in all

*Eu* But every one contains a score of faults

*Di* Now Aeschylus keep silent if you don't

You won't get off with three iambic lines

*Aes* Silent for him!

*Di* If my advice you'll take

*Eu* Why at first starting here's a fault sky-high

*Aes* (to *PROXIMUS*) You see your folly?

*Di* Have your way I care not

*Aes* (to *EURIPIDES*) What is my fault?

*Eu* Begin the lines again

*Aes* Grave Hermes witnessing a father's

power—

*Eu* And this beside his murdered father's grave

*Orestes* speaks?

*Aes* I say not otherwise

*Eu* Then does he mean that when his father fell

By craft and violence at a woman's hand

The god of craft was witnessing the deed?

*Aes* It was not he it was the Helper Hermes

He called the grave and thus he showed by adding

It was his sure prerogative he held

*Eu* Why this is worse than all! If from his father

He held this office grave why then—

*Di* He was

A graveyard rifter on his father's side

*Aes* Bacchus the wine you drink is stale and

lusty

*Di* Give him another (to *EURIPIDES*) you look

out for faults.

*Aes* Be thou my saviour and mine aid to-day

For here I come and hither I return

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*Di* How twice?

*Eu* Why just consider I'll explain

I come says he and I return says he

It's the same thing to come and to return

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me

A kneading trough likewise a trough to knead in

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They're not the same the words are right enough

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come

To any land with no especial chance

A home bound exile both returns and comes

*Di* O good by Apollo!

What do you say Euripides to that?

*Eu* I say Orestes never did return

He came in secret nobody recalled him

*Di* O good by Hermes!

(Aside) I've not the least suspicion what he means.

*Eu* Repeat another line

*Di*

Av Aeschylus

Repeat one instantly you mark what's wrong

*Aes* Now on this funeral mound I call my father

To hear to hearken

*Eu* There he is again

To hear to hearken the same thing exactly

*Di* Aye but he's speaking to the dead you know

Who cannot hear us though we call them thrice

*Aes* And how do you make your prologues?

*Eu*

You shall hear

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Or any useless padding spit upon me

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Who not yet born nor yet conceived Apollo

Foretold would be his father's murderer

How could he be a happy man at first?

*Eu* Then he became the wretchedest of men

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No sooner born than they exposed the babe,

(And that in winter) in an earthen crock

Lest he should grow a man and slay his father

Then with both ankles pierced and swollen he

lumped

Away to Polybus still young he married

An ancient crone and her his mother too

Then scratched out both his eyes

*Di*

Happy indeed

Had he been Erasimides's colleague!

*Eu* Nonsense I saw my prologues are first-rate

*Aes* Nay then by Zeus no longer line by line

I'll maul your phrases but with heaven to aid

I'll smash your prologues with a bottle of oil

*Eu* You mine with a bottle of oil?

*Aes*

With only one

You frame your prologues so that each and all

Fit in with a bottle of oil or coverlet skin

Or reticule bag I'll prove it here and now

*Eu* You'll prove it? You?

*Aes*

I will

*Di*

Well then begin

*Eu* Aegyptus sailing with his fifty sons

As ancient legends mostly tell the tale

Touching at Argos

*Aes*

Lost his bottle of oil

*Eu* Hang it what's that? Confound that bottle

of oil!

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bounds

With torch and thyrsus in the choral dance

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Lost his bottle of oil

*Di* Ah me we are stricken—with that bottle

again!

*Eu* Pooh pooh that's nothing I've a prologue

here

1-64-1312

u. *Lower* tuck his bottle of oil to this  
When a hero is every single thing,  
As of nobility, but lacking means  
to his backbone.

*Lower* his bottle of oil.

*De E.* *Lower*!

*De* Well

*De* Lower our sails, my boy

"In bottle of oil go to blow a gale

*Ex* O by Demeter I don't care now but

As from his hands I'll strike that bottle of oil.

*De* Go on then, we'll wear the bottle of oil.

*Ex* "Once Cadmus, gazing the Cadmean town,

was inspired."

*Lower* his bottle of oil.

*De* O *Lower* my man, buy off that bottle of oil.

*Once* "I wish our prologues all to bats.

*De* I hear of him

*De* If I may, as you'll take,

*Ex* As no, I've made a prologue yet to say

"I can't talk on his bottle of oil.

From the son of Tantalus, while dining

at a feast.

*Lower* his bottle of oil.

*De* There he tucks on the bottle of oil again.

*De* Heavens sake, pay him a price, dear boy

For it's not for an obol, truck and run

*Ex* Not yet, by Zeus! I'll play the prologues

to you.

"Once more, *Lower*."

*De* *Lower* his bottle of oil.

*Ex* Permit me *Lower* one entire line first.

"Once more, *Lower*," as a 'bundant harvest

O *Lower*! *Lower*!

*De* *Lower* his bottle of oil.

*De* Who is the *Lower* of offering? *Ex* Who stole it?

*Ex* O don't keep bothering! Let him try with this

Zeus is by Truth's own name the tale is told.

*De* As he'll cut in with *Lower* his bottle of oil!

Two bottles of oil on all your prologues seem

To gather and grow like stars upon the eve.

To his melodies now for goodness sake.

*Ex* O I can easily show that I, a poet

And my maker makes them all alike.

*De* What? What will be done?

*Ex* As to think that he dare

Enter the band who has won,

More than as in our days,

Face and praise for his lays,

Lays to name and fun,

Much I care to be

What the charge he will bring

Against our tragedy

Yes for himself do I fear

*Ex* Reverend lady! O yes, you'll see directly

"I'm down all his critical strains to one.

*De* And I'll take some pebbles, and keep count

of his praise during which the mass of fine is

heard. The mass continues to the end of *Ex* 177

as an accompaniment to the recitation

*Ex* Lord of Phthia, Achilles, who hears the  
once of the hero-diadin-

*Hab* 'stunt 'approachest thou not to the  
rescue?

*We*, by the lake who abide are adoring our ancestor  
Hermes.

*H* 'stunt 'approachest thou not to the  
rescue?

*De* O Aeschylus, twice art thou smitten!

*Ex* Hea! len to me great king, hear! hear!  
Attends, thou noblest of all the Achaeans.

*Hab* 'stunt 'approachest thou not to the  
rescue?

*De* Thrice Aeschylus, thrice art thou smitten!

*Ex* Hab! the bee ward-n are here they will  
quell the Temple of Artemis-o'en.

*Hab* 'stunt 'approachest thou not to the  
rescue?

I will expound (for I know it) the omen the chief  
has encountered

*Hab* 'stunt 'approachest thou not to the  
rescue?

*De* O Zeus and King the terrible lot of smittings!  
I'll to the bath I'm ever sure to ladle's

Aren't unfastened and swells with a l these smittings.

*Ex* Wait! you've heard another batch of lays

Called from his lute a compass and riel ed.

*De* Go on then, go but no more stunts, please.

*Ex* How the twin throned powers of Achaia,  
the lords of the mighty Hellenes.

O phlattothrattophlattothratt!

Send in the Sphinx, the Uchancy the chieftain

o'en bloodhound

O phlattothrattophlattothratt!

Launcheth forth with brand and band the eagles

the terrible eagle

O phlattothrattophlattothratt!

So for the swift winged bounds of the air be pro-

vided boot

O phlattothrattophlattothratt!

The throned down bearing, on Aia.

O phlattothrattophlattothratt!

*De* Whence comes that phlattothratt? From

Marathon, or

Wher packed you up these cable-twister strains?

*De* From nobility source for noblest ends I

brood by them.

*Ex* Now, the Muses holy field

The self same flowers as Phrygianus cull.

But he from all things rotten draws his lays.

From Canan flutings, catches I Melos.

Dance music dances, you shall hear directly

Bring me the lyre Yet wherefore need a lute

For songs like these? Where is that bangs and

the

Her castanets? Eumpeia's Muse

Present yourself fit goddess for fit verse

*De* The Muse herself can't be a wanton? No!

*De* Hal! come, who by the ever rippling

Waves of the sea are babbling

Dew in your plumes with the drops that fall

From wings in the salt seawater dabbling



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With torch and thyrsus in the choral dance

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Lost his bottle of oil

*Di* Ah me we are stricken—with that bottle again!

*Eu* Pooh pooh that's nothing I've a prologue here

De Achilles threw two uncles and a four  
 Come, speak your lines: this is your last set up.  
 Eu In his right hand he grasped an iron  
 clamped mace  
 An Chariot on chariot corpse on corpse was  
 buried  
 De There now I again he has done you  
 Eu Done me? How?  
 De H three two chariot and two corpses in  
 F score Egyptus could not lift that weight  
 An Honor of line to line let him—himself.  
 Pl Child n, wife Cephaloph n—get in  
 I shall his books collated in his arms.  
 I tries of mine hall we will the lot  
 De Both are my friends I can't decide between  
 them  
 I don't desire to be at odds with either  
 One would be one delights me so.  
 Fuso (to n g form and) Then you'll effect nothing  
 for a such you came?  
 De And how will I decide?  
 Pl Then take the winner  
 So your army not be mad in a n  
 De Here a bless your Highness! Listen, I came  
 down  
 A traport.  
 Eu T what end?  
 De That so  
 The city so ed may keep her choral games.  
 Now then, whoever I so to shall best  
 All wealth city shall come with me  
 And from of Al blades, I eat b  
 So what he th l, t' c' c' r a l so e  
 Eu What does the think he self about him?  
 De What?  
 Sh lo r, and hates, and longs to h v h m back.  
 B t p e me your d ceab st th ma  
 Eu I loathe a townsman who is low to a d  
 And longs to hurt his town who ways and means  
 Finds for himself, b t finds not for th state  
 De Pseudo b t that s'ma t! (to z c'tile )  
 And what say you?  
 An T er bent rear noli m n the tate  
 B than g eard t s best to h m r'n  
 De By Zeus th Sa our t'll I can't dec de.  
 One no clever and so clear the other  
 B con eague Let e b in turn decle e  
 What plan of safety f the tate y c e g t  
 Eu (First with Cinesas r g Cleoc tus,  
 then Zephyrus with th moer th wat ry plain.  
 De Af nav night I own but where the sense?  
 Eu If ben the fleet engag they h idng  
 t'ret  
 So, I run down in gar th loemen s eyes,  
 I know and I can't ill you.  
 De Tell way  
 Eu When things mistrusted now shall trusted  
 be  
 And trusted things, mistrusted  
 De How I don't  
 Qu't c mprehend Be clear and not so clever

Eu If we trust those citizens of ours  
 Whom now we trust and those employ whom now  
 We don't employ the city will be sa ed  
 If on our present t ck we fail we surely  
 Shall find sal tation in the opposite course  
 De Good O Palamedes! Good you genius you  
 Is this your cleverness or Cephaloph n s?  
 Eu This is my own the cruel plan was his.  
 De (to Aeschylus) Now you  
 Act But tell me whom the city uses.  
 The good and useful?  
 De What are you dreamin of?  
 She hates and loathes them  
 A s Does she love the bad?  
 De Not love them no she uses them perforce  
 Act How can one sa e a city such as this,  
 Whom neither freeze nor woollen tunic suits?  
 De O if to earth you rise find out some way  
 Act There will I speak I cannot answer h re  
 De Nay nay send up your guerdon from below  
 Act When they shall count the enemy's soul their  
 own  
 And then's the enemy's when they know that ships  
 Are their true wealth their so-called wealth delu  
 s r  
 De Aye, but the justices suck that down you  
 know  
 Pl Now then decide  
 De I will and thus I'll do it  
 I'll choose the man in whom my soul del ghts.  
 Eu O recollect the gods by whom you swore  
 You'd take me home again and choose your  
 friend  
 De 'Twas my tongue swore my choice is—  
 Aeschylus.  
 E Hah! what ha e you do e?  
 De Done? Given th victor's prize  
 To Aeschylus why not?  
 E And do you dare  
 Look in my face after that shameful deed?  
 De What's shameful, if the sud ence think not  
 so?  
 Fx Ha e yo not cast? W etch would you lea e  
 me dead?  
 De Who knows if death be life and life be death  
 And breath be m ito broth and sleep a sheepskin?  
 Pl Now Dionysus, come ye n  
 De What for?  
 Pl And sup before ye go  
 De A b ht idea  
 I faith, I m nowise indisposed for that  
 E Eu t es hylus elr ides m uto and  
 n oyt us  
 Chorus  
 Blest the man who possesses a  
 keen tell-gent mind  
 Th full often we find  
 He the bad of e own  
 Now t earth rease n d,  
 Goes, a joy to his t an  
 Goes, a joy to his fr ends,

Spiders ever with twir r r r r ring fingers  
Weaving the warp and the woof  
Little brittle network fretwork  
Under the eaves of the roof

The minstrel shuttle scarce

Where in the front of the dark prowed ships  
Yarely the flute loving dolphin skips

Races here and oracles there

And the joy of the young vines smiling  
And the tendril of grapes care beguiling  
O embrace me my child O embrace me  
(To Dionysus) You see this foot?

Di I do

Aes And this?

Di And that one too  
Aes (to Euripides) You such stuff who compile  
Dare my songs to upbraid  
You whose songs in the style  
Of Cyrene's embraces are made  
So much for them but still I'd like to show  
The way in which your monodies are framed

O darkly light mysterious Night  
What may this Vision mean  
Sent from the world unseen  
With baleful omens rife  
A thing of lifeless life  
A child of sable night  
A ghastly curdling sight  
In black funereal veils

With murder murder in its eyes  
And great enormous nails?

Light ve the lanterns my maidens

and dipping your jugs in the stream  
Draw me the dew of the water

and hear it to boiling and steam

So will I wash me away the ill effects of my dream

God of the seal  
My dream's come true

Ho lodgers ho  
This portent view

Glyce has vanished carrying off my cock  
My cock that crew!

O Mania help! O Oreads of the rock  
Pursue! pursue!

For I poor girl was working within  
Holding my distaff heavy and full  
Twir r r r r rlin' my hand as the threads I spin  
Weaving an excellent bobbin of wool  
Thinking To-morrow I'll go to the fair  
In the dusk of the morn' and be selling it there  
But he to the blue upsew upsew

On the lightest tips of his wings outspread  
To me he bequeathed but woe but woe  
And tears sad tears from my eyes overflow  
Which I the bereaved must shed must shed  
O children of Ida sons of Crete  
Grasping your bows to the rescue come  
Twinkle about on your restless feet

Stand in a circle around her home.

O Artemis thou maid divine  
Dictynna huntress fair to see  
O bring that keen nosed pack of thine  
And hunt through all the house with me.  
O Hecate with flameful brands  
O Zeus's daughter arm thine hands  
Those swiftest hands both right and left  
Thy rays on Glyce's cottage throw  
That I serenely there may go  
And search by moonlight for the theft

Di Enough of both your odes

Aes Enough for me

Now would I bring the fellow to the scales  
That that alone shall test our poetry now  
And prove whose words are weightiest his or mine.

Di Then both come hither since I needs must weigh

The art poetic like a pound of cheese

*Here a large balance is brought out and placed upon the stage*

Cho O the labour these wits go through!  
O the wild extravagant new  
Wonderful things they are going to do!  
Who but they would ever have thought of it?  
Why if a man had happened to meet me  
Out in the street and intelligence brought of it  
I should have thought he was trying to cheat me  
Thought that his story was false and deceiving  
That were a tale I could never believe in

Di Each of you stand beside his scale

Aes and Eu We're here

Di And grasp it firmly whilst ye speak your lines

*Each holds his own scale steady while he speaks his line into it*

And don't let go until I cry Cuckoo

Aes and Eu Ready!

Di Now speak your lines into the scale

Eu O that the Argo had not winged her way—

Aes River Spercheus cattle grazing haunts—

Di Cuckoo! let go O look by far the lowest

His scale sinks down

Eu Why how came that about?

Di He threw a river in like some wool seller

Wetting his wool to make it weigh the more

But you threw in a light and winged word

Eu Come let him match another verse with mine

Di Each in his scale

Aes and Eu We're ready

Di Speak your lines

Eu Persuasion's only shrine is eloquent speech

Aes Death loves not gifts alone amongst the gods

Di Let go let go Down goes his scale again  
He threw in Death the heaviest ill of all

Eu And I Persuasion the most lovely word

Di A vain and empty sound devoid of sense.

Think of some heavier weighted line of yours,

To drag your scale down something strong and big

Eu Where have I got one? Where? Let's see



Spiders ever with twir r r r ring fingers  
Weaving the warp and the woof  
Little brittle network fretwork  
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Di Each of you stand beside his scale

Aer and Eu We're here

Di And grasp it firmly whilst ye speak your  
lines

Each holds his own scale steady while he speaks  
his line into it

And don't let go until I cry Cuckoo

Aer and Eu Ready!

Di Now speak your lines into the scale

Eu O that the Argo had not winged her way—

Aer River Spercheus cattle grazing haunts—

Di Cuckoo! let go O look by far the lowest  
His scale sinks down

Eu Why how came that about?

Di He threw a river in like some wool seller  
Wetting his wool to make it weigh the more  
But you threw in a light and winged word

Eu Come let him match another verse with  
mine

Di Each to his scale

Aer and Eu We're ready

Di Speak your lines

Eu Persuasion's only shrine is eloquent speech

Aer Death loves not gifts alone amongst the  
gods

Di Let go let go Down goes his scale again  
He threw in Death the heaviest ill of all

Eu And I Persuasion the most lovely word

Di A vain and empty sound devoid of sense  
Think of some heavier weighted line of yours,  
To drag your scale down something strong and big  
Eu Where have I got one? Where? Let's see

# THE LYSISTRATA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                   |                             |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| LYSISTRATA        | A HERALD OF THE LACONIAIANS |
| CALONICE          | LACONIAN ASSADORS           |
| MYRRINE           | ATTENDANT AMBASSADORS       |
| LAMPTO            | IDLERS                      |
| MAGISTRATES       | A POTTER                    |
| STRUTTERS         | CHORUS OF MEN               |
| CHORUS            | CHORUS OF WOMEN             |
| A CHILD OF CESTUS |                             |

*It is dark at Athens and LYSISTRATA a young and beautiful woman is standing in the middle of the scene expressing anxiety in her countenance and remarking on the scene of the women who are coming from the Lower to the Upper City in the background are the Propylææ the grand portals of the Athenian Acropolis. LYSISTRATA is the look of a person who does not come and after exhibiting anxious symptoms of attention she suddenly begins to see and to utter indignation.*

LYSISTRATA Now were they summoned to some shrine of Bacchus, Pallas, Genetilla, there had been no room to stir so thick the crowd of umbrellas. And so—there's not one woman to be seen. Here comes one, my neighbour Calonice. Good morning friend.

ENTER CALONICE.

CA. Good morn, Lysistrata. What's the matter? don't look gloomy child. It don't become you to knot your eyebrows. Ly. My heart is hot within me, Calonice. And so I grieve for sake of womankind because the men account us all to be silly romances.

CA. And so, by Zeus, we are. Ly. Yet though I told them to be here betimes, they don't come. They don't stir.

CA. They'll come dear heart, they'll come. 'Tis hard, you know for women to get out. One has to mind her husband one, to rouse her servant one to put the child to sleep. One has to wash him one, to give him pap. Ly. Ah but their other duties still more pressing than such as these.

CA. Well by t. Lysistrata, what has e you, dear con asked us? Is the matter a mighty subject?

*Chorus of Wise and Low chief pleasures, accord with the Athenian women. ROVERS.*

Ly. Weighty? yes. And pregnant? Ly. Pregnant by Zeus. CA. Wh ever don't we come then? Ly. No, it's not that we'd have come fast enough. For such like nonsense 'Tis a scheme I've hit on. To sing it over many a sleepless night. CA. To sing it over? then I sing it. Ly. Light? or so light my dear that all the hopes of all the States are anchored on us women. CA. A chored on us? a slender stay to lean on. Ly. Ay I'll depend on us whether as well the Peloponnesians all shall cease to be— CA. Sure and it's better than you should cease to be. Ly. And all the dwellers in Boeotia perish— CA. Except the eel and the praecept eels. Ly. But about Athens, may I now utter such words these you must supply my meaning. B. If the women will but meet here now Boeotian is, Peloponnesian girls, And we ourselves, we'll save the States between us. CA. What can we women do? What brilliant scheme Can we, poor souls, accomplish? we who sit Trimm'd and bedazzled in our stiff on silks, Our cambric robes, and little finical shoes. Ly. Why they're the very things I hope will save us, your saffron dresses, and your finical shoes, your parrots, and perfumes, and your robes of gauze. CA. How mean you, save us? Ly. So that no termite Men in our day shall lift the hostile spear. CA. O by the Twain, I'll use the saffron d. Ly. Or grasp the shield— CA. I'll don the cambric be. Ly. Or draw the sword. CA. I'll wear the finical boots. Ly. Should not the women, then, have come betimes. CA. Come? no, by Zeus they should have flown with wings.

*Demeter and Persephone.*

Just because he possesses a  
 keen intelligent mind  
*Right* it is and befitting  
 Not by Socrates sitting  
 Idle talk to pursue  
 Stripping tragedy art of  
 All things noble and true  
 Surely the mind to school  
 Fine drawn quibbles to seek  
 Fine set phrases to speak  
 Is but the part of a fool!

*Re enter PLUTO and AESCHYLUS*

*Pl* Farewell then Aeschylus great and wise  
 Go save our state by the maxims rare  
 Of thy noble thought and the fools chastise  
 For many a fool dwells there  
 And *this* (handing him a rope) to Cleophon give  
 my friend  
 And *this* to the revenue raising crew  
 Nichomachus Myrmet next I send  
 And *this* to Archenomus too  
 And bid them all that without delay  
 To my realm of the dead they hasten away  
 For if they loiter above I swear  
 I'll come myself and arrest them there  
 And branded and fettered the slaves shall  
 go

With the vilest rascal in all the town  
 Ademantus son of Leucolophus down  
 Down down to the darkness below  
*Aes* I take the mission This chair of mine  
 Meanwhile to Sophocles here commit  
 (For I count him next in our craft divine)  
 Till I come once more by thy side to sit  
 But as for that rascally scoundrel there  
 That low buffoon that worker of ill  
 O let him not sit in my vacant chair  
 Not even against his will

*Pl* (to the chorus) Escort him up with your  
 mystic throngs

While the holy torches quiver and blaze  
 Escort him up with his own sweet songs  
 And his noble festivities lay

*Cho* First as the poet triumphant  
 is passing away to the light  
 Grant him success on his journey  
 ye powers that are ruling below  
 Grant that he find for the city  
 good counsels to guide her art  
 So we at last shall be freed  
 from the anguish the fear and the woe  
 Freed from the onsets of war  
 Let Cleophon now and his band  
 Battle if battle they must  
 far away in their own fatherland

## THE LYSISTRATA

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Ly O dearest friend my one true friend of all  
 Ca Well, but suppose we did the things you say  
 Pz Hic ena erit t but p t ease we do.  
 Still e be nearer Peace?

Ly Much m e much nearer  
 For we women all but at thome  
 Pw'ed and trimmed clad in our da nt est lawn  
 En loving all our charms, and all our arts  
 T women slo e a d when we e won it then  
 Repel them, firmly till they end the war  
 We'll soon get Peace again be sure of that

La Sae Menelaus, when he gl wered Iween  
 At Helen's breast coot his gla e awa  
 Ca Eh, but suppose they lea e us altogether?  
 Ly I fad!! I then we'll find some sub titute  
 Ca If they try force?

Ly They'll soon get tired of that  
 I'll keep firm. Sca t joy a husband gets  
 Who finds himself at disco d w th his w fe  
 Ca Well, then fso you wish it so w'll ha e it  
 La An our gude folk we so easily persuade  
 To keep the Peace w never a thocht o guile  
 B t your Achanian hairumscurum callants  
 Wia'll persuade them not to play the fule?  
 Ly O'll persuade our people ne er fear  
 La Not hule ye e gat thae galibes rigged sae  
 trim,

As a that rowth o siller nigh the Goddess.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ly O but my dear we e tak n a thought for that  
 Ths ery morn e seize the Acropolis.

Now whilst we e planning and con p ring here  
 The kdr women ha e the task assigned them  
 Loder pretence f sacrifice to se e it

La A will gie fi ly an ye talk like that  
 L Then by n t Lampito t once comb e  
 Wia one oath, and clen b the plot securely?  
 La Well, you propound the auth n w sea  
 tak t.

Ly Good now then, Scythianess, don t stand  
 ther gaping

Q ck, set a great bla k shu ld here hollow  
 upwards,

And b uig the sacrificial b ts.

Ca And how  
 Ave we to swear Lysistrata?

Ly We'll slay  
 (Like those Seven Chiefs in Aeschylus) a lamb  
 Over a shield

Ca N y wh n our object s Peace  
 Don t use shu ld, Lysistrata, my dear  
 Ly Then hat hall be th oath?

Ca Could we not somehow  
 Get a grev mar nd cut her up to bits?

Ly Grey mare, indeed!

Ca Well, what s the oath will suit  
 L women best?

<sup>1</sup> A reserv of thousand tale ts set asid for pressing  
 emergency (Th cyddes, u. 24) I was now proposed  
 (Thucydides, u. 5) use this in building fleet t  
 replace the ships lost t Syracuse.  
<sup>2</sup> Scythian ar bers were employed an Ath ns police  
 the women have therefore Scythianess.

My I'll tell you what I think  
 Let s set a great black cup here hollow upwards  
 Then for a lamb we'll slay a Thasian wine jar  
 And firmly swear to—pour no water in  
 La Hech the braw aith! my certie hoo I like it  
 Ly O yes, bring out the wine jar and the cup  
 A maiden brings out a jar of urine a d an sm  
 mense cup  
 Ca Lal here sa splendid piece of ware my dears.  
 Now that sa cup twill cheer one s heart to take.  
 Ly (to the serv ant) Set down the cup and take the  
 ct m boar

O Queen Persuasion and O Loving Cup  
 Accept our offerings, and maintain our causel

Ca T s jolly coloured blood and spirts out  
 bra cly

La A n by Ca tor vers fragrant tool

My Let me swear first my sisters?

Ca Yes, if you

Draw the first lot not else by Aphrodite

Ly All place your hands upon the wine-cup so

O e speak the words, repeating after me

Then all the rest confirm it Now beg n

I will abstain from Love and Lo e s del ghts.

Ca I will absta som Lo e and Lo e s delights

Ly And take no pleasure though my l rd

in tes

Ca A d t ke no pl asure though my lo d dimiter

Ly And si epa est I all alo e at n ghts.

Ca A d sleep a ent I all alone at n ghts

Ly A dli e a stra ger to all nuptial rites.

Ca A dli e a stra ger to all nuptial rites

I don t half like it though Lysistrata

I w'll abjure the very name of Lo e

Ly I will ly the very name f Love

Ca So help me Zeus, and all the P wers above.

Ly So help me Zeus and all the P wers above

Ca If I do th s, my cup be filled with wine.

Ly If I d this my cup be filled with u ne

Ca B t if I fa l, a water dra ght be m e

Ly Yo all swear thus?

My O yes, my dear we do

Ly I'll now con ume these fragments.

LYS STRAT takes the u ne-cup; her hand

Ca Shares, my fr end

N w at first start ng let us show we re frie ds.

La Ha kl what s yon skul n ?

A sound of perso s cheering is heard the d sta ce

Ly That s the thi g I said

Th y e set ed the Acropolis, Athens castle

Ou c mirades have. Now Lampito be off

You go to Sparta and arran e thi g the c

Lea t u h re these gurl as hostages.

And We will pass inside the castle walls,

And h lp the women th r to close the bars.

Ca But don t you think that very soon the Men

Will come, in arms, against us?

Ly Let th m comel

They will n t bring or threats or fire e ough

To awe our woman hearts, and make us open

These gates aga n, sa e on the terms w mentioned



*Ly* Ah friend you'll find them Attic to the core.  
Always too late in every thing they do  
Not even one woman from the coast has come  
Not one from Salamis

*Ca* O they no doubt  
Will cross this morning early in their boats  
*Ly* And those I counted sure to come the first  
My staunch Acharman damsels they're not here—  
Not they

*Ca* And yet Theagenes's wife  
Consulted Hecate as if to come

*Several women enter headed by MYRRHINA from the village of Anagyrus*

Hil but they're coming now here they all are  
First one and then another Hory totty!  
Whence come all these?

*Ly* From Anagyre

*Ca* Ahal  
We've stirred up Anagyre at all events  
*Oth women enter*

*Myrrhina* Are we too late Lysistrata? Well?

What?

Why don't you speak?

*Ly* I'm sorry Myrrhina  
That you should come so late on such a business

*My* I scarce could find my girdle in the dark  
But if the things so pressing tell us now

*Ly* No no let's wait a little till the women  
Of Peloponnesus and Boeotia come  
To join our congress

*My* O yes better so  
And here good chance is Lampito approaching  
*LAMPITO a Spartan woman enters accompanied by her friends*

*Ly* O welcome welcome Lampito my love  
O the sweet girl! how hale and bright she looks!  
Here's nerve! here's muscle! here's an arm could  
fairly

Throttle a bull!

*Lampito* Well by the Twa! I think so  
An I can loup an fling an lick my huries

*Ly* See here's a neck and breast how firm and  
lusty!

*La* Wow but ye pradd me like a fatted calf

*Ly* And who's this other damsel? whence comes  
she?

*La* Ane deputation frae Boeoty comin  
To sit amang you

*Ly* Ah from fair Boeotia

The land of plains!

*Ca* A very lovely land  
Well cropped and trimmed and spruce with penny  
royal

*Ly* And who's the next?

*La* A bonnie burdie she  
She's a Corinthian lassie

*Ly* Ay by Zeus

And so she is A bonnie lass indeed

*La* But wha ha' ca'ed thegither a thae thrangs  
O wenchies?

*Ly* I did

*La* Did ye noo? then tell us

What tis a for

*Ly* O yes my dear I will

*My* Ay surely tell us all this urgent business.

*Ly* O yes I'll tell you now but first I'd ask you  
One simple question

*My* Ask it dear and welcome

*Ly* Do ye not miss the fathers of your babes,  
Always on service? tell I not ye all

Have got a husband absent at the wars

*Ca* Ay mine worse luck has been five months  
away

In Thracian quarters watching Eucrates

*My* And mine's been stationed seven whole

months at Pylus

*La* An my gude mon nae suner comes frae war

Than he straps targe an g ngs awa again

*Ly* No husbands now no sparks no anything

For ever since Miletus played us false

We've had no joy no solace none at all

So will you will you if I find a way

Help me to end the war?

*My* Ay that we will

I will be sure though I'd to fling me down

This mantling shawl and have a bout of—drinking

*Ca* And I would cleave my very self in twain

Like a cleft turbot and give half for Peace

*La* An I to glint at I ease again wad speil

Up to the tap rig o Tay gety

*Ly* I'll tell you now tis meet ye all should know

Oladies! sisters! if we really mean

To make the men make Peace there's but one way

We must abstain—

*My* Well! tell us

*Ly* Will ye do it?

*My* Do it? ay surely though it cost our lives.

*Ly* We must abstain—each—from the joys of

Love

How! what! why turn away? where are ye going?

What makes you pout your lips and shake your

heads?

What brings this falling tear that changing colour?

Will ye or will ye not? What mean ye eh?

*My* I'll never do it Let the war go on

*Ca* Zeus! nor I either Let the war go on

*Ly* You too Miss Turbot? you who said just now

You'd cleave for Peace your very self in twain?

*Ca* Ask anything but this Why it needs be

I'd walk through fire only not give up Love

There's nothing like it dear Lysistrata

*Ly* And what say you?

*My* I'd liefer walk through fire.

*Ly* O women! women! O our frail frail sex!

No wonder tragedies are made from us

Always the same nothing but loves and cradles

O friend! O Lampito! if you and I

Are of one mind we yet may pull things through

Won't you vote with me dear?

*La* Haith by the Twa

Tis sair to bide your lane withouten men

## THE LYSISTRATA

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 O dearest friend my o e true friend of all  
 Ca Well, but suppose we do the things you say  
 Peace in a cert t but put case we do  
 Shall we be nearer Peace?  
 Ly Much much much nearer  
 If women will but sit at home  
 Powdered and trunimed clad in our daint est lawn  
 Embracing all our charms, and all our arts  
 Twining men's arms and when we've won it then  
 Remind them, firmly tell they end the war  
 We'll soon get Peace again be sure of that  
 Ca So Menelaus, when he glowed Iween  
 Helen's embrace enost his glaive awa  
 Ca Eh, but suppose they leave us altogether?  
 Ly O fiddler then will find some substitute  
 Ca If they try force?  
 Ly They'll soon get tired of that  
 If I keep firm. Scant joy a husband  
 Who finds himself at discord with his wife  
 Ca Well, then if so you wish it so we'll have it  
 Ly An our god folk we so easily persuade  
 To keep the Peace ne era thocht o guile  
 But our Athanian hairumsearum callant  
 Who will persuade them o to play the fute?  
 Ly O will persuade our people never sea  
 Ca Not hule ye e gat thae galles rigged me  
 tinn,  
 At that rowth o mll r nigh the Goddess  
 Ly Ob t my dear we e taken thought f r that  
 This crymor we seize the Aropolis  
 Now hilt er plannin g nd e nspi ng here  
 To ddm ome ha e the task assigned them  
 Under tence of sacrifice m eize t  
 Ca A will gae fi ely a ye talk like that  
 Ly Then by not Lampito, at o cec mb ne  
 All in one oah and el ch the plot sec r ly?  
 Ca Well, jo p pound the oath an we sea  
 tak t  
 Ly Good now then Scythianess, don't ta d  
 there gaping  
 Quick, set a g eat black shawl here h flow  
 upwards,  
 And bring the sacrificial bits  
 Ca And how  
 Are e to swear Lysistrata?  
 Ly We'll slay  
 (Lik those Se en Chieffs in Aeschylus) lamb  
 Over a shield  
 Ca Ny wh no r object s Peace  
 Don't use a hu ld Lysistrata my dear  
 Ly Th what hall be the oath?  
 Ca Co ld we ot somch w  
 Get grey mar a d c ther up to bits?  
 Ly G y mare, and edl  
 Ca Well what s the oath will su t  
 L wom n best?

A reserve of thousand talts set and f p m g  
 emergency (Th cydides, u. 4) It was now p posed  
 (Thucydides, viii. 15) t se thus in buildin g fleet  
 replace th sh plout t Syracuse  
 Scythian war is empl yed Ath ns pols  
 Le women ha therefore Scythianess.

My I'll tell you what I think  
 Let's set a great black cup here holla upwards  
 Then for a lamb we'll slay a Thasian wine jar  
 And firmly swear — pour no water in  
 Ca Hech the br wath! my certie hoo I like it  
 Ly O yes, bring out the wine jar and the cup  
 A maiden brings out a jar of wine and an im  
 mense cup  
 Ca Lal here s a splend d piece of ware my dears.  
 Now that s a cup twill cheer one's heart t take  
 Ly (to the servant) Set down the cup and take the  
 victim board  
 O Queen Persuasion and O Loving Cup  
 Accept our offe i gs and maintain our cause!  
 Ca T's jolly coloured blood and spurts out  
 bravely  
 Ly A an by Castor vera fragrant tool  
 My Let me swear first my sisters?  
 Ca Yes, if you  
 D aw the first lot not else by Aphrodite  
 Ly All place your hand upon the wine-cup so  
 One speak the words, repeating after me  
 Then all the rest confirm it. Now beg n  
 I will abstain from Lo e and Lo e s del ghts.  
 Ca I will absta n from Love and Love s del ghts  
 Ly And take no pleasure though my l rd  
 in ites  
 Ca And taken pleasure tho gh my l d mries  
 Ly And sleep a est lallal ne at n ghts.  
 Ca A d sleep a est lallal ne at n ghts.  
 Ly And l e a stranger to all nuptial rites.  
 Ca A d l e a stranger to all nuptial rites.  
 Ly I d n't half like it though Ly st ata  
 I w ll abjure the ery name of Lo e  
 Ca I u ll abj e the ery name s Love  
 Ly So help me Zeus nd all the P wers above  
 Ca So h lp me Zeus and all the Powers above  
 Ly If I do thi my cup be filled with wine  
 Ca If I do thi my cup be filled with u e  
 Ly But flf l a water d aught be mine  
 Ca B t flf l a water d aught b mi e  
 Ly You all swa this?  
 My O yes my dear we do  
 Ly I'll now consume these fragments  
 LYSISTRATA takes the wine cup in her ha d  
 Ca Shares my friend  
 Now t first starting let us show we're fr ends  
 Ca Hark! what s yon skirl n?  
 A o nd spers ns cheer gush ard in the dist ce  
 Ly That s the thing I s a d  
 Th y e se zed the Acropolis, Athens's castle  
 Ou comrades ha e N w Lampito be off  
 You go to Sparta and a range th ngs there  
 Lea t gush e these g rls a hostages.  
 A d We w ll pas inside th castle w ll,  
 And h lp the women there to close the bars  
 Ca But don't you th k that very soon the Men  
 W ll come in arm against us?  
 Ly Let them come!  
 They will not bring or threats or fire enough  
 To awe ur woma hearts a d make us open  
 These gates again save on the terms we mentioned

Ca By Aphrodite no! else t were for nought  
That people call us bold resistless jades

*The crowd now disperses LAMPITO leaving for her home and journey and the others disappear through the gates of the Propylaea After a pause the CHORUS OF MEN are seen slowly approaching from the Lower City They are carrying heavy logs of firewood and a jar of lighted cinders and as they move they sing their entrance song*

### Chorus of Men

On sure and slow my Draces go  
though that great log you're bringing  
of olive green is sore, I ween

your poor old shoulder wincing  
O dear how many things in life

believe one's expectations!  
Since who'd have thought, my Strymone  
that these abominations

Who would have thought that sluts like these  
Our household pests would have waved so  
bold

As the Holy Image by fraud to seize  
As the City Castle by force to hold  
With block and bolt and barrier vast  
Making the Propylaea fast

Press on Philurgus towards the heights  
we'll pile a great amazing  
Array of logs around the walls  
and set them all ablazing

And as for these conspirators  
a bonfire huge we'll make them

One vote shall doom the whole to death  
one funeral pyre shall take them

And thus we'll burn the brood accursed  
but Lycon's wife we'll burn the first

No never never whilst I live  
shall woman folk decide me

Not scatheless went Cleomenes  
when he like this defied me

And dared my castle to seize yet He  
A Spartan breathing contempt and pride  
Full soon surrendered his arms to me  
And a scanty coat round his loins he tied  
And with unwashed limbs and with unkempt  
head

And with six years' dirt the intruder fled  
So strict and stern a watch around  
my mates and I were keeping

In seventeen rows of serried shields  
before the fortress sleeping

And these whom both Euripides  
and all the Powers on high

Alike detest shall these shall these  
my manly rage defy?

Then never be my Trophy shown  
on those red plains of Marathon!

But over this snubby protruding steep  
Ere we reach our goal at the Castle keep  
We've still with our burdensome load to  
creep

And how to manage that blunt incline  
Without a donkey I can't divine

Dear how these two great firelogs make  
my wearied shoulders toil and ache

But still right onward we needs must go  
And still the cinders we needs must blow

Else we'll find the fire extinguished  
ere we reach our journey's end

Puff! Puff! Puff!  
O the smoke! the smoke!

O royal Heracles! what a lot  
Of fire came raging out of the pot

And flew like a dog at my eyes red hot  
Twas a jet from the Lemnian mines I ween

It came so fierce and it bit so keen  
And worried with persistence sore

my two poor eyes inflamed before  
On Laches' on! to the tattle press

And aid the God in her dire distress  
Surely if we ever would help her

now's the very time my friend  
Puff! Puff! Puff!

O the smoke! the smoke!  
Thank heaven the fire is still alight

and burning beautifully bright  
So here we'll lay our burdens down

with eager hearts delighted  
And dip the vine torch in the pot

and get it there ignited  
Then all together at the gates

like battering rams we'll butt  
And if our summons they reject

and keep the barriers shut  
We'll burn the very doors with fire

and then with smoke we'll smother  
So lay the burdens down Pheugh! Pheugh!

O how this smoke does bother!  
What general from the Samian lines

an active hand will lend us?  
Well well I'm glad my back is freed

from all that weight tremendous  
O pot tis now your turn to help

O send a livelier jet  
Of flame this way that I to day

the earliest light may get  
O Victory immortal Queen

assist us Thou in rearing  
A trophy over these woman hosts

so bold and domineering

*During the last few lines the MEN have been completing their preparations and the air about them is now growing lurid with the smoke and flame of their torches. As the MEN relapse into silence the voices of the CHORUS OF WOMEN are heard in the distance. They come sweeping round from the north side of the Acropolis carrying their pitchers of water and singing in turn their entrance song. The two CHORUSES are for the present concealed from each other by the north-western angle of the Acropolis.*

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## Chorus of Women

Up in the sky  
the flames are beginning to flicker  
Smell and roar of fire!  
Come quicker my friends, come quicker  
Faster fly  
Else will Calvee burn,  
Else Centilla will die  
Snatched by the laws so stern  
Smothered old men's state  
... but I fear! I fear!

Can it chance that I come too late?  
Till it was, forsooth before my joy I could

fill  
with thick of the morn,  
at the spring by the side of the hall  
What with the clatter of pitchers,  
The noise and press of the throng,  
Joyle with kindles and slaes,  
Till at last I watched it alone  
Abundance of water supplying  
T'heads who are burdened and dym

Yes, for further they state  
Demands are dragging me to burn us,  
Loes of enormous weight  
Fit for a bath room furnace,  
Now get roast and I shall  
... the reprobate women

O Lady, O Goddess, I pray  
I may see them in flames!  
I hope to behold them with gladness,  
Heard and theirs redeems

from battle and murder and madness.  
This is the cause why they endure,  
Lady thy mansion I hold  
In agonies, Eternal  
Champion with loveliness of gold!  
And O if with fire men invade them,  
O help us with water to slay them.  
At this practice chorus of women heel round  
the corner of the Acropolis and the two chor-  
uses suddenly meet face to face

... marvel! what have we here?  
(The men) You will abandon crew  
A good and virtuous men, I am sure  
M Ch. Hey! here an unexpected sight!  
A swarm of women issuing out  
N Ch. Haila, you seem little more ed!  
Does this one troop fright you?  
You see not yet the swiftness part

M Ch. Now recall  
If those prepared to fight you.  
Phaedra, shall we stop  
Let's break our spears  
Let's beat the jades to reason.

H Ch. Hi, sisters, set the pitchers down  
and then they won't embarrass  
Our numble fingers, if the rowers  
attempt our ranks to harass.

M Ch. I warrant, now if twice or thrice  
we slap their faces neatly  
That they will learn, like Bupalus,  
to hold their tongues discreetly

H Ch. Well, here's my face I won't draw back  
now slap it if you dare  
And I won't leave one ounce of you  
for other dogs to tear

M Ch. Keep still, or else your musty Age  
to very shreds I'll batter

H Ch. Now only touch Strattilla, sir  
just lift one finger at her!  
M Ch. And what if with these fists my loe  
I pound the wench to shivers?

H Ch. By Heaven we'll gnaw your entrails out  
and rip away your liver.

M Ch. There is not than Eunipides  
a hard more wise and knowing  
For women are a shameless set

the vilest creatures going  
H Ch. Pick up again Rhodope dear  
your jug with water brimming

M Ch. What made you bring that water here,  
you God-detested women?

H Ch. What made you bring that light old Tomb?  
to set yourselves afire?

M Ch. No, but to kindle for your friends  
a magnificent funeral pyre.

H Ch. Well, then we'll broil this water here  
to put your bonfire out, sir.

M Ch. You put our bonfire out, indeed!

H Ch. You'll see beyond a doubt, sir.

M Ch. I swear that with this torch, offhand  
I'll half-mind to fry you.

H Ch. Got any soap my lad? (so,  
bath I'll soon supply you.

M Ch. A bath for me you mouldy hag!

H Ch. And that a bride bath, too.

M Ch. Zounds, did you hear her impudence?

H Ch. Aha! I'll freeborn as you?

M Ch. I'll quickly put stop to that.

H Ch. You'll judge no more I vow!

M Ch. Hiltet the axes sharp on fire

H Ch. Now Achelous, now!

M Ch. Good gracious!

H Ch. What! you find it hot?

M Ch. Hot? murder! stop! be quiet!

H Ch. I'm warning you to make you grow

M Ch. I with it up from shivering so.

H Ch. I tell you what a fire you've got

So warm your members by it.

At this crisis the town is stayed for an instant by  
the appearance on the stage of a venerable official  
personage - the M. GISTRATE who,  
after the Sicilian catastrophe were reported  
under the name of Probals to form Directory

\*Denotes water

Ca Ily Aphrodite nol else twere for nought  
That people call us bold restlless jades

*The crowd now disperses LAMPTO leaving for  
her homeward journey and the others disap-  
pearing through the gates of the Propylaea After  
a pause the CHORUS OF MEN are seen slouly ap-  
proaching from the Lower City They are carry-  
ing heavy logs of firewood and a jar of lighted  
cinders and as they move they sing their en-  
trance song*

# Chorus of Men

On sure and slow my Draces go  
though that great log you re bringing  
of olive green is sore I ween

your poor old shoulder wringing  
O dear how many things in life

believe one's expectations!  
Since who d have thought my Strymodore

that these abominations  
Who would have thought that sluts like these

Our household pests would have waved so  
bold

As the Holy Image by fraud to seize  
As the City Castle by force to hold  
With block and bolt and barrier vast  
Making the Propylaea fast

Press on Philurgus towards the heights  
we ll pile a great amazing

Array of logs around the walls  
and set them all a blazing

And as for these conspirators  
a bonfire huge we ll make them

One vote shall doom the whole to death  
one funeral pyre shall take them

And thus we ll burn the brood accurst  
but Lycon's wife we ll burn the first

No never never whilst I live  
shall woman folk deride me

Not scatheless went Cleomenes  
when he like this defied me

And dared my castle to seize yet He  
A Spartan breathing contempt and pride  
Full soon surrendered his arms to me  
And a scanty coat round his loins he tied  
And with unwashed limbs and with unkempt  
head

And with six years dirt the intruder fled  
So strict and stern a watch around

my mates and I were keeping  
In seventeen rows of serried shields

before the fortress sleeping  
And these whom both Euripides

and all the Powers on high  
Alike detest shall these shall these

my manly rage defy?  
Then never be my Trophy shown

on those red plains of Marathon!  
But over this snubby protruding steep

Ere we reach our goal at the Castle keep  
We ve still with our burdensome load to  
creep

And how to manage that blunt incline  
Without a donkey I can t divine  
Dear how these two great firelogs make  
my wearied shoulders rowl and ach  
But still right onward we needs must go  
And still the cinders we needs must blow  
Else we ll find the fire extinguished

ere we reach our journey s end

Puff! Puff! Puff!

O the smoke! the smoke!

O royal Heracles! what a lot  
Of fire came raging out of the pot  
And flew like a dog at my eyes red hot  
Twas a jet from the Lemnian mines I ween  
It came so fierce and it bit so keen  
And worried with persistence sore

my two poor eyes inflamed before  
On Laches on! to the castle press  
And aid the God in her dire distress

Surely if we e'er would help her  
now s the very time my friend

Puff! Puff! Puff!

O the smoke! the smoke!

Thank heaven the fire is still alight  
and burning beautifully bright

So here we ll lay our burdens down  
with easier hearts delighted

And dip the vine torch in the pot  
and get it there ignited

Then all together at the gates  
like battering rams we ll butt

And if our summons they reject  
and keep the barriers shut

We ll burn the very doors with fire  
and them with smoke we ll smother

So lay the burdens down Pheugh! Pheugh!  
O how this smoke does bother!

What general from the Samian lines  
an active hand will lend us!

Well well I m glad my back is freed  
from all that weight tremendous

O pot tis now your turn to help  
O send a livelier jet

Of flame this way that I to-day  
the earliest light may get

O Victory immortal Queen  
assist us Thou in rearm

A trophy o'er these woman hosts  
so bold and domineering

*During the last few lines the MEN have been com-  
pleting their preparations and the air above  
them is now growing lurid with the smoke and  
flame of their torches. As the MEN relapse into  
silence the voices of the CHORUS OF WOMEN are  
heard in the distance. They come sweeping round  
from the north side of the Acropolis carrying  
their pitchers of water and singing in turn  
their entrance song. The two CHORUSES are for  
the present concealed from each other by the  
north western angle of the Acropolis*

## Chorus of Women

7...r, in the sky  
the flames are beginning to flicker  
Smoke and vapour (fire!)  
come quick = my friends, come quicker  
Fire! Nicodice! By  
Fire will Caly burn  
Fire! Caly will die  
Seen by the light so fast so  
Seen by the old men's hate  
...b I fear! I fear!

can it chance that I come too late?  
Trouble was, forsooth, before my ju I could  
El,

Al in the dusk of the morn  
at the spring by the side of the hull  
What with the clatter of pitchers,  
The pour and press of the throng  
Jesu, with knees and slaves,  
Till at last I snatched it along  
A wand of water supply  
T friends who are burning and dying

Yes, for hither they state  
Downwards are dragging to burn us,  
Lots of enormous weight,  
Fit for a bath-oom furnace,  
Fitting to roast and to slay  
S only the reprobate women

O Lady O Goddess, I pray  
I may I see them in flames!  
I hope to behold them with gladness,  
H...nd Athens red in g  
from battle and murder and madness.

This is the cause why they capture,  
Laf the mansions to hold  
T...geness, Et real  
Champion the helm of gold!  
And O if with fire men in ade them  
O help us the water to id th m  
At the j...neture c s v...m...wheel round  
the corner f...Aeropol's d...sh two chon  
c...s...n...n...meet f...ce to face

\$op! say all! what have we b e?  
(T...the...e...) to a hand ned crew  
No good and virtuous men, I m s =  
would act in the way you do.  
M Ch. Hey here s an une pected sight!  
A warm of women is...g o t  
her b e s a demonstration!

M Ch. Haila, you seem little moved!  
You see not yet the myrradth part  
of those prepared to fight you  
M Ch. Now really Phaedrus, hall w t p  
to hear such od our treason?  
Let break our stocks about their backs,  
let s brat th j des so reason.

II Ch. Hi, sisters, set the pitchers down  
and then they won't embarrass  
Our numble fingers, if the rogues  
attempt our ranks to harass.

M Ch. I warrant, now if twice or thrice  
we slap their faces neatly  
That they will learn like Bupalus,  
to hold their tongues discreetly

II Ch. Well, here's my face I won't draw back  
now slap it if you dare  
And I won't leave one ounce of you  
for other dogs to tear

M Ch. Keep still or else your musty Agn  
to very shreds I'll batter

II Ch. No only touch Sistratilla, as  
just lift one finger at her!  
M Ch. And what if with these fists, my lo e,  
I pound the wench to the ers?

II Ch. By Heaven we'll gnaw your entrails out  
and rip away your livers.  
M Ch. There is not than Euripides  
a bard more wise and knowing

For women are a sham less set  
the vilest creatures going

II Ch. Pick up again Rhodope dear  
your jug with water brimming  
M Ch. What made you bring that water here  
you God-detested women?

II Ch. What mad you bring that light old Tomb?  
to set yourselves fire?  
M Ch. No, but to kindle for your friend  
a mighty funeral pyre.

II Ch. Well then we brought this water here  
to put your bonfire out sirs.  
M Ch. You put our bonfire out indeed!  
II Ch. You'll see beyond a doubt sirs.

M Ch. I swear that with this torch off-hand  
I've half a mind to fry you.  
II Ch. G t any soap my lad? I so,  
a bath I'll soon supply you.

M Ch. A bath for me you mouldy hag!  
II Ch. And that a bride bath too  
M Ch. Zounds, did you hear her impudence?  
II Ch. Ain't I f...born s you?

M Ch. I'll quickly put stop to this.  
II Ch. You'll judge no more I owl  
M Ch. Hilt set the...zen's hair on fire  
II Ch. Now Achelous,\* now!

M Ch. Good gracious!  
II Ch. What! you find it hot?  
M Ch. Hot? murder! stop! be quiet!  
II Ch. I'm watering you to make you grow

M Ch. I wither from shivering so  
II Ch. I tell you what a fine you e ot  
So warm you members by it

At the crisis the turn it is stayed f a...stant by  
the appearance of the st g...f a venerable offi  
a l person g...e f the MAGISTRATES who  
after the Sacbia catastrophe were appointed  
under the name of Probuli to form a Directory

\*Achela

\*Denotes water

*or Committee of Public Safety. He is attended by four Scythian archers, part of the ordinary police of the Athenian Republic. The women retire into the background.*

*Magistrate.* Has then the women's wantonness blazed out

Their constant timbrels and Sabazuses

And that Adonis darge upon the roof

Which once I heard in full Assembly time

'Twas when Demostriatus (beset him) moved

To sail to Sicily and from the roof

A woman dancing shrieked: Woe woe Adonis!

And he proposed to enrol Zacynthian hoplites

And she upon the roof the maudlin woman

Cried: Wail Adonis! yet he forced it through

That God-detested vile ill temper

Such are the wanton follies of the sex

*Ma Ch.* What if you heard their insolence to day

Their vile outrageous goings on? And look

See how they've drenched and soured us from their

pitchers

Till we can wring out water from our clothes

*Ma Ay* by Poseidon and it serves us right

'Tis all our fault: they'll never know their place

These pampered women whilst we spoil them so

Hear how we talk in every workman's shop

Goldsmith says: one this necklace that you

made

My gay young wife was dancing yester eve

And lost sweet soul the fastening of the clasp

Do please reset it Goldsmith! Or again

*O Shoemaker* my wife's new sandal pinches

Her little toe the tender delicate child

Make it fit easier please. Hence all this nonsense!

'Ea things have reached a pretty pass indeed

When I the State's Director wanting money

To purchase our blades find the Treasury gates

Shut in my face by these preposterous women

Nay but no dallying now bring up the crow bars

And I'll soon stop your insolence my dears

*He turns to the Scythians who instead of setting*

*to work are poking idly around them*

What! gaping fool? and you can you do nothing

But stare about with tavern squinting eye?

Push in the crow bars underneath the gates

You stand that side and heave them! I'll stop here

And heave them here

*The gates are thrown open and LYSISTRATA*

*comes out*

*Ly.* O let your iron bars be

Lo I come out unfetched! What need of crow bars?

'Tis wits not crow bars that ye need to day

*Ma Ay* truly traitress say you so? Here Archer!

Arrest her tie her hands behind her back

*Ly.* And if he touch me with his finger tip

The public scum! fore Artemis he'll rue it

*Ma* What man afeared? why catch her round

the waist

And you go with him quick and bind her fast

*Ca (coming out)* And if you do but lay one hand

upon her

Fore Pandrosus I'll stamp your vitals out

*Ma* Vitals ye hag? Another Archer ho!

Seize this one first because she chatters so

*My (coming out)* And if you touch her with your

finger tip

Fore Phosphorus you'll need a cupping shortly

*Ma* Tchal what's all this? lay hold of this one

Archer!

I'll stop this sallying out depend upon it

*Stratylus* And if he touch her fore the Queen of

Taurus

I'll pull his squealing hairs out one by one.

*Ma* O dear! all's up! I've never an archer left

Nay but I swear we won't be done by women

Come Scythians close your ranks and all together

Charge!

*Ly.* Charge away my hearties and you'll soon

know that we've here impatient for the fight

Four woman squadrons armed from top to toe

*Ma* Attack them Scythians twist their hands

behind them

*Ly.* Forth to the fray dear sisters bold allies!

O egg and seed and potherb market girls

O garlic selling barmaid baking girls

Charge to the rescue smack and whack and

thwack them

Slang them I say show them what jades ye be

*The women come forward. After a short struggle*

*the archers are routed*

Fall back! retire! forbear to strip the slain

*Ma* Hillo! my archers got the worst of that

*Ly.* What did the fool expect? Was it to fight

With slates you came? Think you we Women feel

No thirst for glory?

*Ma* Thirst enough I trow

No doubt of that when there's a tavern

handy

*Ma Ch.* O thou who wastest many words

Director of this nation

Why wilt thou with such brutes as these

thus hold negotiation?

Dost thou not see the bath wherewith

the sluts have dared to lave me

Whilst all my clothes were on and ne'er

a bit of soap they gave me!

*Ly Ch.* For us not right nor yet polite

to strike a harmless neighbour

And if you do 'tis needful too

that she your eyes belabour

Full fain would I a maiden shy

in maiden peace be resting

Not making here the slightest stir

nor any soul molesting

Unless indeed some rogue should strive

to rifle and despoil my hive

*Ma Ch.* O how shall we treat Lord Zeus such

creatures as these?

Let us ask the cause for which they have dared to

seize

To seize this fortress of ancient and high renown

This shrine where never a foot profane hath trod

The lofty rocked inaccessible Cranaan town

The holy Temple of God

Now to examine them closely and narrowly  
 probe them here and sound in them there  
 Since it is well to complete the tale of the  
 Lystrate web of this tangled affair  
 My Foremost and First I would wish to inquire of  
 them, what is this silly disturbance about?  
 Have we ventured to scale the Acropolis,  
 lock the gates and barring us out?

The field is now open for a succession of hostilities,  
 and a policy takes place between the leaders  
 of the two contending factions.

Ly. Here the silver securely in custody  
 lost for its sake we continue the war  
 A. What is this war for the sake of the silver  
 then?

Ly. Yes and all other disputes that there are.  
 Why should we forever embroiling us,  
 why do the rest of our officers feel  
 this pressure in strife and disturbances?

Simply to gain an occasion to steal.  
 A. Is there place for the future the treasury  
 never a penny shall yield them, I vow  
 A. How may I ask, will you hinder their getting  
 it?

Ly. We will ourselves be the Treasurers now  
 A. You woman, you be the treasurers?

Ly. Certainly.  
 Ah, you esteem us unable, perchance!  
 We are not skilled in domestic economy  
 do we not manage the household finances?

A. O, that is different.

Ly. Why is it different?

A. This is required for the fighting my dear

Ly. Well, but the fighting itself is a requisite.

A. Ours is about it, we are ruined, I fear

Ly. We will deliver you.

A. You will deliver us?

Ly. Truly we will.

A. What capital not on!

Ly. Whether you like it or not, we'll deliver you.

A. Lament busy!

Ly. You seem in common.

A. What will we do as we promise you.

Ly. That were a terrible shame, by Demeter

A. Friend, we must save you.

Ly. But how if I wish it not?

A. That will but make our resolve the stronger

Ly. For on earth can possess you to

A. matters of war and matters of peace?

Ly. Well, I will tell you the reason.

A. And speedily

Ly. else you will rue it.

A. Then listen and cease

Ly. clench your fingers so tightly

A. keep yourself peaceable.

Ly. Hanged if I can

A. feel the same that I feel at your impudence.

Ly. Then it is you that will rue it, my man.

A. Creak your own fat you'll-omened antiquity

(To LYSTRATA) You be the spokeswoman, lady

Ly. I will.

Th. k of our old moderation and gentleness.

think how we bore with your pranks, and were still.

All through the days of our former pugnacity

all through the war that is over and spent

Not that (be sure) we approved of your policy

never our gifts you allowed us to vent.

Well we perceived your mistakes and mismanage

ment

Often at home on our housekeeping cares.

Often we heard of some foolish proposal you

made for conducting the public affairs.

Then would we question you calmly and pleasantly

inwardly grieving but outwardly gay

"Husband how goes it abroad?" we would ask of

him

What have we done in Assembly to-day?"

What would ye write on the side of the Treaty

ston?

Husband says angrily "What is that to you?

You bold your tongue!" And I held it accordingly

So That is a thing which I never would do!

My. My am, if you hadn't you'd soon have

repeated it.

Ly. Therefore I held it and spake not a word.

Soon of another tremendous absurdity

wilder and worse than the former we heard.

"Husband I say with a tender solicitude,

Why have we passed such a foolish decree?"

My. moody glancing glance at me,

"Stuck to your pen in my mistress," says he

"Else you will speedily find it the worse for you,

War is the rare and the business of men!"

My. Zeus! (was a worthy reply) and an excellent!

Ly. What! you unfortunate shall we not then,

Then, when we see you perplexed and incompetent

shall we not tender advice to the State?

So when aloud in the streets and the thoroughfares

sadly we heard you bewailing of late,

Is there a Man to defend and deliver us

No," says another "there is none in the land

Then by the Women assembled in conference

jointly great Revolution was planned

Hellas to save from her grief and perpetuity

Where is the use of a longer delay?

Shift for the future our parts and our characters

you, as the women in silence obey

We as the men, will bear you and you who for you

then shall the State be triumphant again,

Then shall we do what is best for the citizens.

My. Women to do what is best for the men!

That were a shameful reproach and unbearable!

Ly. Silence old gentleman.

My. Silence for you?

Stop for a wench with wimple enfolded her?

No, by the Powers, may I defend!

Ly. Do not my pretty one, do not I pray

Suffer me wimple to stand in the way

Here take it and wear it and gracefully tie it,

Enfolding to cover your head, and be quiet.

Now to your task.



Ca Here is an excellent spindle-to pull  
 My Here is a basket for carding the wool  
 Ly Now to your task  
 Haricots chawing up petticoats drawing up  
 Off to your carding your combing your  
 trimming  
*War is the care and the business of women*  
*During the foregoing lines the women have been*  
*arraying the MAGISTRATE in the garb and with*  
*the apparatus of a spinning woman just as in*  
*the corresponding system below they bedeck*  
*him in the habiliments of a corpse*

IV Ch Up up and leave the pitchers there  
 and on resolved and eager  
 Our own allotted part to bear  
 in this illustrious leaguer

I will dance with resolute tireless feet all day  
 My limbs shall never grow faint my strength give  
 way  
 I will march all lengths with the noble hearts and  
 the true  
 For theirs is the ready wit and the patriot hand  
 And womanly grace and courage to dare and do  
 And Love of our own bright land

Children of stiff and intractable grandmothers  
 heirs of the stinging viragoes that bore you  
 On with an eager unyielding tenacity wind in your  
 sails and the haven before you

Ly Only let Love the entrancing the fanciful  
 only let Queen Aphrodite to day  
 Breathe on our persons a charm and a tenderness  
 lend us their own irresistible sway  
 Drawing the men to admire us and long for us  
 then shall the war everlastingly cease  
 Then shall the people revere us and honour us  
 givers of Joy and givers of Peace

Ma Tell us the mode and the means of your doing it

Ly First we will stop the disorderly crew  
 Soldiers in arms promenading and marketing

St Yea by divine Aphrodite us true

Ly Now in the market you see them like Corybants  
 jangling about with their armour of mail

Fiercely they stalk in the midst of the crockery  
 sternly parade by the cabbage and kail

Ma Right for a soldier should always be soldierly I

Ly Troth tis a mighty ridiculous jest  
 Watching them haggle for shrimps in the market  
 place

grimly accoutred with shield and with crest  
 St Lately I witnessed a captain of cavalry  
 proudly the while on his charger he sat

Witnessed him soldierly buying an omelet  
 stowing it all in his cavalry hat

Comes like a Tereus a Thracian irregular  
 shaking his dart and his target to boot

Off runs a shop girl appalled at the sight of him  
 down he sits soldierly gobbles her fruit

Ma You I presume could adroitly and gingerly  
 settle this intricate tangled concern

You in a trice could relieve our perplexities

Ly Certainly  
 Ma How? permit me to learn  
 Ly Just as a woman with nimble dexterity  
 thus with her hands disentangles a skein  
 Hither and thither her spindles unravel it  
 drawing it out, and pulling it plain  
 So would this weary Hellenic entanglement  
 soon be resolved by our womanly care  
 So would our embassies neatly unravel it  
 drawing it here and pulling it there  
 Ma Wonderful marvellous feats not a doubt of it  
 you with your skeins and your spindles can show  
 Fools! do you really expect to unravel a  
 terrible war like a bundle of tow?

Ly Ah if you only could manage your politics  
 just in the way that we deal with a fleece!

Ma Tell us the recipe

Ly First in the washing tub  
 plunge it and scour it and cleanse it from grease

Purging away all the filth and the nastiness  
 then on the table expand it and lay

Beating out all that is worthless and mischievous  
 picking the burrs and the thistles away

Next for the clubs the cabals and the coteries  
 banding unrighteously office to win

Treat them as clogs in the wool and dis sever them  
 lopping the heads that are forming therein

Then you should card it and comb it and mingle it  
 all in one Basket of love and of unity

Citizens, visitors strangers and sojourners  
 all the entire undivided community

Know you a fellow in debt to the Treasury?

Mingle him merrily in with the rest

Also remember the cities our colonies  
 outlying states in the east and the west

Scattered about to a distance surrounding us  
 these are our shreds and our fragments of wool

These to one mighty political aggregate  
 tenderly carefully gather and pull

Twining them all in one thread of good fellowship  
 thence a magnificent bobbin to spin

Weaving a garment of comfort and dignity  
 worthily wrapping the People therein

Ma Heard any ever the like of their impudence  
 these who have nothing to do with the war

Preaching of bobbins and beatings and washing  
 tubs?

Ly Nothing to do with it wretch that you are!

We are the people who feel it the keenest  
 doubly on us the affliction is cast

Where are the sons that we sent to your battle  
 fields?

Ma Silence! a truce to the ills that are past

Ly Then in the glory and grace of our woman  
 hood

all in the May and the morning of life  
 Lo we are sitting forlorn and disconsolate

what has a soldier to do with a wife?

We might endure it but ah! for the younger ones  
 still in their maiden apartments they stay

Waiting the husband that never approaches them  
 watching the years that are gliding away

My Men, I suppose have their youth everlastingly  
 L. No but it isn't the same with a man  
 G. For though he be when he comes from the battle  
 Field, still if he wishes to marry he can  
 Find in the spring and the flower of our womanhood  
 Once let it slip, and it comes not again  
 C. As we may with our swells and our augurers,  
 ne'er a husband will marry us then  
 M. Truly whoever is able to—  
 G. Truly old fellow, 'tis time you were dead  
 So a pig shall be soured and an urn shall be  
 boorish,  
 And I'll bake you and make you a funeral  
 cake.

Take it and go.  
 G. Here are the flints all ready to wear  
 M. Here is the chapter to bead in your hair  
 G. Take it and go.  
 What are you prating for?

What are you waiting for?  
 Charon is staring, dells in his crew  
 Charon is cawing and howling for you.  
 } See, here is an outrage! here a scandalous  
 outrage!

And show me follow me, please  
 The wretched, horrid, dismal place  
 G. Grown because we have not had you  
 out

W. In three days, and then with dawn will come,  
 U. God bless the third day's funeral rite.  
 The women will raise off on his grave—what to  
 murder, and what the women he has  
 married, and her friends and her  
 and the women. The two characters must  
 be lost and reflect the wisdom of the world with  
 a little more.

M. Oh, this is not a case for a mother—  
 now let all be bold and free.  
 So to be a mother, now is the time.  
 make our mother with me.

I am well, don't worry  
 The old fellow, you may  
 Observe a little more.

Well, I had a little more to say  
 Let me see, I have a little more to say  
 in the book of Cleopatra.

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And I'll dress my sword in myrtle,  
 and with firm and dauntless hand  
 Here beside Aristocriton resolutely take my stand  
 Marketing in arms beside him

This the time and this the place  
 When my patriot arm must deal a

—blow upon that woman's face  
 M. Oh, your mother shall not know you  
 impudent! when home you go

Step my sisters, step for action  
 on the ground your garments throw

Right 'tis that I am slender  
 Tribute to the state should render

I who to her thoughtful tender  
 care my happiest memories owe!

Bore at seven, the minute basket  
 Was at ten our Lady's miter

thence the yellow Brauron bear  
 Next (a maiden tall and stately

with a string of figs to wear)  
 Bore in pomp the holy Basket.

Well may such a gracious City  
 all my filial duty claim.

What thou bid I was born a woman,  
 comrade, count it not for blame

If I bring thine wisest counsels  
 I an equal share confer

Towards the common stock of Athens,  
 I contribute men to her

But the noble contribution,  
 but the olden tribute pay

Which your fathers fathers left you,  
 relic of the Median fray

Doctored, we have lost and wasted!  
 both, & in its stead we bring

Let ourselves be so like to ruin,  
 spend and waste by hundreds,

Murmur, are we let me hear you,  
 only let me hear you speak,

And from this unpolluted corner  
 comes a slap upon your cheek!

M. Oh, Is not this an outrage sore?  
 And methinks it shows not o'er

But excuses more and more.  
 Come, my comrade, be, and hearty

on the ground our mantles throw  
 L. the odour of their manhood

was to meet the Ege, I should go,  
 was to meet the Ege, I should go,

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 was to meet the Ege, I should go,

*Ca* Here is an excellent spindle to pull  
*My* Here is a basket for carding the wool  
*Ly* Now to your task  
 Haricots chewing up petticoats drawing up  
 Off to your carding your combing your  
 trimming  
*War is the care and the business of women*  
*During the foregoing lines the WOMEN have been*  
*arraying the MAGISTRATE in the garb and with*  
*the apparatus of a spinning woman just as in*  
*the corresponding scene below they bedeck*  
*him in the habiliments of a corpse*  
*W Ch* Up up and leave the pitchers there  
 and on resolved and eager  
 Our own allotted part to bear  
 in this illustrious leaguer  
  
 I will dance with resolute tireless feet all day  
 My limbs shall never grow faint my strength give  
 way  
 I will march all lengths with the noble hearts and  
 the true  
 For theirs is the ready wit and the patriot hand  
 And womanly grace and courage to dare and do  
 And Love of our own bright land  
  
 Children of stiff and intractable grandmothers  
 heirs of the stinging viragoes that bore you  
 On with an eager unyielding tenacity wind in your  
 sails and the haven before you  
*Ly* Only let Love the entrancing the fanciful  
 only let Queen Aphrodite to day  
 Breathe on our persons a charm and a tenderness  
 lend us their own irresistible sway  
 Drawing the men to admire us and long for us  
 then shall the war everlastingly cease  
 Then shall the people revere us and honour us  
 givers of Joy and givers of Peace  
*Ma* Tell us the mode and the means of your doing it  
*Ly* First we will stop the disorderly crew  
 Soldiers in arms promenading and marketing  
*St* Yea by divine Aphrodite tis true  
*Ly* Now in the market you see them like Corybants  
 jangling about with their armour of mail  
 Fiercely they stalk in the midst of the crockery  
 sternly parade by the cabbage and kail  
*Ma* Right for a soldier should always be olderly I  
*Ly* Troth tis a mighty ridiculous jest  
 Watching them haggie for shrimps in the market  
 place  
 grimly accoutred with shield and with crest  
*St* Lately I witnessed a captain of cavalry  
 proudly the while on his charger he sat  
 Witnessed him soldierly buying an omelet  
 stowing it all in his cavalry hat  
 Comes like a Tereus a Thracian irregular  
 shaking his dart and his target to boot  
 Off runs a shop girl appalled at the sight of him  
 down he sits soldierly gobbles her fruit  
*Ma* You I presume could adroitly and gingerly  
 settle this intricate tangled concern  
 You in a trice could relieve our perplexities

*Ly* Certainly  
*Ma* How? permit me to learn  
*Ly* Just as a woman with nimble dexterity  
 thus with her hands disentangles a skein  
 Hither and thither her spindles unravel it  
 drawing it out and pulling it plain  
 So would this weary Hellenic entanglement  
 soon be resolved by our womanly care  
 So would our embassies neatly unravel it  
 drawing it here and pulling it there  
*Ma* Wonderful marvellous feats not a doubt of it  
 you with your skeins and your spindles can show  
 Fools! do you really expect to unravel a  
 terrible war like a bundle of tow?  
*Ly* Ah if you only could manage your politics  
 just in the way that we deal with a fleece!  
*Ma* Tell us the recipe  
*Ly* First in the washing tub  
 plunge it and scour it and cleanse it from grease  
 Purging away all the filth and the nastiness  
 then on the table expand it and lay  
 Beating out all that is worthless and mischievous  
 picking the burrs and the thistles away  
 Next for the clubs the cabals and the coteries  
 banding unrighteously office to win  
 Treat them as clots in the wool and dis sever them  
 lopping the heads that are forming therein  
 Then you should card it and comb it and mangle it  
 all in one Basket of love and of unity  
 Citizens, visitors strangers and sojourners  
 all the entire undivided community  
 Know you a fellow in debt to the Treasury?  
 Mingle him merrily in with the rest  
 Also remember the cities our colonies  
 outlying states in the east and the west  
 Scattered about to a distance surrounding us  
 these are our shreds and our fragments of wool  
 These to one mighty political aggregate  
 tenderly carefully gather and pull  
 Twining them all in one thread of good fellowship  
 thence a magnificent bobbin to spin  
 Weaving a garment of comfort and dignity  
 worthily wrapping the People therein  
*Ma* Heard any ever the like of their impudence  
 these who have nothing to do with the war  
 Preaching of bobbins and beatings and washing  
 tubs?  
*Ly* Nothing to do with it wretch that you are!  
 We are the people who feel it the keenest  
 doubly on us the affliction is cast  
 Where are the sons that we sent to your battle  
 fields?  
*Ma* Silence! a truce to the ills that are past  
*Ly* Then in the glory and grace of our woman  
 hood  
 all in the May and the morning of life  
 Lo we are sitting forlorn and disconsolate  
 what has a soldier to do with a wife?  
 He might endure it but ah! for the younger ones  
 still in their maiden apartments they stay  
 Waiting the husband that never approaches them  
 watching the years that are gliding away



Yea they'll build them fleets and navies  
 and they'll come across the sea  
 Come like Carian Artemista  
 fighting in their ships with me  
 Or they'll turn their first attention  
 haply to equestrian fights  
 If they do I know the issue  
 there's an end of all the knights!  
 Well a woman sticks on horseback  
 look around you see behold  
 Where on Micon's living frescoes  
 fight the Amazons of old!  
 Shall we let these wilful women

O my brothers do the same?  
 Rather first their necks we'll rivet  
 tightly in the pillory frame

*He seizes the neck of STRATYLLIS*  
*W Ch* If our smouldering fires we wake  
 Soon our wildbeast's rath will break  
 Out against you and we'll make

Make you howl to all your neighbours  
 curried and poor soul and tanned  
 Throw aside your mantles sisters  
 come a firm determined band  
 In the odour of your wrathful

snappish womanhood to stand  
 Who'll come forth and fight me? garlic  
 nevermore nor beans for him

Nav! if one sour word ye say  
 I'll be like the midwife beetle  
 Following till the eagle lay  
 Yea for you and yours I reck not

whilst my Lampito survives  
 And my noble dear Ismenia  
 loveliest of the Theban wives  
 Keep decreeing seven times over

not a bit of good you'll do  
 Wretch abhorred of all the people  
 and of all our neighbours too  
 So that when in Hecate's honour

yesterday I sent to get  
 From our neighbours in Boeotia

such a dainty darling pet  
 Just a lovely graceful slender

white-fleshed eel divinely tender  
 Thanks to your decrees confound them  
 one and all refused to send her  
 And you'll never stop from making

these absurd decrees I know  
 Till I catch your leg and toss you

—Zeus have mercy there you go!

*An interval of several days must here be supposed to elapse. The separation of the sexes has now become unsupportable to both parties and the only question is which side will hold out the longest. The chorus of women are alarmed at seeing LYSISTRATA come on the stage and walk up and down with an anxious and troubled air. The first twelve line of the dialogue which ensues are borrowed and burlesqued from Euripides.*

*W Ch* Illustrious leader of this bold emprise

What brings thee forth with trouble in thine eyes?

*Ly* Vile women's works the feminine hearts they show

These make me pace dejected to and fro

*W Ch* O what! and O what!

*Ly* 'Tis true! 'tis true!

*W Ch* O to your friends great queen the tale unfold

*Ly* 'Tis sad to tell and sore to leave untold

*W Ch* What what has happened? tell us tell us quick

*Ly* Aye in one word The girls are—husband sick

*W Ch* O Zeus! Zeus! O!

*Ly* Why call on Zeus? the fact is surely so

I can no longer keep the minxes in

They slip out everywhere One I discovered  
 Down by Pan's grotto burrowing through the  
 loophole

Another wriggling down by crane and pulley

A third deserts outright a fourth I dragged

Back by the hair yestreen just as she started

On sparrow's back straight for Orsilocheus

They make all sorts of shifts to get away

*A WOMAN is seen attempting to cross the stage*

Ha! here comes one deserting Hi there Hi!

Where are you off to?

*1st Woman (hurriedly)* I must just run home.

I left some fine Milesian wools about

I'm sure the moths are at them

*Ly* Moths indeed!

Get back

*1st W* But really I'll return directly

I only want to spread them on the couch

*Ly* No spreadings out no running home to-day

*1st W* What! leave my wools to perish?

*Ly* If need be

*A SECOND WOMAN now attempts to cross the stage*

*2nd W* O goodness gracious! O that lovely flax

I left at home unhackled!

*Ly* Here's another!

She's stealing off to hackle flax forsooth

*(to the SECOND WOMAN)*

Come come get back

*2nd W* O yes and so I will

I'll comb it out and come again directly

*Ly* Nay nay no combing once begin with that

And other girls are sure to wait the same

*Several women enter one after the other*

*3rd W* O holy Eleuthia stay my labour

Till I can reach some lawful travail place

*Ly* How now!

*3rd W* My pains are come

*Ly* Why yesterday

You were not pregnant

*3rd W* But to-day I am

Quick let me pass Lysistrata at once

To find a midwife

*Ly* What's it all about?

What's this hard lump?

*3rd W* That's a male child

*Ly* Not it

to me—mad of brass, and hollow too.  
Come, come, out with it. O you silly woman,  
Why call'st thou up the sacred helmet there  
As if you're present?

Ly Well, and so I am.

Ly What's this for then?

Ly Woe, if my pains undertake me.

Ly In trovulis, I'd creep in.

Ly And be there as the persons do.

Ly Vexing and stuff the thumbras plain as  
can be.

Ly And keep here the same-day of your—helmet.

Ly But I can't sleep, no! I wake up here,

Second I want to see the holy serpent.

Ly And I shall die for lack of rest. I know

What's the perpetual hooting of the owls.

Ly Obedient, ladies, cease these tricks, I pray

I want your husbands. And do you suppose

They don't wear it? Full wearisome I know

They ought to show us. O bear up, dear friends,

I can be patient, yet one little while.

Ly I can endure (here tis) which says

It's never to conquer if we hold together

Ly Down. O read us what it says.

Ly Then all keep silence.

Ly So in the shadows I see

Colours, and crouchings together

Ly the hoarings fit

and keeping aloof from the Looe birds,

Comes a rest from ill.

and Zeus the Lord of the Thunder

Ly through the upper to under

Ly Preserve us, shall we be the upper?

Ly Nay but if once they wrangle

and flitter away a discussion

Out of the Temple of God

then all shall see and acknowledge,

Verily a bird of the air

so perjured and frail as the swallow

Ly Now but that's plain enough. O all ye Gods,

Let us not flatter in our efforts to w

Comes in. O friends, O dearest friends,

Turned and shame: fail the oracle.

Ly Now, what's the story, we enter the scene

Ly The two choruses again and go in an

Ly The men begin.

Ly Now it's a little story

Fain, fain I grow

Once I heard when quite an urchin

Long long ago

How that once

All about the nuptial bed

From his home—Melanion fled

To the hills and deserts freed,

Keen to do

Wove his snares,

Set his nets,

Trapped his birds

Home he evermore would go,

He doted women so.

Was of Melanion mind,

He doted the womankind.

May.

Homers.

M

M

M

May I, mother, kiss your cheek?

Then you won't require a leek.

Hoist my leg and kick you, so?

Fi! I shall stalwart legs you show!

Just such stalwart legs and strong

Just such stalwart legs as these

To the noble chiefs belong

Phormio and Myronides.

It is now the women's turn. The two choruses are  
of course *antistrophic*.

Ly Ch Now to tell a little story

Fain fain am I

To your tale about Melanion

Take this reply

How that once

Saw a Timon, all forlorn,

Dwelt amongst the prickly thorn

Usage shrouded Fury born.

Dwelt alone,

Fraught

Curs'd men

Day by day

Never saw his home again,

Kept aloof from haunts of men

Hated men of old and new

Despised to all the womankind.

Shall I give you cheek a blow?

No, I thank you, no, no, no!

Hoist my foot and kick you too?

Fel what vulgar feet I see

Unear feet! absurd absurd

Don't such foolish things repeat

Never were upon my word

Timon told or little feet.

The two choruses now retire into the back  
ground and there is again a short pause. Sad  
denly the voice of LY SISTRATA is heard calling  
openly to her friends

Ly Ho, ladies! ladies! quick, this way this way!

1st Ly O what's the matter and what means that  
cry?

Ly A man! a man! I see man approaching.

Wild with desire beside himself with love.

1st Ly O lady of Cyprus, Paphos, and Cythera

Keep on, straight on, the way you're going now!

But where's this man?

Ly (pointing) Down there, b' Choe's chapel!

1st Ly O who he is whoever he be!

Ly Know you him, anyone?

My O yes, my dear

I know him. That's Cinesias, my husband

Ly O then it's ours to roast and boil him well

Coax him yet coax entice him.

Going all lengths, so what our Oath forbids.

My Ay ay trust me

Ly And I'll assist you, dear

I'll take my station here, and help befool

And roast our victim. All the rest retire.

The others retire leaving LY SISTRATA alone  
on the stage. CINESIAS approaches unperceived.

\*Demeter

Yea they'll build them fleets and navies  
 and they'll come across the sea  
 Come like Carian Artemisia  
 fighting in their ships with me  
 Or they'll turn their first attention  
 haply to equestrian fights  
 If they do I know the issue  
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3rd W O holy Eleithyia stay my labour

'Till I can reach some lawful travail place

Lj How now!

3rd W My pains are come

Lj Why yesterday

You were not pregnant

3rd W But to-day I am

Quick let me pass Lysistrata at once

To find a midwife

Lj What's it all about?

What's this hard lump?

3rd W

Lj

That's a male child

Not it





*Cinesias* O me! these pangs and paroxysms of love  
Riving my heart keen as a torturer's wheel!

*Ly* Who's this within the line of sentries?

*C* I

*Ly* A man?

*C* A man no doubt

*Ly* Then get you gone

*C* Who bids me go?

*Ly* I guard on outpost duty

*C* O call me out I pray you *Myrrhina*

*Ly* Call you out *Myrrhina*? And who are you?

*C* Why I'm her husband I'm *Cinesias*

*Ly* O welcome welcome dearest man your name

Is not unknown nor yet unhonoured here

Your wife for ever has it on her lips

She eats no egg no apple but she says

This to *Cinesias*!

*C* O good heaven! good heaven!

*Ly* She does indeed and if we ever chance

To talk of men she vows that all the rest

Are veriest trash beside *Cinesias*

*C* Ah! call her out

*Ly* And will you give me aught?

*C* O yes I'll give you anything I've got

*Gives money*

*Ly* Then I'll go down and call her

*Descends from the wall into the Acropolis*

*C* Pray be quick

I have no joy no happiness in life

Since she my darling left me When I enter

My vacant home I weep and all the world

Seems desolate and bare my very meals

Give me no joy now *Myrrhina* is gone

*My (within)* Ay ay I love I love him but he won't

Be loved by me call me not out to him

*As she speaks she appears on the wall*

*C* What mean you *Myrrhina* my sweet sweet love?

Do do come down

*My* No no sir not to you

*C* What won't you when I call you *Myrrhina*?

*My* Why though you call me yet you want me not

*C* Not want you *Myrrhina*? I'm dying for you

*My* Good bye

*C* Nay nay but listen to the child

At all events speak to *Mama* my child

*Child* *Mama! Mama! Mama!*

*C* Have you no feeling mother for your child  
Six days unwashed unsuckled?

*My* Ay tis I

That feel for baby tis *Papa* neglects him

*C* Come down and take him then?

*My* O what it is

To be a mother! I must needs go down

*She descends from the wall and four lines below  
reappears through the gate While she is gone  
CINESIAS speaks*

*C* She looks methinks more youthful than she did

More gently loving and more sweet by far  
Her very airs her petulant saucy ways

They do but make me love her love her more

*My* O my sweet child a naughty father's child

*Mama* s own darling let me kiss you pet

*C* Why treat me thus you baggage letting others

Lead you astray making me miserable

And yourself too?

*My* Hands off! don't touch me sir

*C* And all our household treasures yours and mine

Are gone to wrack and ruin

*My* I don't care

*C* Not care although the fowls are in the house

Pulling your threads to pieces?

*My* Not a bit

*C* Nor though the sacred rites of wedded love

Have been so long neglected? won't you come?

*My* No no I won't unless you stop the war

And all make friends

*C* Well then if such your will

We'll *en* do this

*My* Well then if such your will

I'll *en* come home but now I've sworn I won't

*C* Come to my arms do after all this time!

*My* No no—and yet I won't say I don't love you

*C* You love me? then come to my arms my dearie!

*My* You silly fellow and the baby here?

*C* O not at all—(to *slave*) here take the baby home

There now the baby's gone out of the way

Come to my arms!

*My* Good heavens where I ask you!

*C* *Pan*'s grotto will do nicely

*My* Oh indeed!

How shall I make me pure to ascend the Mount?

*C* Easy enough bathe in the *Clepsydra*

*My* I've sworn an oath and shall I break it man?

*C* On my head be it never mind the oath

*My* Well let me bring a pallet

*C* Not at all

The ground will do

*My* What—one so much to me?

I swear I'll never let you lie on the ground

*Exit MYRRHINA*

*C* The woman loves me, plain enough you see

*Enter MYRRHINA with pallet*

*My* There lie down do make haste I'll take my things off

But wait a minute I must find a mattress

*C* Bother the mattress not for me

*My* Why yes

It's nasty on the cords

*C* Give me a kiss

*My* There then

*C* Smack smack Come back look sharp about it

*Exit MYRRHINA and returns with mattress*

*My* There now lie down see I take off my things—

But wait a minute—what about a pillow?

G But I don't want a pillow  
 My I do, though  
 Exit MYRANNA  
 G A terrible sea of Barmecides!  
 My (return gush pillow) Up with your head  
 hop up!  
 G I've all I want.  
 My What all?  
 G Yes, all but you come here my precious!  
 My There goes the girdle. But remember now  
 You must not play me false about the pease.  
 G God damn me if I do!

My You have no more  
 G I am not a rug I want you in my arms.  
 My Oh all night you shall have me. I'll be quick  
 Exit MYRANNA  
 G She'll be the death of me with all these bed  
 I there!

My (return gush rug) Up now!  
 G I am up enough be sure of that  
 My Some nice sweet ointment?

G By Apollo, no!  
 My By Aphrodite! I'll say what you like  
 Exit MYRANNA

G Lord Zeus, I pray the ointment may be  
 split!

My (return gush ointment) Put out your hand,  
 take some ointment yourself!

G I swear this stuff is anything but sweet  
 The brand is Wait and see no more say so!  
 My How stupid! here I've bought the Rhodian  
 kind

G It's good enough my dear  
 My Rubbish good man!  
 Exit MYRANNA

G Permit me to take the man that first made  
 ointment!

My (return gush staff) Here I like this Bask-  
 G I'll all the flack I want

Come to my arms, you wretched creature! you  
 more than get, please!

My I will by Artemis.  
 G Go my shoes, at least. No wonder I do get,  
 You'll owe it to a pea, my dearest.

G Oh I'll see.  
 Exit MYRANNA

G The creature does to me, bamboozled me  
 Go off and let me in this wretched state.

What will become of me? what shall I do?  
 Rubbish! I'll be a cat!

What will be easy the orphan to handle?  
 Where Cylopes? where?

F'd me a nurse!  
 My Ch. Sh. I'll stop your curse

Oh I'm so sorry O'give I'll give  
 T'mo than a man can bear

N't soul, no loan not a heart in the ground  
 Came d' res hipa g's fidespair

G O Zeus, what pangs in throats! bear!  
 My Ch. All this woe has you hit, she  
 only the

Utterly but ful, th utterly vile.

My Ch. Not so but the darling the utterly sweet  
 Exit

My Ch. Sweet sweet do you call her? I'll vile  
 I repeat

Zeus, send me a storm and a whirlwind I pray  
 To whisk her away I like a bundle of hay

Up up to the infinite spaces  
 And toss her and swirl her and twist her and twist  
 her

Till, tattered and torn to the earth she is borne  
 To be crushed—in my ardent embraces.

Exit MYRANNA  
 Herald Whom shall a body find the Athenian senate  
 Or the grand lords? Ha! I'll tell you to tell

My News have you friend?  
 And what in the world are you?

He A herald bill of exchange Spartan haste  
 Come by the Two absent a Peace yet ken

My And so you come with a spear beneath your  
 arm!

He Na na na na  
 My Why do you turn away?

Why cast your cloak before you? Is your gown  
 A little swollen for the march?

He by Castor  
 Th. I'm a rogue

My Look at yourself you brute!  
 He There's naught am I'm don't play the fool

My Why then what's this?  
 He A Spartan letter staff

My (pointing himself)  
 Yes, it's a Spartan letter staff

Well and how late the Spartan? tell me that  
 And tell me truly for I know the fact

He They're bad enough they cannot well be wiser  
 They're the best of Spartans, allies, and a

My And how and whence arose this trouble first?  
 From Pan?

He Na na over Lampito, I ween,  
 First set it going then our huzzies, a

Run like runners at the signal word  
 Louget an' jibbed an' dang the men away

My How like ye that?  
 He Oh we're wretched wise

They're a beggarly business do, an' now  
 They'll be counting on the ladders

Th. a man Peace and the ugly on the War  
 My This plot they have everywhere been

hatching  
 These villainous women now I see it all

Run home my man and bid your people see  
 Ea. oys with absolute powers to treat I'll repeat

And I will do with all the speed I can  
 And get our Council here to do the same

He Abba! I'll see ye ere we meet I'm  
 the kin

Th. Herald leaves f. S. artize the LYSTRATA  
 returns to the Senate and the two CHORUSES

now and so forth I'll finish  
 My Ch. There is nothing so easy as

a woman in her life

*Cinesias* O me! these pangs and paroxysms of love  
Riving my heart keen as a torturer's wheel!

*Ly* Who's this within the line of sentries?

*C* I

*Ly* A man?

*C* A man, no doubt

*Ly* Then get you gone

*C* Who bids me go?

*Ly* I guard on outpost duty

*C* O call me out I pray you *Myrrhina*

*Ly* Call you out *Myrrhina*? And who are you?

*C* Why I'm her husband I'm *Cinesias*

*Ly* O welcome welcome dearest man your name

Is not unknown nor yet unhonoured here

Your wife for ever has it on her lips

She eats no egg no apple but she says

This to *Cinesias*!

*C* O good heaven! good heaven!

*Ly* She does indeed and if we ever chance

To talk of men she vows that all the rest

Are veriest trash beside *Cinesias*

*C* Ah! call her out

*Ly* And will you give me aught?

*C* O yes I'll give you anything I've got

*Ly* Then I'll go down and call her

*Descends from the u all into the Acropolis*

*C* Pray be quick

I have no joy no happiness in life

Since she my darling left me When I enter

My vacant home I weep and all the world

Seems desolate and bare my very meals

Give me no joy now *Myrrhina* is gone

*My (uithin)* Ay ay I love I love him but he

won't

Be loved by me call me not out to him

*As she speaks she appears on the u all*

*C* What mean you *Myrrhina* my sweet sweet

love?

Do do come down

*My* No no sir not to you

*C* What won't you when I call you *Myrrhina*?

*My* Why though you call me yet you want me

not

*C* Not want you *Myrrhina*? I'm dying for you

*My* Good bye

*C* Nay nay but listen to the child

At all events speak to Mama my child

*Child* Mama! Mama! Mama!

*C* Have you no feeling mother for your child

Six days unwashed unsuckled?

*My* Ay tis I

That feel for baby tis Papa neglects him

*C* Come down and take him then?

*My* O what it is

To be a mother! I must needs go down

*She descends from the u all and four lines below*

*reappears through the gate While she is gone*

*CINESIAS speaks.*

*C* She looks methinks, more youthful than she

did

More gentle loving and more sweet by far

Her very airs her petulant saucy ways

They do but make me love her love her more

*My* O my sweet child a naughty father's child

Mama's own darling let me kiss you pet

*C* Why treat me thus you baggage letting others

Lead you astray making me miserable

And yourself too?

*My* Hands off! don't touch me sir

*C* And all our household treasures yours and

mine

Are gone to wrack and ruin

*My* I don't care

*C* Not care although the fowls are in the house

Pulling your threads to pieces?

*My* Not a bit

*C* Not though the sacred rites of wedded love

Have been so long neglected? won't you come?

*My* No no I won't unless you stop the war

And all make friends

*C* Well then if such your will

We'll end this

*My* Well then if such your will

I'll end come home but now I've sworn I won't

*C* Come to my arms do after all this time!

*My* No no—and yet I won't say I don't love you

*C* You love me? then come to my arms my

dear!

*My* You silly fellow and the baby here?

*C* O not at all—(to *slave*) here take the baby

home

There now the baby's gone out of the way

Come to my arms!

*My* Good heavens where I ask you!

*C* Pan's grotto will do nicely

*My* Oh indeed!

How shall I make me pure to ascend the Mount?

*C* Easy enough bathe in the *Clepsydra*

*My* I've sworn an oath and shall I break it man?

*C* On my head be it never mind the oath

*My* Well let me bring a pallet

*C* Not at all

The ground will do

*My* What—one so much to me?

I swear I'll never let you lie on the ground

*Exit MYRRHINA*

*C* The woman loves me, plain enough you see

*Enter MYRRHINA with pallet*

*My* There lie down do make haste I'll take my

things off

But wait a minute I must find a mattress

*C* Bother the mattress not for me

*My* Why yes

It's nasty on the cords

*C* Give me a kiss

*My* There then

*C* Smack smack Come back look sharp about

it

*Exit MYRRHINA and returns with mattress*

*My* There now lie down see I take off my

things—

But wait a minute—what about a pillow?

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G. But I don't want a pillow  
My I do, though.  
Exit MYRRINA.

G. A venable feast of Barmecides!  
My (removing pillow) Up with your head  
hop up!

G. I've all I want.  
My What, a?

G. Yes, all but you come here my precious!  
My There goes the girdle. But remember now  
You must not play me false about the peace.  
G. God damn to it I do!

My You ha no ru  
G. I want no rug I want out in my arms.  
My Oh, all right, you shall have me I'll be quick.  
Exit MYRRINA.

G. She'll be the death of me with all these bed  
clothes!

My (removing rug) Up now!  
G. I'm p enough be sure of that.

My Some sure sweet ointment?  
G. By Apollo, no!

My By Aphrodite, yes! say what you like  
Exit MYRRINA.

G. Lord Zeus, I pray the ointment may be  
swift!

My (removing girth) Put out your hand,  
take some ointment yourself.

G. I swear this stuff a ything but sweet  
The brand is V and see no marriage smell!

My H w stupid! here I e brow hit the Rhodian  
kind.

G. It good enough, my dear  
My Rubbish, good man!

G. Perdition take the man that first made  
ointment!

My (removing with flask) Here take this flask.  
G. I all the flask I want.

Come to my arms, you wretched creature you!  
No more things, please!

My I will, by Artemis.  
Then go my shoes, at least now don't forget.

You'll go to e for peace, my dearest.  
Exit MYRRINA.

G. Oh, I'll we.

Th creature s don for m bamboozled me,  
Goose off and left m in this wretched cage.

What will become of me? whom shall I fondle.  
R bbed of th fairest fair?

Who'll be ready this orphan to dandle?  
Where Cyral pea? here?

My And m a urse!

My She left you curse.  
Oh I m so sorry O I giv re for ye,

Tis more than a man ca bear  
Not soul, not loan nor heart, not a soul,

Can endure such pangs of despair  
G. O Zeus, what pangs and throes I bear!

My All this woe she has wron hit you, she  
ool th

Utterly hateful, th utterly vile.

My Not so but the darling the utterly sweet  
Exit

My Sweet sweet do you call her? Vile vile  
I repeat

Zeus, send me a storm and a whirlwind I pray  
To whack her away like a bundle of hay

Up up to the infinite spaces,  
And toss her and swirl her and twirl her and twirl

her  
Till, tattered and torn to the earth she is borne,  
To be crushed—in m ardent embraces.

Exit MYRRINA.

My What shall a body fin the Athenian senate  
On the gran lands? Ha gotten news to tell.

Exit MYRRINA.

My News have you friend?  
And what in the world are you?

My A herald tells 't a Spartan herald  
Come by th Twa agent a Peace vaken

My And so you come with a sweat beneath your  
armpit!

My Na, not I  
My Why do you turn away?

Why cast your cloak before you? Is your gown  
A trifle swollen from the march?

My by Castor  
This looks a rouse

My Look at yourself, you brute!

My There taught amiss w me don't play the fool.

My Why then what a this?

My A Spartan letter-staff

Yes, this is a Spartan letter staff!

Well, and how fare the Spartans? tell me that  
And tell me true for I know the fact

My Then e bad enev h, th v canna weel be wait  
Then re our bered Spartans, allies an a

My And how and whence arose this trouble first?  
From Pan?

My Na, swee Lampito, I ween,  
First set it gangin th a our huzzes, a

Rann like rimmers tane signal word  
Loupit, an j bbed an dan the men awa

My How like ye that?

My Och we e in wae fu case.  
They stan abegh the ladies do, an ow

The Tno be couthy w the laddies maun  
Tilla mak Peace and throw hly en th War

My This is a plot they ha e every where been  
hatching

These villainous women now I see it il  
Run home, my man, and bid your people send

En ows with absolut powers to treat for peace,  
And I will fl with all the speed I can,

And get our Council h r i do the same  
My A but, I se fl ye rede m weel, I'm

thinkin  
The HER LD leaves for S arise the M CISTR. 72

comes to the Senz and the TWO CISOATSES  
now dance for fl. I storm h

My There is nothing so endless  
a woman in her ire,

She is wilder than a leopard

she is fiercer than a fire.

W Ch And yet you re so daft

as with women to contend

When tis in your power to win me

and have me as a friend

M Ch I ll never never cease

all women to detest

W Ch That s as you please hereafter

meanwhile you re all undressed

I really can t allow it

you are getting quite a joke

Permit me to approach you

and to put you on this cloak

M Ch Now that s not so bad

or unfriendly I declare

It was only from bad temper

that I stripped myself so bare

W Ch There now you look a man

and none will joke and jeer you

And if you weren t so spiteful

that no one can come near you

I d have pulled out the insect

that is sticking in your eye

M Ch Ay that is what s consuming me

that little biter fly

Yes scoop it out and show me

when you ve got him safe away

The plaguy little brute

he s been biting me all day

W Ch I ll do it sir I ll do it

but you re a cross one you

O Zeus! here s a monster

I am pulling forth to view

Just look! don t you think

us a Tricorysian gnat?

M Ch And he s been dig dig, digging

(so I thank you much for that)

Till the water now he s gone

keeps running from my eye

W Ch But although you ve been so naughty

I ll come and wipe it dry

And I ll kiss you

M Ch No not kiss me!

W Ch Will you mill you it must be

M Ch Get along a murrain on you

Tch! what coaxing rogues are yel

That was quite a true opinion

which a wise man gave about you

We can t live with such tormentors

no by Zeus nor yet without you

Now we ll make a faithful treaty

and for evermore agree

I will do no harm to women

they shall do no harm to me

Join our forces come along

one and all commence the song

*Joint Chorus*

Not to objugate and scold you

Not unpleasant truths to say

But with words and deeds of bounty

Come we here to-day

Ah enough of idle quarrels,

Now attend I pray

Now whoever wants some money

Minas two or minas three

Let them say so man and woman

Let them come with me

Many purses large and—empty

In my house they ll see

Only you must strictly promise

Only you indeed must say

That whenever Peace re greet us

You will—not repay

Some Carystian friends are coming

Pleasant gentlemen to dine

And I ve made some soup and slaughtered

Such a lovely swine

Luscious meat ye ll have and tender

At this feast of mine

Come along yourselves and children

Come to grace my board to-day

Take in early bath and deck you

In your best array

Then walk in and ask no questions

Take the readiest way

Come along like men of mettle

Come as though there all for you

Come you ll find my only entrance

Locked and bolted too

*The LACONIAN AMBASSADORS are seen approaching*

Lo here from Sparta the envoys come

in a pitiful plight they are hobbling in

Heavily hangs each reverend beard

heavily droops and trails from the chin

Laconian envoys! first I bid you welcome

And next I ask how goes the world with you?

*Enter LACONIAN AMBASSADORS*

Laconian I needna mony words to answer that!

Tis unco plain hoo the world gangs wi us

Ch Dear dear this trouble grows from bad to

worse

Lac Tis awfu bad tis nae gude talkin cummer

We maun hae peace whatever gaet we gang till

Ch And here good faith I see our own Autoch

thons

Bustling along They seem in trouble too

*The ATHENIAN AMBASSADORS enter*

Athenian Can some good soul inform me where

to find

Lysistrata? our men are (*struggling his shoulders*) as

you see

*He perceives the LACONIAN AMBASSADORS*

Ch Sure we are smitten with the same complaint

Say don t you get a fit the early morning?

At Why we are all worn out with doing this

So Cleisthenes will have to serve our turn

Unless we can procure a speedy peace

Ch If you are wise wrap up unless you wish

One of those Hermes choppers to catch sight o you

At Prudent advice by Zeus.

*Lac* *4 = by the Two*  
 Gave the cloth to set up ourselves.  
*Lac* Ah, Laconians! a bad business this.  
*Lac* Dend is a lover thou hast grown as waur  
 G as they see us too Ilarog like this.  
*Lac* Well, well, Laconians, come to facts at once  
 What brings you here?  
*Lac* We were envoys sent to clear  
 Aenta Peace.  
*Lac* Ah, just the same as we  
 Then let's stall out I vistrata at once  
 Then I suppose but she can make us friends again  
*Lac* 4 by the Two, as out Lystrata.  
*Lac* 4 here is no need it seems, to call.  
 She heard your voices, and she comes uncalled.  
*Lac* 4 *she comes forward attended by her hand*  
*maid, who carries a box*  
*Cl* O lady noblest! ad best of all!  
 arise, arise, and thyself reveal.  
*Cl* I, severe attracter of harsh,  
 well skilled in all our complexions to deal,  
 The art and foremost of H 4s come  
 that is to say by the charm of this spell-drawn  
 heel.  
 They come! There I adjust their clams,  
 disputes to settle and stripes to heal.  
*Lac* And no such mighty matter if you take them  
 I 4s first passion and unsatisfied  
 I'll try them now *Go, Reconciliation*  
 Bring those Laconians hither not with rude  
 Usual harshness hurry in them alone  
 Not in the awkward st 4s our husbands used  
 But in all tact, as only women can.  
 So now now bring me those 4th nuns too.  
 Now then, Laconians, stand beside me here,  
 And you stand there and listen to my words.  
 I am a woman, but I don't lack sense  
 For of myself not badly off for brains,  
 And ten listen to my father's words  
 And old men stalk. I not been badly schooled.  
 And now dear friends, I wish to chide you both  
 That ye all for blood 4s brethren speaking  
 The selfsame affairs from the selfsame la 4s  
 At Prue Pytho, and Olympia, a  
 And miss others which two 4s name  
 That ye H 4s—*with barbarian faces*  
 Armed look on—*I ght and then* H 4s  
 So far one command includes you both.  
*Lac* And I I find gain for love sweetheart  
*Lac* And I Laconians, for I'll turn in out,  
 Do we not mind how P n leads came  
 (His coat was scarlet but his cheeks were white)  
 And sat as plaintiff at Athenian altars  
 And begged for help? Two when Messe pressed  
 We he would down, and God great earthquake too.  
 And Camon went Athenian Camon went  
 R th his four thousand men and saved your State.  
 And e, whom Athens owed now return  
 A geth land which erst befriended you.  
 4. For Zeus th 4s wrong they wrong  
 I. strata.  
*Lac* O y we wrong burst a browane, he

*Lac* And you, Athenians, think ye that I mean  
 To let you off? Do ye not mind when ye  
 Wore skirts of hale how these Laconians came  
 And stood beside you in the fight alone  
 And slew full many a stout Thesalian trooper  
 Full many of H 4s friends and h 4s  
 And freed the State and gave your people back  
 The civic mantle for the servile skirt?  
*Lac* Dured a there e'er wear a bonnet I would  
 At H 4s goddess e'er saw so sweet a creature!  
*Lac* Such friends a foretime, h 4s, each the other  
 What is it makes you fit and ficker now?  
 Why can I've come to terms? Why can't ye be?  
*Lac* Truth an we're willing gin they give us back  
 You girdled neck.  
*Lac* What's that?  
*Lac* P h 4s, ye nunny  
 Whilk we've been a clinging an graspin for  
*Lac* 4s, by Poseidon but you won't get that  
*Lac* O let them have it man.  
*Lac* How can we stir  
 What about it?  
*Lac* Ask for something else instead  
*Lac* H 4s m'ha'let see suppose they give us back  
 Echynus first, then the full bonomed gulf  
 Of Mela, then the straight Meas e lumba.  
*Lac* Eh, mon, ye se fast ye'll no bae e'er ythir  
*Lac* O let it be don't wra gle about the l 4s.  
 4 I feds, I'd like to strip, and plough my feds  
*Lac* An I 4s brin the madden by the Two  
*Lac* All this ye'll do, when once ye come to term  
 So I've would go and consult to ether  
 And talk it over each with your allies.  
*Lac* Alas, as I shal how my good soul consider  
 What do they want? what can they want but this,  
 Their wives again?  
*Lac* The fiercest they was  
 H 4s m e I wem.  
*Lac* Nor my Carvians either  
*Lac* O that is well to purify yourself is  
 And in the Acropolis we'll feast you all  
 On what our cupboards still retain in store  
 Their each to other pl 4s your oath and troth  
 The every man recte e 4s a se again,  
 And hie off homeward  
*Lac* That we will and quickly  
*Lac* G on a se follow  
*Lac* As quick as quick,  
 LYS STRAT a dith MESS DOES GO  
 Chorus  
 Gorgeous robes and golden trimsets,  
 Shanks and mantles rich and rare  
 I will lend to all who need them,  
 Lend for youths to wear  
 Or if any covetous should hater  
 Would the Ba ket bear  
 One and all I here in vite you,  
 Freely I my goods ye tak  
 Nought is sealed so well, but boldly  
 Ye the seals may break,  
 And fall that lurk behind them,

Quick partition make  
Only if you find the treasures  
Only if the stores you spy  
You must have I tell you plainly  
Keener sight than I

Is there any man among you  
With a lot of children small  
With a crowd of hungry servants  
Starving in his hall?  
I have wheat to spare in plenty  
I will feed them all  
Loaves a quart apiece I'll give them  
Come along whoever will  
Bring your bags and bring your wallets  
For my slave to fill  
Manes he's the boy to pack them  
Tight and tighter still  
Only you must keep your distance  
Only you must needs take care  
Only—don't approach my doorway  
Ware the watch-dog ware!

*Some IDLERS come in from the market place and attempt to enter the house in which the AMBASSADORS are feasting*

1st Idler Open the door there ho!

Porter Be off you rascal!

1st Id What won't you stir? I've half a mind to roast you

All with this torch No that's a vulgar trick  
I won't do that Still if the audience wish it  
To please their tastes we'll undertake the task  
2nd Id And we with you will undertake the task  
Po Hang you be off! what are you at? you'll catch it

Come come begone that these Laconians here  
The banquet ended may depart in peace

*The banqueters begin to come out*

1st At Well if I ever saw a feast like this!  
What cheery fellows those Laconians were  
And we were wondrous witty in our cups  
2nd At Ay ay tis when we're sober we're so daff  
Now if the State would take a friend's advice  
T'would make its envoys always all get drunk  
When we go dry to Sparta all our aim  
Is just to see what mischief we can do  
We don't hear aught they say and we infer  
A heap of things they never said at all  
Then we bring home all sorts of differing tales  
Now everything gives pleasure if a man  
When he should sing Cleitagora strike up  
With Telamon's song we'd clap him on the back  
And say 'twas excellent ay and swear it too

*The IDLERS again approach*

Po Why bless the fellows here they come again  
Crowding along Be off you scoundrels will you?

1st Id By Zeus we must the guests are coming out

*The AMBASSADORS come out from the banquet*

Lac O love mine take up the pipes and blow  
An I see just dance and sing a canty song  
Anent the Athenians our ainsells too

At Ay by the Powers, take up the pipes and blow  
Eh but I dearly love to see you dance

Lac Stir Memory stir the chiefs  
We that auld sang o' thine  
Whilk lens what we an Attics did  
In the gran fechts lang syne

At Artemistum They  
A resolute an' strang  
Rushed daurly to the fray  
Hurthin like Cudes amang  
The summered ships an' put the Medes to rout  
An' Us Leonidas led out  
Like gruesome boars I ween  
Whettin' our tusks keen  
Muckle around the chaps was the white freath  
gleamin'  
Muckle adoon the legs was the white freath  
streamin'

For a unnumbered as the sands  
Were they thae Persian bands

O Artemis the pure the chaste  
The virgin Queller o' the beasts  
O come wi' power an' come wi' haste  
An' come to join our friendly feasts  
Come wi' thy stoutest tether  
To knit our souls thegither  
An' gie us Peace in store  
An' Love for evermore  
Far hence far hence depart  
The tod's deceitfu' heart!  
O virgin huntress pure an' chaste  
O come wi' power an' come wi' haste.

Lz There all is settled all arranged at last  
Now take your ladies you Laconians those  
And you take these then standing side by side,  
Each by his partner lead your dances out  
In grateful honour to the Gods and O  
Be sure you nevermore offend again

Gz Now for the choros the Graces the muses  
strelsy  
Call upon Artemis queen of the glade  
Call on her brother the Lord of festivity  
Holy and gentle one mighty maid  
Call upon Bacchus afire with his Maenads  
Call upon Zeus in the lightning arrayed  
Call on his queen ever blessed adorable  
Call on the holy infallible Witnesses,  
Call them to witness the peace and the harmony  
This which divine Aphrodite has made  
Albala! Lallala! Lallala! Lallala!  
Whoop for victory Lallalalal!  
Evai! Evai! Lallala! Lallala!  
Evai! Evai! Lallalal!

Our excellent new song is done  
Do you Laconian give us one

Let e Ta wety an quickly  
 H.ber Muse Lacedaean, com  
 H m m ch Gud o brau Am clae  
 Hymn Athana, Braven-dom  
 H m m th T ndards, fore er  
 Sportin by Eurotas ri r  
 Noo then, soo th tep began,  
 T alin licht th fleet skin  
 Sa we se join our bl thesome onces,  
 Praisn Sparta, loud an hin  
 Sparta wha f uld rejoices  
 In th Choral dance sa  
 O to watch her bonnie dochters  
 Sportalan Eurota waters!

Winsome feet fore ever flyin  
 Fleet as fill es, wild an gay  
 W m some tresses tossin flyin  
 As o B echarals at play  
 Leda s dochter on before us,  
 Pure an sprety guides the Chorus.  
 O ward go,  
 Wh h t our eager hand represses  
 A the glory o your tresses  
 Wh l t your ea er foot is seen in  
 Like the roe  
 Whil t our eager once is n gin  
 Praise to Her in m: ht excell n  
 Goddess o the Brazen Dacilin



# THE THESMOPHORIAZUSAE

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MNESILOCHUS

EURIPIDES

A SERVANT OF AGATHON

AGATHON

CRIERESS

WOMEN

CLEISTHENES

CRITYLLA

A POLICEMAN

A SCYTHIAN

ECHO

CHORUS OF THESMOPHORIAZUSAE

*Two elderly men are discovered when the Play opens pacing along an Athenian street. In one both by his gait and by his language we at once recognize a Philosopher and a Genius. His companion is a garrulous and cheery old man evidently tired out by a long promenade. They prove to be the poet EURIPIDES and MNESILOCHUS, his connexion by marriage in the translation inaccurately styled his cousin. The latter is the first to speak.*

*Mnesilochus:* Zeus! is the swallow *never* going to come?

Tramped up and down since day break! I can't stand it.

Might I before my winds *entirely* gone  
Ask where you're taking me, Euripides?

*Euripides:* You're not to hear the things which  
face to face

You're going to see

*Mn:* What! Please say that again

I'm not to hear?

*Eu:* The things which you shall see

*Mn:* And not to see?

*Eu:* The things which you shall hear

*Mn:* A pleasant jest! a mighty pleasant jest!

I'm not to hear or see it all, I see

*Eu:* (in high philosophic rhapsody)

To hear! to see! full different things I ween

Yea verily generically diverse

*Mn:* What's diverse?

*Eu:* I will explicate my meaning

When *Ether* first was mapped and parcelled out

And living creatures breathed and moved in her

She to give sight implanted in their heads

The Eye a mimic circlet of the Sun

And bored the funnel of the Ear to hear with

*Mn:* Did *she*? That's why I'm not to hear or see!

I'm very glad to get that information!

O what a thing it is to talk with Poets!

*Eu:* Much of such knowledge I shall give you

*Mn:* (involuntarily)

Then p'raps (excuse me) you will tell me how

Not to be lame to-morrow after this

*Eu:* (loftily disregarding the *innuendo*)

Come here and listen

*Mn* (courteously) Certainly I will

*Eu:* See you that wicket?

*Mn:* Why, by Heracles,

Of course I do

*Eu:* Be still

*Mn:* Be still the wicket?

*Eu:* And most attentive

*Mn:* Still attentive wicket?

*Eu:* There dwells observe the famous Agathon

The Tragic Poet

*Mn* (considering) Agathon Don't know him

*Eu:* He is that Agathon—

*Mn* (interrupting) Dark brawny fellow?

*Eu:* O no quite different don't you know him

really?

*Mn:* Big whiskered fellow?

*Eu:* Don't you know him really?

*Mn:* No (Thinks again) No I don't at least I

don't remember

*Eu:* (serenely) I fear there's much you don't

remember sir

But step aside I see his servant coming

See he has myrtles and a pan of coals

To pray methinks for favourable rhymes

*The two retire into the background. Agathon's*

*SERVANT enters from the house*

*Servant:* All people be still!

Allow not a word from your lips to be heard

For the Muses are here and are making their odes

In my Master's abodes

Let *Ether* be lulled and forgetful to blow

And the blue sea waves let them cease to flow

And be noiseless

*Mn:* Fudge!

*Eu:* Hush hush if you please

*Se:* Sleep birds of the air with your pinions at ease

Sleep beasts of the field with entranced feet

Sleep sleep and be still

*Mn:* Fudge fudge I repeat

*Se:* For the soft and the terse professor of verse

Our Agathon now is about to—

*Mn* (scandalized) No no!

*Se:* What's that?

*Mn:* 'Twas the *ether* forgetting to blow!

*Se:* (beginning pettishly but soon falling back into his former tone)

to say he is gone to law  
 And with the scaffolds for bundling a plea  
 And on the benches, and sweetly he glows

And a proverb he takes, and an epithet makes.  
 And he reveals a most waxes and delicate son,  
 And he reveals, and reveals, and—

Does what is wrong  
 So why down have we here so close to our

My wife, one who will take you and him, by your  
 leaves.

Both you and your true professor of error  
 And with the oars and with knocks set you both on  
 the stocks.

And with the oars and pummed, and worse  
 So did you must have been a rare part

But quickly call for out  
 Your master Agathon do for make haste.  
 So a need of prayer he is come forth

He is cold and in the cold hard winter  
 He is not turn, and twist, and hope his strophes  
 They are warmed and so tested in the sun

Thy star goes back into the house  
 My And what am I to do?

You are to keep quiet  
 O Zen! the Hour is come, and is the Man  
 My O what is the matter? what disturbs you so?

I tell you what I really want to know  
 Come, I'm your cousin won't you tell your cousin?  
 Is there a great danger between us for my life  
 I O, tell your cousin what.

This hour decides  
 Whether Eurycles shall be a or a...

My Wife how that there is no tribunal with  
 No Court, no Council, will be held to-day  
 The Mid East, the third Horse Festival.

Is it is it is I wish enough to water it  
 For on this day the womanland has sworn  
 To hold great assembly to discuss  
 How best to serve me out.

Good gracious! Why?  
 Is it with them a surprise for a and tomorrow?  
 Because, then is I will lay upon them.

My Zeus and Poseidon! Let me well say that.  
 I tell your cousin what you need to do.  
 Is I want to get the poet Agathon

To reason them.  
 My Tell your cousin why  
 Is I want to be in the Assembly perhaps to speak  
 On my behalf.

What, open do you mean?  
 Is O no, disguised dressed up in women's  
 clothes.

My A bright idea that and worth you  
 For in all creatures we take the case—

Because it is very common in ancient literature,  
 person of one room house is here a needed  
 form and, turning from us as to do it or  
 the manner of an entrance. The poet is dis-

covered, surrounded by the most effeminate  
 ladies and in the act of writing a tragic part  
 He has just commenced, and is now about to  
 recite a little lyrical dialogue between his  
 Chorus and one of his actors.

Ex O husband!

My What now?

Ex Here is Agathon himself.

My Where? Which?

Ex Why there the man in the machine

My O dear what art thou? Am I growing blind?

I see Cyrene but I see no man

Ex Do pray be alert I just got to sing  
 My I with Pathway of the Ants, or what?  
 My I with Pathway of the Ants, or what?

My I with Pathway of the Ants, or what?  
 My I with Pathway of the Ants, or what?

My I with Pathway of the Ants, or what?  
 My I with Pathway of the Ants, or what?

(Chorus) Whose the song of frugal praise?  
 Ours to us, we are realists  
 E'en more our hearts to raise

(Actor) Ours of Leto, song of Thee too,  
 Archer of the golden bow  
 Bright Apollo, in the hollow  
 Gables where Ilia is thy bow  
 Bundled bound, golden ro.

(Chorus) Raise the music softly swelling  
 To the fame of Leto name  
 To the God in song excellently  
 But hark! of all there be  
 Gilding gifts of moisture live

(Actor) Sing the maiden, queen or laden,  
 From the wood and oaks evergreen,  
 Hushed shades of mountain glades,  
 Artemis, the ether virgin.

(Chorus) We rejoice, heart and voice,  
 Hymn a praising gentle phrasing,  
 Her the maiden quiver laden.

(Actor) Soft pulsation of the human  
 Lyre, to which the dancers go,  
 When the heart and holy Graces  
 Weave their wondrous whirlwinds,  
 Phrygian measure, to and fro.

(Chorus) Live! Eliza, hear only more,  
 When the heart and holy Graces  
 Comes the light of joy and gladness  
 Flashes from immortal eyes,  
 Eyes will gladden, ears will listen,  
 When our manifold numbers ring  
 My dear master Son of Leto,  
 Thus, the glory Thou the Lyre.

My Wonderful! Wonderful!  
 How sweet, how soft, how ringing the strain!  
 What melior word I heard as I heard them sing  
 Ye amorous flowers, there are upon my soul  
 A pleasant dreamy & pitious situation  
 And now dear youth, for I would question thee

And sift thee with the words of Aeschylus  
 Whence art thou what thy country what thy garb?  
 Why all this wondrous medley? Lyre and silks  
 A minstrel's lute a maiden's netted hair  
 Girdle and wrestler's oil! a strange conjunction  
 How comes a sword beside a looking glass?  
 What art thou man or woman? If a man  
 Where are his clothes? his red Laconian shoes?  
 If woman tis not like a woman's shape  
 What art thou speak or if thou tell me not  
 Myself must guess thy gender from thy song  
*Ag* Old man old man my ears receive the words  
 Of your tongue's utterance yet I heed them not  
 I choose my dress to suit my poesy  
 A poet sir must needs adapt his ways  
 To the high thoughts which animate his soul  
 And when he sings of women he assumes  
 A woman's garb and dons a woman's habits

*Mn* (*aside to EURIPIDES*) When you wrote  
 Phaedra did you take her habits?  
*Ag* But when he sings of men his whole appear-  
 ance

Conforms to man What nature gives us not  
 The human soul aspires to imitate  
*Mn* (*as before*) Zounds if I'd seen you when you  
 wrote the Satyrsl

*Ag* Besides a poet never should be rough  
 Or harsh or rugged Witness to my words  
 Anacreon Alcaeus Ibycus  
 Who when they filtered and diluted song  
 Wore soft Ionian manners and attire  
 And Phrynichus perhaps you have seen him sir  
 How fair he was and beautifully dressed  
 Therefore his plays were beautifully fair  
 For as the Worker so the Work will be

*Mn* Then that is why harsh Philocles writes  
 harshly

And that is why vile Xenocles writes vilely  
 And cold Theognis writes such frigid plays

*Ag* Yes that is why And I perceiving this  
 Made myself womanlike

*Mn* My goodness how?

*Ag* O stop that yapping in my youthful days  
 I too was such another one as he

*Mn* Good gracious! I don't envy you your school-  
 ing

*Eu* (*sharply*) Pray let us come to business sir  
*Mn* Say on

*Eu* A wise man Agathon compacts his words  
 And many thoughts compresses into few  
 So in my extremity am come  
 To ask a favour of you

*Ag* Tell me what  
*Eu* The womankind at their Home feast to-day  
 Are going to pay me out for my lampoons

*Ag* That's bid indeed but how can I assist you?

*Eu* Why every way If you'll disguise yourself  
 And sit among them like a woman born

And plead my cause you'll surely get me off  
 There's none but you to whom I dare entrust it

*Ag* Why don't you go yourself and plead your  
 cause?

*Eu* I'll tell you why They know me well by  
 sight

And I am grey you see and bearded too  
 But you've a baby face a treble voice  
 A fair complexion pretty smooth and soft  
*Ag* Euripides!

*Eu* Yes

*Ag* Wasn't it you who wrote  
 You value life do you think your father  
 doesn't?

*Eu* It was what then?

*Ag* Expect not me to bear  
 Your burdens that were foolishness indeed  
 Each man must bear his sorrows for himself  
 And troubles when they come must needs be met  
 By manifold acts and not by shifty tricks

*Mn* Aye true for you your wicked ways are  
 shown

By sinful acts and not by words alone

*Eu* But tell me really why you fear to go

*Ag* They'd serve me worse than you

*Eu* How so?

*Ag* How so?

I'm too much like a woman and they'd think

That I was come to poach on their preserves

*Mn* Well I must say that's not a bad excuse

*Eu* Then won't you really help?

*Ag* I really won't

*Eu* Thrice luckless I! Euripides is done for!

*Mn* O friend! O cousin! don't lose heart like this

*Eu* Whatever can I do?

*Mn* Bid him go hang!

See here am I deal with me as you please

*Eu* (*striking while the iron is hot*)

Well if you'll really give yourself to me

First throw aside this overcloak

*Mn* 'Tis done

But how are you going to treat me?

*Eu* Shave you here

And singe you down below

*Mn* (*magnanimously*) Well do your worst

I've said you may and I'll go through with it

*Eu* You've always Agathon got a razor handy

Lend us one will you?

*Ag* Take one for yourself

Out of the razor case

*Eu* Obliging youth!

(*TO MNEILOCHOS*) Now sit you down (*MNEILO-  
 CHOS seats himself in a chair*) and puff your  
 right cheek out

*Mn* Oh!

*Eu* What's the matter? Shut your mouth or else

I'll clap a gag in

*Mn* Lackalackaday!

*He jumps up and runs away*

*Eu* Where are you fleeing?

*Mn* To sanctuary!

Shall I sit quiet to be hacked like that?

Demeter no!

*Eu* Think how absurd you'll look

With one cheek shaven and the other not

*Mn* (*doggedly*) Well I don't care

## THE THESMOPHORIAZUSAE

217-256

O by the Gods, come back.

Ex. Pray don't forsake me.

Mn. Miserable me!

Hecates has sat at our o goes on with the sharing

Ex. Sit steady raise your chin don't wriggle so.

Mn. (sings) O tcha, tcha tchal

Ex. There there it's over now

Mn. And I'm, worse luck, a Ruffed Volunteer

Ex. Well, be er mind you're looking beautiful.

Gh— in this mirror

Mn. Well then, hand it here

Ex. What see you there?

Mn. (in disgust) Not me but Cleisthenes.

Ex. Get p bend forward I e to nudge you now

Mn. O me, you'll scald m like a sucking pig

Ex. Someone within there bring me out a torch

Now then, stoop forward gently mind yourself.

Mn. I'll see to that. H y I'll ve caught fire there.

H y!

O water! water! nee h hours, bring your buckets.

Fire! Fire! I t ll you I m on fire, I am!

Ex. There, it's all right

Mn. All right when I m a cinder?

Ex. Well, well, the worst is o er tis indeed

It won't pain now

Mn. F u h her s a smell f burning!

Dad t, I'm roasted all about the stern

Ex. N y bred it not I'll ha e t spoon ed directly

Mn. I'd lik e to catch a f llow spooning me

Ex. Thou h you begrud e your acts e personal and

Yet, Agathon, you won't refuse to lend us

A dress and sash you can t d ny you e got them

Ag. Take them, and welcome. I begrudge them not.

M. What's first to do?

Ex. Put on this y llow silk

M. By Aphrodite but tis wondrous nice

Ex. Gird it up tighter

Mn. Where's the girdle?

Ex. Here.

Mn. Make t ut neatly there bout the legs.

Ex. Now for a smood nd hair net

Ag. Will this do?

It's quit natty handress it my nightcap

Ex. Th ry chin futh th ery th

Mn. Does it look well?

Ex. Zew I I should think t dad!

N w! t mantle.

Ag. T'ke on from th couch.

Ex. A pair f woman's shoes.

Ag. W ll here are mine.

M. Do they look well?

Ex. Th v re loose nou h, I crow

Ag. You see to that I e lent you all you need

Will someone ck ndly wh t me n again?

Agathon's parment with AGATHON m it is

wheeled back ont the ho se e at m's nd

Mn. Look ont left st nd y on the stag

Ex. turns m's CROCUS round nd

nods him with complacency

Ex. There then, th man a regular m man now

At least to look at and if you ve to speak

Put on a femm ne miming voice

M. (m a shrill treble) I ll try

Ex. And now begone and prosper

M. Wait a bit.

Not till you e sworn—

Ex. Sworn what?

Mn. That if I get

In any scrape you'll sur ly see me through.

Ex. I swear by Ether Zeus s dwell g place.

M. As well by the Hippocrates s cabin

Ex. W ll th n I swear by e ery blessed God

M. And please remember twas your mind that

swore

Not your tongue only please remember that

The background of the scene opens and a large balcony is pushed forward upon the stage representing the Thesmophorium or Temple of the Home gods. The Athenian ladies who form the chorus of the play are seen a few lines later through the orchestra to assist in the solemnities of the festival, and to take part in the Assembly they are about to hold. The air above them is thick with the smoke of the torches they are bearing in their hands at 101 v sth k us met make himself scarce Mnesocleus assumes the disguise of a treble voice of a Athenian matron talks of an imaginary maid here s

Ex. O g t u gone for ther s the signal hoisted

O er th Temple the reassembling now

I think I'll ea e you.

M. Thratta, come along

O Thratta Thratta here s a lot of w men

Come g up here! O what a fla of t riches!

O sweet Twain goddesses, ouchafe me now

A pleas t day and eke safe return.

Set down the bask t Thratta give me out

The sacred cake to offe to the Twain.

O dread Dem ter high unearthly one,

O Persephassa grant your oldest grace

T join n ma y festi als like this,

Or f n t so, at least escape this once

And may my daughter by your leaves, pick up

A wealthy husband nd a fool's boot

And little Bull-calf have h share f brains.

N w then I wonder wh ch t the best place

To bet the peaches? Thratta you may go

The officials now take their places and the Assembly at once begins.

These s c not th ngs fo servant g ls to hear

Grier s W ldlv clamour

Pass away!

Sil ce Silence,

Whd we pray

To th Twain, the H me bestowers,

Holy Parent holy Da ghter

And to Wealth and Hea only Beauty

And to Earth the foster mother

And to He mes and the Graces,

That they to this important h h debate

Grant f our and success.

Making it useful to the Athenian State  
And to ourselves no less  
And O that she who counsels best to-day  
About the Athenian nation  
And our own commonwealth of women may  
Succeed by acclamation  
These things we pray and blessings on our cause  
Sing Paeon Paeon hoi with merry loud applause

*Chorus* We in thy prayers combine  
And we trust the Powers Divine  
Will on these their suppliants smile  
Both Zeus the high and awful  
And the golden lyred Apollo  
From the holy Delian isle  
And thou our Mighty Maiden  
Lance of gold and eye of blue  
Of the God contested city  
Help us too  
And the many named the Huntress  
Gold-fronted Leto's daughter  
And the dread Poseidon ruling  
Over Ocean's stormy water  
Come from the deep where fishes  
Swarm and the whirlwinds rave  
And the Oreads of the mountain  
And the Nereids of the wave  
Let the Golden Harp sound in us  
And the Gods with favour crown  
This Parliament of Women  
The free and noble matrons  
Of the old Athenian town

*Cr.* O yes! O yes!  
Pray ye the Olympian Gods—and Goddesses  
And all the Pythian Gods—and Goddesses  
And all the Delian Gods—and Goddesses  
And all the other Gods—and Goddesses  
Whoso is disaffected ill-disposed  
Towards this commonwealth of womankind  
Or with Euripides or with the Medes  
Deals to the common hurt of womankind  
Or aims at tyranny or fain would bring  
The Tyrant back or dures betray a wife  
For palming off a baby as her own  
Or tells her master tales against her mistress  
Or does not bear a message faithfully  
Or being a suitor makes a vow and then  
Fails to perform or being a rich old woman  
Hires for herself a lover with her wealth  
Or being a girl takes gifts and cheats the giver  
Or being a trading man or trading woman  
Gives us short measure in our drinking cups  
Perish that man himself and all his house  
But pray the Gods—and Goddesses—to order  
To all the women always all things well

*Ch.* We also pray  
And trust it may  
Be done as thou premisest  
And hope that they  
Will win the day  
Whose words are best and wisest.  
But they who fain  
Would cheat for gain,

Their solemn oaths forgetting  
Our ancient laws  
And noble cause  
And mystic rites upsetting  
Who plot for greed  
Who call the Mede  
With secret invitation  
I say that these  
The Gods displease  
And wrong the Athenian nation  
O Zeus most high  
In earth and sky  
All powerful all commanding  
We pray to Thee  
Weak women we  
But help us notwithstanding  
*Cr.* O yes! O yes! The Women's Council Board  
Hath thus enacted (moved by Sostrata  
President Timocleia clerk Lysilla)  
To hold a morning Parliament to-day  
When women most have leisure to discuss  
What shall be done about Euripides  
How best to serve him out for that he's guilty  
We all admit Who will address the meeting?  
*1st Woman* I wish to I  
*Cr.* Put on this chaplet first  
Order! Order! Silence ladies if you please  
She's learnt the trick she hems and haws  
she coughs in preparation  
I know the signs my soul divines  
a mighty long oration  
*1st W.* 'Tis not from any feeling of ambition  
I rise to address you ladies but because  
I long have seen and inly burned to see  
The way Euripides insults us all  
The really quite interminable scoffs  
This market gardener's son pours out against us  
I don't believe that there's a single fault  
He's not accused us of I don't believe  
That there's a single theatre or stage  
But there's he calling us double-dealers  
False faithless uppling mischief making gossip  
A rotten set a misery to men  
Well what's the consequence?

The men come home  
Looking so sour—O we can see them peeping  
In every closet thinking friends are there  
Upon my word we can't do anything  
We used to do he has made the men so silly  
Suppose I'm hard at work upon a chaplet  
Hey she's in love with somebody suppose  
I chance to drop a petcher on the floor  
And straightway tis For whom was that intended?  
I warrant now for our Corinthian friend  
Is a girl ill? Her brother shakes his head  
The girl's complexion is not to my taste  
Why if you merely want to hire a baby  
And palm it off as yours you've got no chance  
They sit beside our very beds they do  
Then there's another thing the rich old men  
Who used to marry us are grown so shy  
We never catch them now and all because

Ereides declares, the scandalous  
 1. Alas! what art not a wife?  
 You know my art, how they mow us up  
 C—dow on women's room, th' brats and seals  
 To force Maecenas down. That's all his doing  
 A mischief to, with that but O'm friends,  
 O! Be special perquisites, the corn,  
 For we th' all poor good all good fore'er  
 There is no such keva, our hu' band has e, such

Lucius made, with triple rows of teeth  
 Then in old times we only had to buy  
 A—dow on the pantry doors flew open.  
 P—dow on the wretch Euripides has made them  
 Was such worm-eaten perforated seals,  
 T' breeches now it is. Ther' fore, ladies,  
 What I propose is that we let the man,  
 Either by poison or some other way  
 Somehow or other h—dow on the death.  
 That all I'll say in public I'll write out  
 A formal motion with the clerk's there  
 O! Good heavens! what force and tact combined!  
 O! In a manner we are m—d!  
 A better speech, poor old word  
 I don't believe I e heard.  
 Her tho' is so less discreet,  
 Her ord so we selected,  
 Such keen discrimination,  
 Such power and levitation  
 Truly really quite a grand, superb

magnificent oration.

So last if, in opposition,

Nenocles came forth to speak.

Compared with her

You'd all a—d

As his grandest, his very finest

are immeasurably weak!

2. If you, Ladies, I e only few word to add.

I quit—free with th' honourable lad

Who has just sat down she has spoken well and

able

III I can tell you what I born in self.

My husband died in C—prus, let us me

F—dow on chicks! work and labour for

I drove in best and had s the best but still

I led them w—dow on chap for the Gods

But now this fellow writes his pla—dow on us

There are no Gods and no, our r—dow on depend

My trade is fallen! but men won't b chaplets.

So then for man, even h must die

The man is better than his mother's potherbs.

Let us cause with you, my sisters I

Am—dow on way on urgent p—dow on business.

An order just rec'd, for two t chap's is.

O! Be it said bet or till.

A brother—dow on, danger skill.

With her words, and f—dow on

Well timed and spoken too.

A ma—dow on even mind the too has go. I find

And h—dow on must clear!

This fiscal man, be m—dow on most severe ly

The motion for putting NENOCLES to death lost.

It was proposed and seconded  
 Mrs. Speaker did not speak in opposition.

4. Mrs. Speaker did not.

I am not surprised of course I am not surprised  
 To find you all so a—dow on and gene ed  
 At what Eurydes has said again to us.  
 For I myself—er she my babies I—dow on  
 Hate him like poison to be sure I do  
 Life's most precious I admit he is.  
 But now we're all a—dow on there's no reporter  
 All among friends, who not be fair and candid?  
 Grant that if e man has recall found us out  
 And told a thing or two, sure if e're all true  
 And there a man thousand told behind  
 For I'm well, to mention no one else  
 Could'st you a thousand plays tricks I played  
 On my poor husband I'll just mention one  
 We'd been but three days married I'm afraid,  
 Husband awoke beside me when m—dow on to er  
 (I'd been familiar with him from a child)  
 Came soft scratchin' at the outer door  
 I hear like w—the little cat's ground"  
 And rose up stealthily to creep down to us.  
 Where go you, pray?" says husband Where?"

say I  
 I e such dreadful pain in my mind  
 I must go down this instant "Go," says he.  
 11 pounds has an se j per and were  
 To still my pain I seize the water jug  
 And wet the hair to still its creaking noise,  
 Then open, and go out and I and lover  
 Meet b—dow on Ag—dow on and his laurel shade  
 Billing and cooing to our hearts content  
 (If character) Euripides has never found out  
 that.

Nor how wife contrived to smuggle out  
 Her frightened lover bold as up her shawl  
 To the sun—dow on for husband to admire  
 Nor how we gra—dow on four's ours to bargains  
 And mul teers, no one else we e got  
 Nor how arms g from night's d—dow on  
 We chew our ga—dow on, that our hu' bands, come g  
 Back from the walls to d—dow on break, may suspect  
 Nothing was at home Then what's the odds  
 If he does rail t Phaedra? Let him rail.  
 What that to us Let him rail on, so I.  
 Phaedra indeed! He must come near or home.  
 I knew a woman I won't mention names.  
 Remained ten days in childbirth. Why do you  
 think?

Because she couldn't buy a baby sooner  
 Her husband runs t every medicine man  
 In d—dow on cadful imitation while h—dow on  
 Th' v being a little baby's a baby let  
 Bump—dow on is mouth up that t—dow on t cry out,  
 And stow t self away till he comes home.  
 Then t—dow on a—dow on h the feet! says,

My time is com—dow on please, husband go away!"

11 goes there oven basket bab cries.

O what deli—dow on his prize, congratulation!

The man runs in the nurse comes running out

(The same that brought the baby in the basket)

A prodigy! a Lion! such a boy!  
 Your form your features just the same expression  
 Your very image lucky lucky man!  
 Don't we do this? By Artemis we do  
 Then wherefore rail we at Euripides?  
 We're not one but more sinned against than sinning  
*Ch* What a monstrous strange proceeding!  
 Whence I wonder comes her breeding?  
 From what country shall we seek her  
 Such a bold audacious speaker?  
 That a woman so should wrong us  
 Here among us here among us  
 I could never have believed it

such a thing was never known  
 But what *may* be no man knoweth  
 And the wise old proverb sheweth  
 That perchance a poisonous sophist  
 lurketh under every stone  
 O nothing nothing in the world

so hateful you will find  
 As shameless women save of course  
 the rest of womankind  
*1st W* What can possess us sisters mine?

I vow by old Agaulus  
 We're all bewitched or else have had  
 some strange mischance befall us  
 To let this shameless hussy tell  
 her shameful bold improper

Unpleasant tales and we not make  
 the least attempt to stop her  
 If anyone assist me good if not alone we'll try  
 We'll strip and whip her well we will

my serving maids and I  
*Mn* Not strip me gentle ladies sure  
 I heard the proclamation

That every freeborn woman now  
 might make a free oration  
 And if I spoke unpleasant truths

on this your invitation  
 Is that a reason why I now  
 should suffer castigation?

*1st W* It is indeed how dare you plead  
 for him who always chooses  
 Such odious subjects for his plays  
 on purpose to abuse us?

Phaedras and Melanippes too  
 but ne'er a drama made he  
 About the good Penelope

or such like virtuous lady  
*Mn* The cause I know the cause I'll show  
 you won't discover any

Penelope alive to-day but Phaedras very many  
*1st W* You will? you dare? how can we bear  
 to hear such things repeated

Such horrid dreadful odious things?  
*Mn* O I've not near completed  
 The things I know I'll give the whole

I'm not disposed to grudge it  
*1st W* You can't I vow you've emptied now  
 your whole disgusting budget

*Mn* No not one thousandth part I've told  
 not even how we take

The scraper from the bathing room  
 and down the corn we rake  
 And push it in and tap the bin  
*1st W* Confound you and your slanders!  
*Mn* Nor how the Apaturian meat  
 we steal to give our panders,

And then declare the cat was there  
*1st W* You nasty telltale you!  
*Mn* Nor how with deadly axe a wife  
 her lord and master slew

Another drove her husband mad  
 with poisonous drugs fallacious  
 Nor how beneath the reservoir  
 the Acharnian girl—  
 Good gracious!

*Mn* Buried her father out of sight  
*1st W* Now really this won't do  
*Mn* Nor how when late your servant bare  
 a child as well as you

You took her boy and in his stead  
 your puling girl you gave her  
*1st W* O by the Two! this jade shall rue  
 her insolent behaviour

I'll comb your fleece you saucy minx  
*Mn* By Zeus you had best begin it  
*1st W* Come on!

*Mn* Come on!  
*1st W* You will? you will?  
 (*Flung her upper mantle to PHILISTA*)

Hold this my dear a minute  
*Mn* Stand off or else by Artemis  
 I'll give you such a strumming—

*Ch* For pity's sake be silent there  
 I see a woman coming

Who looks as if she'd news to tell  
 Now prithee both be quiet  
 And let us hear the tale she brings  
 without this awful riot

*Enter CLEISTHENES dressed as a woman*  
*Cleisthenes* Dear ladies I am one with you in  
 heart

My cheeks unfledged bear witness to my love  
 I am your patron aye and devotee  
 And now for lately in the market place  
 I heard a rumour touching you and yours  
 I come to warn and put you on your guard  
 Lest this great danger take you unawares

*Ch* What now my child? for we may call thee  
 child

So soft and smooth and downy are thy cheeks  
*Cl* Euripides they say has sent a cousin  
 A bad old man amongst you here to-day

*Ch* O why and wherefore and with what design?  
*Cl* To be a spy a horrid treacherous spy  
 A spy on all your purposes and plans

*Ch* O how should he be here, and we not know  
 it?

*Cl* Euripides has tweezered him and singed  
 him  
 And dressed him up disguised in women's clothes

<sup>1</sup>Demeter and Persephone

1) (singing about with a lively recollection of his recent sufferings)

I don't believe it not one word of it

2) A man would let himself be sweetened so.

3) God-fearing, I don't believe there's one

4) Nonsense! In it should have come here at

had it on the best authority

5) This is most important piece of news.

6) Take immediate steps to clear this up

7) Search him out we'll find his lurking place

8) And if we catch him? or if the rascal man

9) You kind gentleman, ask it the search?

10) Give us fresh cause to thank you patron muse

11) (to first woman) Well, who are you?

12) (same) Where'er can I flee?

13) I'll find him, trust me

14) (aside) Here's a precious scrap!

15) Who's I?

16) Yes, you.

17) Cleonimus a fe.

18) Do you know her ladies? Is she speaking truth?

19) O yes, we know her past to someone else

20) Who's this young person with the baby he?

21) O the same, my friend

22) (same) Here he comes! I'm done for

23) Her! where's she off to? St. n! Why what

24) mischief!

25) (same to Cleonimus) Yes, ask her well

26) discover who she is

27) We know the thing, but Cleonimus knows it

28) Come, come, no bluff! madam, turn it away

29) (first) Don't push me! I'm poor!

30) Please! tell me

31) Your husband's name.

32) My husband's name? my husband?

33) Why? What'd call him from Cothocum?

34) Eh, but (Cleonimus)

35) There was What'd recall him once—

36) My He's Who'd ye-call it, son

37) You're trailing with me

38) Have you been here before?

39) O bless you, yes.

40) Every year

41) And with what tent-companion

42) With What's her name

43) This is sheer old's g. woman.

44) (to Cleonimus) Step back, sir, please,

45) and let me question her

46) On last ear niter! little further please

47) Now must listen now

48) (T. to Cleonimus) Now strange tell me

49) What first we practised on that hot day

50) My Bless me, what was it? First what first we—

51) drink.

52) Right, what was second?

53) Second? Drink again.

54) Somebody's told you lies. But what was

55) third?

56) Well, Lord, Xen. had drop too much

57) Ah, that was I do. Here, Cleonimus,

58) approach.

59) This is the way for certain.

60

Bring him up

61) A EULOCHE is seized carried before a jury of  
patrons a d. proton ced a man! A general  
uproar ensues

62) Strip off his clothes! for there's no truth in  
him

63) What! strip the mother of a ne little ones?

64) Loosen that belt! look sharp! you shameless  
thun

65) She does appear a stout and sturdy one

66) Upon my word she has no breath! let ours.

67) Because I'm barren, ne'er had a child

68) Yes, but then you had nine little ones!

69) Stand up and show yourself. See! he's a man!

70) O this sabbath you mocked and jeered us

71) so!

72) And da'ed defend Euripides like that!

73) O illun villain

74) Miserable me!

75) I've put my foot in it and no more take.

76) What shall we do with him?

77) Surround him here

78) And watch him shrewdly that he scape you not

79) I'll go at once and summon the police

80) CLEISTHES is goes out

Chorus

81) Light we our torches, my sisters,

82) and ma' full girding our robes,

83) Gather them sternly about us.

84) On thron' h the tents and the gangways,

85) and up by the tie and the rows,

86) E'en and prob'ly g and tri' g

87) where men would be likely to hide.

88) Now it's time, my sisters,

89) round and round and round to go

90) Soft with light and a r'v footfall,

91) creep peepin' high and low

92) Look about in each direction

93) make a mind close in pection

94) Lost in any hole or corner

95) other routes escape detection

96) Hunt with care, here and there

97) Seat lung spring poking, prying

98) up and down and e'rywhere.

99) For if once the evil-doer we can see,

100) He shall soon be prey to our vengeance to-day

101) And to all men a warning he shall be

102) Of the terrible fate that's sure to await

103) The guilty sin-schemer and lawless blasphemer

104) And then he shall find that the Gods are not

105) dead

106) To what power below

107) Yea, and all men shall know

108) It is best to keep pure, uprightly securely

109) It is best to do well,

110) And to practise day and night

111) what's orderly and right,

112) And in virtue and in honesty to dwell

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But if anyone there be who a wicked deed shall do  
In his raving and his raging  
and his madness and his pride  
Every mortal soon shall see

Aye and every woman too  
What a doom shall the guilty one bide  
For the wicked evil deed

It will be recompensed with speed  
The Avenger doth not tarry to begin  
Nor delayeth for a time

but He searcheth out the crime  
And He punisheth the sinner in his sin

Now we ve gone through every corner  
every nook surveyed with care

And there s not another culprit  
skulking lurking anywhere \*

*Just as the CHORUS are concluding their search  
MNESIOCHUS snatch s the FIRST WOMAN s  
baby from her arms and takes refuge at the  
altar*

1st W Hoi! Hoi there! Hoi!  
He s got my child he s got my darling O!  
He s snatched my little baby from my breast  
O stop him stop him! O he s gone O O!

Mn Aye weep! you ne er shall dandle him again  
Unless you loose me Soon shall these small limbs  
Smit with cold edge of sacrificial knife  
Incarnadine this altar

1st W O O O O!  
Help women help me Sisters help I pray  
Charge to the rescue shout and rout and scout  
him

Don t see me lose my baby my one pet  
Ch Alas! Alas!

Mercy me! what do I see?  
What can it be?

What will deeds of shameless violence  
never never never end?

What s the matter what s he up to  
what s he doing now my friend?

Mn Doing what I hope will crush you  
out of all your bold assurance

Ch Zounds his words are very dreadful  
more than dreadful past endurance

1st W Yes indeed they re very dreadful  
and he s got my baby too

Ch Impudence rare! Look at him there  
Doing such deeds and I vow and declare  
Never minding or caring—

Mn Or likely to care  
1st W Here you are come here you shall stay  
Never again shall you wander away

Wand r away glad to display  
All the misdeeds you have done us to-day

But dear you shall pay  
Mn There at least I m hoping ladies,  
I shall find your words untrue

Ch What God do you think his assistance will  
lend

Your wicked old man to escort you away?

Mn Aha but I ve captured your baby my friend  
And I shan t let her go for the best you can say

Ch But no by the Goddesses Twin  
Not long shall our threats be in vain  
Not long shall you flout at our pain  
Unholy your deeds and you ll find  
That we shall repay you in kind  
And perchance you will alter your mind  
When Fate veering round like the blast  
In its clutches has seized you at last

Very fast  
Comrades haste collect the brushwood  
pile it up without delay

Pile it heap it stow it throw it  
burn and fire nd roast and slay

1st W Come Mania come let s run and fetch  
the fagots

(To MNESIOCHUS) Ah wretch you ll be a cinder  
before night

Mn (Burst engaged in unpacking the baby)  
With all my heart Now I ll undo these wrappers,  
These Cretan long clothes and remember darlin  
It s all your mother that has served you thus  
What have we here? a flask and not a baby!  
A flask of wine for all its Persian slippers  
O ever thirsty ever tipping women  
O ever ready with fresh schemes for drink  
To winners what a blessing but to us

And all our goods and chattels what a curse!  
1st W Drag in the fagots Mania pile them up

Mn Aye pile away but tell me is this baby  
Really your own?

1st W My very flesh and blood  
Mn Your flesh and blood?

1st W By Artemis it is  
Mn Is it a pint?

1st W O what have you been doing?  
O you have stripped my baby of its clothes

Poor tiny morsel!  
Mn (holding up a large bottle) Tiny?

1st W Yes indeed  
Mn What is its age? Three Pitcher casts or four?

1st W Well thereabouts a little over now  
Please give it back

Mn No thank you not exactly  
1st W Well burn you then

Mn O burn me by all means  
But anyhow I ll sacrifice this victim

1st W O O O O!  
Make me your victim anything you like

But spare the child  
Mn A loving mother truly

But this dear child must needs be sacrificed  
1st W My child! my child! give me the bason

Mania  
I ll catch my darling s blood at any rate  
Mn And so you shall I ll not deny you that  
Puts the bottle to his lips and draws every drop  
taking care that none shall fall into the bason  
as the FIRST WOMAN is holding underneath

1st W You spiteful man! you most ungenerous  
man!

1st. This skin, fair priestess, is your perquisite

1st. What is my perquisite?

1st. This skin is your priestess.

Another woman enters

1st. O Africa who has robbed thee of thy

flower

And snatched thy babe thine only one away?

1st. This villain here but I'm so glad you are

come

You see he dooms to run away while I

Call the police with Cleisthenes, to help us. Exit

1st. (singing) O me, what hope of safety still

remains?

What plan? what stratagem? My worthy cousin

Who first in all ed me in this dreadful scrape

He cometh not. I ppos. I send him word

But how to send it? Hah, I know a trick

Out of his Palamede I'll send a message

With us on our blades. Tush! I've got no car

blades.

What shall I do for our blades? Why not send

These your slabs instead? The very

Our blades are wood and slabs are wood I'll try

(Wrong, wrong he does so)

Now for the trick. Fingers be quick

Do that you can for my notable plan

Slab has the grace I permit me to trace

Good is with my knife on your beautiful face.

The tale of my woe it is yours for to show

Now, what a furrow! I never did see

Such a horrible as a! mad it be.

Well that must do so all away out.

Hither and thither off and away

Do not delay for moment, I pray

All the actors leave the stage but vestal virgins

is she to leave and critical remains to

keep track

Chorus

How let us turn the people

on our own panegyric to render

Never speak a good word

nor out, for the feminine gender

Every one says we're a Plague,

the source of all evils to man.

War, dissension, and strife.

Come, answer me this, if you can

Why if we're ally Plague,

you're so anxious to have us for war

And charge us not to be peevish,

nor to stir out of doors for our health.

In a rally to guard

Plague with such scrupulous care?

Sounds how you're a common home,

if your poor little wife isn't there.

Should you not rather be glad,

and enjoy all the days of our life

Praised we're to death before you and his

brother Orestes, who are the best to be

known, who are the best to be known

the "votive slabs" are tablets with votive inscriptions.

Rad of a Plague you know

the source of dissension and strife?

II on a visit we sport

and sleep when the sporting is over

III how you rummage about

what a fuss, your lost Plague to discover

Every one stares at your Plague

if he happens to look on the street

Stares all the more if your Plague

thinks proper to blush and retreat

Is it not plain then I ask

that Women are really the best?

What can you doubt that we are?

I will bring it at once to the test

Be say Women are best

you men (just like you) deny it

Nothing on earth is so easy

as to come to the test and to try it

I'll take the name of a Man,

and the name of a Woman and show it

Did not Charminus give way

to Miss Fortune? Do you not know it?

Is not Cleophon viler

than vile Sabaccho by far?

Is there a Man who can equal,

in matters of glory and war

Lady Victoria of stress

of Marathon queen of the Sea?

Is not Prudence a Woman,

and who is so clever as she?

Certainly none of your statesmen

who only a few months ago

Gave up their place and their duty

Would women demean themselves so?

Women don't ride in their coaches,

as Men have been doing of late,

Rockers and purses of stended

with cash they have filched from the State.

We, the very outside

steal a wee little portion of corn,

Putting it back in the even,

whatever we took in the morning.

III this is a true description of you

Are ye not gluttonous, vulgar, perverse,

happenners, house-breakers, footpads and

more?

And in domestic economy too

Are ye thiever, shuffler, wiser than you

For the loom which our mothers

employed with such skill,

With us Shafis and Thornton,

we are working still.

And the ancient ambrosia by no means is done,

Wear weaving it yet,

as our Shield from the Sun.

But O for the Shafis,

and the Thong of the Shield

Which your Fathers in fight

were accustomed to wield.

What are they to-day?

Ye have cast them away

As ye raced in hot haste  
and disgraced from the fray!

Many things we have against you  
many rules we justly blame  
But the one we now will mention  
is the most enormous shame

What my masters! ought a lady  
who has borne a noble son  
One who in your fleets and armies  
great heroic deeds has done  
Ought she to remain unhonoured?  
ought she not I ask you I  
In our Stenia and our Scira!

still to take precedence high?  
Whoso breeds a cowardly soldier  
or a scaman cold and tame  
Crop her hair and seat her lowly  
brand her with the marks of shame  
Set the nobler dame above her

Can it all ye Powers be right  
That Hyperbolus's mother  
flowing haired and robed in white  
Should in public places sit by

Lamachus's mother's side  
Hoarding wealth and lending monies  
gathering profits far and wide?  
Sure twere better every debtor

calm resolving not to pay  
When she comes exacting money  
with a mild surprise should say  
keeping principal and income You to claim  
percentage due!

Sure a son so capital is capital enough for you

*The close of the Parabasis finds the position of  
MNESTROCHUS unaltered. The dispatch of the  
tablet has so far produced no result*

Mn I've strained my eyes with watching but my  
poet

He cometh not Why not? Belike he feels  
Ashamed of his old friend Palamede

Which is the play to fetch him? O I know  
Which but his brand new Helen? I'll be Helen  
I've got the woman's clothes at all events

Cr What are you plotting? What is that you're  
muttering?

I'll Helen you my master if you don't

Keep quiet there till the policeman comes

Mn (as Helen) These are the fair nymphed  
waters of the Nile

Whose floods bedew in place of heavenly  
showers

Egypt's white plains and black-dosed citizens

Cr Sweet shining Hecate what a request is

Mn Ah not unknown my Spartan fatherland

Nor yet my father Tyndareus

Cr My gracious!

Was he your father? Sure Phrynonidas was.

Mn And I was Helen

Cr What again a woman?  
You've not been punished for your first freak yet  
Mn Full many a soul by bright Scamander's  
stream

Died for my sake

Cr Would yours had died among them!

Mn And now I linger here but Menelaus,  
My dear dear lord ah wherefore comes he not?  
O sluggish crows to spare my hapless life!  
But soft! some hope is busy at my heart  
A laughing hope—O Zeus deceive me not

*EURIPIDES enters disguised as Menelaus*  
Eu Who is the lord of this stupendous pile?  
Will he extend his hospitable care

To some poor storm-tossed shipwrecked mariner?

Mn These are the halls of Proteus.

Eu Proteus are they?

Cr O by the Twain he lies like any thing

I knew old Proteus he's been dead these ten years

Eu Then whither whither have we steered our  
bark?

Mn To Egypt

Eu O the weary weary way!

Cr Pray don't believe one single word he says

This is the holy temple of the Twain

Eu Know you if Proteus be at home or not?

Cr Why don't I tell you he's been dead these  
ten years!

You can't have quite got over your sea sickness,

Asking if Proteus be at home or not

Eu Woe's me! is Proteus dead? and where's he  
buried?

Mn This is his tomb whereon I'm sitting now

Cr O hang the rascal and he shall be hanged!

How dare he say this altar is a tomb?

Eu And wherefore sitt'st thou on this monu-  
ment

Veiled in thy mantle lady?

Mn They compel me

A weeping bride to marry Proteus son

Cr Why do you tell the gentleman such fibs?

Good gentleman he's a bad man he came

Among the women here to steal their trinkets

Mn Aye aye rail on revile me as you list

Eu Who is the old woman who reviles you  
lady?

Mn Theonoe Proteus daughter

Cr What a story!

Why I'm Critylla of Gargettus sir

A very honest woman

Mn Aye speak on

But never will I wed thy brother no

I won't be false to absent Menelaus

Eu What lady what? O raise those orbs to  
me

Mn O sir I blush to raise them with these  
cheeks

Eu O dear O dear I cannot speak for trembling

Ye Gods is it possible? Who art thou lady?

Mn O who art thou? I feel the same myself

Eu Art thou Hellenic or a born Egyptian?

Mn Hellenic I O tell me what art thou

Ex "O surely surely thou art Helen's self.  
 Is "O from thy teens thou must be Menelaus."  
 Ex Yes, yes, you see that miserable man  
 Mr. O long in coming to these loquacious arms,  
 I carry me carry me from this place  
 I wrap me in thy close embrace  
 O, carry me carry me, carry me home,

by this food a dling lust,  
 O take me, take me take me hence "

O I say now none of this.

Let go there, or I'll strike you with this stick!

Ex. Let go my wife, the child of Tyndareus,

Not take her home to Sparta? O what mean you?

O O that sit is it? You're a bad one too!

Both forego. That what you giv'ns  
 meant!

But b at any rate shall meet his due.

Here the policeman, and the Scythian coming

Ex Ah, thou won't do I must slip off while

M And what am I to do?

Ex Keep quiet here

Because I'll never fail you while I live

Is a ten thousand trias to see every yet

Mr. Well, you caught in the g by the hand I think

The high official, a her or dequa. Is called  
 POLICEMAN " " our enters upon the stage

attended by of the Scythian a her

Policeman Oarthe her the sword of

hom Cleisth is told us.

(In unison.) Why do you take your head?

(In scorn.) Take him within the tie him on

the plank

Then bring him her and watch him. Let n t a y

Approach too far him should th y try to, take

The hip and smite them.

O Aye, one came but now

Spanian hi yarns, and all b t got him off

M Our pol mas' rant m on request.

O b that hand I pray ou, wh b you lo e

T hold our empty, and t drain back full.

P What should I grant you?

M Don't expose me thus

Do tell the Scythian b may is p me first

Don't t a poo old man in silks and snoods.

Pro ke the lighter ith c ows that eat him.

P Thus hath the Council ordered t that so

The pastors-by may see th roove yo a e

M Alas! Is 'O, I'll walk I hat ye!

O I nob pe, b pe fgestion free.

All the acts leave the stage A d the chorists com

mence their g t ceremony al worship f dance

nd song

Chorus

Now for the is, my s t rs,

which we to the great Twain Powers

Prayerfully car fully raise

n the holy fest al hours.

And Pauson will join in our worship to-day

And Pauson will join in the fasten

And, keen for th sa t, to th Twain he will pray

For the rit to be mad everlasting I were

For the rit to be made everlasting

Now ad ance

In the whirling twirling dance,

With hand linked in hand as we deftly trip along

Keeping time to the cadence

of the swiftly flowing song

And be sure as we g

That we dart careful glances,

up and down and to and fro.

Now to ours

To entwine our chocest flowers,

Flowers of song and adoration

to the great Olympian Powers.

Nor expect

That the ga land will be flecked

With abuse of mortal men

such a thought is incorrect

For with prayer

And with sacred lo ing care

A new and b ly measure we w ll heedf llv prepare

To the h gh and holy M nestrell

Let the dancers o wa d go,

And to Artemis, the maiden

Of th quaver and the bow

O bear us, Far-controller and the story bestow

And a trust our merry music

Will the matron Hera please

For h l is the pleasant Chorus

And th ds cessu h these

—Weann sth gurdle

The holy n puak is.

To Pan and pastoral He mes

And the friendly Nymphs we pray

That they mule with grace us fa our

On ou fest al to-day

W th their la hter lo ing glan es

beam g bri htly on our Play

As we dance the Double cho us

To the old familiar strain

As we wea e our ancient pastime

On our h le day again

—Keeping fa t and v nd

In the Temple of the Twain.

Turn the step and chan e the measure,

Raise lofts mus now

Com the Lord f w n and pleasure

E oi B cchus, lead m thou!

Yea for Thee w adore!

Child of Sem le thee

W th thy glittering i y w eaths,

Thee w th music and song

E er and e er we praise.

Apollo.

Thee with thy wood nymphs delightedly singing  
Evoil! Evoil! Evoil!

Over the joyous hills

the sweet strange melody ringing

Hark! Cithæron resounds  
Pleased the notes to prolong  
Hark! the bosky ravines  
And the wild slopes thunder and roar  
Volleying back the song  
Round thee the ivy fur  
With delicate tendril twines

*The scythian brings mnesilochus in, fastened to his plank and sets it up on the stage*

Scythian Dere now bemoany to de oulder air

Mn O I entreat you

Sc Nod endread me zu

Mn Shuk it a little

Sc Dat is vat I does

Mn O mercv! mercy! O you drive it tighter

Sc Dighder zu wiss him?

Mn Miserable me!

Out on you villain

Sc Zilence bad ole man

I se fetch de mad an vatch zu cumfibly

Mn These are the joys Euripides hris brought me!

*EURIPIDES makes a momentary appearance in the character of Perseus*

O Gods! O Saviour Zeus! there s yet a hope

Then he won t f il me! Out he flashed as Perseus

I understand the signals I m to act

The fair Andromeda in chains Ab well

Here are the chains worse luck wherewith to act  
her

He ll come and succour me he s in the wings

*(Euripides enters singing airily)*

Eu Now to peep now to creep

Soft and sly through

Maidens pretty maidens

Tell me what I am to do

Tell me how to glide

By the Scythian Argus eyed

And to steal away my bride

Tell me tell me tell me tell me

tell me tell me tell

Echo always lurking in the cavern and the dell

*EURIPIDES retires and MNESILOCHUS commences a*

*Euripidean monody mostly composed of quotations from the Andromeda adapted to his own position*

Mn A cold un pitying heart had be

Who bound me here in misery

Hardly escaped from mouldy dame

I m caught and done for just the same

Lo the Scythian guard beside me

Friendless helpless here he tied me

Soon upon these limbs of mine

Shall the greedy ravens dine

Seest thou? not to me belong

Youthful pleasures dance and song

Never never more shall I

With my friends sweet law suits try

But woven chains with many a link surround m  
Till Glaucetes that ravening whale has found me

Home I nevermore shall see

Birds songs are none for me

Nought but potent incantations

Sisters raise your lamentations

Woe woe woeful me

Sorrow and trouble and misery

Weeping weeping endless weeping

Far from home and all I know

Praying him who wronged me so

O! O! Woe! woe!

First with razor keen he hacks me

Next in yellow silk he packs me

Sends me then to dangerous dome

Where the women prowl and roam

O heavy Fate! O fatal blow!

O woeful lot! and lots of woe!

O how they will chide me

and gibe and deride me!

And O that the flashing and roaring and dishing

Red bolt of the thunder

might smite me in sunder—

The Scythian who lingers beside me!

For where is the joy of the sunshine and glow

To one who is lying distracted and dying

With throat cutting agonies

driving him driving him

Down down to the darkness below

*A voice is heard from behind the scenes It is the voice of echo*

Echo O welcome daughter but the Gods destroy

Thy father Cepheus who exposed thee thus

Mn O who art thou that mournest for my woes?

Ec Echo the vocal mocking bird of son

I who last year in these same lists contended

A faithful friend beside Euripides

And now my child for thou must play thy part

Make dolorous wails

Mn And you wail afterwards?

Ec I ll see to that only begin at once

Mn O Night mo t hly

O er dread Olympos vast and far

In thy dark car

Thou journeyest slowly

Through ether ridged with many a star

Ec With many a star

Mn Why on Andromeda ever must I w

Sorrow and woe?

Ec Sorrow and woe?

Mn Heavy of fate

Ec Heavy of fate

Mn Old woman you ll kill me I know with

your prate

Ec Know with your prate

Mn Why how tiresome you are you are going

too far

Ec You re going too far

Mn Good friend if you kindly will leave me in

peace

You ll do me a favour O prithee cease

Ec Cease.

3a O go to the crows!  
 Er O go to the crows!  
 4 Wh can r you be st ll?  
 Er Whv can r u be st ll?  
 1 (sneakily) Old gossip!  
 Er (def liv) Old gossip!  
 4 Lackaday!  
 Er Lackaday!  
 4a And alas!  
 Er And alas!  
 The s-crm madenly a akes so the fact that has  
 pruo et is taking part in a conversat  
 Sc O vat does zu say?  
 Er O vat does zu say?  
 Sc I've calls de police.  
 Er I've calls de police.  
 Sc I t nonsense is id?  
 Er Vat nonsense is id?  
 Sc I y ere is de voice?  
 Er I y ere is de voice?  
 Sc (i mousstoches) Vos id zu?  
 Er Vos id zu?  
 Sc Zu'll catch id.  
 Er Zu'll catch id  
 Sc Does zu mocksh?  
 Er Does zu mocksh?  
 4 Tim t I declare it is that woman there.  
 Er It is that woman th m  
 Sc I y vere is de wretch?  
 M mush catch me mush cat h  
 Her sa gone li s a fled  
 Er Her sa gone her s Bed  
 Sc Zu'll a suffer for dis.  
 Er Zu'll a suffer for dis.  
 Sc I t -un?  
 Er I t -un?  
 Sc Lee ol o d muz.  
 Er Zeeg ol o d mu  
 Sc Vat a babbled an talkt ag ooman  
 sux io enter in the gaue of Perueus  
 Er Ah me what wld and te nible do t this?  
 Plun th path es s with a nged feet  
 eem glo A gos beari nms hand  
 Th Gormon head—  
 Sc I d t zu say o Gorgo?  
 Dat zu has g t d writ Gorg hes l?  
 Er Got on I m  
 Sc A me sa Corgo too  
 Er Ah ha cra is ch nd lashed upon r  
 M-mund bea t t shapes d me  
 4o elve t too ud l moored  
 Er O tra ge  
 Pr t sw ola pon ou a mo  
 And hose m bonds.  
 Sc I d a no beq et?  
 Er r gon t de?  
 4a Fu g illu pt we thee ha g there  
 Sc Dm on gal l on ol Lu mu  
 4a are bad rascal l w  
 Er Sc ha pea l  
 4a And omeda h g Cepheus da h t  
 Sc Von dand i Dis far ob ousmu metimk.

Er O reach thv hand and let me cla p mv lo e  
 O Scythian reach Ah me what passionate storm  
 Toss n men s souls and as for mine, O Lad  
 Thou art my love!  
 Sc M nod admire zute daule  
 4a Zu may tss her if zu wus id dere  
 Er Hard hearted Scythian giv me up my  
 love  
 And I will take her—take her ave to wife  
 Sc T is her me sa r me nod objex to dat  
 Er Ah me I'll loose her bonds.  
 Sc Zu bedder nod  
 Er Ah me I will.  
 Sc Den me se cut off zu e hea f  
 Me draw de cudless, and zu d e zu dead  
 Er Ah what avails me? Shal I make a speech?  
 His sa age nature could not take it  
 True w t and wisdom were but labour lost  
 On such a rude barbarian I mu t try  
 Som more appropriate fitter stratagem  
 Sc O de ile ot! He jocket me are near  
 Mn O Perueus, Perueus, wilt tl ou lea e me wor  
 Sc Vat does zu a k n for de vip again?

## Chorus

Palla we call upon  
 Chastest and purest one  
 Maiden and v m our  
 Re eli to see  
 Guard ng our portal  
 Alone ol Immortals,  
 M ghtil potently  
 Keeping the key  
 Flater of Tyranny  
 Come lo we call thee, we  
 Women in Chorus.  
 B ng Peace aga with thee  
 Jocundly merrily  
 Loos t reign o er u.

Sacred earthly ones,  
 Awfullest Shades,  
 Graciously peace l  
 Com to our g ades.  
 Man mu t not gaze n the  
 Rites at your h n  
 Torch gl mine flashing o er  
 Feat reid ine  
 Come for w re pourin  
 Impor ng ad t g  
 Intense n rat  
 Dawn on you wor happens,  
 G ers of Hom nd out  
 O i zat n

vaurio comes s dr ssed as an ld m sic  
 wrom n

Er Lad es I offer te ms. If well and truly  
 Your honourabl sex best end me now  
 I won t buye you honourable sex  
 F om th t me f rih fore er This I offer

*Ch* (*suspiciously*) But what's your object in proposing this?  
*Eu* That poor old man there he's my poor old cousin  
 Let him go free and nevermore will I  
 Traduce your worthy sex but if you want  
 I'll meet your husbands coming from the Wars  
 And put them up to all your goings on  
*Ch* We take your terms so far as we're concerned  
 But you yourself must manage with the Scythian  
*Eu* I'll manage him Now Hop o my thumb  
 come forward

*A dancing girl enters*

And mind the things I taught you on the way  
 Hold up your frock skip lightly through the dance  
 The Persian air Teredon if you please  
*Sc* Vay vat dis buz buz? revels come dis vay?  
*Eu* She's going to practise Scythian that is all  
 She's got to dance in public by and by  
*Sc* Yesh practish yesh Hock! how se bobs about!

Now here now dere von vleu upon de planket  
*Eu* Just stop a moment throw your mantle off  
 Come sit you down beside the Scythian here  
 And I'll unloose your slippers That will do  
 We must be moving homeward

*Sc* May I tuss her?  
*Eu* Once only once  
*Sc* (*kissing her*) O O vat vare sweet tiss!  
 Dat's vare mo he sweeter dan zure Attish honies  
 Dooze let me tiss her tecon time ole lady  
*Eu* No Scythian no we really can't allow it  
*Sc* O doozy doozy dear ole lady doozy  
*Eu* Will you give silver for one kiss?

*Sc* Yesh! yesh!  
*Eu* Well p raps on that consideration Scythian  
 We won't object but give the silver first  
*Sc* Silver? Vay vere? I se got none Take dis  
 bow cus

*Zu* vat I call zu?  
*Eu* Artemisia  
*Sc* Yesh Hartomuxer  
*Eu* Hello what's that? She's off  
*Sc* I se fetch her pack zu look to bad ole man  
 HOP O MY THUMB RUNS OUT *The SCYTHIAN flings*  
*his bow case to EURIPIDES and runs after her*

*Eu* O tricky Hermes you befriend me still  
 Good bye old Scythian catch her if you can  
 Meanwhile I'll free your prisoner and do you  
 (*to MNESILOCHUS*) Run like a hero when I've loosed  
 your bonds,  
 Straight to the bosom of your family  
*Mn* Trust me for that so soon as these are off  
*Eu* There then they are off now run away  
 before

The Scythian come and catch you  
*Mn* Won't I just!  
*EURIPIDES and MNESILOCHUS leave the stage They are*  
*hardly out of sight when the SCYTHIAN returns*

*Sc* Ole lady here s-vay vere s ole lady fannush?  
 Vere s dat ole man? O bah I smells de trick  
 Ole lady dis vare bad o zu ole lady!  
 Me nod expect dis o zu Bad ole lady  
 Hartomuxer!  
 Bow cusses? Yesh zu von big honcus bowcus.  
 Vat sall I does? vere can ole lady was?  
 Hartomuxer!

*Ch* Mean you the ancient dame who bore the  
 lute?

*Sc* Yesh does zu saw her?  
*Ch* Yes indeed I did  
 She went that way there was an old man with her  
*Sc* Von yellow shulk ole man?

*Ch* Exactly so  
 I think you'll catch them if you take that road  
*Sc* Vare bad ole lady did se vich vay run?  
 Hartomuxer!

*Ch* Straight up the hill no no not that direction  
*They are of course misdirecting him notwithstanding*  
*which he seems likely in his flurry to stumble*  
*on the right road*

You're going wrong see that's the way she went  
*Sc* O dear O dear but Hartomuxer runnish  
*He runs out the wrong way*

*Ch* Merrily merrily merrily on  
 to your own confusion go

But we've ended our say  
 and we're going away  
 Like good honest women

straight home from the Play  
 And we trust that the twain  
 Home givers will deign  
 To bless with success our performance to-day

# THE ECCLESIAZUSAE

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PRAXAGORA

TWO WOMEN

BLEPTE *husband of*

*Praxagora*

A CITIZEN

CHREMES

A CRIER

TWO HAGS

A GIRL

A YOUTH

A SERVANT M.D. OF PRAXAGORA

CHARLES O. WOLFE

The stage represents an Athenian street with three houses in the background the houses of LEPYRA, CHREMES, and the husband of the two women. The hour is 3 A.M. and the stars are still visible in the sky. A young and delicate woman, clad in a new blue robe is standing in the street has picked up a lighted lamp in some corner and is placing it in the door of Praxagora, the friend of Bleptes. At this just left her husband asleep within and is coming out in a long blue garment with his sword in his right hand and his red Laconian shoes upon her feet. A lighted lamp is in her hand and she is just before the door of the house of the husband of the two women. She is expecting their arrival the next morning in a mock heroic style using such language as in the old days might be addressed to the mistress of some domestic or heroic personage.

Praxagora. Ogle the earthy lamp  
On this conspicuous emblem of the  
(For through thy fates and lines I will see go,  
Thou, boy, by which wheel of potter moulded  
Dost with this oiled the sun's bright disk)—  
Ask the appointed wheel of flame!  
Thou only knowest it and not I, thou,  
For thou art a thin our hambers in and in  
At best thou art a series of loaves  
Thou in pectoral four armoured sports,  
Behold thee, and in south Begon!  
Thou must see the punishment of  
Thou art a series of loaves  
And the the garners stored with corn and wine,  
Blest thou art, thou dost stand beside us.  
And though thou knowest all this, thou dost not  
see it.

Therefore our plans will we confide to thee  
What art thou? Scara? evoked do  
Ah, but thou no one here who should be here.  
I did think I draw to the door and the As-  
sembly  
Full soon will meet and we frail women kind  
What art thou? Phrynia? evoked do  
(You don't forget?) and not attract attention on  
What can this matter be? Phrynia? evoked do  
Are not stiched on, as our decree commanded

Praxagora. chance they found it difficult to steal  
Their husband's garments. Stay! I see a lamp  
Waiting this way I will retire and watch  
Lest it should haply be some man approaching!  
She comes herself enter the street woman with  
a lamp

1st Woman. It is the hour to start. A I was coming.  
I heard the herald give his second—crow

Praxagora. I have been waiting watch for you all  
The whole night long and now I will summon forth  
My neighbor he is scratching her door so gently  
As not to arouse her husband

2nd Woman. Enter the second woman  
Yes I heard  
(For I was up and putting on my shoes)  
The stealthy creeping of thy finger nail  
My husband dear—a Salaminian he—  
Has all night long been tossing in his bed  
Whispering I could not steal his garb till now  
1st Woman. O now they are coming! He is Cleonarete,  
Here is Sostрата and here is Phylis

Enter seven women  
Soprano Chorus. Come hurry up for Glyce vowed a  
oath

That whosoever comes the last shall pay  
One quart of chylips and nine quarts of wine  
1st Woman. And look! My listich Smirith on the  
Wear her husband's shoes. She only has  
Has away methinks, at an unfriended  
2nd Woman. And look! Glycestrata the tapster's wife  
In her hand the to the ch.

Praxagora. And now the wives  
Of Philodotus and Charitades,  
And many another hurry on I see  
All that is best and worthiest in the town  
Soprano Chorus. Oh never I dream of work to come.  
My husband gorged his fill of prats and upper  
And has been coughing all night  
long

Praxagora. Well, served with that I may say, this,  
Nathaniel I assembled has evoked do  
What art the Scara? evoked do  
1st Woman. I have seen one See underneath my arms  
Thy hair is growing thicker than a pine,  
As was agreed and when my husband started



Off to the market place I do oil my body  
And stand all day decocting in the sun  
and *W* I too have done it *shing* first of all  
The razor out of doors that so my skin  
Might grow quite hairy and unlike a woman  
*Pr* But have ye got the beards which twas  
determined

Ye all should bring assembling here to-day?  
*1st W* I have by Hecate! Look! a lovely one  
*2nd W* And I much lovelier than Epicrates's  
*Pr* And what say ye?

*1st W* They nod assent they've got them  
*Pr* The other matters I perceive are done  
Laconian shoes ye've got and walking sticks  
And the men's overcloaks as we desired you  
*1st W* O I've a splendid club I stole away  
(See here it is) from Lamias as he slept  
*Pr* O yes I know the clubs he sweltered with  
*1st W* By Zeus the Saviour he's the very man  
To don the skins the All-eyed herdsman wore  
And no man better tend the—public hangman  
*Pr* But now to finish what remains to do  
While yet the stars are lingering in the sky  
For this Assembly as you know whereto  
We all are bound commences with the dawn  
*1st W* And so it does and we're to seat ourselves  
Facing the prytanes just below the speakers  
*2nd W* See what I've brought dear heart I mean  
to do

A little spinning while the Assembly fills  
*Pr* Fills? miserable woman!  
*2nd W* Yes why not?  
O I can spin and listen just as well  
Besides my little chicks have got no clothes  
*Pr* Fancy you *spinning*! when you must not have  
The tiniest morsel of your person seen  
Twere a fine scrape if when the Assembly's full  
Some woman clambering over the seats and  
throwing

Her cloak awry should show that she's a woman  
No if we sit in front and gather round us  
Our husbands' garments none will find us out  
Why when we've got our flowing beards on there  
Who that beholds us will suppose we're women?  
Was not Agyrrhus erst a woman? Yet  
Now that he wears the beard of Pronomus  
He passes for a man a statesman too  
O by yon dawning day 'tis just for that  
We women dare this daring deed to do  
If we can seize upon the helm of state  
And trim the ship to weather through the storm  
For neither sails nor oars avail it now  
*1st W* How can the female soul of womankind  
Adress the Assembly?

*Pr* Admirably well  
Youths that are most effeminate they say  
Are always strongest in the *speaking line*  
And we've got that by nature

*1st W* May be so  
Still inexperience is a serious matter  
*Pr* And is not that the very reason why  
We've met together to rehearse the scene?

Now do make haste and fasten on your beards  
And all you others who have practised talking  
*1st W* Practised indeed! I can't every woman talk?  
*Pr* Come fasten on your beard and be a man  
I'll lay these chaplets down and do the same  
Maybe I'll make a little speech myself  
*2nd W* O here sweet love Praxagora look child!  
O what a merry joke this seems to me!  
*Pr* Joke! where's the joke?

*2nd W* 'Tis just as if we tied  
A shaggy beard to toasting cuttlefish  
*Pr* Now Purifier carry round the—cat  
Come in! Arphrades don't chatter so  
Come in sit down Who will address the meeting?

*1st W* I  
*Pr* Wear this chaplet then and luck be with  
you  
*1st W* There  
*Pr* Speak away  
*1st W* What speak before I drink?  
*Pr* Just listen *Drink!*  
*1st W* Then what's this chaplet for?  
*Pr* O get away Is this what you'd have done  
Amongst the men?

*1st W* What don't men drink at meetings?  
*Pr* Drink fool?

*1st W* By Artemis I know they do,  
And strong drink too Look at the jets they pass  
Do you mean to tell me that they'd pass such  
nonsense

If they weren't drunk? Besides they pour libations  
Or what's the meaning of those tedious prayers  
Unless they'd got some wine I'd like to know  
Besides they quarrel just like drunken men  
And when one drinks too much and gets too noisy  
In come the Archer boys and run him out  
*Pr* Begone and sit you down for you're no good  
*1st W* Good luck I wish I'd never worn a beard  
I'm pinched to death with thirst I really am  
*Pr* Would any other like to speak?

*2nd W* Yes I  
*Pr* Put on this chaplet and be quick Time  
presses

Now lean your weight upon your walking stick  
And speak your words out manfully and well

*2nd W* I could have wished some more experienced man

Had risen to speak while I sat still and listened  
But now I say I'll not permit for one  
That in their taverns men should make them tanks  
Of water 'Tis not proper by the Twain!

*Pr* How! by the Twain? Girl have you lost  
your wits?

*2nd W* Why what's amiss? I never asked for drink  
*Pr* You are a man and yet invoked the Twain  
All else you said was excellently right  
*2nd W* O yes by Apollo!

*Pr* Mind then I won't move  
Another step in this Assembly business  
Unless you are strict and accurate in this

*Demeter ou P' sept one*

118

and I'll give thee the charter and I'll give thee  
 the charter of some, but very good to say  
 to me, O woman, O woman, O woman,  
 O woman, O woman, O woman, when they are

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The 118-20 of the 118-20

The Athenian city had she let alone  
 Things that worked well, nor did she thought things  
 new?

They roast their barley stir a of old  
 They on their heads bear burdens, as of old  
 They keep their Thermo-burns, as of old  
 They bake their baked cheesecakes, a of old  
 They returnize their husbands, as of old  
 They still secrete their lovers, a of old  
 They buy themselves as do do, as of old  
 They to e their wine unwatered a of old  
 They like a woman's praise, as of old  
 They like to get them, get up to them  
 They like to get them, get up to them  
 They like to get them, get up to them  
 They like to get them, get up to them

Much I can't B t'd you pass my motion,  
 You'll lead the happiest lives that e'er you dreamed  
 of.

118 O good! Praxagora. W done, sweet  
 wench.

However did you learn to speak so fluently?  
 Pr I and my husband in the general C. he  
 had and in the Pnyx, and there I heard the speakers.  
 118 Ah, you were clear to some purpose then  
 And if you now succeed in your designs  
 W'll then and there proclaim you chasteity.  
 B: what if Cerialus, who late, visit you,  
 How will you answer him in full Assembly?

Pr I'll say he freewill  
 118 True enough but all  
 The world know that.

Pr I'll say he freewill  
 118 True enough but all  
 The world know that.  
 Pr I'll say he freewill  
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Pr I'll say he freewill  
 118 True enough but all  
 The world know that.

They're going out mayhap to attend the  
 Assembly  
 And next so soon as every thing is right  
 With shoes and tunics fasten on your beards  
 And when ye've got them neatly fitted on  
 Then throw your husbands' mantles over all  
 Those which ye stole and leaning on your sticks  
 Off to the Meeting piping as ye go  
 Some old man's song and mimicking the ways  
 Of country fellows

*1st W* Good! but let ourselves  
 Get on before them other women soon  
 Will come I know from all the countryside  
 straight for the Pnyx

*Pr* Be quick for 'tis the rule  
 That whoso comes not with the early dawn  
 Must slink abashed with never a doot away  
*PRATAGORA and FIRST and SECOND WOMEN de*  
*part the rest remain and form the CHORUS*

*Semi Ch* Time to be moving, gentlemen!  
 'tis best we keep repeating  
 This name of ours lest we forget  
 to use it at the Meeting  
 For terrible the risk would be if any man detected  
 The great and daring scheme which we  
 in darkness have projected  
*Semi Ch* On to the Meeting worthy sirs  
 for now the magistrate avers

That whoever shall fail to  
 Arrive while the dusk of the

Morning is grey  
 All dusty and smacking of  
 Pickle and acid that  
 Man shall assuredly

Forfeit his pay  
 Now Charitumides  
 Draces and Smey thus

Hasten along  
 See that there fall from you  
 Never a word or a

Note that is wrong  
 Get we our tickets and  
 Sit we together and

Choose the front rows  
 Vote we whatever our  
 Sisters propose

Our sisters! My wits are gone gleaming!  
 Our brothers of course was my meaning

*Enter band of twelve COUNTRYWOMEN*

*Semi Ch* We'll thrust aside this bothering throng  
 which from the city crowds along

These men who aforetime

When only an obol they

Got for their pay

Would sit in the wreath market

Chatting away

Ah wits are the days of our

Noble Myronides

None would have stooped

Money to take for

Attending the meetings but

Hither they trooped

Each with his own little  
 Goat-skin of wine  
 Each with three olives two  
 Onions one loaf in his  
 Wallet to dine  
 But now they are set  
 The three obol to get

And whenever the State business engages  
 They clamour like hodmen for wages

*The CHORUS leave the orchestra for a time Enter*

*BLEPYRUS in his wife's dress*

*Blepyrus* What's up? Where's my wife gone? Why  
 bless the woman

It's almost daybreak and she can't be found  
 Here am I taken with the gripes a-bed  
 Groping about to find my overcloak  
 And shoes in the dark but hang it they're gone too  
 I could not find them anywhere Meanwhile  
 Easums kept knocking hard at my back-door  
 So on I put this kirtle of my wife's,  
 And shove my feet into her Persian slippers  
 Where's a convenient place? or shall I say  
 All are alike convenient in the dark?  
 No man can see me here I am sure of that  
 Fool that I was worse luck to take a wife  
 In my old age Ought to be thrashed I ought!  
 'Tis for no good I warrant that she's out  
 This time of night However I can't wait

*Enter CITIZEN another husband*

*Citi en* Hey-day! who's this? Not neighbour  
*Blepyrus?*

Sure and it's he himself Why tell me man  
 What's all that yellow? Do you mean to say  
 You've had Cnesias at his tricks again?

*Bl* No no I wanted to come out and took  
 This little yellow kirtle of my wife's

*Ci* But where's your cloak?

*Bl* I've not the least idea  
 I searched amongst the clothes and wasn't there  
*Ci* Did you not ask your wife to find the thing?

*Bl* I didn't No For why? She wasn't there  
 She's wormed herself away out of the house  
 Some revolution in the wind I hear

*Ci* O by Poseidon but your case is just  
 The same as mine My wife has stolen away  
 And carried off my cloak And that's not all  
 Hang her she's carried off my shoes as well  
 At least I could not find them anywhere

*Bl* No more can I I could not anywhere  
 Find my Laconians so my case being urgent  
 I shove her slippers on and out I bolt  
 For fear I soil my blanket 'twas a clean one  
*Ci* What can it be? can any of her gossips  
 Have asked her out to breakfast?

*Bl* I expect so

She's not a bad one I don't think she is  
*Ci* Why man you are paying out a cable I  
 Must to the Assembly when I've found my cloak  
 My missing cloak the only one I've got

*Bl* I too when eased but now an acrid pear  
 Is blocking up the passage of my food

*Ci* As Thrasybulus told the Spartans *ch?* *Enter*

E. II Drives, but it grips me tight  
 (What not all who ever shall I do?  
 By how I good I am soon to eat hereafter  
 I find a passion out I can't measure  
 I am and close this Academic chap  
 I fasten'd 'till you go to the door  
 Fitch fitch doctor and what doctor here?  
 Fitch of the fitch knows this business best?  
 I look how be, perhaps he won't admit it.  
 Fitch fitch A. therefore, by all means fitch him.  
 I know the man (to judge from his complexion)  
 I know the person from which I'm suffering, now  
 Gm. Fitch is, let me now remain  
 This moment and hereafter, nor become  
 A fitch, not good for the coming year

Enter criers, the other night  
 Gm. Tally, our time, good night  
 E. No, I'm not  
 To me I have been, but I finished now  
 Or O and or - got your lady's birth out  
 I Tush, I know I can't be a b. hence  
 E. Where come you?

Or I'm coming from the Assembly  
 E. What is over?  
 Or Are, between me  
 And O. and Zens, the first was to go  
 To say they've told the tradition round.  
 F. Out our throats?

Or No, not I, were luck  
 I was to be I'm coming home, informed.  
 The story was, nothing else at all

E. What was that?  
 Or The returned such crowd  
 About L. P. and you never saw the like  
 Such pleasure I have just the dreamers  
 W. I declared and strain was to go  
 He said he'd be the whole Assembly forward  
 So and we of us could get no say  
 E. Shall we all rise

Or Not yet!  
 Not had you been there when the cook was given  
 I would care

E. I am a student  
 E. For me, L. E. and then for him  
 The loved and his - the school. It is a man!  
 Whatever was a choice that brought me here  
 So as a crowd to eat?

Or Two dropped  
 I've just gone in the marshes green,  
 "How best, say L. E." So we are not  
 Gm. Goodness, good to me  
 All at the room, directed our mind  
 "What would the L. E. be on - who would care  
 Gm. Is not enough for him, would he  
 To see and touch to be - say L. E.  
 E. I, and on, and on, and on, and on  
 What is to be done?

E. "Pard' please to work with me,  
 There is some story of the latest sort,  
 And I can see you are ever on the  
 That when, had I been there, I'd be and  
 Or No, once I was, was accomplished that

With nothing on as most of us supposed  
 But he himself insisted he was clothed.  
 He made popular democratic speech.  
 "Behold," says he, "I am in self in want  
 Of cash to see the State, yet I know the way  
 To see the citizens, and see the State.  
 Let every brother give to all that ask  
 Warm women robes, when first the sun turns back.  
 No more will pleasure attack us then.  
 Let such as own no bed, do, he, and no bed,  
 After this, I'd seek out the furnace, there  
 To sleep and show us the door against them  
 In winter weather shall be fixed three blankets."

E. Well said indeed, and never a man would dare  
 To vote against him, had he added this  
 "That all who deal in grain shall feed the  
 Three quarts to every pair or be hanged."

That good, at least the d. gun from the oven.  
 Or Then, after him, there bowed up to speak  
 A voice and gave forth youth, like Nicias.  
 And declared we ought to plan the State  
 L. or the hands of (whom do you think?) the women!  
 Then the whole mob of dreamers began  
 To cheer and shout, while all the country folk  
 Hooped and bowed.

E. They showed their sense by Zens.  
 Or But less than numbers so the women on,  
 "Fash" - all good of women, but of you  
 E. even bad.

E. What?  
 Or First of all he called you  
 An ass, a cow.

E. And you?  
 Or Let be, while.

Also said.  
 E. Al. our?  
 Or And by Zens,

Amorion.  
 E. My only  
 Or And by Zens,

All our friends were.  
 E. Well, who says next that?

Or And what the woman is, he said, a thing  
 Called L. E. and the woman was.  
 They do a better than the women's secrets,  
 E. For all I but all the women on.

E. E. Hysteria, let a hear be told to E.  
 Or And what her own other and the bed,  
 They do a better, more, and more, and more,  
 They go, and, and, and a woman there,  
 A. L. E. the bed, and the woman there,  
 E. I am, he said, a woman there.

E. A. I am, he said, a woman there.  
 Or They do a better, and more, and more,  
 The woman, the woman, the woman,  
 And more, but he passed the woman and  
 E. What was that?

Or I am to see the State  
 Into the back. This was the one reform  
 we attempted.

E. Two dreamers  
 Or I was

*Bl* So then the women now must undertake  
All manly duties?

*Chr* So I understand

*Bl* Then I shan't be a dicast but my wife?

*Chr* Nor you support your household but your wife

*Bl* Nor I get grumbling up in early morn?

*Chr* No for the future that's your wife's affair

You'll lie abed no grumbling any more

*Bl* But hark ye twould be rough on us old men

If when the women hold the reins of State

They should perforce compel us to—

*Chr* Do what?

*Bl* Make love to them

*Chr* But if we're not prepared?

*Bl* They'll dock our breakfasts

*Chr* Therefore learn the way

How to make love and eat your breakfast too

*Bl* Upon compulsion? Faugh!

*Chr* If that is for

The public good we needs must all obey

There is a legend of the olden time

That all our foolish plans and vain conceits

Are overruled to work the public good

So be it now high Pillas and ye gods!

But I must go Farewell

*Bl* And farewell Chremes

*Exeunt*

*Enter CHORUS*

*Chorus* Step strong! March along!

But search and scan if any man

be somewhere following in our rear

Look out! Wheel about!

And O be sure that all's secure

for many are the rogues I fear

Lest someone coming up behind us

in this ungodly guise should find us

Be sure you make a clattering sound

with both your feet against the ground

For dismal shame and scandal great

Will every where upon us wait

if our disguise they penetrate

So wrap your garments round you tight

And peep about with all your might

Both here and there and on your right

Or this our plot to save the State

will in disaster terminate

Most of dear friends move on apace

for now we're very near the place

From whence we started when we went

to join the men in Parliament

And there's the mansion full in view

where dwell our lady chieftain who

The wise and noble scheme invented

to which the State has just assented

So now no longer must we stay

no longer while the time away

False bearded with this bristly hair

Lest someone see us and declare

our hidden secret everywhere

So draw ye closer at my call

Beneath the shadow of the wall

And glancing sideways one and all

Adjust and change your dresses there

and bear the form which erst ye bare

For see the noble lady fair

our chieftainess approaching there

She's coming home with eager speed

from yon Assembly take ye heed

And loathe upon your chins to wear

that monstrous equipage of hair

For neath its tickling mass I know

they've all been smarting long ago

*PRAXAGORA is seen returning from the Assembly*

*She is still wearing her husband's garments and*

*enters the stage alone. We hear no more of the*

*two women who had been her companions*

*there before. And nobody else comes on the stage*

*until BLEPYRUS and CHREMES emerge from*

*their respective houses. Lines below.*

*Pr* So far dear sisters these our bold designs

Have all gone off successfully and well

But now at once or ere some wight perceive us

Off with your woollens cast your shoes unloose

The jointed clasp of thy Laconian reins

Discard your staves Nay but do you my dear

Get these in order I myself will steal

Into the house and ere my husband see me

Put back his overcloak unnoticed where

I found it and whatever else I took

*PRAXAGORA retires into her house (the house of*

*BLEPYRUS) to change her dress whilst the CHORUS*

*change theirs in the orchestra. She almost*

*immediately returns and henceforth all the wo-*

*men are clothed in their proper habiliments*

*Ch* We have done your behest and touching

the rest

We will do whatsoever you tell us is best

For truly I ween that a woman so keen

Resourceful and subtle we never have seen

*Pr* Then all by my side as the councillors tried

Of the office I hold be content to abide

For there in the fuss and hullabaloo

Ye proved yourself women most manly and true

*Enter BLEPYRUS and CHREMES from their re-*

*spective houses*

*Bl* Hello Praxagora whence come you?

*Pr* What's that?

To you my man?

*Bl* What's that to me? That's cool

*Pr* Not from a lover that you know

*Bl* Perchance

From more than one

*Pr* That you can test directly

*Bl* Marry and how?

*Pr* Smell if my hair is perfumed

*Bl* Does not a woman sin unless she's perfumed?

*Pr* I don't at all events

*Bl* What made you steal

Away so early with my overcloak?

*Pr* I was called out ere daybreak to a friend

In pangs of childbirth

*Bl* Why not tell me first

Before you went?

Pr Not haste to h lp her in  
 Substrata, my husband?  
 El After tell ng me  
 Wreth, g s wrong there  
 Pr Nay by the Twain I went  
 Just as I was the wench who came besought me  
 To see no time.  
 El Is that the reason why  
 You did not put your mantle on? You threw it  
 Over my bed and took my overcloak  
 Talk of me! n lik a corpse laid out  
 O! I'd ever a wreath or bottle of oal.  
 Pr Then he was cold and I m so s ght and  
 For a  
 I took for a overcloak to keep me warm  
 And ou left w-l snu gled up in warmth  
 And n, m husband.  
 El How came m staff to form  
 Or ou our party and my red Laconians?  
 Pr I took you shoes to m e ou o t cloak  
 Ap e our ank, stumpin, with both my feet  
 And stinkin do n your staff gaste th to es.  
 El You elost e bt quarts of wheat I d ha e  
 You know  
 Which th Assembl would ha e brought me n  
 Pr Well, never mind the s got a bonny boy  
 El Wh 'th Assembly has?  
 Pr No, fool, the woman.  
 El Has t met?  
 El I told ou yesterday  
 T as going to meet  
 Pr O yes, I now remember  
 El Hat you not heard th n what s d-creed?  
 Pr No, dear  
 El Then sit you down and bew your cuttlefish.  
 The State, they say is handed over to you!  
 Pr What for? To wea e?  
 El No, go ern  
 Pr Go ern what?  
 El All the whole work and business of the State.  
 Pr Other saluck State, by Aphrod te,  
 We'r gun to hav i  
 El How so?  
 Pr For many reasons.  
 For now o lon er shal bo d men be free  
 To use the art no mor witnessn  
 No l-x inform g-m  
 El Hm t, don't do that.  
 Don't takes a myocel mean of h in i  
 Or Pr ar destul and br e fed weak.  
 Pr A the s of overcloaks, t on rums now  
 None to be poor and naked an more  
 A m, no dstrum on our goods.  
 Or Now b Pseidon, word oes us if tru  
 Pr Aie and I d prn so that o d support me,  
 And b himself ha nought s n a lust t.  
 El Now wuen our interest be h,  
 Your soul ph-low-bic, that knows  
 So well for our owners to f h  
 For allt our business goes  
 The project your own will d'sclose,  
 As th thousands of p s ou propose

The citizen life to endow  
 Now show us what things you can do!  
 It is t me for the populace now  
 Requires an original new  
 Experiment only do you  
 Some no elts bring from your store  
 Never spoken or done heretofore  
 The aud ence don t like to be cheated  
 With hum urs too often repeated  
 So come to the point and at once for delay  
 Is a thing the pectators detest in a play  
 Pr I can exc llent scheme if you will but  
 bel'e e t  
 But I cannot be sure how our friends will rece e t  
 Or what they will do, if the old I eschew  
 And propound them a system erratic and new  
 This makes me a trifle alarmed and s n hearted  
 El As to that y ma safely be fearless and bold  
 We adore what is new and abhor wh t e d  
 This rule we etain when all lse ha d p n ted  
 Pr Then all to the speaker in silence attend  
 And d n t interrupt t ll I come to th end  
 And we gh a d p epend till you quite comprehend  
 Th drist and ntent of the schem l p event  
 The u, which I dare to enact and declare  
 Is that all shall be equal, and equally ha e  
 All wealth and enj yments, nor lon r endure  
 That one should be ri h, a d another be poor  
 That one should ha e acres, f r stretch ng and wide,  
 And another not even enou b to p on de  
 Himself a th gra e that thus at his call  
 Should ha e hundreds of servants, and that none  
 at all  
 All th s i nt nd to correct and mend  
 Now ll of all blessn's shall freely partake  
 O hf and one rtem for all men I make  
 El And how will you manag t?  
 Pr First I'll provide  
 That the r l m and la d, and what er beside  
 Each man shall possess, hall be common nd free,  
 O fund f e the public then out of t w  
 Will fred and maintain you, like housekeepers true,  
 Dispens and paring and caring for you.  
 El W th rega d to the land, I can quite under  
 stand  
 B t how if a man ha e b s money in hand  
 Not farms, which you see, nd he cannot withhold,  
 Pr t talents of sil er nd Danics of gold?  
 El All thus to th stores he must bring  
 But suppose  
 ll hoose to etair it and obody knows  
 Rank perj rv doubtless but what if it be?  
 'Twas by that he acquir'd t at first  
 Pr I agree.  
 But now twal be useless he ll need it no more.  
 El How mean ou?  
 Pr Al pressur from want will be o er  
 Now each will ha a th that ma can desire  
 Cakes, barley loaves, bestrut bu dant ture,  
 Wine, garland and fish th n wh should he wish  
 Th w n h he ha gotten b fraud to retain?  
 If you know y reason I hope you'll explain.

*Bl* 'Tis those that have most of these goods I believe  
That are always the worst and the keenest to thieves  
*Pr* I grant you my friend in the days that are past  
In your old fashioned system abolished at last  
But what he's to gain though his wealth he retain  
When all things are common I'd have you explain  
*Bl* If a youth to a girl his devotion would show  
He surely must woo her with presents  
*Pr* O no  
All women and men will be common and free  
No marriage or other restraint there will be  
*Bl* But if all should aspire to the favours of one  
To the girl that is fairest what then will be done?  
*Pr* By the side of the beauty so stately and grand  
The dwarf the deformed and the ugly will stand  
And before you're entitled the beauty to woo  
Your court you must pay to the hag and the shrew  
*Bl* For the ladies you've nicely provided no doubt  
No woman will now be a lover without  
But what of the men? For the girls I suspect  
The handsome will choose and the ugly reject  
*Pr* No girl will of course be permitted to mate  
Except in accord with the rules of the State  
By the side of her lover so handsome and tall  
Will be stationed the squat the ungainly and small  
And before she's entitled the beau to obtain  
Her love she must grant to the awkward and plain  
*Bl* O then such a nose as Lysicrates shows  
Will vie with the fairest and best I suppose  
*Pr* O yes 'tis a nice democratic device  
A popular system as ever was tried  
A jape on the swells with their rings and their pride  
Now fopling away Gaffer Hobnail will say  
Stand aside it is I have precedence to-day  
*Bl* But how may I ask will the children be known?  
And how can a father distinguish his own?  
*Pr* They will never be known it can never be told  
All youths will in common be sons of the old  
*Bl* If in vain to distinguish our children we seek  
Pray what will become of the aged and weak?  
At present I own though a father be known  
Sons throttle and choke him with hearty goodwill  
But will they not do it more cheerily still  
When the sonship is doubtful?  
*Pr* No certainly not  
For now if a boy should a parent annoy  
The lads who are near will of course interfere  
For they may themselves be his children I wot  
*Bl* In much that you say there is much to admire  
But what if Leucolophus claim me for sure  
Or vile Epicurus? I think you'll agree  
That a great and unbearable nuisance 'twould be  
*Chr* A nuisance much greater than this might befall you  
*Bl* How so?  
*Chr* If the skunk Aristyllus should call you  
His father and seize you a kiss to imprint

*Bl* O hang him! Confound him! O how I would pound him!  
*Chr* I fancy you soon would be smelling of mint  
*Pr* But this sir is nonsense it never could be.  
That whelp was begotten before the Decree  
His kiss it is plain you can never obtain  
*Bl* The prospect I view with disgust and alarm  
But who will attend to the work of the farm?  
*Pr* All labour and toil to your slaves you will leave  
Your business 'twill be when the shadows of eve  
Ten feet on the face of the dial are cast  
To scurry away to your evening repast  
*Bl* Our clothes what of them?  
*Pr* You have plenty in store  
When these are worn out we will weave you some more  
*Bl* Just one other thing If an action they bring  
What funds will be mine for discharging the fine?  
You won't pay it out of the stores I opine  
*Pr* A fine to be paid when an action they bring!  
Why bless you our people won't know such a thing  
As an action  
*Bl* No actions! I feel a misgiving  
Pray what are our people to do for a living?  
*Chr* You are right there are many will rue it  
*Pr* No doubt  
But what can one then bring an action about?  
*Bl* There are reasons in plenty I'll just mention one  
If a debtor won't pay you pray what's to be done?  
*Pr* If a debtor won't pay! Nay but tell me, my friend  
How the creditor came by the money to lend?  
All money I thought to the stores had been brought  
I've got a suspicion I say it with grief  
Your creditor's surely a bit of a thief  
*Chr* Now that is an answer acute and befitting  
*Bl* But what if a man should be fined for committing  
Some common assault when elated with wine  
Pray what are his means for discharging that fine?  
I have posed you I think  
*Pr* Why his victuals and drink  
Will be stopped by command for while and I guess  
That he will not again in a hurry transgress,  
When he pays with his stomach  
*Bl* Will thieves be unknown?  
*Pr* Why how should they steal what is partly their own?  
*Bl* No chance then to meet at night in the street  
Some highwayman coming our cloaks to abstract?  
*Pr* No not if you're sleeping at home nor in fact  
Though you choose to go out That trade why pursue it?  
There's plenty for all but suppose him to do it  
Don't fight and resist him what need of a pothor?  
You can go to the stores, and they'll give you another  
*Bl* Shall we gambling forsake?

Why what could you stake?

P But what is the st le of our living to be?

P One common to all, independent and free

All bars and partitions for ever undone

All pri at est blushments fused into one.

E Then where may I ask, will o r dinners be had?

E A b court and arcade of the law shall be made  
A banquet hall for th citizens.

E Right.  
B t hat will you do with the desk for the speakers?

P I'll make it a stand for the cups and the  
beakers

And the e shall the striplins be ranged to recite

The deeds of th bra e and the jo s of the fight

And th e ward, dis race till out of the place

Each cowa d ball slink with a very red face,  
Not stopping to dine.

E O but that will be fine.  
And what of th balloting booths?

P They shall go  
To the head of the market place all n a row

And ther by Harmod us taking my stat on,

I'll tickets dispense to the whole of the nation,

Till each one has got his particular lot,

And manfully bustles along to the sign  
Of the letter w m the empanell'd duse.

The man who has A shall be ushered away  
To the Royal Arcade to the ext will go B

And C to the Cornmarket

B Metely t are?

P No, fool, but so duse

E 'Tis an ext lent plan.  
Thence who en never a letter postman,

Get on er dinner

P But twill not be so.

There'll be plenty for all, and to pare

A stant and no grudging on system will know

B t each wil way fr m th revelry go,

Elated and grand with a tor h in his hand

And a garland of flowers in his hair

And then through the streets as they wander a lot  
Of women will and them be creeping

"O come t my lod n" says on I ha e got

Such a bea t ful girl in my keeping

But here is th sweeter nd fairest my boy "

F om a widow another will so

But ere ou e t led her lo to enjoy

Your toll to myself ou must pay

To a socr-companion, flat saged and old

Wul about to th you gter A ast!

And here are yo going so gallant nd bold

And where s yo h t, so fast?

To in va you must s id to the laws f the State

And I shall be courts gth fu

Whilst you m st without n the ext bul wast

And str ero muse ourself th e dear bos

And n e to amuse ourself th e

There on wh t think ye f my scheme?

E First rate.

P Then now I'll go to the mark t place, and  
there.

Take some clear voiced girl as errand.

Recet e the woods as people bring them in.

This must I do, elected ch efastness

To rule the State and start el e public feasts

That so your banquet may commence to-day

B! What shall we banquet now at once?

P You shall.

And next I'll make a thorough sweep of all  
The flunni, harlots.

B! Why?

P That these free ladies

May ha e the firstlin, manhood of our youths.

Those servil husuets shall no longer pouch

Upon the true low manners of the free.

No, let them h rd w th sla es, and lie with sla es.

In servile fashion snuffed and trimmed to match.

III Lead on my lass, I'll follow close behind

That men may point and whisper as I pass,

There goes the husband of o e chief stiness

Oh And I will muster and rev ew my goods,

And bring them all, as ordered to the stores.

Exeunt FR. XACORA, HLEPYS, and CHREMES  
(Here was a choral song now lost during which  
CHREMES s preparing to brw out t s chattels from  
the house)

Oh My sweet bran winnower come you sweetly  
here.

March out the first of all my household goods,

Powdered and trim, like some young basket bearer

Aye, may a sa k of mine you have bolted down.

Now where s the fair girl? Come along dear pot

(Wow! but you se black scarce blacker had you  
chanced

To bolt the dre kyacrates empon )

And stand by her Come hither turning round

And pitcher bearer bear your pitcher here.

You fair musician, take your station there.

You a bore untimely trumpet call has oft

Roused me ere daybreak, to attend the Assembly

Who s got the dash, go forward take the combs

Of honey set the ol ve branches n h

Bring out the tripod, and the bottles of oil

To panickus and rubba h you can leave

Now another door opens the door on which  
PRAXAND had se huly attached, 34 above

and the HES D OF THE COVD WOME V

A an comes out she did 377 above

G. I bring m goods to the stores! That w're to be

A hapless free horn ill endowed with brains.

I'll never do it by Potendou, never!

I'll test the th og and scan its bearings first

I'm not the man to fling my seat and thrift

So dilly nd so brainless way

Be o e l e fathomed how the matter stands.

~You th, rel what means this lon array of chattels?

Are they brow ht out because you re hanging o  
house

Or are you going to pawn th m?

Oh No.

G Then why

All in a row? As thre n grand procession,

Marchin t Hicro the uctioneer?



*Bl* Tis those that have most of these goods I believe  
 That are always the worst and the keenest to thieve  
*Pr* I grant you my friend in the days that are past  
 In your old fashioned system abolished at last  
 But what he s to gain though his wealth he retain  
 When all things are common I d have you explain  
*Bl* If a youth to a girl his devotion would show  
 He surely must woo her with presents  
*Pr* O no  
 All women and men will be common and free  
 No marriage or other restraint there will be  
*Bl* But if all should aspire to the favours of one  
 To the girl that is fairest what then will be done?  
*Pr* By the side of the beauty so stately and grand  
 The dwarf the deformed and the ugly will stand  
 And before you re entitled the beauty to woo  
 Your court you must pay to the hag and the shrew  
*Bl* For the ladies you ve nicely provided no doubt  
 No woman will now be a lover without  
 But what w of the men? For the girls I suspect  
 The handsome will choose and the ugly reject  
*Pr* No girl will of course be permitted to mate  
 Except in accord with the rules of the State  
 By the side of her lover so handsome and tall  
 Will be stationed the squat the ungainly and small  
 And before she s entitled the beau to obtain  
 Her love she must grant to the awkward and plain  
*Bl* O then such a nose as Lysistrates shows  
 Will vie with the fairest and best I suppose  
*Pr* O yes tis a nice democratic device  
 A popular system as ever was tried  
 A jape on the swells with their rings and their pride  
 Now fopling away Gaffer Hobnail will say  
 Stand aside it is I have precedence to-day  
*Bl* But how may I ask will the children be known?  
 And how can a father distinguish his own?  
*Pr* They will never be known it can never be told  
 All youths will in common be sons of the old  
*Bl* If in vain to distinguish our children we seek  
 Pray what will become of the aged and weak?  
 At present I own though a father be known  
 Sons throttle and choke him with hearty goodwill  
 But will they not do it more cheerily still  
 When the sonship is doubtful?  
*Pr* No certainly not  
 For now if a boy should a parent annoy  
 The lads who are near wif of course interfere  
 For they may themselves be his children I wor  
*Bl* In much that you say there is much to admire  
 But what if Leucolophus claim me for sire  
 Or vile Epicurus? I think you ll agree  
 That a great and unbearable nuisance twould be  
*Chr* A nuisance much greater than this might befall you  
*Bl* How so?  
*Chr* If the skunk Aristyllus should call you  
 His father and seize you a kiss an imprint

*Bl* O hang him! Confound him! O how I would pound him!  
*Chr* I fancy you soon would be smelling of munt  
*Pr* But this sir is nonsense it never could be  
 That whelp was begotten before the Decr e  
 His kiss it is plain you can never obtain  
*Bl* The prospect I view with disgust and alarm  
 But who will attend to the work of the farm?  
*Pr* All labour and toil to your slaves you will leave  
 Your business twill be when the shadows of eve  
 Ten feet on the face of the dial are cast  
 To scurry away to your evening repast  
*Bl* Our clothes what of them?  
*Pr* You have plenty in store  
 When these are worn out we will weave you some more  
*Bl* Just one other thing If an action they bring  
 What funds will be mine for discharging the fine?  
 You won t pay it out of the stores I opine  
*Pr* A fine to be paid when an action they bring!  
 Why bless you our people won t know such a thing  
 As an action  
*Bl* No actions! I feel a misgiving  
 Pray what are our people to do for a living?  
*Chr* You are right there are many will rue it  
*Pr* No doubt  
 But what can one then bring an action about?  
*Bl* There are reasons in plenty I ll just mention one  
 If a debtor won t pay you pray what s to be done?  
*Pr* If a debtor won t pay! Nay but tell me my friend  
 How the creditor came by the money to lend?  
 All money I thought to the stores had been brought  
 I ve got a suspicion I say it with grief  
 Your creditor s surely a bit of a thief  
*Chr* Now that is an answer acute and befitting  
*Bl* But what if a man should be fined for committing  
 Some common assault when elated with wine  
 Pray what are his means for discharging that fine?  
 I have posed you I think  
*Pr* Why his victuals and drink  
 Will be stopped by command for awhile and I guess  
 That he will not again in a hurry transgress,  
 When he pays with his stomach  
*Bl* Will thieves be unknown?  
*Pr* Why how should they steal what is partly their own?  
*Bl* No chance then to meet at night in the street  
 Some highway man coming our cloaks in abstract?  
*Pr* No not if you re sleeping at home nor in fact  
 Though you choose to go out That trade why pursue it?  
 There s plenty for all but suppose him to do it  
 Don t fight and resist him what need of a pother?  
 You can go to the stores and they ll give you another  
*Bl* Shall we gambling forsake?

6-711

Fr. Why what could you stake?  
 E. But what is the style of our living to be?  
 Fr. One common to all, independent and free.  
 All laws and partitions for ever undone,  
 All private establishments fused into one.  
 E. Then what may I ask, will our dinners be had?

Fr. Each court and arcade of the law shall be made  
 A common hall for the citizen.

E. But what will you do with the desk for the speakers?

Fr. I'll make it a stand for the cups and the  
 bowls.

And were shall the sun-shine be rained to recite  
 The deeds of the brave, and the joys of the fight,  
 And we toward the race till out of the place  
 Each toward shall sink with a cry red face  
 Unknown to die.

E. O but that will be fine.  
 And what of the babbling booths?

Fr. They shall go

To the head of the market place, all in a row  
 And there by Harpocrates take my station,  
 I'll take my dispute: the whole of the nation,  
 Till each one has got his particular lot,  
 And each man's business along to the spot.  
 Of the letter hereat be a sample led to done.  
 The man who has A shall be ushered away  
 To the Royal Arcade to the next will go B  
 And C to the Cornmarket

E. Verily to see?

Fr. No, look, but to do.

E. 'Tis an excellent plan,  
 Then he who gets never a letter poor man,  
 Goes to the corner

Fr. But will not be so.  
 There'll be plenty for all, and to spare.  
 A. No, and no grudging our system will know  
 But each will save from the every go,  
 Elated and grand, with a torch in his hand  
 And garland of flowers in his hair

And then through the streets as they wander a lot

Of women will round them be creeping

O come to my lodging as you see, I have got

Such a beautiful girl in my keeping

But here is the sweetest and fairest, my boy "

From a widow another will say

But you remember her to be joy

Your toll: myself you must pay "

Then your companion, fat, wrinkled and old,

Will look to the owner A as!

And here are you gone so gallant and bold

And here are you in so fast?

To be vain you must be led to the laws of the State,

And I shall be courting the fair

What you must without in the stately war,

And yet let amuse yourself their dear boy

And say I am myself there.

Then now but think of my scheme?

E. First rate

Fr. Then now I'll go to the market place, and

There.

Take some clear voiced girl as earnest,  
 Revere the goods as people bring them in.  
 Thus must I do, elected chieftainess  
 To rule the State and start the public feasts  
 That so your banquets may commence to-day

Bl. What, shall we banquet now at once?

Fr. You shall

And next I'll make a thorough sweep of all  
 The flummery, harlots.

Bl. Why?

Fr. That these free ladies

May have the firstling manhood of our youths.

Those servile husies shall no longer poach

Upon the true love manors of the free.

No, let them herd with slaves, and lie with slaves,

In servile fashion snatched and trimmed to match.

Bl. Lead on my lass, I'll follow close behind

That men may point and whisper as I pass,

There goes the hand of our chieftainess

Chr. And I will muster and review my goods,

And bring them all, as ordered to the stores.

Exeunt PRAXAGORA, SLEPT L.S. and CHARMES

(Here was a choral song now lost during which  
 CHARMES is preparing to bring out his chattels from  
 the house)

Chr. My sweet brain winnowed come you sweetly  
 here.

March out the first of all my household goods.

Powdered and trim, like some young basket bearer

Aye, many sack of mine you have bolted down.

Now where is the chair girl? Come along dear pot,

(Now! but you're black scarce blacker had you  
 choiced)

To bid the dre Livetrates employ)

And stand by her Come hither tiring maid

And pitcher bearer bear your pitcher here

You, fair mistress, take your station there

You whose untimely trumpet-call has oft

Roused me ere day break, to attend the Assembly

Who's got the dish, go forward take the combs

Of honey set the olive branches nigh

Bring out the tripods and the bottles of oil

The pannikins and rubbish you can leave

Now another door opens the door upon which

PRAXAGORA had it Lily attached, is above

and the second door is the second woman

again comes out as he did 377 above

G. I bring in good rich stores! That were to be

A hapless generation, all endowed with brains.

I'll never do it by Poseidon, never!

I'll test the thim and sea bearings first

I am not the man to fan my sweat and thirst

So mildly and so b aniles I was

Before I have fastened how the matter stands.

— You there! what means this long array of chattels?

Are they brought out because you're changing

house

Or are you going to pawn them?

Chr. No.

G. Then why

All in a row? Are they a grand procession,

Marching to Hieron the auctioneer?

6-3

Chr O no I am going to bring them to the stores  
 For the State's use so run the new made laws  
 Cr (in shrill surprise) You are going to bring them!  
 Chr Yes  
 Cr By Zeus the Saviour  
 You are an ill starred one!  
 Chr How?  
 Cr How? Plain enough  
 Chr What must I not forsooth obey the laws?  
 Cr The laws poor wretch! What laws?  
 Chr The new made laws  
 Cr A fool?  
 Chr A fool?  
 Cr Well aren't you? Just the venest dolt  
 In all the town!  
 Chr Because I do what's ordered?  
 Cr Is it a wise man's part to do what's ordered?  
 Chr Of course it is  
 Cr Of course it is a fool's  
 Chr Then won't you bring yours in?  
 Cr I'll wait awhile  
 And watch the people what they're going to do  
 Chr What should they do but bring their chattels in  
 For the State's use?  
 Cr I saw it and beheld  
 Chr Why in the streets they talk—  
 Cr Ay talk they will  
 Chr Saying they'll bring their goods—  
 Cr Ay say they will  
 Chr Zounds! you doubt every thing  
 Cr Ay doubt they will  
 Chr O Heaven confound you  
 Cr Ay confound they will  
 What! think you men of sense will bring their goods?  
 Not they! That's not our custom we're disposed  
 Rather to take than give like the dear gods  
 Look at their statues stretching out their hands!  
 We pray the powers to give us all things good  
 Still they hold forth their hands with hollowed  
 palms  
 Showing their notion is to take not give  
 Chr Pray now good fellow let me do my work  
 Hui where's the strap? These must be tied together  
 Cr You are really going?  
 Chr Don't you see I'm tying  
 These tripods up this instant?  
 Cr O what folly!  
 Not to delay a little and observe  
 What other people do and then—  
 Chr And then?  
 Cr Why then put off and then delay again  
 Chr Why so?  
 Cr Why if perchance an earthquake came  
 Or lightning fell or a cat cross the street  
 They'll soon cease bringing in you blockhead you!  
 Chr A pleasant jest if I should find no room  
 To bring my chattels!  
 Cr To receive you mean  
 'Twere time to bring them two days hence.  
 Chr How mean you?  
 Cr I know these fellows voting in hot haste  
 And straight ignoring the decree they've passed

Chr They'll bring them friend  
 Cr But if they don't what then?  
 Chr No fear they'll bring them  
 Cr If they don't what then?  
 Chr We'll fight them  
 Cr If they prove too strong what then?  
 Chr I'll leave them  
 Cr If they won't be left what then?  
 Chr Go hang yourself  
 Cr And if I do what then?  
 Chr 'Twere a good deed  
 Cr You are really going to bring them?  
 Chr Yes that's exactly what I'm going to do  
 I see my neighbours bringing theirs  
 Cr O ay  
 Antisthenes for instance Heavens he'd liefer  
 Sit on the stool for thirty days and more  
 Chr Be hanged!  
 Cr Well but Callimachus the poet  
 What will he bring them?  
 Chr More than Callias can  
 Cr Well here's a man will throw away his  
 substance  
 Chr That's a hard saying  
 Cr Hard? when every day  
 We see abortive resolutions passed!  
 That vote about the salt you mind that don't you?  
 Chr I do  
 Cr And how we voted don't you mind  
 Those copper coins  
 Chr And a bad job for me  
 That courage proved I sold my grapes and stuffed  
 My cheek with coppers then I steered away  
 And went to purchase barley in the market  
 When just as I was holding out my sack  
 The herald cried No copper coins allowed!  
 Nothing but silver must be paid or taken!  
 Cr Then that late tax the two-and-a-half per  
 cent  
 Euripides devised weren't we all vowing  
 'Twould yield five hundred talents to the State?  
 Then every man would gild Euripides  
 But when we reckoned up and found the thing  
 A Zeus's Corinth and no good at all  
 Then every man would tar Euripides  
 Chr But times have altered then the men bare  
 away  
 'Tis now the women  
 Cr Who, I'll take good care  
 Shan't try on me their little piddling ways  
 Chr You're talking nonsense Boy take up the  
 yoke  
 Enter a CRIER to summon all citizens to the ban  
 quet  
 Crier O all ye citizens (for now 'tis thus)  
 Come all come quick straight to your chieftainess.  
 There cast your lots there fortune shall assign  
 To every man his destined feasting place  
 Come for the tables now are all prepared  
 And laden heavily with all good things  
 The couches all with rugs and cushions piled!  
 They're mixing wine the perfume selling girls





Hag If I m singing  
With bated breath to dear Epigenes  
Gi I thought old Geres was your only dear  
Hag You'll soon think otherwise he'll come to me  
O here he is himself

Enter youth bearing a torch  
Gi Not wanting aught

Of you Old Plague  
Hag O yes Miss Pineaway  
Gi His acts will show I'll slip away unseen

Exit

Hag And so will I You'll find I'm right my beauty

Youth O that I now might my darling woo  
Nor first be doomed to the foul embrace  
Of an ancient hag with a loathsome face  
To a free born stripling a dire disgrace!

Hag That you never my boy could!  
Tis not Charuxena's style to-day  
Now the law's you must needs obey  
Under our democratical sway

I'll run and watch what next you are going to do

Yo O might I catch dear gods, my fair alone  
To whom I hasten flushed with love and wine.

Gi (re appearing above) That vile old Hag I nicely cozened her

She deems I'm safe within and off she's gone

But here's the very lad of whom we spake

(Singing) This way this way

Hither my soul's delight!

O come to my arms my love my own

O come to my arms this night

Dearly I long for my love

My bosom's shaken and whirls

My heart is afire with a wild desire

For my boy with the sunbright curls

Ah me what means this strange unrest

This love which lacerates my breast?

O God of Love I cry to thee

Be pitiful be merciful

And send my love to me

Yo (singing) Hither O hither my love

This way this way

Run run down from above,

Open the wicket I pray

Else I shall swoon I shall die!

Dearly I long for thy charms

Longing and craving and yearning to lie

In the bliss of thy snow soft arms

O Cyprus, why my bosom stir

Making me rage and rave for her?

O God of Love I cry to thee

Be pitiful be merciful

And send my love to me

Enough I trow is said to show

the straits I'm in my lonely grieving

Too long I've made my serenade

— & descend sweet heart thy chamber leaving

Open true welcome show

Sore pangs for thee I undergo

O Love bedight with golden light

presentment fair of soft embraces,

The Muses bee, of Love's sweet tree  
the flower the nursing of the Graces,  
Open true welcome show  
Sore pangs for thee I undergo.

Exit girl.

Hag (re appearing) Hil knocking? seeking me?

Yo A likely, joke

Hag You banged against my door

Yo Hanged if I did

Hag Then why that lighted torch? What seek you here?

Yo Some Anaphlystian butcher

Hag What's his name?

Yo No not Sebinus whom you want belike.

Hag By Aphrodite will you mill you sir

The hag tries to drag him into her house

Yo Ah but we're not now taking cases over

Sixty years old, they've been adjourned till later

We're taking now those under twenty years

Hag Ah but that was under darling boy

The old regime now you must take us first

Yo Aye if I will so runs the Pactian law

Hag You didn't did you dine by Pactian law

Yo Don't understand you there's the girl I want.

Hag Aye but me first you must you rogue you must

Yo O we don't want a musty pack cloth now

Hag I know I'm loved but O you wonder don't you,

To see me out of doors come buss me do

Yo No no I dread your lover

Hag Whom do you mean?

Yo That prince of painters

Hag Who is he I wonder

Yo Who paints from life the bottles for the dead

Away I begone! he'll see you at the door

Hag I know I know your wishes

Yo And I yours.

Hag I vow by Aphrodite whose I am

I'll never let you go

Yo You're mad old lady

Hag Nonsense! I'll drag you recreant to my

couch

Yo Why buy we hooks to raise our buckets then

When an old hag like this let deftly down

Could claw up all the buckets from our wells?

Hag No scoffing honey come along with me

Yo You've got no rights, unless you've paid the

tax

One fifth per cent on all your wealth—of years.

Hag O yes you must O yes by Aphrodite,

Because I love to cuddle lads like you

Yo But I don't love to cuddle hags like you

Nor will I never! never!

Hag O yes, you will

This will compel you

Yo What in the world is this?

Hag This is a law which bids you follow me

Yo Read what it says.

Hag O yes my dear I will

Be it enacted please to listen you

By us the ladies if a youth would woo

# THE PLUTUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                                    |                  |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| CARIO, <i>servant of Chremylus</i> | A GOOD MAN       |
| CHREMYLUS                          | AN INFORMER      |
| PLUTUS, <i>God of Wealth</i>       | AN OLD L. D.Y.   |
| BLEPSIDEMUS                        | A YOUTH          |
| POLEATY                            | HERM.            |
| WIFE OF CHREMYLUS                  | A PRIEST OF ZEUS |
| CHOIR OF NEEDY AGRICULTURISTS      |                  |

*Scene is set in Athens at the house of CHREMYLUS in the back-ground. Growing along in front is a BLIND MAN of a wild appearance found by CHREMYLUS, an active citizen, and a slave CARIO, in 212, strikes a key*

CAR. How hard it is, O Zeus and all ye Gods, To be the slave of a demented master! For though the servant gets the best advantage, yet the owner otherwise decides. The servant's woes must share the ill results. For a man's body such is fate, belongs not to himself, but to whose or has bought it. So much for that. But now with LAMUS, who runs his golden-trimmed chariot his ghastly steed, I'm not a bone to pick. A wise Physician sees they call him. He has sent me master off so mood mad. That now he following a poor blind old man, just the reverse of what he ought to do. For we no see should go before the band. But we goes for (and constrains me too) One who won't answer even with a grudge. I won't keep silence, master no I won't. When you tell me where we follow here. I'll praise you, Sir I know you won't chastise me. So do as I've this sacred chaplet on.

CHREM. I'll pluck it off that you may smart the more.

He keeps bawling.

Ca. Humb! I won't top. I'd you have told me both fellow is. You know I ask out of love for you.

Ch. I'll tell you, for fall in servants on I count the truest and most constant—thief. —I've been virtuous and religious man yet a wretched poor and luckless.

Ca. So you have. Ch. While I am a breaker, orator, informer, told him to grow rich and prosper.

Ca. So they do. Ch. So then I went to question of the God—Not for my self, though quarrel of mine like I'm to be married of an arrow now—But for my son, my only son, to ask

If change all his habits, he should turn A rogue, dishonest, rotten to the core For which as they in this life, succeed the best. Ca. And what drenched Phœbus from his wreaths of bay?

Ch. He told me plainly that with whomsoever I first gathered as I left the shrine Of him I never should leave go again. But with him be in friendship, to my home.

Ca. With whom then did you first gather?

Ch. Him.

Ca. And can't you see the meaning of the God?

You noramus, who so plainly tells you Your son should follow the prevailing fashion?

Ch. Why think you that?

Ca. He means that even the blind Can see it better for our present life To be rascal, often to the core.

Ch. 'Tis not that way the oracle inclines. It cannot be 'T' something more than that.

Now if this fellow told us who he is, And who and where fore he has come here now

Would soon show us what the God intended

Ca. (to ZEALUS) Hailo, you sirrah, tell me who you are.

Or take the consequence! Out with it quick!

He. Go and be hanged!

Ca. O master, did you hear?

The name he gave?

Ch. 'Twas meant for you, not me. You ask in such a rude and vulgar way

(To ZEALUS) Friend if you love a honest gentleman,

Tell me your name

He. Get out you rascal!

Ch. O! O! Accept the omens, and the man.

Ch. O by Demeter you shall smart for this. Answer this instant or you die the death.

He. Men men depart and leave me.

Ch. Wouldn't you like it?

Ch. O master what I say is far the best I'll make him die a miserable death.

I set him on some precipice, and leave him. So then he'll topple down and break his neck.

Ch. Up with him!

Bury my body by the harbour's mouth  
And take the upper bag who still survives,  
And mar her well and round her ankles twain  
Pour molten lead and plant her on my grave,  
The staring likeness of a bottle of oil

*Exeunt*

*Enter Praxagora's MAID*

Maid O lucky People and O happy me  
And O my mistress luckiest of us all  
And y who now are standing at our door  
And all our neighbours aye and all our town  
And I a lucky waiting maid who now  
Have had my head with unguents rich and rare  
Perfumed and bathed but far surpassing, all  
Are those sweet flagons full of Thasian wine.  
Their fragrance long keeps lingering in the head  
Whilst all the rest evaporate and fade  
There's nothing half so good great gods, not half!  
Choose the most fragrant mix it neat and raw  
I will make us merry all the whole night through  
But tell me ladies where my master is  
I mean the husband of my honoured mistress  
Ch If you stay here, methinks you'll find him soon  
Ma Aye here he comes (*Enter ALEPYRUS and the children*) He's off to join the dinner

O master O you lucky lucky man!

Bl What!?

Ma Yes you by Zeus you luckiest man  
What greater bliss than yours, who out of more  
Than thrice ten thousand citizens alone  
Have managed you alone to get no dinner?

Ch You tell of a happy man and no mistake

Ma Hi! Hi! where now?

Bl I'm off to join the dinner

Ma And much the last of all by Aphrodite  
Well well my mistress bade me take you sir  
You and these little girls and bring you thither  
Ay and there's store of Chian wine remaining  
And other dainties too so don't delay  
And all the audience who are well disposed  
And every judge who looks not otherwards  
Come on with us we'll freely give you all

Bl Nay no exceptions open wide your mouth  
Invite them all in free and generous style  
Boy, stripling grandsire yea announce that all  
Shall find a table all prepared and spread  
For their enjoyment in—their own sweet homes  
But if I'll hurry off to join the feast  
And here at least I've got a torch all handy  
Ch Then why so long keep lingering here not take

These little ladies down? And as you go,  
I'll sing a song a Lay of Lay the-dinner  
But first a slight suggestion to the judges.  
Let the wise and philosophic

choose me for my wisdom's sake,

Those who joy in mirth and laughter

choose me for the jests I make

Then with hardly an exception

every vote I'm bound to win.

Let it nothing tell against me

that my play must first begin

See that through the afterpieces,

back to me your memory strays

Keep your oaths and well and truly

judge between the rival plays.

Be not like the wanton women

never mindful of the past

Always for the new admirer

always fondest of the last

Now tis time tis time tis time

Sisters dear tis time for certain

if we mean the thing to do,

To the public feast to hasten

Therefore foot it neatly you

First throw up your right leg so,

Then the left and away to go,

Cretan measure,

Bl Aye, with pleasure

Ch Now must the spindleshanks lanky and lean

Trip to the banquet for soon will I ween

High on the table be smoking a dish

Brimming with game and with fowl and with fish

All sorts of good things.

Plattero-filleto mulleto turboto

Craneo morselo-pickleo-acido-

Sulphio honeyo pouredonthe topothe

Ouzelo throsteleo cushato-culvero-

Cutleto roastingo-marrowo-dippero

Leveret syrupo gibleto-wings.

So now ye have heard these tidings true

Lay hold of a plate and an omelette too

And scurry away at your topmost speed

And so you will have whereon to feed

Bl They're guzzling already I know I know

Ch Then up with your feet and away to go

Off off to the supper we'll run

With a whoop for the prize hurrah hurrah

With a whoop for the prize hurrah hurrah

Whoop whoop for the victory won!



# THE PLUTUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|                             |                  |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| CARIO, servant of Chremylus | A GOOD MAN       |
| CHREMYLUS                   | AN OLD FORMER    |
| PLUTUS, God of Wealth       | AN OLD LADY      |
| BLEPHILOUS                  | A YOUTH          |
| LOUSIVY                     | HER MESSENGER    |
| WISCONS OF CHREMYLUS        | A JESTER OF ZEUS |
| CHORUS OF NEEDY CILICIA     | IS               |

Scene a street in Athens as the house of  
CHREMYLUS in the background and Groggaleg  
in front of it. LINDUS a friend of  
his and CHREMYLUS an elderly man, a  
slave CARIO, a slave of his.

Come Hush hard t us, O Zeus and all ye Gods,  
T be the slave of a demented master!  
For though the servant gets the best of it,  
Yet if his owner otherwise decide  
The servant needs must share the ill results.  
For man's body such is fate, belongs  
Not to himself, but to whoever has bought it.  
So much for that. I'll now with Louisy,  
Who from his golden tripod hants his high  
Oracula strains, I've got boy to pick.  
A ne Phrygian-sees th y call him, yet  
He has sent my master off so moody mad  
That now he's following a poor blind old man,  
Just the reverse of what he ought to do.  
For e he see should go before the blind  
B'the goes fier (and constrains me too)  
O e he on tans er even with a gr  
I on t keep silence, master no I wo t  
Unless you tell me why yo e foll g him  
I'll plague you, Sir I know y u mo t cha t se me  
So loe as I this sacred chaplet on.  
Chremylus I'll pick t ff that y u may mart  
the nose,

If ou keep botherin'g

Ca. Humbug! I won't t p

Until you ha e told me who the fellow is.

You know I ask t t o f for you.

Ca. I'll tell you, for fall my servant y u

I cou t the truest and most co m t—tha f

—I e been a rtuous and rel uous man

Yet a y poor and luckless.

Ch. While Temple breakers, orators, inf rners,

And knaves grow rich and prosper

Ch. So then I went to questio f the God—

Not for myself, the qu m f my lif

Is I'ough emptied of tsar ws

But for my son, my only son, to ask

If chang ng d his habits, he should turn

A rogue d dishonest rotten to t e case

For whas the meth ds succeed the best.

Ca. And what d'you'd f boe bus f em his wreathe  
of bay?

Ch. He told me plainly that with whomsoever

I first forg t I red as I f it the shun

Of him I ne r should lea e go a an

But w n h m back in f n d lup to my l ome.

Ca. With whom then did you first f u gather?

Ch. With whom then did you first f u gather?

Ca. A d can t you see the meaning of t e God,

You ignoramus, who so plainly t lls you

Your son should follow t e p e ailing fashion?

Ca. Why th nk you that?

Ch. He means that e en the blind

Can see us better for our present life

To be rascal, rotten to the core.

Ca. T's not that way t e or d e c nes,

It cannot be T's someth g more than that.

Now f thus fell w t d u who f e is,

And why nd wh e for t e has come h re now

We d soon disco er what the t d intended

Ca. (to WEALTH) I'll lo, you r h tell me who

you are,

O take the consequence! Out with it qu kl

It sh Go and be h ng dl

Ca. O master d d you hear

Th n me he g e?

Ch. T was mena f r you not me.

I ask s har d a d ulgar w y

(T a. LINDUS) I'nd f you lo e n honest gentle-

man

T'll n your name

Ch. C et out you a abound!

Ca. O! O! A cept the omen and the man

Ch. O by Dem ter yo had smart for this.

An w r thus insta t or you d the death

Be Men men depart and leave me

Ch. No I dn t you like it?

Ca. O master what I say is far the best

I'll make him d mser bl death.

I'll t him some p e nce, and leave him

Soth he l t pple d n and break his neck.

Ch. Up with him!

Bury my body by the harbour's mouth  
And take the upper bag who still survives,  
And tar her well and round her ankles twain  
Pour molten lead and plant her on my grave  
The staring likeness of a bottle of oil *Exeunt*

*Enter Praxagora's MAID*

Maid O lucky People and O happy me  
And O my mistress' luckiest of us all  
And ye who now are standing at our door  
And all our neighbours aye and all our town  
And I ma lucky waiting maid who now  
Have had my head with unguents rich and rare  
Perfumed and bathed but far surpassing all  
Are those sweet flagons full of Thasian wine  
Their fragrance long keeps lingering in the head  
Whilst all the rest evaporate and fade  
There's nothing half so good great gods, not half!  
Choose the most fragrant mix it neat and raw  
Twill make us merry all the whole night through  
But tell me ladies where my master is  
I mean the husband of my honoured mistress  
Ch If you stay here methinks you'll find him soon  
Ma Aye here he comes (*Enter BLEPYRUS and the children*) He's off to join the dinner

O master O you lucky lucky man!

Bl What I?

Ma Yes you by Zeus you luckiest man  
What greater bliss than yours who out of more  
Than thrice ten thousand citizens alone,  
Have managed you alone to get no dinner?

Ch You tell of a happy man and no mistake

Ma Hui Hui where now?

Bl I'm off to join the dinner

Ma And much the last of all by Aphrodite  
Well well my mistress bade me take you sir  
You and these little girls and bring you thither  
Aye and there's store of Chian wine remaining  
And other dainties too so don't delay  
And all the audience who are well disposed  
And every judge who looks not otherwards  
Come on with us we'll freely give you all

Bl Nay no exceptions open wide your mouth  
Invite them all in free and generous style  
Boy stripping garlands ye announce that all  
Shall find a table all prepared and spread  
For their enjoyment in their own sweet homes  
But I'll hurry off to join the feast  
And here at least I've got a torch all handy

Ch Then why so long keep lingering here not take

These little ladies down! And as you go,  
I'll sing a song a Lay of Lav the dinner  
But first a slight suggestion to the judges  
Let the wise and philosophic

choose me for my wisdom's sake  
Those who joy in mirth and laughter

choose me for the jests I make  
Then with hardly an exception

every vote I'm bound to win.  
Let it nothing tell against me

that my play must first begin  
See that through the afterpieces

back to me your memory strays  
Keep your oaths, and well and truly

judge between the rival plays.  
Be not like the wanton women

never mindful of the past  
Always for the new admirer

always fondest of the last  
Now tis time tis time tis time

Sisters dear tis time for certain

if we mean the thing to do,  
To the public feast to hasten

Therefore foot it neatly you  
First throw up your right leg so,

Then the left and away to go

Cretan measure

Bl Aye with pleasure

Ch Now must the spindleshanks lanky and lean  
Trip to the banquet for soon will I ween

High on the table be smoking a dish

Brimming with game and with fowl and with fish

All sorts of good things

Plattero filletto-mulletto turboto-

Cranio morsello pickleto-acido-

Silphio honeyo poured on the topothe

Ouzelo throstoletto cushato-cultero-

Cutleto roastingo-marrowo dipper-

Levcret syrupo gibleto-wings.

So now ye have heard these tidings true

Lay hold of a plate and an omelette too

And scurry away at your topmost speed

And so you will have whereon to feed

Bl They're guzzling already I know I know

Ch Then up with your feet and away to go

Off off to the supper we'll run

With a whoop for the prize hurrah hurrah

With a whoop for the prize hurrah hurrah

Whoop whoop for the victory won!

## THE PLUTUS

67-213

He is a tanner, one an onion seller  
Through there the nabbed adulterer gets off  
plucked.

He O and all this I never knew before!

Chr A e, tush on him the Great King plumes  
himself

And our Assemblies all are held for him  
Dost thou not manure turremes? Answer that  
Dost he not feed the foreign troop at Corinth?

Won't Pamphilus be brought to grief for him?  
Ca Won't Pamphilus and the needle seller too?

Dost not Agorhius flout us all for him?

Chr Dost not Philopous tell his tales for thee?

Dost thou not make the Egyptians our allies?

And La lo the mouth Philonides?

Ca Timotheus to us—

Chr Pray Heaven it fall and crush you!

A e, everything that is done is done for thee.

Thou art alone, thyself alone the source

Of all our fortunes, good and bad alike.

T is so near here as he alights.

That side is safe the way to us.

He Can I nauded do such feats as these?

Chr O es, b Zeus, and many more than these.

So that none of us has enough of thee.

Of all things else man may have too much,

Of love.

Ca Offices.

Chr Of literature

Ca. Of sweets,

Chr Of honour

Ca. Cheesecakes,

Chr Manhood,

Ca. Dried figs,

Chr Ambition,

Ca. Barley meal,

Chr Command

Ca. Pea soup

Chr But no man ever has enough of these

For g. a man a sum of thirteen talents,

And all the more he has for a teen

Of him a ten and he must needs have forty

Of life is it worth his long so he says.

He Yet seem't me to peak extremely well,

Yet on one point I am fearful.

Chr What is that?

He This mighty power which ye ascribe to me.

I can't imagine how I am going to wield it

Chr O thus it is that all the people say

Wealth is the cowardliest thing

He It is true

That is some burglar-lander breaking into

A wealthy house, he finds that everything

Was under lock and key and so gets it thin,

Wherefore he called my forethought a folly.

Chr Well, ever mind assist us in our work.

And play the man and soon I'll make you

Of keener spirit than Mr. Lynceus was.

He Why how can you, mortal man do that?

Chr Good hope have I for that which Phoebeus

told me

Shaking the Pythian laurel as he spoke.

He Is Phoebeus privy to your plan?

Chr He is.

He Take heed!

Chr Don't fret yourself, my worthy friend

I'm the man I'll work the matter through

Though I should die for it

Ca And so will I

Chr And many other bold allies will come

Good virtuous men with us a grain of—barley

He Bless in a set of rather poor allies.

Chr Not when you've made them wealthy men

once more

He Can't you run your fastest and

Ca Do what?

Chr Summon my farm companions from the

fields

(You'll find them there poor fellows, hard at

work)

And fetch them hither so that each and all

May have with me an equal share in Wealth

Ca Here goes! I must come out there somebody

And carry my little piece of meat. *Exit C. 1st.*

Chr I'll see to that you run away directly

But thou dear Wealth the mightiest I wear of all

Come under my roof Here it ends the house

Which thou regoniser more to fill

With wealth and plenty by fair means or foul.

He And yet it makes me I protest I do, do,

To enter the earth a stranger from

I've got the slightest good from that

Was it a miser who se the miser it might

Would dig hole and pop me underground

And if some wealthy neighbour came to beg

A little silver for his urgent needs,

Would own he'd never seen me in his life.

Or was it some outrageous madcap in a jolly

Squandered and lost among his debts and dice

I'm bundled naked out of house and home.

Chr You've chanced upon a modest man,

But now you have for such a man am I

For my child joy is as good as no man more

And my child peeping when it might spend

So go we in I long to introduce

My wife and only son whom most I love—

After yourself of course

He That I believe

Chr Why should one say what is not true to you?

*Enter C. 2nd with the C. 1st and C. 3rd*

Ca O ye who many a day have chewed

a root of thyme with master

My labour long village friends,

be pleased to stop a faster

Be staunch and strong and stand idle long

let nothing now delay you,

Your fortunes lie upon the die

come so to them quick I pray you

Chorus We don't you see we're but things we

as fast as we can go, so

We're not so young as we were

and Ag. somewhat slow

We O pray don't  
 Chr Do you mean to answer?  
 We And if I do I'm absolutely sure  
 You'll treat me ill you'll never let me go  
 Chr I've got a will at least if you desire it  
 We Then first unhand me  
 Chr There we both unhand you  
 We Then listen both for I it seems must needs  
 Reveal the secret I proposed to keep  
 Know then I'm Wealth!  
 Chr You most abominable  
 Of all mankind you Wealth and keep it snug!  
 Ca You Wealth in such a miserable plight!  
 Chr O hang Apollo! O ye Gods and daemons!  
 O Zeus! what mean you? are you really us?  
 We I am  
 Chr Himself?  
 We His own self's self  
 Chr Whence come you  
 So grimed with dirt?  
 We From Patrocles's house  
 A man who never washed in all his life  
 Chr And this your sad affliction how came this?  
 We 'Twas Zeus that caused it jealous of mankind  
 For when a little chap I used to brag  
 I'd visit none except the wise and good  
 And orderly he therefore made me blind  
 That I might never distinguish which was which  
 So jealous is he always of the good!  
 Chr And yet 'tis only from the just and good  
 His worship comes  
 We I grant you that  
 Chr Then tell me  
 If you could see again as once you could  
 Would you avoid the wicked?  
 We Yes I would  
 Chr And visit all the good?  
 We Yes more by token  
 I have not seen the good for many a day  
 Chr No more have I although I've got my eyes  
 We Come let me go you know my story now  
 Chr And therefore truly hold me on the more  
 We I told you so you vowed you'd let me go  
 I knew you wouldn't  
 Chr O be guided pray  
 And don't desert me Search where'er you will  
 You'll never find a better man than I  
 Ca No more there is by Zeus—except myself  
 We They all say that but when in sober earnest  
 They find they've got me and are wealthy men  
 They place no limit on their evil ways  
 Chr Too true! And yet not every one is bad  
 We Yes every single one  
 Ca (aside) You'll smart for that  
 Chr Nay nay but hear what benefits you'll get  
 If you're persuaded to abide with us.  
 For well I trust—I trust with God to aid  
 That I shall rid you of this eye-disease,  
 And make you see  
 We For mercy's sake forbear  
 I do not wish to see again  
 Chr Eh? what?

Ca O why the man's a born unfortunate  
 We Let Zeus but hear their follies and I know  
 He'll pay me out  
 Chr And doesn't he do that now  
 Letting you wander stumbling through the world?  
 We Eh but I'm horribly afraid of Zeus!  
 Chr Aye say you so you cowardliest God alive?  
 What'll do you think the imperial power of Zeus  
 And all his thunderbolts were worth one farthing  
 Could you but see for ever so short a time?  
 We Ah don't say that you wretches!  
 Chr Don't be frightened!  
 I'll prove that you're far stronger mightier far  
 Than Zeus.  
 We You'll prove that I am?  
 Chr Easily  
 Come what makes Zeus the Ruler of the Gods?  
 Ca His silver He's the wealthiest of them.  
 Chr Well  
 Who gives him all his riches?  
 Ca Our friend here.  
 Chr And for whose sake do mortals sacrifice  
 To Zeus?  
 Ca For his and pray straight out for wealth  
 Chr 'Tis all his doing and 'tis he can quickly  
 Undo it if he will  
 We How mean you that?  
 Chr I mean that nevermore will mortal man  
 Bring ox or cake or any sacrifice  
 If such thy will  
 We How so?  
 Chr How can he buy  
 A gift to offer if thy power deny  
 The needful silver? Single handed thou  
 If Zeus prove troublesome canst crush his power  
 We Men sacrifice to Zeus for me?  
 Chr They do  
 And whatsoever in the world is bright  
 And fair and graceful all is done for thee.  
 For every mortal thing subserves to Wealth.  
 Ca Hence for a little hithy lucre I'm  
 A slave forsooth because I've got no wealth  
 Chr And those Corinthian huzzies, so they say  
 If he who sues them for their love is poor  
 Turn up their noses at the man but grant  
 A wealthy suitor more than he desires  
 Ca So too the boy loves just to get some money  
 And not at all because they love their lovers  
 Chr Those are the baser not the nobler sort  
 These never ask for money  
 Ca No? what then?  
 Chr O one a hunter one a pack of hounds  
 Ca Ah they're ashamed I warrant of their vice  
 And seek to crust it over with a name  
 Chr And every art existing in the world  
 And every craft was for thy sake invented  
 For thee one sits and cobbles all the day  
 One works in bronze another works in wood  
 One fuses gold—the gold derived from thee—  
 Ca One plies the footpad's, one the burglar's  
 trade  
 Chr One is a fuller one a sheepskin washer

Chr And here, I see, comes Blepsidemus too.  
Look! by his speed and bearing you can tell  
He has heard a rumour of what's happening here.

Enter BLEPSIDEMUS.

Blepsidemus What can it mean? Old Chremylus  
is wealthy!

Then hence and how? I don't believe that story  
And yet by Heracles 'twas bruited wide  
Among the loungers in the barbers' shops  
That Chremylus had at once grown rich.  
And if he has, 'tis passing wonderful.

That he should call his neighbours in to share.  
That's not our country's fashion, any how.

Chr I'll tell him everything. O Blepsidemus,  
We're better off to-day than yesterday.

You are my friend, and you shall share in all.

Bl. What are you really wealthy as men say?

Chr Well, if God will, I shall be presently.

Bl. There's some risk, some risk, about it yet.

Bl. What sort of risk?

Chr Such as—

Bl. Pray, pray go on.

Chr If we succeed, we're prosperous all our lives.  
But if we fail, we perish utterly.

Bl. I like not this: there's something wrong behind  
Some evil venture. To become off-hand

So early and to fear such risks,

Scenics of man who has done some rotten thing.

Chr Rotten! what mean you?

Bl. If you've stolen aught  
Or—ad or—er—from the God out there,

And now perchance repent you of your sin—

Chr Appear shield us! no, I need not do that.

Bl. O don't tell me I see it plainly now.

Chr Pray don't suspect me of such crimes.

Bl. Alas!

There's nothing sound or honest in the world.

The love of money overcomes us all.

Chr Now by Demeter's friend, you have lost your  
is.

Bl. O how unlike the man he used to be!

Chr Poor chap, you're mood mad! How you are.

Bl. His cry is grown sharp; he can't look you

Straight in the face! I warrant he's turned sour.

Chr I understand. You think I've stolen some  
thing.

And want a share.

Bl. I want share? in what?

Chr But not so thin as you squint otherwise.

Bl. Not so! but blood out of his?

Chr The man's possessed.

Bl. Has he embroiled someone else's cash?

Chr I have not.

Bl. O Heracles, where now

Can I turn if you won't confess the truth.

Chr You know your charge before; what he heard  
the facts.

Bl. Now neither let me hush the matter. ■

For a mere truce, ere it all leaks out.

A few small coins will stop the speakers' mouths.

Chr You'd like, I warrant, in your friend's end to

read three times, and to charge me twice.

Bl. I see an old man pleading for his life  
With oil in branch in hand and at his side  
His weeping wife and children, shrewdly like  
The suppliant Heracleids of Pamphilus.

Chr Nay, luckless what is the good alone  
At night and sober minded that I'm going  
At once to make me wealthy.

Bl. What have you stol'n so largely? Heaven and earth!

Chr O confound it,

You'll be my death.

Bl. You'll be your own. I fancy

Chr Not so, you reprobate! us here what I got.

Bl. You, what? What sort of wealth?

Chr The God himself.

Bl. Where? where?

Chr Where? Where?

Bl. In my house.

Bl. In yours?

Chr Yes.

Bl. You be hanged! Wealth in your house?

Chr I swear it.

Bl. Is this the truth?

Chr It is.

Bl. By Hestia?

Chr Aye, by Poseidon.

Bl. Him that rules the sea?

Chr If there's another by that other too.

Bl. Then don't you send him round for friends to

share?

Chr Not yet: things haven't reached that stage.

Bl. What stage?

Chr The stage of sharing?

Bl. Aye, we've first to—

Chr What?

Chr Restore the night—

Bl. Restore the night of whom?

Chr The night of Wealth, by any means we can.

Bl. What is he really band?

Chr He really is.

Bl. O that is why he never came to me.

Chr Well, now he'll come, such the will of Heaven.

Bl. Shall we not better call a doctor in?

Chr Is there a doctor now in all this town?

Bl. There are no less, and therefore there's no kill.

Bl. Let's think a while.

Chr There's none.

Bl. No more than there is.

Chr Why then, us best to do what I intended

To let him lie inside Asclepius' temple

A whole night long.

Bl. That's far the best I hear it.

So don't be dawdling; quick get something done.

Chr I'm going.

Bl. Make your haste.

Chr I'm doing that.

Enter two TATTY WOMEN looking worried.

First Tatty You pair of luckless maniacs who dare

A rash unholy lawless deed to do—

Where! What! Why flee ye? Tatty?

Bl. Heracles!

You d think it fun to see us run  
and that before you ve told us  
The reason why your master seems

so anxious to behold us  
*Ca* Why I ve been telling long ago  
tis you are not attending!  
He bade me call and fetch you all  
that you forever ending  
Thus chill ungenial life of yours

might lead a life luxurious.  
*Ch* Explain to me how that can be

1 faith I m rather curious  
*Ca* He s got a man an ancient man  
of sorriest form and feature,  
Bald toothless squalid wrinkled bent

a very loathsome creature  
I really should not be surprised  
to hear the wretch is circumcised

*Ch* O Messenger of golden news  
you thrill my heart with pleasure  
I do believe the man has come

with quite a heap of treasure!  
*Ca* O aye he s got a heap I guess

a heap of woes and wretchedness  
*Ch* You think I see you think you re free  
to gull me with impunity  
No no my stick I ve got and quick

I ll get my opportunity  
*Ca* What think you I m the sort of man  
such things as that to do sirs?  
Am I the man a tale to tell

wherein there s nothing true sirs?  
*Ch* How absolute the knave has grown!

your shins my boy are bawling  
Ahl Ahl with all their might and main  
for gyves and fetters calling

*Ca* You ve drawn your lot the grave you ve got  
to judge in why delay now?  
Old Charon gives the ticket there

why don t you pass away now?  
*Ch* Go hang yourself you peevish elf  
you born buffoon and scoffer

You love to tantalize and tease  
nor condescend to offer

A word of explanation why  
we re summoned here so hurriedly

I had to shirk some urgent work  
and here so quickly hasted  
That many a tempting root of thyme

I passed and left untasted  
*Ca* I ll hide it not us Wealth we ve got  
the God of wealth we ve captured  
You ll all be rich and wealthy now

Ha don t you look enraptured?  
*Ch* He says we ll all be wealthy now

upon my word this passes sirs  
*Ca* O yes you ll all be Midases

if only you ve the asses ears  
*Ch* O I m so happy I m so glad

I needs must dance for jollity  
If what you say is really true,  
and not your own folly

*Ca* And I before your ranks will go  
Threttanelol Threttanelol

And I the Cyclops heel and toe  
will dance the sailor s hornpipe —sol

Come up come up my little ones all  
come raise your multitudinous squal

Come bleating loudly the tuneful notes  
Of sheep and of rankly odorous goats.

Come follow along on your loves intent  
come goats, tis time to your meal ye went

*Ch* And you we ll seek where er you go  
Threttanelol Threttanelol

And you the Cyclops will we find  
in dirty drunken leep reclined

Your well stuffed wallet beside you too  
with many a potherb bathed in dew

And then from out of the fire we ll take  
A sharply pointed and burning stake,

And whirling it round till our shoulders ache,  
its flame in your hissing eyeball slake.

*Ca* And now I ll change to Circe s part  
who mixed her drugs with baleful art

Who late in Corinth as I ve learned  
Philonides s comrades turned

To loathsome swine in a loathsome sty  
And fed them all on kneaded dung

which kneading she amongst them flung  
And turn you all into swine will I

And then ye ll grunt in your bestial glee  
Weel weel weel!

Follow your mother pigs, quoth she  
*Ch* We ll catch you Circe dear we will

who mix your drugs with baleful skill  
Who with enchantments strange and vile

ensnare our comrades and defile  
We ll hang you up as you erst were hung

By bold Odysseus lady fair  
and then as if a goat you were

We ll rub your nose in the kneaded dung  
Like Aristyllus you ll gape with glee

Weel weel weel!  
Follow your mother pigs, quoth he.

*Ca* But now old mates break off break off  
no longer may we jest and scoff

No longer play the fool to-day  
And ye must sail on another tack

Whilst I behind my master s back  
Rummage for meat and bread to eat

And then whilst yet the food I chew  
I ll join the work we are going to do

*Exit CARIO to get his bread and meat enter  
CHRENYLUS*

*Chr* To bid you welcome fello burglers, now  
Is old and musty so I— clasp you all

Ye who have come in this stout hearted way  
This strenuous way this unrelaxing way

Stand by me now and prove yourselves to-day  
In very truth the Saviours of the God

*Ch* Fear not I ll bear me like the God of War  
What shall we push and hustle in the Assembly

To gain our three poor obols, and to-day  
Let Wealth himself be wrested from our grasp?

30-33f

Can you tell me, I pray, a more excellent way  
 of bestowing a boon on mankind?  
 Po. Men on the least profitable on prepared  
 to be crazy and out of your mind  
 Men bearded and old, yet companions enrolled  
 in the Order of Frazes and fools.  
 Men with gain that the world would obtain  
 ere it go earned by you and your rules?  
 W. If Wealth should adore himself equally out  
 (assume that his night he restore)  
 Then none would esteem his talents de-  
 or practice a craft no more  
 Yet science and art from the world should depart  
 pray whom would we get for the future  
 I heard you a shir, or your leather to snipe  
 or to make you a wheel or a snure?  
 Do we think that a man will be likely to tan,  
 or a smithy or laundry to keep.  
 Or break up the soul with his ploughshare, and  
 toil

the fruits of Demeter to reap,  
 tireless of to see he can do all his ease.  
 a life without labour enjoy?  
 Car. Absurd! by the troubles and tasks you  
 describe

we of course shall our servants employ!  
 Po. Your servants! But how will ye get any now?  
 I pray you this secret tell.  
 Car. With theal or we got we can purchase a  
 lot.

But who is the man that will seal?  
 Car. Some me cheat from Thessaly come, belike  
 where most of the kidnappers dwell.  
 Who sell for the sake of the gain he will make,  
 with the slaves that we want will provide us.  
 Po. But first let me see if we walk in the way  
 wherein ye reseeken, I guide us,  
 There'll be either a snapper left in the world,  
 a merchant of course (can ye doubt it?)  
 His wife and spouse to such perils as those  
 had be plenty (money witho-  
 us, no I inward you must hand! the paid  
 and follow the poor b-tail in person  
 Your law will have double the toil and the trouble  
 I used to.

Thyself be the curse on!  
 Po. More on a bed will you pillow our head,  
 for the son to be a bed in the land  
 Nor carpets for whom will you find at the loom  
 then be plenty (money hand?)  
 Rub perfumes no more will ye prick and pour  
 as home ye are busy in the hand  
 Or maid the hair in haberdashery  
 so cunningly fashioned and dyed.  
 I of little avail is your wealth if I fail  
 such enjoyments as these to procure you.  
 I loathe, I will who have a supply  
 of the goods which ye covet ensure you  
 I like Mistress, by Poverty's slash  
 constrain the needy mechanic  
 When I raise it I earn his high ill-  
 and work in a terrible panic

Car. Why what have you got to bestow but a lot  
 of burns in the bath-house room station  
 And a howl-checked rabble of destitute ha-  
 and brats on the edge of starvation?  
 And the lot of you please and the gnats and the  
 fleas

Whom I can see count for the numbers,  
 Who sound you and hit will buzz and bite  
 and arouse you betimes from your slumbers.  
 Upl! p! the what ill is to hunger but still  
 p up! to your pain and perdition!

For robe to tag for a bed but a bag  
 (su-her with harbour a nation  
 Of boys whose environment is less attractive  
 would the soundest of sleepers waken  
 And then for a carpet a sadden old mat  
 which is falling to bits must be taken  
 And a jolly hand to see for a plow you'll own  
 and, for gentle cakes barley and wheaten,  
 Must leave the dr and lean of the radish or the  
 stalks of the mallow be eaten.

And the head of a barrel, store for a chair  
 and the end of a trough for your kneading  
 A stove of a rat our must borrow and that  
 all broken. So great and exceeding  
 Are the blessings which Poverty brings in her train  
 on the children of men to bestow!  
 Po. The life you define with such haul is not mine  
 the life of a beggar I throw

Car. Well, Poverty Beggary truly the twain  
 to be sisters we always declare.  
 Po. Aye you! who to good Thrasybulus forsooth  
 Dionysus the Tyrant impure!

But the life I allot to my people is not,  
 our hall be, so full of distresses.  
 'Tis a beggarial one who has nought of his own,  
 none is his obol possesses.  
 My poor man, true, has to see pe and screw  
 and his work he must be slack in  
 There'll be no superfluity found in his cot  
 but then the will nothing be lacking.

Car. Damn it! a life of the Blessed one  
 fore to toil and to slave  
 At Poverty's call, and to leave after all  
 not to en- for a grate.

Po. You are all for your peats and our modest  
 sneers.

and you can be in earnest a minute  
 Nor observe that alike in their bodily frame  
 and the want resulting with a  
 My people are better than Wealth for by them  
 men bloated and gross are presented,  
 Fat rogues with bellies and dropsical legs,  
 whose toes by the goat are tormented  
 But mine are the lean and the wasp-like and keen  
 who stink their foremen and sting them.

Car. Ah yes to a wretched condition, no doubt  
 by the pinch of starvation you bring them.

Po. I can show you besides that Decorum be-  
 with those whom I visit that mine  
 Are the modest and orderly folk, and that Wealth is  
 are with insolence flushed and with a

Po I'll make you die a miserable death  
 For ye have dared a deed intolerable  
 Which no one else has ever dared to do  
 Or God or man! Now therefore ye must die  
 Chr But who are you that look so pale and wan?  
 Bl Belike some Fury from a tragic play  
 She has a wild and tragic sort of look  
 Chr No for she bears no torch  
 Bl The worse for her  
 Po What do you take me for?  
 Chr Some pot house girl  
 Or omelette seller else you would not bawl  
 At us so loudly ere you're harmed at all  
 Po Not harmed! Why is it not a shameful thing  
 That you should seek to drive me from the land?  
 Chr At all events you've got the Deadman's Pit  
 But tell us quickly who and what you are  
 Po One who is going to pay you out to-day  
 Because ye seek to banish me from hence  
 Bl Is it the barmaid from the neighbouring tap  
 Who always cheats me with her swindling pint  
 pots?  
 Po It's *Poverty*, your mate for many a year!  
 Bl O King Apollo and ye Gods I'm off  
 Chr Hi! What are you at? Stop stop you coward  
 you  
 Stop can't you?  
 Bl Anything but that  
 Chr Pray stop  
 What! shall one woman scare away two men?  
 Bl But this is Poverty herself you rogue  
 The most destructive pest in all the world  
 Chr Stay I implore you stay  
 Bl Not I by Zeus  
 Chr Why this I tell you were the cowardliest deed  
 That ere was heard of did we leave the God  
 Deserted here and flee away ourselves  
 Too scared to strike one blow in his defence  
 Bl O on what arms what force can we rely?  
 Is there a shield a corslet anywhere  
 Which this vile creature has not put in pawn?  
 Chr Courage! the God will single-handed rear  
 A trophy o'er this atrophied assailant  
 Po What! dare you mutter you two outcasts you  
 Caught in the act doing such dreadful deeds?  
 Chr O you accursed jade, why come you here  
 Abusing us? We never did you wrong  
 Po No wrong forsooth! O by the heavenly  
 Powers  
 No wrong to me your trying to restore  
 Wealth's sight again?  
 Chr How can it injure you  
 If we are trying to confer a blessing  
 On all mankind?  
 Po Blessing! what blessing?  
 Chr What?  
 Expelling you from Hellas first of all  
 Po Expelling me from Hellas! Could you do  
 A greater injury to mankind than that?  
 Chr A greater? Yes by not expelling you  
 Po Now that's a question I am quite prepared  
 To argue out at once and if I prove

That I'm in the source of every good to men  
 And that by me ye live but if I fail  
 Then do thereafter whatsoever ye list  
 Chr You dare to offer this, you wizen you?  
 Po And you accept it easily enough  
 Methinks I'll show you altogether wrong  
 Making the good men rich as you propose  
 Bl O clubs and pillories! To the rescue! Help!  
 Po Don't shout and storm before you have heard  
 the facts.  
 Bl Who can help shouting when he hears such  
 wild  
 Extravagant notions?  
 Po Any man of sense.  
 Chr And what's the penalty you'll bear in case  
 You lose the day?  
 Po Whate'er you please  
 Chr 'Tis well.  
 Po But if ye are worsted ye must bear the same.  
 Bl (to CHREMYLUS) Think you that twenty  
 deaths are fine enough?  
 Chr Enough for her but two will do for us  
 Po Well then be quick about it for indeed  
 How can my statements be with truth gainsaid?  
 Chr Find something I pray philosophic to say  
 whereby you may vanquish and rout her  
 No thought of retreat but her arguments meet  
 with arguments stronger and stouter  
 Chr All people with me I am sure will agree  
 for to all men alike it is clear  
 That the honest and true should enjoy as their due,  
 a successful and happy career  
 Whilst the lot of the godless and wicked should fall  
 in exactly the opposite sphere.  
 'Twas to compass this end that my self and my friend  
 have been thinking as hard as we can  
 And have hit on a nice beneficial device,  
 a truly magnificent plan  
 For if Wealth should attain to his eyesight again  
 not amongst us so aimlessly roam  
 To the dwellings I know of the good he would go,  
 nor ever depart from their home  
 The unjust and profane with disgust and disdain  
 he is certain thereafter to shun  
 Till all shall be honest and wealthy at last  
 to virtue and opulence won  
 Is there any design more effective than mine  
 a blessing on men to confer?  
 Bl No nothing that's flat I will answer for that  
 so don't be inquiring of her  
 Chr For our life of to-day were a man to survey  
 and consider its chances aught  
 He might fancy I wene it were madness or even  
 the sport of some mischievous sprite.  
 So often the best of the world is possessed  
 by the most undeserving of men  
 Who have gotten their pile of money by vile  
 injustice so often again  
 The righteous are seen to be starved and lean  
 yet with thee as their comrade to dwell.  
 Now if Wealth were to night to recover his sight  
 and her from amongst us expel



Ca (singing) Sing we with all our might Asclepius  
first and best

To men a goodly life, Sure in his offspring he best  
Ere we live of Ca's matters

Te What means this shouting? His good news  
am I?

For I've been sitting, till I'm tired with  
Waiting for him, and looking for good news.

Ca. Ere we bring thee, my mistress, quaff  
yourself

Th. Loving boy! (you like it passing well)  
Bring out here all blessings in a lump.

Th. There?

Ca. That you'll learn from what I am going to say  
Be pleased to tell me with what speed you can.

Ca. Listen, I'll tell you all this stinking business  
I from the foot on to the very head.

Th. Not on my head, I pray you.  
Ca. ... the blessings

We'll call got?

Th. Not at that stinking business.

Ca. Soon as we reached the Temple of the God  
Ere we the man, most miserable then.

Th. How so happy who so prosperous now?

Ca. I dearer to him to the sea  
And bowed him there.

Th. O what happy man,  
The poor old fellow bathed in the cold sea!

Ca. Then to the precinct of the God we went.

There on the altar bones, cakes and balmaments

Were offered, food for the Hephaestean flame.

There laid we wealth as custom bids and we

Each for himself stretched up a pallet near

Th. Were there no others waiting to be healed?

Ca. Needles was, for one the purblind man

Who in his welts out shoots the keenest of

And many others, such as the very form

Of ament. Soon the Temple we

Put out the lights, and had us fast sleep,

Nor stir nor speak, what'er noise we heard.

So down we lay in orderly repose

And I could catch no slumber nor one wink,

Stuck by a vice tureen of broth which stood

At the distance from an old wife's head.

Where I unconsciously designed to creep

Then, glancing towards, I behold the priest

With fragrant cheese-cakes and the first of moff

The holy table thence he coasted round

Then a starry prize what was left.

And ere long he found he consecrated

I a sort of such so I concluding

That to we're it and perceiving that do

Love at once I take that tureen

Th. Happy man! Did you not fear the God?

Ca. Indeed I did, lest he should cut in first.

Ca. And all, and capture my tureen

For to the priest forwarded me he caught do

Then the old lady who my first heard

Reached out her stealthy hand I gave her

And mounted gently like a sacred snake.

Back in her hand she drew her coils

For tightly round her and, beneath them, lies

In deadly terror like a frightened cat  
Then of the broth I gobbled down a lot

Till I could eat no more, and then I stopped.

Th. Did not the God approach you?

Ca. Not till later

And then I did, thing will make you laugh

For she neared me by some dire mishap

My wind exploded like a thunder-cup.

Th. I guess the God was awfully disgusted.

Ca. No, but I was blundered a sorry red

And Panacea turned away her head

Holding her nose my wind's not frankincense.

Th. But he himself?

Ca. Observed I not nor cared

Th. Why you're making out the God a clown!

Ca. No, no an ordure taster

Th. Oh! you wretch.

Ca. So then, alarmed, I muffled up my head

While he went round with calm and quiet tread,

To every patient, scanning each disease.

Then by his side a servant placed a stone

Pestle and mortar and a medicine chest.

Th. A tone one?

Ca. I can it, not the medicine chest

Th. How saw you this, you villain, when your head

You said just now was muffled?

Ca. Through my cloak.

Fool many a peep-hole has that cloak, I trow

Well, first he set himself to mix pills

For Neoclesides, throw in three doses

Of Tenuan pills, and with these he mingled

Verjuice and squills and brewed them up together

Then drenched the mass with Speltum vinegar

And turning up the eyelids with man

Plastered their inner sides, to make the smart

More painful, to be spinning with bells and roars

I acted free then I gazed the God and said,

Thou art thou there, be waste of I'll restrain thee,

Thou reckless swearer from the Assembly now

Th. O what a clever patriot's God!

Ca. Then, for thus he sat him down by Wealth,

And first he felt the patient's head and next

Taking him in a napkin, clean and white,

Wiped both his lids, and all around them, dry

Then Panacea with a scarlet cloth

Covered his face and head, then the God clucked,

And out there issued from the holy shrine

Two great enormous serpents.

Th. O good he's a snail!

Ca. And underneath the scarlet cloth they crept

And licked his eyelids, as it seemed to me

And mistress dear before you could have drunk

Of wine ten goblets, Wealth arose, and saw

Oblivion for I clapped my hand to their

And wove my master and hey presto! both

The God and serpents vanished in the shrine.

And those who lay by Wealth, marvel how

They blessed and gazed him, nor closed their eyes

Th. Who might long gazed day he did appear

And I could ne'er praise the God enough

For both his deeds, enabling Wealth to see

And making Neoclesides still more blind.

*Chr* 'Tis an orderly job then to thieve and to rob  
and to break into houses by night  
*Bl* Such modesty too! In whatever they do  
they are careful to keep out of sight  
*Po* Behold in the cities the Orator tribe  
when poor in their early career  
How faithful and just to the popular trust  
how true to the State they appear  
When wealth at the City's expense they have  
gained

they are mortified at once by the pelf  
Intriguing the popular cause to defeat  
attacking the People itself

*Chr* That is perfectly true though 'tis spoken by  
you  
you spiteful malevolent witch!  
But still you shall squall for contending that all  
had better be poor than be rich  
So don't be elate for a terrible fate

shall your steps overtake before long  
*Po* Why I haven't yet heard the ghost of a word  
to prove my contention is wrong  
You splutter and try to flutter and fly

but of argument never a letter  
*Chr* Pray why do all people abhor you and  
shun?

*Po* Because I'm for making them better  
So children we see from their parents will flee  
who would teach them the way they should go  
So hardly we learn what is right to discern  
so few what is best for them know

*Chr* Then Zeus I suppose is mistaken nor knows  
what most for his comfort and bliss is  
Since money and pelf he acquires for himself

*Bl* And her to the earth he dismisses  
*Po* O dillards and blind! full of styles is your  
mind

there are tumours titanic within it  
Zeus wealthy! Not he he's as poor as can be  
and this I can prove in a minute.

If Zeus be so wealthy how came it of yore  
that out of his riches abounding

He could find but a wreath of wild olive for those  
who should win at the games he was founding  
My all the Hellenes in each fourth year

on Olympia's plains to be holden?  
If Zeus were as wealthy and rich as you say  
the wreath should at least have been golden

*Chr* It is plain I should think 'tis from love of the  
chink

that the conduct you mention arises  
The God is unwilling to lavish a doit  
of the money he loves upon prizes

The rubbish may go to the victors below  
the gold he retains in his coffers

*Po* How dare you produce such a libel on Zeus  
you couple of ignorant scoffers?

'Twere better I'm sure, to be honest and poor  
than rich and so stingy and screwing

*Chr* Zeus crown you I pray with the wild olive  
spray

and send you away to your ruin!

*Po* To think that you dare to persist and declare  
that Poverty does not present you  
With all that is noblest and best in your lives!

*Chr* Will Hecate's judgement content you?  
If you question her which are the better the rich  
or the poor she will say I opine

Each month do the wealthy a supper provide  
to be used in my service divine

But the poor lie in wait for a snatch at the plate  
or eat it placed on my shrine.

So away nor retort with a grudge you degraded  
Importunate scold!

Persuade me you may, but I won't be persuaded  
*Po* O Argos behold!

*Chr* Nay Pauson your messmate to aid you invite.  
*Po* O woe upon woe!

*Chr* Be off to the ravens get out of my sight  
*Po* O where shall I go?

*Chr* Go? Go to the pillory don't be so slack,  
Nor longer delay

*Po* Ah me but ye'll speedily send for me back  
Who scout me to-day!

*Exit*

*Chr* When we send for you come not before So  
farewell!

With Wealth as my comrade 'tis better to dwell  
Get you gone and bemoan your misfortunes alone.

*Bl* I too have a mind for an opulent life  
Of revel and mirth with my children and wife

Untroubled by Poverty's pangs  
And then as I'm passing all shiny and bright

From my bath to my supper what joy and delight  
My fingers to snap in disdain at the sight

Of herself and her frowzy mechanics.  
*Chr* That cursed witch thank Heaven has gone  
and left us

But you and I will take the God at once  
To spend the night inside Asclepius' Temple.

*Bl* And don't delay one instant lest there come  
Some other hindrance to the work in hand

*Chr* Hillo there Cario fetch me out the  
blankets

And bring the God himself with due observance  
And whatsoever is prepared within

After that they all quit the stage A whole night is  
supposed to pass and next day CARIO suddenly

runs in with joyful news He addresses the chorus  
in the orchestra

*Ca* Here's joy here's happiness, old friends, for  
you

Who at the feast of Theseus many a time  
Have ladled up small sops of barley broth!

Here's joy for you and all good folk besides.  
*Ch* How now you best of all your fellow knaves?

You seem to come a messenger of good  
*Ca* With happiest fortune has my master sped

Or rather Wealth himself no longer blind  
He hath returned the brightness of his eyes,

So kind a Healer hath Asclepius proved  
*Ch* (singing) Joy for the news you bring

joy! joy! with shouts I sing  
*Ca* Aye will you nill you it is joy indeed

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G. M. This too I bring, an offering to the God.  
 C. That's not the robe you were initiate in?  
 G. A, but I sawered thirteen ears therein.  
 C. Those shoes  
 G. M. Ha, e weathered many a storm with me.  
 C. And then you bring as our offerings?  
 G. M. Yes.  
 C. What charming presents to the God you bring!

Enter INFORMER and WITNESS.

Inform. O me unlucky! O my hard, hard fate!  
 O three times, four times, five times, ten  
 Ten times, ten thousand times! O woe is mine,  
 So strong the spirit of which that swamps me.  
 C. Upon shield us and ye gracious Gods,  
 What dreadful misery has this poor wretch suffered?  
 In. What misery quoth a? Shameful, scandalous  
 wrong.

W. All my goods are spilt a way  
 Through this same God, who should be hand again  
 In justice can be found in Helios.  
 G. M. Methinks I've got a humming of the truth.  
 This same wretched fellow come to grief  
 Because he is metal of the baser sort.

C. Then will I doze he to come to wrack and ruin.  
 In. Where, where is he who promised he would  
 make

W. of us wretched in three, if only  
 He could repay his debt? Some of us truly  
 He has brought ruin rather than to wealth.  
 C. Whom has he brought to ruin?

In. Me, this chap.  
 C. One of the rogues and housebreakers per  
 chance?

In. O yes, b Zeus, and you request rotten too.  
 T. He's got my goods, I do believe.  
 C. How bold, Demeter has the informing rogue  
 Come brotting in! 'Tis plain he's hunger mad.

In. You, sirrah, come to the market place at once.  
 There to be broken on the wheel, and for aid  
 T. I'll our madmen court.

C. You be hanged!  
 G. M. O if the God would usurpate the whole  
 Lamer brood, night well would he deserve.  
 O Saviour Zeus, of all the Helios race!

In. I jest me too? Alack, you saved the pool.  
 Or whence that brand new cloak? I'll take my oath  
 I saw you yesterday in a gaberdine.

G. M. I fear you not. I wear an autowote.  
 Am. Eademus sold me for drachma.  
 C. 'Tis not described. For an Informer's bare,

In. Is not this innocence? I jest and jest  
 And have not told me what you are doing here.  
 T. For no good you two are here, I'm thinking.

C. Not for your good, you may be sure of that.  
 In. For of my goods, as you're done, I throw  
 C. O that in every truth I burst asunder

You and your witness, crammed with nothingness.  
 In. Dure e den't it? In your house they are  
 cooking.

A pair lot of fish and fish, you miscreants.  
 The two cases give five double muffs.

C. Send you aught back nurse?

G. M. May be it's the cold  
 Look what a wretched gaberdine he's wearing.

In. O Zeus and Gods, can such affronts be borne  
 From rogues like these? O me how vexed I am  
 That I a virtuous patriot get such treatment.

C. What you a virtuous patriot?

In. No man more so.

C. Come then, I'll ask you— Answer me.

In. Well.

C. Are you

A farmer?

In. Do you take me for a fool?

C. A merchant?

In. Aye, I sell so, on occasion.

C. Ha e you learned any trade?

In. No, none by Zeus.

C. Then how and whence do you earn your

livelihood?

In. All public matters and all private too

Are in my charge.

C. How so?

In. 'Tis I who will.

C. You virtuous, housebreaker? When all men

hate you

Methinks with matters which concern you not.

In. What think you, boobey, it concerns me not

To aid the State with all my might and main?

C. To aid the State! Does that mean mischief

making?

In. It means upholding the established law

And punishing the gucs who break the same.

C. I thought the State appointed justices

For this one task.

In. And who's to prosecute?

C. Whoe'er will.

In. I am that man who will.

The afore, at last, the State depends on me.

C. Fore Zeus, a worthless leader it has got.

Come, will you this, to lead a quiet life

And peaceful?

In. That's a sheep's life you're describing,

Living with nothing in the world to do.

C. Then you won't change?

In. Not if you give me aid

Battus's hum, aye and Wealth to boot.

C. Put off your cloak!

G. M. Fellow to you he's speaking.

C. And then your shoes.

G. M. All this to you he's speaking

I dare you aid. Come on and tackle me

Whoe'er will.

C. I am that man who will.

Exit witness.

In. O me, they are stripping me in open day

C. You choose to live by mischief making do

you?

In. What are you at? I call you, friend, to witness.

C. Methinks the witness that you brought has

curt.

In. O me! I am trapped alone.

C. Aye, now you are roun-

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*W1* O Lord and King what mighty power is  
thine!

But prithee where is Wealth?

*Ca* He's coming here  
With such a crowd collected at his heels.  
For all the honest fellows who before  
Had scanty means of living flocking round  
Welcomed the God and clasped his hand for joy  
—Though others wealthy rascals who had gained  
Their pile of money by unrighteous means  
Wore scowling faces knitted up in frowns —  
But those went following on begarlanded  
With smiles and blessings and the old men's shoes  
Rang out in rhythmic progress as they marched  
Now therefore all arise with one accord  
And skip and bound and dance the choral dance  
For nevermore returning home ye'll hear  
Those fatal words No barley in the bin!

*W1* By Hecate for this good news you bring,  
I've half a mind to crown you with a wreath  
Of barley loaves

*Ca* Well don't be loitering now  
The men by this are nearly at your gates.

*W1* Then I will in and fetch the welcoming gifts  
Wherewith to greet these newly purchased—eves.

*EXIT WIFE.*

*Ca* And I will out and meet them as they come.

*EXIT CARIO. Enter WEALTH alone to him later  
CHREMYLUS with a crowd at his heels*

*We* And first I make obeisance to you sun  
Then to august Athens famous plain  
And all this hospitable land of Cecrops  
Shame on my past career! I blush to think  
With whom I long consorted unawares,  
Whilst those who my companionship deserved  
I shunned not knowing O unhappy me!  
In neither this nor that I acted rightly  
But now reversing all my former ways  
I'll show mankind 'twas through no wish of mine  
I used to give myself to rogues and knaves

*Chr* Hang you be off the nuisance these friends  
are

Emerging suddenly when fortune smiles  
Tchah! How they nudge your ribs and punch your  
shins

Displaying each some token of goodwill  
What man addressed me not? What aged group  
Failed to enwreath me in the market place?

*Enter WIFE*

*W1* Dearest of men O welcome you and you  
Come now I'll take these welcoming gifts and pour  
them

O'er you as custom bids

*We* Excuse me no  
When first I'm entering with my sight restored  
Into a house, were meeter far that I  
Confer a largess rather than receive

*W1* Then won't you take the welcoming gifts I  
bring?

*We* Aye by the hearth within as custom bids  
So too we scape the vulgar tricks of farce  
It is not meet with such a Bard as ours

To fling a shower of figs and corn out  
Amongst the audience just to make them laugh  
*W1* Well said indeed for Demixus there  
Is rising up to scramble for the figs

*They all enter the house henceforth CARIO and  
CHREMYLUS come out by turns they are never  
on the stage together. Some writers clasp the  
fore CARIO's first entrance*

*Ca* How pleasant 'tis to lead a prosperous life  
And that expending nothing of one's own  
Into this house a heap of golden joys  
Has hurled itself though nothing wrong we've done  
Truly a sweet and pleasant thing is wealth  
With good white barley is our garner filled  
And all our casks with red and fragrant wine  
And every vessel in the house is crammed  
With gold and silver wonderful to see  
The tankard flows with oil the oil flask teem  
With precious unguents and the loft with figs  
And every cruet pitcher pannikin  
Is turned to bronze the mouldy trencherlets  
That held the fish are all of silver now  
Our lantern all at once is ivory framed  
And we the servants play at odd or even  
With golden staters and to cleanse us use  
Not stones but garlic leaves so nice we are  
And master now with garlands round his brow  
Is offering up hog goat and ram within  
But me the smoke drove out I could not bear  
To stay within it bit my eyelids so

*Enter a prosperous and well dressed citizen with  
an attendant carrying a tattered gaberline and  
a disreputable pair of shoes*

*Good Man* Now then young fellow come along  
with me

To find the God

*Ca* Eh? Who comes here I wonder

*G M* A man once wretched but so happy now

*Ca* One of the honest sort I dare aver

*G M* Aye aye

*Ca* What want you now?

*G M* I am come to thank

The God great blessings hath he wrought for me.

For I inheriting a fair estate

Used it to help my comrades in their need

Esteeming that the wisest thing to do

*Ca* I guess your money soon began to fail

*G M* Aye that it did!

*Ca* And then you came to grief

*G M* Aye that I did! And I supposed that they

Whom I had succoured in their need would now

Be glad to help me when in need myself

But all slipped off as though they saw me not

*Ca* And jeered you I'll be bound

*G M* Aye that they did!

The drought in all my vessels proved my ruin

*Ca* But not so now

*G M* Therefore with right good cause

I come with thankfulness to praise the God

*Ca* But what's the meaning by the Powers of  
that

That ancient gaberline your boy is bearing?



In O mel once more  
*Ca* (to GOOD MAN) Hand me your gaberdine  
 I'll wrap this rogue of an Informer in it  
*G M* Nay that long since is dedicate to Wealth  
*Ca* Where can it then more aptly be suspended  
 Than on a rogue and housebreaker like this?  
 Wealth we will decorate with nobler robes  
*G M* How shall we manage with my cast off shoes?

*Ca* Those on his forehead as upon the stock  
 Of a wild olive will I nail at once

In I'll stay no longer for alone I am weaker  
 I know than you but give me once a comrade  
 A willing one and ere the day is spent  
 I'll bring this lusty God of yours in justice  
 For that being only one he is overthrowing  
 Our great democracy nor seeks to gain  
 The Council's sanction or the Assembly's either

*Exit INFORMER*

*G M* Aye run you off accounted as you are  
 In all my privacy and take the station  
 I held ere while beside the bath room fire  
 The Coryphaeus of the starvelings there

*Ca* Nay but the keeper of the baths will drag him  
 Out by the ears for he'll at once perceive  
 The man is metal of the baser sort  
 But go we in that you may pray the God

*The GOOD MAN and CARIO enter the house Enter  
 OLD LADY with attendant carrying cakes and  
 sweetmeats on a tray*

*Old Lady* Pray have we really reached you dear  
 old men

The very dwelling where this new God dwells?  
 Or have we altogether missed the way?

*Ch* No you have really reached his very door  
 You dear young girl for girl like is your speech  
*O L O* then I'll summon one of those within

*Enter CHIREMLUS*

*Chr* Nay for unsummoned I have just come out  
 So tell me freely what has brought you here

*O L O* sad my dear and anguished in my lot  
 For ever since this God began to see

My life's been not worth living all through him

*Chr* What were you too a she informer then  
 Amongst the women?

*O L* No indeed not I

*Chr* Or not elected sat you judging—wine?

*O L* You jest but I poor soul am misery stung

*Chr* What kind of misery stings you? tell me  
 quick

*O L* Then listen I'd a lad that loved me well  
 Poor but so handsome and so fair to see

Quite virtuous too white er I wished he did

In such a nice and gentlemanly way

And what he wanted I in turn supplied

*Chr* What were the things he asked you to supply?

*O L* Not many so prodigious the respect

In which he held me—'T would be twenty drachmas

To buy a cloak and maybe eight for shoes

Then for his sisters he would want a gown

And yet one mantle for his mother's use

And twice twelve bushels of good wheat per chance.

*Chr* Not many truly were the gifts he asked!  
 'Tis plain he held you in immense respect  
*O L* And these he wanted not for greed he swore,  
 But for love's sake that when my robe he wore

He might by that remember me the more

*Chr* A man prodigiously in love indeed!

*O L* Aye but the scamp's quite other minded  
 now

He's altogether changed from what he was.

So when I sent him this delicious cake,

And all these bon bons here upon the tray

Adding a whispered message that I hoped

To come at even—

*Chr* Tell me what he did?

*O L* He sent them back and sent this cream cake  
 too

Upon condition that I come no more

And said withal Long since in war's alarms

Were the Milesians lusty men at arms

*Chr* O then the lad's not vicious now he's rich

He cares for broth no longer though before

When he was poor he snapped up anything

*O L O* by the Twain and every day before,

He used to come a suppliant to my door

*Chr* What for your funeral?

*O L* No he was but faint

My voice to hear

*Chr* Your bounty to obtain

*O L* When in the dumps he'd smother me with  
 love

Calling me little duck and little dove.

*Chr* And then begged something for a pair of  
 shoes

*O L* And if perchance when riding in my coach

At the Great Mysteries some gallant threw

A glance my way he'd beat me black and blue,

So very jealous had the young man grown

*Chr* Aye aye he liked to eat his cake alone.

*O L* He vowed my hands were passing fair and  
 white

*Chr* With twenty drachmas in them—well he  
 might

*O L* And much he praised the fragrance of my  
 skin

*Chr* No doubt no doubt If Thasian you poured  
 in

*O L* And then he swore my glance was soft and  
 sweet

*Chr* He's as no fool he knew the way to eat  
 The goodly substance of a fond old dame

*O L O* then my dear the God is much to blame  
 He said he'd right the injured every one

*Chr* What shall he do? speak and the thing is done.

*O L* He should by Zeus this graceless youth  
 compel

To recompense the love that loved him well

Or no good fortune on the lad should light

*Chr* Did he not then repay you every night?

*O L* He'd never leave me all my life he said

*Chr* And rightly too but now he counts you dead

*O L* My dear with love's fierce pangs I've pined  
 away

Cl. My ruler grown quite rotten, I should say  
O. O you could draw me through a nail I

Cl. A hoop that round a sieve could go.  
O. O, here comes he of whom I've been com-

plaining. But this is that cry-baby  
wound to some reveler's eye.

Cl. So it seems.  
At least, he has got the chaplets and the torch.

Enter Youth.

Youth. Friend, I sail to you.

O. Eh?

Ya. Mine ancient name

How unexpectedly you've got grey hair

O. O me, the wisdom I am forced to bear

Cl. Ten years since last he saw you, I dare say

O. What years, you wretch? He saw me yesterday

Cl. Why then, his case is different from the rest  
When in his turn, methinks, he sees the best.

O. No, this is just his naughty, wacky way

Ya. O Gods of old! Possession of the Visual

What countless wrinkles does her face contain!

O. O O!

Keep our torch of mirth, do.

Cl. In that she's right.

For if one spark upon her skin should light,

'T would set her blazing like a shirt-sleeved wreath.

Ya. Come, shall we play together?

O. Where? for shame!

Ya. Here with some nuts.

O. And what's your little game?

Ya. How many teeth you've got.

Cl. How many teeth? H. w many teeth?

Ya. I guess at that, Sue's three, no, four

Ya. Pa, you've lost one grinder and no

more.

O. Wretch, are you crazy that you make your

friend

A pot before so many men?

Ya. Where you will wash, 't would do you good

beside.

Cl. No, no, she's got up for the market now

But if her white-laid paint were washed away

'T would let you see the tatters of her face.

O. So old and wacky! Are you crazy too?

Ya. What is he trying to corrupt you, love,

Turn and facing you when I'm not looking?

O. B. A. Brodite, no, you ruin you!

Cl. No, no, by Heracles, I'm not so daft.

But once, my boy, I mean can't allow you

To hit the girl.

Ya. Hate her? I love her dearly

Cl. Yet she complains of—

Ya.

Cl.

Ya. Your flouts and jeers.

Seem as word, Lo, she's in war's alarms

With the Cleomenes last men I strike.

Ya. Well, I won't fight for her sake.

Cl.

Ya. For I respect our men, never be you sure

It is not everybody I'd permit

To take my girl. You, take her and begone

Cl. I know I know your drift, no longer now

You'd keep her company

O. Who'll permit that?

Ya. I won't have anything to do with one

Who has been the sport of thirteen thousand—suns.

Cl. But however, as you drank the wine,

You should, in justice, also drink the dregs.

Ya. Pheu! hi! they're such very old and lusty

dregs!

Cl. Won't a dreg-strainer remedy all that?

Ya. Well, O ye in, I want to dedicate

The wreaths I am wearing to this gracious God.

O. Aye then, I want to tell him something too.

Ya. Aye then, I'll not go in.

Cl. Come, don't be frightened

Why she won't rush you.

Ya. I'm glad to hear it.

I've had enough of her in days gone by

O. Come, no you on. I'll follow close behind.

Cl. O Zeus and Juno, the ancient woman sticks

Tight as a lump to her poor young man.

They all enter the house and the door is shut.  
HERMES enters, knocking and hides himself. CAN

is so opens and sees no one coming out he hears

a pot containing olive and dairy water

Ca. Who's knocking at the door? Hailo, what's

this!

'Twas nobody; it seems. The door shall smart,

Making that row for nothing

Hermes.

Ho, you sir

Sto. Can't don't go in.

Ca. Hallo, you fellow

Was that you banging at the door so loudly?

He. No, I was going to when you flung it open.

But run you in and call your master out

And then his wife, and then his little ones,

And then the serving men, and then the dog,

And then yourself, and then the sow

Ca. (sternly)

What all this means.

He

It means that Zeus is going

To mix you up, you rascal, in one dish.

And hurl you all into the Deadman's Pit!

Ca. Now for this herald must the tongue be cut.

But what's the reason that he is going to do us

Such a bad turn?

He

Because you have done the basest

And worst of deeds. Since Wealth began to see,

No laurel, meal-cake, incense, frankincense,

Has any man on any altar laid

Or what beside.

Ca. Or ever will for scant

Your care for us in the evil days gone by

H. And for the other Gods I'm less concerned,

But I myself am smothered and ruined.

Ca.

Good.

He. For until now the tattered wretch would bring

From early dawn eggs, honey, curries,

Thrifts for Hermes, such as Hermes loved

But now I dally cross my legs and stare.

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# GLOSSARY

*A Achaeans* *h. knights* *C. Clouds* *W. Wasps* *P. Paces* *B. Birds* *II*  
*Proti. L. Lynceus* *T. Theophrastus* *E. Ecclesiazus* *PI. Pallas*

*Aeschylus* an ancient poet also called *Sacras*, II 1231  
*Aetna*, name of Demeter I 1  
*Aetnae*, a deme of Athens, I 30  
*Aetnae*, an er of Egeus, L 381  
*Aetnae*, the n er of sorrow in the lower regions, F 41  
*Aetnae*, an Aetnaian general, F 1513  
*Aetna*, yearly feast in honour of Adonis, P 400  
*Aetna*, a youth beaver II 359  
*Aetna*, a island of, post the Per. tus, I 623 II 1231  
*Aetna*, a legendary h. of Egypt, F 1206  
*Aetna*, a p. by Euripides, F 861  
*Aetnae*, P 1 31  
*Aetnae*, a needy blusterer and braggart, II 323  
*Aetnae*, 243, B 823  
*Aetna*, C. 1 66, L 153 T 134  
*Aetna*, a cypre, E 208  
*Aetna*, II 506, 1 29  
*Aetnae*, P 129, B 4 1 621  
*Aetna*, city in Sicily B 906  
*Aetna*, region in western Greece, h. 9  
*Aetnae*, B 509  
*Aetnae*, by Aeschylus, quoted, F 25, 1 39  
*Aetnae*, a tragic poet, born about 44 a.c., F 83  
*Aetnae*, market place, h. 333  
*Aetnae*, daughter of Cereus, king of Aetna, T 331  
*Aetna*, a son of Aetna, II 8 3  
*Aetnae*, demagogue, and in his youth effeminate, had become great in the state by first proposing a law of one obol for attending the Assembly, then after Heracles had raised 1 to two, by bringing it to the, E 2, 1-6, S. 11, Pl. 16  
*Aetnae*, of Lesbos, an erotic poet, T 6  
*Aetnae*, F 1-3  
*Aetnae*, bor Heracles to Zeus, B 238  
*Aetnae*, a er of Ill, an er of Hermes (son of Zeus), P 422  
*Aetna*, bor Hippocleus to Poseidon, B 229  
*Aetnae*, L 6-9  
*Aetnae*, a erotic poet, rival of Anacreon, F 14  
*Aetna*, Zeus, had an orad in Libya, B 619, 6  
*Aetnae*, I 46  
*Aetna*, a town near Sparta, L 293  
*Aetnae*, a erotic poet, T 6  
*Aetnae*, a erotic poet, L 6  
*Aetnae*, an erotic poet, E 393  
*Aetnae*, a ogre, II 3

*Andromeda* a play by Euripides, F 53  
*Andromeda* by Euripides, quoted, F 1182, 118, 1391  
*Andromachus*, an effeminate, I 1150, C. 1022  
*Antiphon*, a needy glutton II 1210  
*Antisthenes*, a depraved physician, E. 364, 806  
*Antisthenes*, a clan fest al, I 146, T 528  
*Antisthenes*, physician, B 534  
*Antisthenes*, a mountainous region in the Peloponnesus, h. 68  
*Antisthenes*, F 417 the bugar-cyol, F 588  
*Antisthenes*—*Antisthenes* or *Antisthenes*, L 644  
*Antisthenes* by Euripides, quoted F 1206  
*Antisthenes*, F 1507  
*Antisthenes*, a conservative Athenian politician h. 32, 794  
*Antisthenes* quoted, I 1218  
*Antisthenes*, politician, E 2 1  
*Antisthenes*, scene of Athenian naval victory over the Spartans, F 33 191  
*Antisthenes*, Greeks, P 4 5  
*Antisthenes*, B 63  
*Antisthenes*, son of Antisthenes, a harper h. 12 8 II 12 8  
*Antisthenes*, son of Antisthenes, an er al man h. 1 31 II 30 E. 115  
*Antisthenes*, son of Lyramachus the just a statesman opposed to Themistocles, for hit t Mara thon, ostracized 483 a.c., but r turned ad took great part in the political developments of Athens died bout 463 h. 1325  
*Antisthenes*, the wayer of the tyrant Hipparchus, L 633  
*Antisthenes*, a homosexual, E. 64, PI 314  
*Antisthenes*, a queen allied to Pericles, L 6-3  
*Antisthenes*, scene of a Greek naval victory over the Persians, L 3  
*Antisthenes*, an effeminate, A. 83  
*Antisthenes*, god of healing, II 1 3 PI 6 0  
*Antisthenes*, an athlete, II 1333  
*Antisthenes*, mistress of Pericles, A 52  
*Antisthenes*, king of Thracians in Boeotia, married Nephela, and was father of Phrynia and Helle b was stricken with madness, and fled into Thessaly C. 257  
*Antisthenes*, deme of Athens, P 90  
*Antisthenes*, father of Antisthenes and Antisthenes, II 1215  
*Babylon*, B 222  
*Bacchus*, shrine of, L 2  
*Babylon*, Boeotian sect of Hesiod (ther was a collector current of his oracles, h. 23, 003 P 0-1

Ca And rightly too who though such gifts you  
got  
Would wrong the givers

He O my hapless lot!  
O me the Fourth-day cake in days gone by!

Ca You want the absent nought avails your  
cry

He O me, the gammon which was erst my fare!

Ca Here play your game on bladders, in the air

He O me the inwards which I ate so hot!

Ca In your own inwards now a pain you've got

He O me, the tankard brimmed with half and  
half!

Ca Begone your quickest taking this to quaff

He Will you not help a fellow knave to live?

Ca If any thing you want in mine to give

He O could you get me but one toothsome loaf,

Or from the sacrifice you make within

One slice of lusty meat?

Ca No exports here.

He O whensoever your master's goods you stole

Twas I that caused you to escape detection

Ca Upon condition ruffian that you shared

The spoils A toothsome cake would go to you

He And then you ate it every bit yourself.

Ca But you remember never shared the licks

Were I perchance detected at my tricks

He Well don't bear malice if you've Phyle got

But take me in to share your happy lot

Ca What leave the Gods, and settle here below?

He For things look better here than there I  
trow

Ca Think you Desertion is a name so grand?

He Where most I prosper there's my father land

Ca How could we use you if we took you in?

He Install me here, the Turn god by the door

Ca The Turn god? Turns and twists we want no  
more.

He The God of Commerce?

Ca Wealth we've got nor need

A petty huckstering Hermes now to feed

He The God of Craft?

Ca Craft? quite the other way

Not craft but Honesty we need to day

He The God of guidance?

Ca Wealth can see my boy!

A guide no more 'tis needful to employ

He The God of games? Aha I've caught you  
there

For Wealth is always highly sympathetic

With literary games and games athletic

Ca How lucky 'tis to have a lot of names!

He has gained a living by that Cod of games

Not without cause our Justices contrive

Their names to enter in more lists than one

He Then on these terms I enter?

Ca Aye come in  
And take these guts and wash them at the well  
And so at once be Hermes Ministrant

*Exit* CARIO and HERMES

*Enter* the PRIEST OF ZEUS SOTER to find CUREM  
YLUS

Priest O tell me where may Chremylus be found?

Chr (entering) What cheer my worthy fellow?

Pr What but ill?

For ever since this Wealth began to see,

I'm downstight famished I've got nought to eat

And that although I'm Zeus the Saviour's priest

Chr O by the Powers and what's the cause of  
that?

Pr No man will slay a victim now

Chr Why not?

Pr Because they all are wealthy yet before

When men had nothing one a merchant saved

From voyage perils one escaped from law

Would come and sacrifice or else at home

Perform his vows, and summon me, the priest

But not a soul comes now or body either

Except a lot of chaps to do their needs

Chr Then don't you take your wanted toll of that?

Pr So I've myself a mind to cut the service

Of Zeus the Saviour now and settle here

Chr Courage! God willing all will yet be well

For Zeus the Saviour is himself within

Coming unasked

Pr O excellent good news!

Chr So we'll at once install—but bide awhile—

Wealth in the place where he was erst installed

Guarding the Treasury in Athens Temple

Hil bring me lighted candles Take them you,

And march before the God

Pr With all my heart

Chr Call Wealth out somebody

*Enter* OLD LADY from the house

O L And I?

Chr O you

Here balance me these installation pots

Upon your head and march along in state

You've got your festive robes at all events

O L But what I came for?

Chr Every thing is right

The lad you love shall visit you to night

O L O if you pledge your honour that my boy

Will come to night I'll bear the pots with joy

Chr These pots are not like other pots at all

In other pots the mother is atop

But here the mother's underneath the pot

Ch 'Tis the end of the Play and we too must de  
lay

our departure no longer but hasten away

And follow along at the rear of the throng

rejoicing and singing our festival song

# GLOSSARY

*A Icharians* L. Ichari C. Clouds II 114 ff P Peace B Birds F  
*Frags* L. Lynceata T Theophrastus E Ecclesius M Matus

- Acceptor an Athen poet also called Sacas, II 1221  
*Actia*, name of Demeter I 10  
*Actium*, a deme of Athens, I 150  
*Achilous*, a river of Epirus, L 351  
*Acheron*, the river of sorrow in the lower regions, F 41  
*Ademantus*, an Athenian general, F 1533  
*Adonia*, yearly feast: honour of Adonis, P 420  
*Adonis*, a youth beloved by Aphrodite L 359  
*Adonia*, an island opposite the Peloponnese, I 653 II 124, F 363  
*Adriaticus*, a legendary king of Egypt, F 106  
*Adriaticus*, a play by Euripides, F 864  
*Adriaticus*, P 34  
*Adriaticus*, a needy blusterer and braggart II 35  
*Adriaticus*, 1220, 1243 B 873  
*Adriaticus*, C. 1366, L 68 T 134  
*Adriaticus*, a cripple E 08  
*Adriaticus*, II 566, 59  
*Adriaticus*, P 29, B 41 631  
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*Adriaticus*, Zeus had an oracle in Libya B 69, 96  
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*Adriaticus*, an effeminate, I 1150, C. 1022  
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*Adriaticus*, scene of Athenian history over the Spartans, F 33 191  
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*Adriaticus*, son of L. Amachus, the Just statesman opposed to Themistocles, fought at Marathon ostracized 453 B.C. but returned and took a great part in the political developments of Athens died about 463 B.C. 1325  
*Adriaticus*, the sister of the giant Hipparchus, L 633  
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*Adriaticus*, king of Orchomenus in Boeotia married Nephele, and was father of Phrixus and Helle he was stricken with madness, and fled into Thessaly C. 257  
*Adriaticus*, deme of Athens, P 190  
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- Battus king of Cyrene *Pl* 925  
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*Lampon* a soothsayer one of the leaders of the colony sent to Thurii *B* 521 998  
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*Leipsydrium* a fortress where the Alcmaeonidae fortified themselves after the death of Hipparchus probably on Mt Parnes *L* 665  
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*Leucolophus* unknown *F* 1512 *E* 645  
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*Lionas* a name of Apollo *K* 1072 *Pl* 8  
*Lycabettus* a rocky hill which overshadows Athens *F* 1056  
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*Lysicrates* a corrupt Athenian officer *P* 992 *B* 513  
*Lysistratus* a vicious man *K* 1267 *W* 787  
*Magnus* an early comedian *K* 520  
*Mammacuthus* blockhead *F* 990  
*Manes* a slave name *P* 1146 *B* 523  
*Mania* a slave name *F* 1346  
*Marathon* scene of the famous victory 490 *B* *C* *A* 697 *K* 781 1334 *T* 806  
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*Medea* by Euripides quoted *F* 1382  
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*Megacles* a name in one of the great Athenian families the Alcmaeonidae *C* 46 815  
*Megaenetus* *F* 965  
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*Melanippe* seduced by Acolus *T* 547  
*Melanthus* a tragic poet *P* 804 1009 *B* 151  
*Melager* a play by Euripides *F* 864 1238 1402  
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*Melistiche* *E* 46  
*Melite* an Attic deme *F* 501  
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*Menelaus*, husband of Helen *B* 509 *L* 155  
*Messene* (Messenia) a district in the southwestern Peloponnesus whence Sparta recruited its helots *L* 1142

Meton an astronomer and man of science, *B* 992

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Midas, the wealthy king of Phrygia who had the ears of an ass, *Pl* 287

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Muricene in Lesbos, *A* 834

Moloo, a tragic actor of large stature, *F* 55

Morimus, a poor tragic poet *A* 41 *P* 803 *F* 151

Morychus, an epicure, *A* 887 *Il* 506, 1142, *P* 1008

Mouchus, a bad harpist *A* 13

Mothon, a crude dance, *A* 635

Muses, *B* 82

*Mimesis*, *F* 506

*Myrmidones*, by Aeschylus, quoted *F* 992, 1265

Myronides, about 427 B.C. led out an army of old men and boys, and defeated the Corinthians near Megara and in 426 defeated the Boeotians at Oenophyta *L* 82 *E* 304

Myrae wife of Hippus, *A* 449

Mystena, secret ceremonies held in honour of various deities, in which there was initiation for various degrees, *P* 420

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Neocleides, an orator to inform a thief, *E* 54 398 *Il* 665

Necarbus, an informer *A* 908

Nicias, son of Niceratus, a distinguished general, of the aristocratic party and an opponent of Cleon he perished in the Sicilian expedition, 413 B.C. *A* 358 *B* 363 640

Nicias, probably grandson of the famous general, *E* 48

Nicomachus, a corrupt public official, *F* 506

Nicostatus, a personage fond of sacrifices and foraging, *W* 8

Nike, the goddess of victory *B* 574

*Nioë* a play by Aeschylus, *F* 9, 2, 1392

Odeum, a court in Athens, *W* 1009

Odontes, a Thracian tribe, *A* 156

Odorus, *Il* 181 32

Oedrus, a poet *Il* 59

Oedrus, king of Calydon, deposed and cast out by his nephews name of a play by Euripides, *A* 48

Oedrus, a worthless man *A* 1287

Olympia in Elis, scene of the great games, *W* 1382, *L* 3

Olympus, legendary flute player *A* 8

Olympus, home of the gods, *B* 82

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*Orse* trilogy by Aeschylus, *P* 1123

Orestes, footpad *A* 167 *B* 712, 491

Oreus, town in northern Euboea *P* 1047 125

Oreus, a Argolis, *B* 399

Ophelus, a character of legend and a reputed poet

had his name attached later to certain secret societies, *F* 1032

Orthian home, *A* 16

Palmade a master of craft and inventor *F* 1451

*Palmade* a play by Euripides, *T* 848

Pamphilus, a dishonest demagogue a painter *Pl* 173 355

Pan and panic *L* 998

Panacea, daughter of Asclepius, *Pl* 702

Panartus, *A* 243

Panathenaea, the great feast held every four years at Athens in honour of Athena *C* 386 958

*P* 418 *F* 1090

Pandorus, an informer *C* 924

Pandion one of the ten eponymous heroes, whose statutes were in the Agora at Athens, *P* 1183

Panoptes—Argus, guardian of Io, *E* 80

Pan's grotto in the Acropolis, *L* 2, 21 912

Paphlagonia, a servile name describing the slaves of a country *A* 1 etc.

Paphos, in Cyprus, where Aphrodite had a temple *L* 833

Paralia, a district of Attica *L* 58

Parasus, the mountain above Delphi, *F* 1057

Paros, a hill near Athens, *A* 348 *C* 323

Paros, an island in the Cyclades, *W* 1189

Pausanias, *C* 21

Patrocleides, a politician of unpleasant habits. After the battle of Aegospotami, he brought in a bill to enfranchise the disfranchised citizens, *B* 790

Patrocles, a sordid person *Pl* 84

Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, *F* 1041

Pausanias, a painter of animals and scurrilous caricatures, clever and poor *A* 854 *T* 949, *Pl* 602

Pegasus, the winged horse, *P* 6 135 154

Piræus, the harbour of Athens, *A* 815 *P* 145 165

Pisander a blustering coward who took a large part in the solution of the Four Hundred *P* 395

*P* 553 *L* 490

Pisus, a river *B* 66

Pisagora, a poet of the Acropolis, *B* 832

Pisistratus a play by Euripides, *F* 863

Pisus, father of Achilles, *C* 1063

Pellene a courtesan, *B* 421 *L* 996

Pelops, ancestor of Agamemnon and Menelaus, *P* 123

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Perseus, an Attic deme, *A* 321

Pericleidae the clan of Pericles, *L* 1138

Pericles, the great Athenian statesman died 429 B.C., *A* 53 *A* 283 *C* 213 859, *P* 606

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Perseus, *B* 484

Phaeax a politician *A* 377

Phaedra a wife of Theseus, fell in love with her stepson Hippolytus, *F* 42, *T* 547

Phaenias, an imaginary name *A* 263

Phanias, hanger-on of Cleon *A* 1226 *W* 1220

Pharsalus at the Thessaly *W* 271

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*Hermes* Winged *B* 572  
*Hiero* an auctioneer *E* 737  
*Hieronymus* a wild and hairy man *A* 389 *C* 349  
*E* 201  
*Hippas* the Tyrant *A* 448 *W* 50- *L* 617 1153  
*Hippocrates* and his sons a dirty crew *C* 1001  
*Hippocrates* an Athenian general nephew of Pericles slain at Delium *T* 273  
*Hippodamus* father of Archetolemus *A* 327  
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*Hipponax* a writer of satires *F* 661  
*Hipponicus* son of Callias *B* 283  
*Homer* *P* 1089 1096 *B* 575 910 *C* 1056  
*Hymen* god of marriage *P* 1334  
*Hyperbolus* a demagogue who succeeded Cleon of servile origin ostracized finally killed by the oligarchs at Samos 411 *B.C.* *A* 846 *A* 1304 1363  
*C* 551 876 *W* 1007 *P* 680 921 1319 *F* 570  
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- Iacchus* a personage in the Eleusinian mysteries *F* 316  
*Iapetus* one of the Titans proverbial for antiquity  
*C* 998  
*Iaso* daughter of Asclepius *Pl* 701  
*Ibycus* of Rhegium an erotic poet *T* 161  
*Ida* a mountain in Crete *F* 1355  
*Ino* daughter of Cadmus wife of Athamas *A* 434  
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- Lacedaemon* *B* 1012  
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*Laconians* Spartans *P* 212 282 4/8 62-  
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*Laospodas* an Athenian general *B* 1569  
*Lamachus* son of Xenophanes colleague of Alcibiades and Nicias in the Sicilian expedition 415 *B.C.* a brave and honorable soldier He was killed in the siege *A* 2/0 567 963 *P* 473  
*T* 841  
*Lamia* a goblin *W* 1035 1177 *P* 758  
*Lamias* keeper of the public prison *E* 77  
*Lampon* a soothsayer one of the leaders of the colony sent to Thurii *B* 521 998  
*Lasus* of Hermione a lyric poet contemporary with Simonides *W* 1410  
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*Leogoras* an epicure *C* 109 *W* 1269  
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*Leontophides* a slim poet *B* 1406  
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*Lyneus* a keen sighted hero *Pl* 210  
*Lysicles* a sheep seller *A* 132 165  
*Lysicrates* an ugly snub nosed man *E* 630 736  
*Lysicrates* a corrupt Athenian officer *P* 992 *B* 513  
*Lysistratus* a vicious man *A* 1267 *W* 787
- Magnes* an early comedian *A* 50  
*Mammacuthus* blockhead *F* 990  
*Manes* a slave name *P* 1146 *B* 523  
*Mania* a slave name *F* 1346  
*Marathon* scene of the famous victory 490 *B.C.*  
*A* 697 *A* 781 1334 *T* 806  
*Marathon* songs from *F* 1296  
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*Medea* by Euripides quoted *F* 1382  
*Megabazus* *B* 484  
*Megacles* a name in one of the great Athenian families the Alcmaeonidae *C* 46 815  
*Megaenetus* *F* 965  
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*Meletus* a tragic poet *F* 1302  
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*Melite* an Attic deme *F* 501  
*Melittides* a stupid man *F* 991  
*Memnon* son of Eos slain by Achilles *C* 622 *F* 963  
*Menelaus*, husband of Helen *B* 509 *L* 155  
*Messene* (Messenia) a district in the southwestern Peloponnesus, whence Sparta recruited its helots, *L* 1142



Socrates of Cos, a lyric poet, 336-467 B.C., A. 14, C. 135, 3, 1410  
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 Tarentum, the city of Socrates, an Athenian  
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 Tarentum, a dual Greek poet, a famous Socrates  
 11, 120, B. 1153, T. 170  
 Tarentum, a politician, f. 134, C. 400, B. 42, 597,  
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 Tarentum, the Thracian, a prominent statesman  
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 his fellow generals after the battle of Arginusae,  
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- Pheidias** date of birth unknown died just before 432 B.C. the famous sculptor maker of the statues of Athene in the Parthenon and Zeus at Elis P 602 616  
**Pherecrates** a comic poet L 158  
**Pherssephatta**—Persephone daughter of Demeter F 671  
**Philabius** a district of Megara A 802  
**Philaenete** E 42  
**Philemon** a Phrygian B 763  
**Philesius** a composer of tales Pl 177  
**Philip** son or disciple of Gorgias W 421 B 1701  
**Philocles** a bitter tragic poet W 462 T 168  
**Philocrates** a bird seller B 14  
**Philocrates** by Aeschylus, quoted F 1383  
**Philoctetes** a famous archer in the Trojan war bitten by a snake and left in Lemnos name of a play by Euripides exhibited 431 B.C. A 424  
**Philodoretus** E 51  
**Philonides** of Melite a bulky and clumsy block-head but rich Pl 178 303  
**Philostratus** a pander A 1069  
**Philoxenus** father of Eryx F 934  
**Phoenix** accused by his father's wife of attempting her honour was blinded by his father name of a play by Euripides A 421  
**Phormio** a naval officer who distinguished himself in the Peloponnesian War A 562 P 346 L 804  
**Phormisus** a politician F 965 E 97  
**Phrixus** by Euripides quoted F 1225  
**Phrygians** a play by Aeschylus alluded to F 912  
**Phrynichus** an Athenian comic poet rival of Aristophanes W 220 269 1490 F 13 a politician who helped to establish the Four Hundred F 689 an early tragedian predecessor of Aeschylus B 750 F 910 T 164  
**Phrynonidas** a rogue T 861  
**Phyle** a hill fort in Attica which Thrasybulus made his headquarters A 1023 Pl 1146  
**Phyromachus** a prude E 22  
**Pindar** the poet B 939 quoted A 1329  
**Pittalus** probably a doctor A 103—1221 W 1432  
**Plataean** franchise F 694  
**Pluto** F 163  
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**Pnyx** the place where the Athenian assembly held session A 749 T 658  
**Polias** guardian of cities a title of Athene B 828  
**Polybus** a personage in the story of Oedipus F 1192  
**Polydes** by Euripides quoted F 1477  
**Polycestus** a worthless man also the name of a musician A 1287  
**Pontus** a district in northeastern Asia Minor W 700  
**Porphyrio** a giant B 553  
**Poseidon** B 1565 as synonym for an intriguer L 139  
**Potidaea** on the peninsula of Pallene revolted from Athens in 432 B.C. retaken 429 A 438  
**Pramnian** wine (from Icaria west of Samos) A 106  
**Prasae** a town in Laconia P 242  
**Prepis** a dissolute man A 843  
**Prism** B 512  
**Prinides** A 612  
**Progne** slew her son Itys and was changed into a nightingale B 665  
**Prodicus** of Ceos a famous sophist C 361 B 692  
**Prometheus** B 1494  
**Pronomus** a flute player E 102  
**Propylaea** the entrance to the Athenian Acropolis A 1326  
**Proteus** a mythical king of Egypt T 883  
**Proxenus** a blusterer W 325  
**Prytaneum** the town hall of Athens A 167 F 7  
**Pylae**—Thermopylae scene of Greek games L 11  
**Pylus** a fort S.W. of Messenia taken by Demosthenes in 425 B.C. and held for Athens A 52 355 703 846 1058 1167 C 185 P 219 663 104 1163  
**Pylampes** W 98  
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**Sacas** an alien poet B 31  
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**Salamina** Athenian dispatch boat B 147  
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**Sardian** dye (from Sardis) P 1174  
**Sardis** capital of Lydia W 1139  
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**Scamander** a river near Troy F 923  
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**Scira** the Parasol festival T 833 E 18  
**Scitalus** a goblin A 634  
**Scythian** wilderness A 704  
**Sebinus** an amorous Athenian F 427  
**Sellus** father of Aeschines W 325  
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**Simois** a river of Troy T 110  
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